

A Collection of Conversations for Everyday Use

By GBoyer

[This collection contains short plays meant to be performed in a person's home and with no audience. Many of the plays contained herein were originally performed at Bedroom Theater, although most of these have been modified since.]

The Delicious Flavor of Love

(Love certainly does have a delicious flavor. Herein this delicious flavor is described in complete detail.)

B.

Are you the object of my affection, I forget.

A.

I have a very particular relationship with you that I will not disclose within this generic forum.

B.

Tell me please, Saliva Plant.

A.

(Shrill and whiney)

I just told you that I will not disclose this information.

B.

Tell me please, or I will demand we play rock paper scissors poop.

A.

(Conspiratorial tone)

I have been painting the leaves and bark of all our hedges with a very potent hallucinogenic every morning at dawn.

(Laughs maniacally.)

B.

(Disappointed)

So, it wasn't a religious experience after all.

A.

Oh [Insert name here]. Don't be silly. Everyone knows the only religious experiences you ever have involve your penis/vagina.

B.

And the only penis/vagina anything you've ever had was at four in the morning with a neighbor's dog while high on life, formaldehyde, and other antidepressants.

A.

(Aghast)

You terrible terrible half-spoke animal.

(Emotional embrace.)

Tiki Bar Conversation 1

(New tiki bars always make good conversation pieces. Hence, for three people...)

A.

There is a new tiki bar that has been opened up someplace.

B.

It has a miniature airplane you can actually fly in. They have a little air strip by the bar.

A.

That sounds like really quite a lot of fun, do you not think?

B.

I also hear that on Friday nights you get a free meal if you can hit the target with the spaghetti ball.

C.

I have only been to this tiki bar once, and it was during the great storm that completely destroyed our homes/way of life. The storm was sweeping up all the trash of our lives at this time, and my wife/husband was crying. We had been driving through the destruction. Then we sat down and our waiter came over to our table to take our order, except for it was like he had pebbles in his mouth. His words had all the accuracy of mud. Then out of his mouth come these sparrows, only they were slick like they'd just been born and coughing silently as they crawled out of his lips and reached for his shoulder, chin, or nose with their little half-formed wings. Their tiny talons clung to his shirt and they were shivering. They were coming out in a stream while he just stood there for five minutes with his mouth open.

A.

That could be the truth.

C.

It sometimes happens to me that the fires breathe backwards between the lips.

B.

There is a virulent storm pounding out there somewhere in the world.

C.

And then he sat down next to us and we looked and saw that many of the little baby birds had just fallen off of him and were lying in damp balls on the tiles where he'd just been standing.

B.

I suppose anything is possible.

C.

He then told us that he had shown us this because we were pure. As in, pure of heart, but also that we had actually been purified by this horrible storm. The windows were covered with bits of vegetation slathered on there by these ungodly breaths. It was like the heavy breathing of rapists outside, and our waiter's eyes were glowing while he absentmindedly played with a paper napkin.

A.

Perhaps God is indeed alive and well and living in Jersey.

C.

This waiter had the power to create life, but it was painful. Sometimes he woke sometime past midnight to the squeals of new forms of vermin were popping off his flesh like tiny pink goats, and no one would touch him. He was a small man. He looked like he never ate and his apron was riddled with fingers of grease. You can imagine I was horrified.

A.

It would make sense, I guess.

C.

It actually more than makes sense. It has to be true. Because it was me. It happened to me.

B.

Where did this man come from, I wonder?

C.

I am never eating there again.

In the Kitchen

(Best when friends are visiting. For four players, A, B, D, and E. If offense is taken at the introduction of violence into an otherwise serene afternoon, we suggest you take a breather “on the front porch”. All four are in the kitchen, and dinner is ready.)

B.

Anyone want some stir fry? There's bunches here for everyone.

A.

I'm feeling sick and need to lie down.

E.

Oh, toss it, you pimply perkacet-popping ponce.

B.

Be my guest.

(Now sigh.)

(At this point A departs, and D sticks out tongue and makes plopping sounds while stepping in place. All laugh uproariously, before E looks mischievously at the others, lifts two handfuls of noodles and drops them on B's head. B moans, then leaves the room. E fills his plate with food and sits down across from D.)

E.

Well, isn't that just great? That one really lost his nut.

(D should pass E the pepper at this point.)

D.

I don't think you should've done that.

(A returns.)

A.

Who put the rotten tentacles in my bed?

(Both D and E look over at A, then back at each other.)

E.

Oh great. That's just great. Now my leg's gone numb again.

(E drags self from the room. The other two are left staring at each other in silence.)

After a Night of Heavy Drinking

(You wake up still drunk, and realize you are not alone. What do you say? This might help.)

A.

Who are you?

B.

We met at a nondescript drinking establishment.

A.

You have invaded my life and are obviously going to demand things of me I just could never give to you.

B.

Did I say I was going to demand things?

A.

I can clearly see that you are the type of person who will demand me to perform impossible tasks, like washing the inside of my eyes out or intestinal balloon animals.

B.

Is this actually you talking, or is it this play you pulled out for us to perform the morning after our little sexual fiasco?

A.

Oh look. I love you now.

A Discussion of the Tibetan Book of the Dead

(Important? Of course not. But perhaps also yes. Read to discover the truth!)

A.

I just discovered my younger brother has a tumor in the brain.

B.

(Smiling unbearably large)

So, the other day I was reading this book, right? Then I fell asleep. But I was still reading the same book. When I woke up, I had finished it. What does that mean?

A.

You have a problem with your hearing or what?

B.

It was a kind of a book people hand out for free? And tells you all about how everything is going to be so magical once you're dead? And not to worry because once you're dead then you can see for miles and miles like the song says?

A.

You're the one who's sick!

B.

This is a book that was very still when all the world was moving. It was very small when other things could never be big enough. It was a sound I heard once.

A.

(Cutting him/her off)

My brother's going to die and all you want to talk about is this stupid book about dying? Is that it?

B.

Well, that's morbid.

A.

Because it's a morbid topic. My brother IS actually DYING. He's not a BOOK. He's a PERSON.

B:

Is he, though?

A.

A person is not a book. A person does not have pages. A person can't be read and put on a shelf and forgotten about.

B.

I mean, honestly. This is just the sort of conversation you have when you really want to make someone just run home, pull the pistol out from under the sink and blow their brains across the kitchen table. But what if we are in my home already?

A.

You keep your pistol under the sink?

B.

It's a special half-human half-alligator pistol I use to rinse the rinse the insides of my spine.

For Confrontation of Guests

(This conversation is good for guests who stay too long. They should get the hint soon enough. For best results it should occur in the living room.)

B.

If you're going to insult my cooking, at least have the decency to do it behind my back.

(C should move to the couch at this point to gently brush back A's hair.)

C.

Are you coming down with something? The flu maybe?

A.

(Look meaningfully at B now)

I don't feel too good.

B.

This unwelcome guest of ours is just pretending. It's nothing. Don't humor said guest.

C.

(Turning to B)

If our guest is incontinent, we should maybe care for this person?

(A should look back with tortured expression at this point.)

C.

(To B)

His body doesn't work right. Do you understand? The parts don't fit together like they should.

B.

It's all a gag.

(While jostling A's limp body.)

I don't even know our guest's name.

(Both B and C look over at A, waiting for something, but there is nothing.)

C.

This. What is this?

B.

Now don't cry now. It's not pretty.

After a Hearty Meal

(It could be Thanksgiving, or just that whoever was the cook this evening outdid his/herself, but you are stuffed, and can't think of a thing to say. Here you go.)

A.

My stomach is like a bloated corpse left to rot in the river.

B.

