

Yellow by Britney Bullen

Um, Curtis? We have a slight problem. No, it's not the stain, it's just... I planned this trip so well, I really did think of everything, but apparently, I missed something kind of important. I may or may not have forgotten your pants. I mean I packed everything you might need, except for pants. Anything that would cover your southern half is at home in our closet. Okay, I have an idea. I haven't told you what it is yet! Oh, you're such a baby. Try on my jeans. Well, unless you'd rather go in your underwear, I don't see us having much of a choice. We're a bit removed from civilization at the moment.

Lovers and Other Strangers by Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna

All right, Susan. I've got to put my cards on the table. I didn't want to tell you this because I didn't want to hurt your feelings. You're not my dream girl. I'm sorry. I wish you were but let's face it, Susan. My heart doesn't beat when you come into a room. I don't get goose pimples when I touch you. I'm just not nervous when I'm with you. You're too vulnerable. You're too human. You've got too many problems. And, Susan, there's something about you that really bothers me. Maybe it wouldn't be important to another guy, but I think about it a lot. Susan, you have very thin arms.

The Lion in Winter by James Goldman

Poor John – who says poor John? Don't everybody sob at once. If I went up in flames, there's not a living soul who'd pee on me to put the fire out. He hates me. Why? What should he hate me for? Am I the eldest son? Am I the heir? Am I the hero? what's my crime? Is it some childhood score, some baby hurt? When I was six and you were sixteen, did I brutalize you? You're everything a little brother dreams of. You know that? I used to dream about you all the time. Oh, that's right, Mother; mother me. Let you? Let you put your arms around me just the way you never did? You can do it. think I'm Richard. That's it. That's the way. Now kiss my scabby cheek and run your fingers through my hair. No – it's all false. You know what I am? I'm the family nothing. Geoffrey's smart and Richard's brave and I'm not anything. I don't care...I don't need anybody.

Pandora: A Tragicomic Greek Romp by Ann Friastat, and Shawn Fraiastat

Pandora, it's not that I don't want to kiss you. Believe me, I want to kiss you. It's that I can't kiss you because I'm supposed to marry Eris. We're engaged. See, and that means that it would be – how should I put this? – somewhat frowned if I kissed anyone else. So even though you want to kiss me and I want to kiss you, we absolutely cannot, must not kiss. I agree that this is counter intuitive. Some might even call it an arbitrary, frustrating nonsense rule, but, hey, that's marriage. You have to understand that in our town, marriage isn't really something you agree to; it's more like something other people inflict on you. My parents were friends with Eris's parents, and they agreed that we would get married when we grew up. And I have to do what my parents would have wanted, so...that's happening...But look on the bright side! That doesn't mean you and I can't still be friends who don't kiss but secretly want to! Right? Friends?

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead by Tom Stoppard

Do you ever think of yourself as actually dead, lying in a box with the lid on it? Nor do I really. Silly to be depressed by it. I mean, one thinks of it like being alive in a box. One keeps forgetting to take into account that one is dead. Which should make all the difference. Shouldn't it? I mean, you'd never know you were in a box would you? It would be just like you were asleep in a box. Not that I'd like to sleep in a box, mind you. Not without any air. You'd wake up dead for a start and then where would you be? In a box. That's the bit I don't like, frankly. That's why I don't think of it. Because you'd be helpless wouldn't you? Stuffed in a box like that. I mean, you'd be in there forever. Even taking into account the fact that you're dead. It isn't a pleasant thought. Especially if you're dead, really. Ask yourself: if I asked you straight off I'm going to stuff you in this box now – would you rather to be alive or dead?

This is a Test by Stephen Gregg

It's true. My future is bleak. I'm a terrible student and everybody knows it. I'm not an athlete. I don't debate. Or play chess. I'm funny looking. All my library books are overdue. I don't have any friends. I'm an orphan. Well, I have parents but they probably don't like me very much. I wouldn't either. Wait a minute. Snap out of it. Quit feeling sorry for yourself. You have plenty of fine qualities. What about my singing? Just last week Mrs. Mandell said that my voice had great potential. "With a little training," she said, "you could have been a very fine tenor." Those were her exact words. "A very fine tenor." And that's something that makes me different. It's just one example of the many fine qualities that make me unique. I can always remember that no matter what happens, I have my music to make me just a little bit special.

Check, Please – Jonathan Rand

Hi. Listen: I was wondering if you were free next Friday. Well, if dinner goes well tonight, I wanted to go ahead and schedule a second date, 'cause here's the thing. My parents are having a housewarming party at their new place on August 2nd and if you and I hit it off tonight and end up being serious, this party would be the perfect opportunity for you to meet them, So I'd like to squeeze in 6 dates beforehand, because if we don't, my parents might be a little skeptical of our relationship, which, after you pop the question, could make everyone uncomfortable during the ceremony, which could then carry over during our three-week honeymoon in Cozumel, and most important than anything else, it could really take a toll on little Madison. What? What is it? You don't like the name Madison? We could change it. My second, third, and fourth choices are Fiona, Riley, and Apple. Something's on your mind. You know you can always tell your little bunny rabbit anything.