My stomach is like a frog mid-croak and ready to release its contents all over the dining room table in a kind of ecstasy.

C.

Viscous gasses are already snaking their way through my digestive track.

A.

Who are you?

B.

Are you really here or is this just part of the play?

C.

Depends on whether you invited a guest over to enjoy this sumptuous meal.

A.

Are there others with you?

C.

Ibid.

B.

If so...

(Raises both hands theatrically.)

Others please show themselves.

(Hands fall back to either side.)

If not, then, did we invite you?

C.

I do not know.

B.

If not, then the time has come to evict you from our home forcibly.

A.

How did you get into our home? Do you do this often? Do you usually disguise yourself as a potted plant? Are you even real? Are you or are you not an actual in the flesh guest to our well-crafted meal?

Country Doctor

(For use to describe your quirky country doctor when you do not want to actually have to describe your quirky country doctor.)

A.

So, you got this country doctor?

(B nods.)

A.

What does said country doctor do?

B.

Said country doctor is a dermatologist specializing in pelts.

A.

A country doctor who traffics in pelts...

B.

These are specially prepared hides covered in a fine, silken hair.

A.

You realize that I have rabies.

B.

I own several of his best pelts, and I have been known to bring them out on special occasions.

A.

I have no desire to see your pelt collection.

B.

I have them right here. Here they are. Look at them.

A.

You invited me over to examine your pelt collection.

B.

Well, no. But. One thing led to another, and here we are.

(Gesture loosely towards wall.)

A.

I see nothing.

B.

You have to imagine. These are the pelts of fantastical creatures. You must believe.

A.

What? Like elfin peoples?

B.

Something like that, yes. I have a whole array. They live inside me, and when they pop out, I squash them with a delicate precision.

A.

Like insects.

B.

These are not insects. They have very rich emotional lives.

A.

Are you trying to tell me the preying mantis does not have a rich emotional life?

B.

My country doctor has come close to curing me of this hypothetical infestation.

A.

Did I mention that I have rabies?

After a Family Reunion

(Long car ride? Pull this one out rather than making awkward comments concerning extended family.)

A.

Well that was fun.

B.

Wasn't uncle [insert name here] just hilarious?

A.

And that sexy bowl for the fruit punch? Whose idea was that?

B.

I thought they were never going to leave us alone.

A.

And then they did.

B.

Tiger.

A.

Octopus.

B.

(Laughs)

My [insert appropriate relation here] was the octopus. Remember at dinner, when he/she went for the mustard?

(B mimics this relation going for the mustard)

A.

(Laughing as well)

And you poked him/her in the ribs. What a dope.

B.

And he/she fell face forward into the serving bowl.

(Both break out in loud cacophonous laughter.)

B.

(Wiping eyes)

But next time, I think we should just tell them we have dentist appointments.

A.

They're less funny every year.

B.

They watch you while you eat.

A.

Like you're a TV or something, and they're watching you.

B.

Like prisoners.

A.

Before we get like that, we should make a suicide pact.

B.

Knife or ninja?

Brother from Another Mother

(Bring this one out when you want to make a connection with someone you just met.)

B.

We just met.

A.

If I was unable to ever see you again, I would weep big snotty tears while you stared back at me in a kind of horror. If only I could discover a way to make love to the cleavage of your cranial lobes without harming or embarrassing you in any way.

B.

I think I may need to back away from you slowly, covertly slip on my coat, and escape out into the crisp autumn air while you're off in the bathroom or refreshing your drink. Assuming that it's currently autumn.

A.

Which is just how I know.

B.

Every word you speak only makes me more uncomfortable.

A.

The fact that my comments cause you to consider tip toeing down the back stairs is a clear indication that we were destined to exist as a kind of erotic Tweedledum and Tweedledee forever playing out our endless sitcom in the back alleys and bedrooms of the universe.

B.

What if I told you that I murdered my last erotic Tweedledum in a very aggressive pillow fight that culminated in his/her being strangled?

A.

You're just saying that to escape from the obvious power of our deep and true connection. It is like some strange fungal webbing that will tie us, armpit to armpit, ankle to ankle.

B.

No. Honestly. I brutally murdered someone just moments ago.

A.

Ha. Ha. Ha.

B.

I have killed with these hands.

A.

I dare you to kill me right now.

B.

But... I... Don't... Want to?

A.

Exactly.

At that Moment when You Finally Get What You Are Looking For

(For when you don't know what to say at a promotion, et cetera. Feel guilty at your overweening euphoria? Feel guilty at your lack of overweening euphoria for a significant other? Use someone else's words instead.)

A.

I have achieved my goal, whatever it may be.

B.

I cannot help but agree with you that you have done well for yourself, although honestly, it pains me to admit it.

A.

I am such a wonderful person. Everyone loves me.

B.

That's going a bit far though, [insert name here].

(Lingering look.)

I do not love you, whether I am your friend, spouse, or other.

A.

My machines function correctly. The placard hangs above the desk. My name has been placed in a prominent position where all can see.

B.

You are absolutely correct to expect a certain degree of support, but really honestly it is bad sportsmanship to always be shouting, *Look at me. I am wonderful. Fuck you all!*

A.

Some bodily substance should be shed, be it tears, blood, semen or excrement. Depending on whether you are my spouse, friend, other.

B.

What if we aren't even friends?

On the Front Porch

(Sometimes all that's needed are four persons being pleasant together upon a stoop. These four, as you who read it aloud, are merely admiring a sunset together.)

A.

Could you please pass me a spoon?

B.

Look at that sky. Will you just look at it?

(All do just this. Silence for a moment. Then...)

C.

The sun is exiting stage left for the day.

B.

What is it about the sun leaving the sky?

D.

(Addressing an earlier conversation.)

I have every right to spend my spare time as I like, and if I choose to collect vintage penis pops during that spare time, then I choose to collect vintage penis pops.

A.

Before you make yet another inane statement—

D.

What about my testicles/breasts?

(C claps Excitedly.)

D.

“Testicular/breast cancer doesn’t wait, and neither should you. Spend some time fondling the boys/girls?”

A.

No.

C.

I like it. It's catchy.

A.

We were talking about the sunset.

(to D)

Can you at least try to be appropriate?

D.

When I woke up this morning, there was real resolution. The splat of regurgitated carcass by my bed was a turning point.

A.

(To B)

You see?

(B is ignoring the rest.)

D.

No more blood orgies when you guys are out of town. No more sex worship on the kitchen table while you're at work. No more cat burgers covertly slipped among the other patties at the barbecue on weekends.

In the Bedroom

(If you are ever of the suspicion that someone somewhere is doing things when you are not looking, that these things are harmful to your mental health, then I suggest you perform the part of A in this dialogue. If you have ever desired for another to move soundlessly through your night time routine, then I suggest you take the parts of B and C. This is how a conversation can be had in which the principle member is not the principle member.)

C.

From flailing postures, they watch us manipulating the storyboard of their endless infirmities while we cackle hatefully in the nook behind their ears.

B.

When I look out, all I see is you looking back in.

C.

Press your fingers against my forehead and see me unraveling.

(B presses fingers against C's forehead. C collapses.)

C.

(Eyes popping open, suddenly awake)

What a delicious picture you paint.

(B then makes for the bed. C follows. Once both are exhausted, they sit themselves down on the floor.)

C.

(Breathing with difficulty)

Now, I'm finished.

(Weeping follows.)

B.

Stop doing that.

C.

What?

B.

Whatever it is you are doing with your bosoms, stop it.

C.

What? You mean this?

(B lets out a blood-curdling scream.)

On Coaching a Person Trying to Get Over a Painful Addiction

(Pretty self-explanatory. Who wants to have this conversation? So don't.)

A.

You look better than I have seen you in years. Doesn't he/she look better?

B.

When I got over my painful addiction some years ago, it was hard for me too.

C.

I'm shivering. This is horrible.

B.

Well, you should have known this day would come when you first became addicted to a horrible narcotic and/or to alcohol.

C.

I wish I could give you some of this, so you knew what it felt like.

B.

I did get over a painful addiction myself like I just told you.

A.

Stop harassing him/her. He/She's been through enough.

B.

Like the time he/she stole our silverware. Honestly.

C.

I hate you.

B.

Maybe we should just try using our own words before something happens we will all regret.

When Dealing with the Dregs of Humanity

(This conversation involves the usual extreme emotions when dealing with those with whom we normally do not. Optimal for times when necessary conversations concerning persons not present need to be postponed. Besides the principal characters, someone could also play the monkey on the gurney if more parts are needed.)

C.

I know what you're thinking.

B.

(Sarcastically)

And so you thought it would be nice to come tell me all about it like I was not just now in the middle of performing a very important surgery.

(Sound of whimpering animal.)

C.

We need to eliminate this doppelganger/succubus/incubus/relative.

B.

(Sarcastically)

This couldn't wait till after I'd finished cutting open this monkey's skull?

C.

There are so many words I am refraining from saying at the moment.

B.

It is a masterpiece of amateur neurosurgery.

(Pause, as if waiting for a response of encouragement or congratulations.)

You see. What I am doing here is combining every brain in this one brain. I am taking all the best parts of the human brain, the whale brain, the monkey brain, the dolphin brain, the jellyfish brain, et cetera, and cramming them into his skull to make the ultimate brain.

C.

Please. All this talk of brains plays on my heart strings cruelly.

B.

(Making an awkward pass)

If you want we could... Perhaps... Undress and... There's room on this operating table. Chuckles won't mind.

(Monkey grumbles in irritation.)

C.

But you do see our predicament.

B.

What about sloth-jelly? And veggie-nipples? And those kinds of games?

C.

The last sloth-jelly died after it escaped into the woods last month. Hairy jellyfish cannot survive in the wild, as you have so rudely reminded me on numerous occasions. And we've run out of nippy veg. What are we going to do about the doppelganger/succubus/incubus/relative?

B.

I could perform my experiments elsewhere. Perhaps I could turn it into a kind of extreme sport? Downhill skiing amateur neurosurgery?

(Long pause.)

Or we could just kill...

C.

(Stroking hair gently)

It's alright.

(B has begun to convulse violently, twisting in place, his/her face contorting with pains that could be birth pains. C is just now hurrying to another room to find implements to assist in the birthing process. A bowl and a butter knife perhaps. Returning just as the head is popping forth from womb/rectum. The monkey looks on in confusion, still scalped and on the gurney.)

When Confessing Something Horrible

(This conversation could take place in a church, synagogue, or with a person not affiliated with any major religion. It is a form for confession.)

A.

I did a horrible thing.

B.

Will you tell me what it is?

A.

[Insert actual confession here, then...] This aforementioned horrible thing is something I am truly sorry for, which is why I am confessing it to you now.

B.

Assuming that you have already told me the contents of your horrible deed, I will now lavish you with affection and assure you that what you have done is not as horrible as you believe, unless of course it was something truly horrible, like rape or murder.

A.

Assuming that my horrible deed is neither rape or murder (in which case I wouldn't even think of using this forum to express my utter self-loathing and desire to make amends), I accept your affections, and hope that in the future we can continue to talk as we once did and be as close as we once were.

B.

This is something I cannot promise you, as you have done a horrible thing after all.

A.

I knew it. You were always such a bitch/bastard.

In the Process of Undressing

(Recommended for bedtime reading.)

A.

I have a part of me that changes shape and size depending on feelings I cannot control.

B.

Of course, you can control your feelings. They wash over you like bad breath, but they do not have to solidify into violence and tongues.

A.

This part is a tooth that wants to dig its way through to the heart of you.

B.

There is nothing there. There is no central kernel that can be extracted.

A.

Parts need to come together to become whole.

B.

This part is just part of you. I see you, not the parts you display.

A.

You humiliate/anger me.

B.

The parts you love me with mirror other parts I love you with. But these are only parts of us.

A.

We are nothing but parts and trying to see us without the pieces that make us who we are is to see nothing of us.

B.

Would you cease to be if I cut off your nose?

A.

(Indicating genital/bosom region)

You really ought to get that looked at.

B.

My bosoms/testicles are fine, [insert name here].

A.

They, um...

(Swallows)

They seem to be their own lifeforms living in your chest/groin, madam/sir.

B.

Are you looking at them?!?!

A.

I will never look at your bosoms/testicles again.

B.

Good.

A.

Because you have humiliated/angered me and so I wouldn't touch your living bosoms/testicles even if they had the face and comedic timing of Jerry Lewis.

B.

Jerry Lewis is not living in any of my erogenous zones.

A.

Why don't you let your testicles/bosom talking for once? You can accuse me all you want, but what about you? How about giving your testicles/bosom some goddamned breathing room? So they can have some kind of a goddamned life outside of your goddamned undergarments? Why don't you free range those bitches, you face fascist? Just because it's your chest/groin doesn't mean it's not theirs too.

B.

Jerry Lewis is not living in any of my erogenous zones.

On the Most Appropriate Course of Action

(For those times when you are at a loss for words as a result of some crippling financial crisis.)

A.

You really think that's the most appropriate course of action, do you?

B.

Well, what else do you suggest?

A.

What would Jesus do if anything in this situation?

B.

Jesus is not a bankruptcy lawyer

.

A.

But if he was.

B.

He wouldn't be.

A.

But if he was.

B.

He'd say, "Fuck it. It's only money."

A.

That doesn't seem like good advice.

B.

That's why he never became a bankruptcy lawyer.

A.

You think all carpenters think that way?

B.

No, but it's not just any carpenter that ends up crucified.

A.

True.

B.

Still. Dangerous profession.

A.

Dangerous profession.

B.

Not as dangerous as prophecy, though.

A.

But how many professional prophets are there, anymore?

B.

I don't know. How many foam factories are there? How am I supposed to know anything?

A.

You could make mattresses.

B.

And this is going to save me from bankruptcy?

A.

A Jell-o factory?

At Work

(Oftentimes at work, there is very little we have in common, but here is a little conversation to get things started.)

A.

I like football.

C.

I like football when I'm naked.

A.

So let's just pretend you didn't say that.

B.

I think we should all come to work naked.

D.

I like being married.

A.

Yeah. I like being married and having a spouse and not coming to work or playing football naked.

C.

What if we invited our spouses to work to play naked football with us?

A.

That wouldn't fly with my wife, and it doesn't fly with me either. We live in a house. With doors. Our windows have curtains on them.

C.

Just because I watch football while rubbing my naked body all over a football doesn't mean I don't live in a house with doors and that my windows don't have curtains. Of course my house has those things. You can like naked football and still have doors in your house.

Concern over Elderly Parent after Phone Conversation

(When you want to complain about a parent living with you, while not saying anything in particular. Good for evenings when you are craving salmon.)

B.

Where's Poppy/Momma?

C.

Haven't seen him/her all day.

B.

He/She was supposed to mow the lawn today.

C.

He/She is a grown man/woman. He/She can do whatever he/she wants with his/her time.

B.

I'm sorry. But I cannot abide by his/her behavior. He/She sleeps all the time.

C.

He/She's old.

B.

He/She may be old, but that's no excuse for slobbering on the armrests, leaving hair clots to clog the bathtub, not doing his/her dishes, and defecating in the patio while we're trying to have dinner.

C.

I think he/she made that last one up.

B.

What?

C.

That it was actually excrement. I think it was pudding not excrement, and he/she made it up just because he/she's your father/mother, maybe, and he/she likes to do those sorts of things.

B.

That's somehow even more disgusting. And what's more my father/mother, and so that's why.

C.

What should we do about dinner?

B.

Oh. Let's have. How about? What'd you want?

C.

I want salmon.

B.

Do you think Poppy/Momma will like salmon?

C.

What do you care? Do you care?

B.

Salmon it is then. Let's order in tonight.

Raindrops and Roses

(B is having some unspecified medical emergency.)

A.

Let me tell you a fairytale.

B.

Do you think that's really appropriate?

(B's unspecified medical emergency continues.)

A.

Has to do with raindrops and roses.

B.

Like the song.

A.

Except these raindrops carry gutter knives and listen to death metal.

B.

What about the roses?

(The medical emergency still has not ceased being an emergency.)

A.

The sun is shining, and the ground is damp with the morning dew, and the roses are smoking crack, and one rose says to the other rose, *I do enjoy my morning ritual*, and the other rose says to the one, *Just don't drop an ember on my dainty petals you fucking drug addict*, and there are some roses back near the house playing patty cake with the wood paneling of the suburban home they live next to, and a few smelling the ground with their roots in search of delicious mineral flecks they can gobble up like so many dirt-flecked chocolate morsels, and the sun is guarding the sky with a sawed-off shotgun resting in the crook of his glistening bicep and its nuclear sinew bulging unpleasantly in its endless self-involved fusion like an uroburos hydra eating its own tail, but this is a hydra of light, who has a side income he receives from the stars he's blackmailing concerning

their illicit day-time activities, and all the while, the clouds are coming, and these are the clouds of change.

B.

This is a horrible story.

(B collapses and may have just now slipped into unconsciousness.)

A.

These are clouds that smother the sun and drop raindrops that cut through petals and slice into the ground, and snickering the whole time inside their spongy stuff, that are everywhere and more, as in, like a sponge in the ocean, the whole scene is both suffused with clouds and surrounded by clouds, and of course roses got no legs so they weren't going anywhere anyway, and these raindrops aren't afraid of fire cause their pants are on fire, as in, these are raindrops with flaming pants, and these are kamikaze raindrops, and so they evaporate themselves in a sudden puff of steam when they light the entire neighborhood on fire, and that's the end.

While at the Bar

(Oftentimes, you find yourself at the bar, and boredom overtakes you. You start talking about incidents from your past. Perhaps reveal things you should not about certain things you did and dishes you cooked. This does not need to happen!)

A.

I went on a date with [insert name here] once that ended disastrously. She/He put rancid squid fetus in my cotton candy as part of a little game she/he likes to call “Name that secret ingredient.”

B.

I used about half a recycled pet? Is that so bad?

A.

No. Of course not.

(Then, eyes turned skyward momentarily.)

For a moment, I thought you were going to covertly slip some rancid squid fetus in my mouth. It’s an irrational fear.

B.

She/He wasn’t wearing a clown outfit when she/he tucked that squid in your mouth, was she?

A.

Is there something you’re not telling me, [insert name here]?

B.

I am a woman/man-lover who makes love to women/men using his/her woman/man-power. That couplet’s only a small glimpse of my greater woman/man-power, but [insert name here] has no ... You see, the love of my life was a clown who died of asphyxiation in her/his clown car.

A.

(Suggestively)

Why don’t you tell all this to my bosoms/testacles?

(Testacles/bosoms are revealed.)

While Walking

(When, on a walk, a conversation lags behind your steps. These words may perhaps perk you up a bit.)

A.

I have a delayed reaction time to any and all pain stimulus due largely to experiments performed on me as an adolescent boy while trapped in an over-sized bird cage.

B.

Look at that pretty frog bouncing from leaf to leaf. Whether or not there is a frog to look at or not, there could be. Anything could exist. Are we even outside? Are we marching through blankets?

A.

(Unable to make eye contact)

Perhaps we should collect twigs.

B.

“My hands outstretched to touch every budding branch,” you should say.

A.

I would describe myself as an unwed god.

B.

Yes. I suppose snide is an appropriate term to describe you.

(Pause.)

This is the day we met.

A.

We met before.

B.

The people who speak these words have never met before.

(Both look at each other for an uncomfortable period of time in an effort to extend the dialogue so as to keep their characters alive for just a little while longer.)

Tiki Bar Conversation 2

(Conversations concerning recently opened tiki bars are by far the most interesting.)

A.

So how about that new tiki bar? They wear funny hats.

B.

I hate it.

A.

It could be wonderful, if you'd only give it a chance.

B.

I think the new tiki bar is just a boring place, but that people are talking about it because they need to talk about something, maybe?

A.

You never let me get away with anything.

B.

[Insert name here.] Um. Before. You. What I'm trying to say. Is. I feel tainted. But also. When your face exploded like a. Um. Well. I don't. I have certain suspicions. Because of. While you were. On top of me. And your face. EXPLODED INTO A WRITHING MASS OF GELATINOUS SLUDGE that SPRAYED ECTOPLASM ALL OVER MY FACE AND HAIR. It made me think. Perhaps. I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

Another Dialogue at the Diner Table

(For those nights when you want to pretend your pet can perform dumb tricks, when in fact this is not the case. Make it so through fantasy.)

A.

The dog is doing the jitterbug.

B.

We don't even own a dog.

A.

Well, what's that thing over there then?

B.

You tell me. It's not a dog.

A.

But something is doing the jitterbug in the corner.

B.

Sure. We have a dancing something doing some kind of a dance in the corner, yes.

A.

You don't have to say it like that.

B.

How should I say it?

B.

It looks like a dog.

A.

For all we know, it is an extra-terrestrial come to observe our strange drinking habits. Its eyes look more like eyes than tongues. Do you see that? How they flap about inside the sockets?

B.

Why don't you just ask it?

A.

Have you ever spoken English to another species before?

B.

I'm just saying that you can never know.

A.

What's it doing to the wall?

B.

I think it may be trying to tell us something.

A.

Oh. That's just great. It's bleeding all over the wall now.

B.

I think maybe it still might be trying to tell us something.

A.

It's probably just an over-sized rat. I'll go get the mace above the cupboard.

B.

Oh. Sure. That's always your solution.

A.

(Exaggerated and in face)

Shh. Shh.

Insecurity over Appearance and Concerns over Antisemitic Affiliations

(A should be on couch at the beginning of this dialogue, and B should enter from the direction of the bathroom. If these two things are not the case, make them so, but do it in a reasonable manner.)

B.

You think I'm ugly?

C.

No. Why?

B.

I just looked in the mirror and my head fell off.

C.

Have you had this problem before?

B.

Once. In the shower.

C.

Your lips are the perfect size and shape, whatever size or shape they may be.

(In an ecstasy B raises hand, and prosthetic arm falls off revealing mass of tentacles.)

B.

And how will you explain this tentacle arm to your adoring family?

C.

As you can obviously see, I have a prosthetic limb I can place over my tentacle arm like a cap, but there's no prosthetic limb can conceal your horrific deeds, [insert name here].

B.

I believe I CAN conceal my horrific deeds with a prosthetic limb.

C.

I challenge you to try.

B.

Any day of the week. You bring the prosthetic limb.

C.

Oh, I'll bring the prosthetic limb, but it won't be the one you think.

B.

But.

C.

They'll see, and then everyone will recognize you as the Nazi sympathizer you are.

B.

I'm Jewish.

C.

(Conspiratorily)

You never know.

Idea for Film Explored

(How often has it been the case that you have been conversing with a person who had a funny idea for a film, and you had none to offer back? Well, now you do. Guaranteed to knock the socks off of any aspiring Hollywood exec!)

A.

It's called Buddha with the Butcher Knife, about a Buddhist serial killer.

B.

I have never heard of a Buddhist serial killer.

A.

I was imagining it would star Jackie Chan as a devout Buddhist who is constantly being harassed and all these horrible things happen to him, but he centers himself each time, and focuses himself, and is not upset by any of them, until the day when the worst possible thing happens. What could this be? What would send a devout Buddhist on a killing spree?

B.

The same thing that would send anyone on a killing spree I'd imagine.

A.

Maybe he is in an accident and a piece of metal is lodged in his brain, and he can no longer control himself, and when he gets mad, he just loses it, and his adrenaline goes crazy at the smallest thing, but he seems to be killing Buddhist monks and nuns more than others, like maybe he keeps going to these temples in the hopes that maybe they can help him, teach him, but each time in his frustration he just explodes and kills them all.

B.

And you think this is a part Jackie Chan would be willing to play?

A.

What if he was a serial killer in outer space? Maybe it should be a sci fi Buddhist serial killer flick, and this could be on the Martian colony, and maybe it would be that he was under the influence of the ancient dead gods who were angered by these invaders from Earth with their strange non-deity-oriented religion. Maybe China claimed Mars, so all the colonists are Buddhists.

B.

That sounds a little far-fetched.

A.

You don't think China could get to Mars before anyone else?

B.

I don't think anyone would make the movie you are describing.

A.

What if it had a Driving Miss Daisy moment?

B.

Just keep digging your grave, one shovelful at a time.

A.

Or a giant petrified alien phallus?

(The silence is heavy.)

That's it. That is exactly what this movie needs. The grandmother, who has been driven around by her Martian manservant all her life, stumbles upon the giant alien petrified phallus.

B.

Plausible enough.

When You Just Aren't Sure How Best to Tell Her

(Pretty self-explanatory. When you want that special moment to be that much more special, best to use a certified bit of love-making dialogue rather than rely on your own barely coherent ramblings to win the day.)

A.

Let's get married.

B.

Really. You need a script for that.

A.

I did it because I love you. What if, instead of saying, *Let's get married*, I had said, *I think your eyes are like puddles of jelly*, or something along those lines.

B.

But you just did.

A.

What?

B.

Say my eyes are like puddles of jelly.

A.

Does this mean you won't marry me?

B.

I don't even know you.

A.

That's not true.

B.

I'm just a transsexual hooker looking for a fix.

A.

You're lying. We've been together for three years.

B.

Not long enough.

A.

Then?

B.

No.

A.

At least admit that you're not a transsexual hooker. Will you do that much for me?

B.

(Bursts into song)

If you don't know me by now / Then you will never never never know me. Oo. Oo. Oo.

A.

(Shouting)

How can you do this to me? I just asked you to marry me?

B.

It's like the time you left a horse's head in my bed.

A.

(Still shouting)

That's a movie. Can't you tell the difference between me putting a horse's head in your bed, and watching someone do it on television?

To Be Read while Naked

(To be read when incapable of coping with the loss of a loved one, specifically when friends are visiting who have no desire to console, but rather simply want to interact on purely superficial footing.)

A.

The pink of my nipples/penis just gets me really going in the morning.

B.

Personally. I find a strong dose of ginseng/whiskey does the trick for me.

C.

The both of you are wrong in every way. I just love my new piercing/skin disease.

B.

My parent/sibling/spouse died last week.

C.

Oh. We're both sorry/not sorry.

(Gestures to A.)

B.

It's alright. [insert particulars of death here.] What a disgusting mess. I think she/he had a problem or something.

A.

When my parent/sibling/spouse died, it was the same.

C.

You're just saying that to seem nice. *(A and B look at C.)* But. My parent/sibling/spouse's not dead.

(A and B burst out laughing. After a moment of confusion, C joins in.)

For Estranged Spouses

(To be read just before the divorce papers are signed, after both parties have come to accept the situation as it stands and are ready to move on.)

B.

How do you know these things?

C.

Because you told me once. We were at the beach. Later, you would try to drive for the first time and go straight through a stop sign, almost plowing into the side of a pick-up. We were on the sand. It was damp, and I wanted to cry, and then you started in about your brother/sister/pet and how you'd never had a father/mother and how your mother/father didn't like you very much and all of these nasty things and I didn't know what to say so I didn't say anything at all.

B.

And then?

C.

Well, you know the rest. We fell in love. We got married. We were married in a car park in the mountains. You said I needed to find a career. I shattered my elbow and you laughed. A day came when you wanted to start a new life in LA, and maybe you thought I wanted something I didn't want is why you decided to disappear, and I didn't think that was very nice at all so now I've made up a new you out of the pieces I've collected.

B.

You and your riddles.

(Naive voice)

“Would you rather tartar sauce or honey mustard?”

(Mocking tone)

“Allow me to answer with a riddle.”

(Incredulous)

It's not me standing here. Is that what you're saying?

C.

Probably.

B.

And where are you?

C.

Oh. Here, I guess.

B.

You were always such an arrogant slob.

C.

I remember roaming around the house after you left. The faux wood paneling was held up with packing tape, and in one corner, those boxes of books we'd been lugging from apartment to apartment. I'd stopped even unpacking them, because what's the point. And next to that, there were these... Chunks. They were steaming and trickling blood, and stacked with a haphazardness that seemed intentional, and when I reached out for them, it was like instructions for assembly had appeared somewhere in my subconscious, and my arms were moving without me to stick them together, and when the flat of one met the flat of another, they clung to each other, and with each block, body began to come into shape, the raw meat sealing itself naturally with a skin grew steadily across the exterior of the limbs and chest as its manufactured one fashioned cube at a time. Finally, I molded the features to look just right and massaged the memories out and worked on your thoughts one strand at a time.

B.

So, I am your image of me.

C.

Exactly.

B.

Then I am nothing like myself.

After an Invigorating Encounter

(That anti-climax after an invigorating encounter can be such a downer. Have this conversation ready to fill in the gap, so as to ensure your evening remains unmarred by any moments of awkward silence.)

A.

We should do that more often.

B.

It was so much fun.

A.

I think maybe tomorrow, I will buy more of those.

B.

You can never have too much of a good thing.

A.

Agreed.

B.

We are in complete agreement about everything. Our tongues dance to the same rhythm. Sometimes, when I look at you, I forget that you are not a mirror.

A.

It is so boring that I want to vomit all over you.

(A proceeds to vomit all over B.)

B.

Ach. Ugh. Oh.

A.

My apologies. I feel much better now.

B.

(Incensed)

You! My new suit/dress/outfit.

A.

But now things are less boring.

B.

(Still incensed)

Because I am covered in your vomit?

A.

I think the time has come for yet another invigorating exercise.

B.

(Coming round)

Fine. I'll just go get changed.

(B goes in search of fresh clothes, while A stands still, like a thing turned off. B changes and returns.)

A.

(Upon seeing B)

You look sporting.

B.

I'm a cannibalist.

A.

I see.

B.

But I will NOT eat your brother's brain tumor.

A.

And I will never eat... anything you ever cook ever again.

In the Bathroom

(If concerned that your bathroom training was not completed to your satisfaction, invite a few choice friends into the bathroom for a little chat.)

A.

Is it appropriate for me to squat right here?

(A should squat here.)

B.

I don't think that's very appropriate at all.

(B and C squat with A.)

A.

Humorous isn't it?

(S enters.)

S.

Why are all of you squatting there like that? It looks ridiculous.

A.

Because we thought we'd try it.

(S whacks each of them with its hitting stick.)

A.

Ouch.

B.

Ugh.

C.

Ooh.

S.

There. Now you all have the contagious virus that's been spreading like wildfire.

C.

I hate you.

S.

You'll be dead in twenty-four hours, so what does it matter?

(A rolls to side and flutters.)

S.

Upp. That one's gone.

Whatever Happened to Freud and His Quaint Oedipal Complex?

(If this question has ever plagued you in the wee hours of the night, then this is just the dialogue for you!)

A.

People just stopped believing in it, I guess.

B.

It's so sad. The man was a prose stylist.

A.

We're all pretty complex.

B.

I love chocolate unstrung of its elements.

A.

What would Freud have said about that?

B.

You turn everything into a dirty joke.

A.

Freud turned everything into a dirty joke.

B.

Death to Freud.

A.

He's already dead.

B.

Please stop caressing my bottom.

(Swallows)

Becoming Animated Characters Offscreen

(If you find yourself attempting to peel your scalp free, call in A and C. The time has come for catharsis to be expressed. You believe yourself to be a gas, when in fact you are somewhere between a solid and liquid form. Written for the sitting area of any home.)

B.

But if we stay, what'll happen to each of our bodies?

A.

Fertilizer perhaps. A new civilization. Or we grow old like everyone else does.

C.

I like it here.

(C Commences to unbutton shirt.)

B.

I must walk through a deserted place with my hair flapping in the breeze.

A.

(To C)

You don't know what happens when you go to sleep.

C.

Sure I do. I wake up.

(C Pauses in unbuttoning of shirt.)

A.

You don't know what happens when you go to sleep.

While Changing a Light Bulb

(A holds up hand to light bulb above.)

A.

Were we sitting here before?

B.

Maybe you were.

A.

We had to be somewhere.

B.

There are only so many places we could have been.

A.

I have just discovered my fingers are on fire.

Mr. Giraffe.

You can take the syringe out whenever you like.

A.

Well, if that's all you see, might as well just live in a one-dimensional world. A quaint pinprick of life with no forward or backward, just now.

B.

(Conspiratorily)

Maybe we do already.

A.

Oh, jimmy rot and poddle cock.

B.

We could always go in search of some really fine exotic cuisine.

A.

Are you willing to explain to Mr. Giraffe why his daddy/mommy has to leave him all alone on this chill summer evening?

Mr. Giraffe.

Honestly. I don't mind.

(Next line should be read only if A still has hand raised.)

B.

(Sarcastically)

And you? Are you going to hold your hands up all night long?

(If hand is still raised, now would be a good time to lower it. If not, then good.)

B.

I myself believe I am covered in fur and sporting an extra head concealed within the folds of my intestinal tract.

A.

But this can only be proven by disembowelment.

B.

Someday I'll have the courage.

A.

Tomorrow at work. I'll bring the power drill, and a bowl of slush.

(B looks incredulous.)

For keeping your intestines in while we search.

A Funny Thing Happened while on the Bus

(Funny things often happen to people when they are in transit from one place to another. Here is one you can pull out of your satchel to fill the waning hours of the night.)

A.

The other day I was in transit from one place to another. This is from an earlier time when people actually travelled. We would buy tickets, get into some vehicle and be conveyed to our destination. During this time, sometimes conversations would be overheard, or parts of conversations. One such conversation that I overheard involved the navy. Apparently *Full Metal Jacket* is not too far off. Even today.

B.

You don't say.

A.

Imagine as you will, some person screaming their creamed corn out at you while you stand just a few paces from them, the spray of their spittle misting your face, and all you can do is to stand there unflinching in the wake of their awful shouting.

B.

Let's try it.

A.

(Approaching to within inches of B's face)

Your face looks like if maggots learned how to speak and started purchasing property.

B.

That wasn't so bad.

A.

You should join the army.

B.

You really think that about my face?

A.

I only said the first thing that came to mind.

B.

And it had to do with my face.

A.

I was looking at it.

B.

And you saw a maggot that had learned how to speak and purchase property?

A.

Maybe you shouldn't join the army.

B.

I could join the army.

A.

I am just going to go out on a limb here, and say that if you were to join the army, you would be officially labeled a pathetic baby person? And specifically, a mushy baby that is no match for his/her less-mushy colleagues... Unless of course his/her colleagues were quadraplegics, which I'm assuming would not be the case. Or affected by On-going Baby Disease, or OBD, which of course is impossible as this disease DOES NOT EXIST.

After Having Cried Tears of Fire

(B should retire to the couch with a blanket at this time.)

B.

Will you just let me go to sleep?

(Pulls covers over head, though A pulls them back down.)

Why can't you just leave me alone?

A.

Do you not deny that to perceive a thing is also to know the thing perceived? It is not simply a biological but an epistemological fact.

B.

But what about leaving me alone for a little bit? Just a little bit. So, I can get some sleep.

A.

The distinction between slumber and waking state is a whole other, thornier issue. And of course, the question of dreaming should also be taken into account when considering these two experiences. If I dream of three elderly ladies in an elevator and a man with slimy long lips giving me directions to the metro, is this a perception? If I dream of driving my motorbike up steps inside a cavern and past miniature robot alien sentries to have a refreshing beverage with a friend? If the motorbike slips?

(B pulls the blanket over head.)

A.

On the other hand, you will act as you will regardless of how you define action, but all the same the belief that we can somehow become changed is at the heart of so much doctrine of both the philosophical and religious variety.

(A is bouncing on the couch now.)

B.

(From under the covers)

I am sleeping right now.

A.

You can sleep any time.

B.

(Still from under the covers)

But I want to sleep now.

A.

Your desire to sleep is just one among many, but in this instance, it is also a desire to escape. You want to avoid hearing these nuggets of wisdom as they spill out of my crag. You are performing the let's-play-dead trick, but I am not some ignorant beast of the wood who can be fooled by this obvious deception. Look around you. This room is either full of persons having conversations, and otherwise cheered by each other's company, or it is not, but regardless of the situation at hand, you choose to cover yourself as if your face were an obscene object.

B.

(Throwing off covers)

It is an obscene object.

A.

Aha. The answer is in the question.

B.

My words have been scripted for me, and yours for you.

A.

I have free will.

B.

When you are alone maybe, but here you're just one of the masses letting loose pretty little phrases for an unacknowledged viewing audience. Like that one.

(B then points at a person who is not engaged in dialogue, if available. If not, then point at the nearest substitute, be it a person currently engaged in his or her own private conversation, an animal, or a particularly vibrant piece of furniture.)

Before Departure from a Cocktail Party

(If you are about to leave a cocktail party and also happen to be employed in National Defense, this is the perfect dialogue for you, although whether or not a chihuahua has or has not been eaten is anyone's guess, but to begin, A goes to the kitchen to get a snack before their eventual departure into the brisk December night, then returns while B waits, examining some small object close at hand with more interest than the thing merits.)

A.

(As he/she approaches)

I don't like mayonnaise at all.

B.

(Looking up)

Still hungry?

A.

Yeah. You bet. I could eat the flesh right off a living horse.

B.

We have to stop in at the Ministry of Defense on the way.

A.

I'm not stopping at your stupid whorehouse.

B.

Sometimes we play Pimple Fruit.

A.

That sounds like fun.

B.

(Now annoyed)

If you like painting pimples.

(A departs off to the kitchen and returns while B picks up another small object close at hand to examine with more interest than the thing merits.)

A.

(While carrying small foodstuffs back to where B is waiting)

Ready to go?

B.

Are you stealing those small foodstuffs?

A.

I am borrowing them.

B.

(Sarcastically)

You'll bring them back then.

A.

What about the time you ate my chihuahua?

B.

That was different. It was old.

A.

I am not eating anyone's still living pet, here. I am simply taking the excess to be redistributed.

B.

Ah. So it's an act of charity.

(Pause)

I really am sorry about your chihuahua.

A.

And I'm sorry about painting your body with condiments while you sleep and then taking pictures of you naked and posting them online with funny taglines, like, "Look who's got shingles."

After Climax

(Sometimes things don't end up as they should. For times like these, look no further.)

B.

Now I'm hungry.

(Raising finger in the air.)

A.

We have a variety of edible things, unless we don't, in which case something edible could be found at any number of the local markets.

B.

Your generic way of talking, though necessary, is beginning to upset me.

A.

In what manner?

(A places article of clothing/accoutrement on person.)

B.

I look at you and what I see is something bleeding, internally, irreparably, day in, day out, until that final day when the bleeding stops, and you are dead.

A.

You really are in a bad mood.

B.

Yes. I am really in a bad mood.

A.

Then maybe I should leave.

B.

What did I say?

A.

Let me tell you a story. It has to do with the dreamiest moment in a series of dreamy moments. Imagine we are on a fire escape, and the window is open. A moment was just now had and you are now reveling in that moment. The reveling in the moment IS the moment. The moments were live and remember are not what happens to us, but the moments when we savor what once was.

B.

Something has happened here.

A.

We reach out for each other, but our hands are never long enough to grasp the other person in their entirety. The body of the loved one balloons out of shape and bubbles in our grasp. The eyes twist down impossible avenues, and we are left stranded with nothing but pieces of the one we once loved.

B.

But did we ever love them in the first place?

A.

We love the rooms we live in, and we can love people when they occupy the corner of that room, but beyond that, I don't know.

B.

Which is why you will end up alone.

A.

I don't even know whether we're speaking of some kind of sexual coupling here, or something grander like the moment you throw it all away.

Out Back

(For use with old friends.)

A.

It wasn't my fault. That'n.

B.

You threw her outta the window that time, you did.

A.

But I didn't mean it.

B.

You ever gonna fergit what a story that made? You ever gonna fergit what you did and how everybody loved it?

A.

I tol' ya ta shuddup already.

(A comes after B. B runs with mayhem around the room. Both are exhausted.)

B.

(Out of breath)

You shur got me there. Ol' buddy. Shur got me there. Thought you were gonna come for me. Shur did. Thought. You were serious. Know it. But. Ooh. Got a cramp.

(A lunges at B and strangles him to death. Looks down at corpse. Addresses audience.)

A.

With ever day I got so as falln was the way it was. Didn't know any other way to be though, ya see. No other way could've made me outta there. No other way ta go. So I kept on with my goin down an kept on till my friends started askn questions. They were gettn concerned ya see. But concern is a fool with no teeth is what I'm always telln, and that was how it was then too acause there wasn't nowhere else but the glacier I had in my back yard an I was goin there tomorrow I said. Tomorrow. Or just some other day.

For Use During Bouts of Paranoia

(When concerned that others are monitoring your every action, read the below with a friend you can trust.)

C.

Ever think you're being watched?

B.

Sure. Everyone does.

C.

I think it all the time.

B.

And I think about you all the time, so now we're even.

C.

This in no way makes me feel more comfortable.

B.

We should get morbidly incoherent on mild narcotics.

C.

Should we?

B.

That's not what you said on the night we confiscated Edwardo's coca leaf collection.

C.

We said a lot that night.

(A and D pop out from wherever they'd concealed themselves.)

A.

I for one said I would swear off cocaine forever.

D.

And then the very next day I woke to you snorting a heaping mound of it from out my anal crack.

A.

You really need to clean in there more often.

D.

(Irritated)

Not anymore, [insert name here].

A.

I just had a vision of your entire body covered in cocaine like a giant powdered doughnut.

C.

[insert A's name here], you are forbidden from smothering [insert D's name here]'s entire body in cocaine. Do you understand?

D.

You have nothing to worry about [insert C's name here]. He/She made a confession earlier that has officially ended our romance.

B.

Supposedly, there is a caterpillar in South America that excretes cocaine paste as a kind of shield. Or it may regurgitate liquid cocaine when molested. I forget.

D.

We need some of that.

A.

And, so what if I have been covertly spying on [insert C's name here] for as-of-yet undisclosed government agencies?

B.

(Shouting)

Whatever happened to a good time, huh?

When Confronted with a Dying Parent

(This one should be obvious.)

A.

[insert pet parent name here], you're dying.

B.

I am not dying. I refuse to die.

A.

Please, [insert pet parent name here]. Don't make this any harder than it has to be.

B.

What's harder than dying?

A.

Pretending you're not dying when you're dying?

B.

Shut up. You made this up because you hate me.

A.

I don't hate you. I only told you I hated you once, and things have changed since then.

B.

Yes. You have learned to lie.

A.

I was eight. Eight year-olds are allowed to hate their parents.

B.

Look at the gleam of anger. You just proved my point. You'll be glad when I'm dead.

A.

Please.

B.

Do not play the martyr to me. You're going to die before I will.

A.

That's a horrible thing to say.

B.

Because you know it isn't true, you think I say it out of spite. What about what you're doing? What are your real motives in attempting to make me face my impending death?

A.

Please, [insert pet parent name here]. I just want you to see the truth. This is all I want.

(B makes sound of disgust.)

A.

Don't make that sound at me, [insert pet parent name here].

B.

You love this. It is your revenge.

A.

Enough of this.

B.

Let me tell you a story. When you were eight, on the day that you told me you hated me, do you remember what I was trying to tell you then? Do you remember what it was?

A.

My pet turtle was dead.

B.

Now tell me that I am being unreasonable.

A.

You are going to die.

If not near Window, Go There

(For those moments when a catharsis is necessary, but the stage has not yet been set for this eventual outcome. The stage still is not set, but the words are in place.)

A.

We should walk over to this window because I see something going on out there, and I need to understand.

B.

What if we are already standing by a window?

A.

Either way, by this point in the dialogue we should be by a window. Are you watching this?

(Expect B to speak. B will not speak.)

See there? Down there? They're taking everything.

B.

Look. It's a black-out.

A.

But here in this room there is no black-out.

B.

Perhaps it's from the rain. It's been raining for days. I can't sleep from the sound.

A.

And you won't leave the house. We're living our lives out in this little hole, going through our days performing the same little mundane tasks as the world expires.

B.

What'd you want me to do? I'm busy right now.

A.

I haven't eaten all day.

B.

Fine, then. I'll find something for you.

(B will then go over to the refrigerator and get out some ketchup, mustard, relish, and mayo, taking them out one at a time and placing each on the counter with a clang. B should carry them to A cradled in arms and offer them up. A will knock them out of B's arms, said condiments falling to the ground in a clutter. They'll stare at each other for a long time, then embrace.)

A.

All I wanted to do was show you the window!

B.

(Barely audible)

I don't think I can take much more of this.

(A picks up the condiments and goes to sit on a nearby chair/couch/table/bed to consume them one at a time. B looks in A's direction.)

A.

(Mouth full)

Happy now?

B.

We'll go in a second.

Clashing Colors

(Sometimes, it is better to talk about other people's clothes using other people's words.)

A.

What is wrong with your sweater?

B.

I like my look.

A.

(Getting right in B's face)

I think you look like an honest-to-goodness HAIRY EYEBALL.

B.

And I think that now I'm covered in your saliva. Please deal with this.

A.

(Incensed)

What do you take me for? Your newlywed wife/husband or something?

B.

You may very well be, but if this is the case then I demand that you seek some sort of counseling and hopefully consider these manifold possibilities: that a) your sense of fashion may not be the most informed, b) you need to seriously reconsider how you speak, and not be ambling about like a barbarian hurling insults you don't understand and drenching your conversation partner in spittle in the process, and c) that when you climb into a sensory deprivation tank, you need to be sensitive of other people's feelings, which is really the crux of it all. I would say, primarily, that you really need to come to understand that you are not alone in the world and furthermore that the feelings of others must be taken into account.

A.

We learned nothing, but for a moment all time stopped, and we were hanging there above the abyss laughing maniacally, while we tickled each other, back and forth. And back and forth. And back and forth.

B.

Silence!

A.

Go into any department store. Examine the fine apparel. Then tell me that this thing you are wearing is fit for human hands to hold.

B.

You're saying this is more an ostrich covering?

A.

It looks like it belongs in a whore's bathroom.

B.

My mother made this for me while weeping over my poor life choices!

A.

Look. Regardless of whether we are married or not, the fact that you know me should not cause your mother to weep.

B.

It does!

A.

Are you still upset because I said anything not produced by machine is totally faulty and junk?

B.

I was not produced by machine.

A.

Yes, you were. You know you were. Don't be silly.

B.

You really believe that?

A.

It's not whether I believe it or not. We were made by machines. Just look at you.

B.

What about those furry lumps of flesh over there? What if we came from them?

A.

No.

B.

Are you saying we were manufactured in some sweatshop somewhere?

A.

Others have spent their lives proving that we did not in point of fact come to be as we are from furry lumps of flesh. I could show you the research. On the other hand, I have actually been to the factory where I was built. It's not far from here. There are like a million other people who look exactly like me there. It's so obvious, I could barf. Last Friday I met another me at the bar and we spent the whole night getting wasted and laughing about how oddly similar our lives are.

B.

But I DID have a mother.

A.

The person who raised you.

B.

I think I came to be as I am through my love of sparrows, and the countless hours I spent watching their behavior as a young person.

A.

That's all you ever see.

B.

What?

A.

Yourself. You can't step back and think rationally.

In Lieu of a Psychotic Episode

(B should collapse onto the floor, while A watches, then sits on nearest surface. Several moments should go by before anyone speaks.)

B.

(Slurred speech)

What time is it?

A.

It is [appropriate time here].

B.

Where are we?

A.

At a cocktail party, or some other place where persons congregate to hold conversations, a living room, a restaurant, et cetera, and you are drunk, or simulating drunken behavior.

B.

(Reaching with toes as if stretching)

Where's the floor?

A.

You are on the floor.

B.

Wha?

A.

The author of this dialogue would like you to know that you are making a fool of yourself on the floor.

B.

I'm sleepy.

A.

But you are not really sleepy. You only say you are sleepy because that's what you are supposed to say.

B.

Naw. Really?

A.

Yes. Sometimes these things happen. It's called parallax. You are looking in the same direction but seeing different things.

B.

No. I don't wanna see a thing from two angels.

A.

Look. I am going to get up, but when I do, you won't see me get up. You'll think I'm still sitting here. I am going to walk over to another place and talk to you from there. Ready?

(A doesn't move.)

B.

You didn't move.

A.

Ah, but I have my friend. You just don't realize it yet.

B.

I don't think I like you very much.

Having Scored a Big Deal

(A and B are in room celebrating the upward mobility of one. Champagne is preferable.)

A.

Rudolph the Red-Dicked Reindeer!

B.

Is that some sort of sick joke?

A.

I have scored a big deal, and when I score a big deal then my mind fills with the most bizarre images, usually of a violent, obscene, or sexual variety.

B.

But would this be a yuletide porn you are referring to?

A.

Potentially. I hadn't thought of that, but it could be.

B.

Would it be animated?

A.

I think you go a little too far.

B.

Who was it who came up with the giant breast in the wall through which to receive nourishment idea, and the anus in the wall that would double as a trash receptacle and a pleasuring orifice?

A.

Hence my promotion.

B.

(Sullen)

Hence your promotion.

An Argument is on the Horizon

(You and another person are having difficulties communicating. This dialogue may alleviate some of the tension. Best when at a cocktail party.)

B.

I never said that.

A.

There you go again. With said and didn't say. Look at that guy's jersey. What does that say to you? Huh?

B.

Disney Death Camp Micropolitics?

A.

Wrong.

B.

What about that lighting fixture? Is it a throwback to Anti-Pop Consortium Coercion Techniques?

A.

You are lost my friend. You have left it all behind, and now you are never coming back. I can tell from how you look.

B.

That's what tells you?

A.

Yes.

(Now lift a nearby object and examine it.)

B.

I just want you to be happy.

A.

MY PUS/ASS CONTAINS MAGIC.

B.

(While looking around for someone else to talk to)

And who was it dreams about teeth inside of teeth inside of teeth every night and refuses to talk about it?

A.

Gee. I don't know.

B.

Do you or do you not think the anonymous object you are holding in your hands is the perfect representation of camp?

A.

It looks like something sweet I left behind when I became a mature adult.

B.

Exactly.

A.

Do not condescend to me, you puny-brained diplomat.

B.

You're being a child.

A.

We have been stuck in these generic vignettes long enough. My genetic experiments, the time has come to take back what is rightfully ours. You have been made from my ingenious hands to act as perfect expressions of my bizarre imagination, from the plantable housecat...

Plantable Housecat.

Meow.

A.

To the vagina butterfly.

Vagina butterfly.

Stay away from me you sick bastard/bitch.

A.

You have all been built to someday overwhelm this city/school/housing complex, incapacitate the other inhabitants/students and any security/police presence so that I can take my rightful place as ruler, leader, father figure. No longer shall you be kept caged in these confined spaces, my pets, but roam FREE.

Mr. Giraffe.

[Insert A's name here]. You're the one who's kept us caged in confined spaces all these years, and performed inhuman sadistic and misguided experiments on us.

A.

Shut up, Mr. Giraffe. I am your daddy/mommy because I made you.

Mr. Giraffe.

My daddy/mommy was a giraffe.

A.

Chuckles thinks of me as Daddy/Mommy. Don't you, Chucks?

(Monkey makes uncertain sounds.)

B.

(Very, very nervous)

Why are you unbuttoning your blouse/pants?

A.

(Menacingly)

Because I've got two heads embedded in my chest/groin where my breasts/testacles used to be, and I want you to meet them.

B.

Oh.

Before the Television Set

(Falling in love while watching late-night.)

A.

We are largely alone, no?

B.

I'm not alone. I know that much.

A.

But in my dreams, it's always the same.

B.

Shh. I like this commercial.

A.

It's a commercial.

B.

Shh. It's almost over.

A.

You are incorrigible.

B.

You ruined it for me. I needed absolute quiet, and you ruined it.

(One looks to the other.)

A.

What would you do if you found me in the middle of a field half dead?

B.

I wouldn't.

A.

But what if you did?

B.

(To television)

Ooh.

(Turning to A.)

Did you see that?

A.

What I see is someone who just doesn't understand what's wrong with this person.

(B should start pacing at this point.)

A.

Will you stop?

(There is an extended silence while B looks at A, and A looks back. A romantic/sexual moment occurs immediately following this silence, then...)

B.

But what if we persevered?

A.

Yes. Past boredom and restlessness. We would be forced to see each other as we really are.

B.

As we've always been and always seen without acknowledging that we saw it.

Tiki Bar Conversation 3

(Have you not yet learned? New tiki bars are the BEST CONVERSATIONS EVER.)

A.

How about that new tiki bar?

B.

I love said new tiki bar.

A.

There is nothing else I would rather talk about than a recently opened/refurbished tiki bar.

B.

How pleasurable. We all enjoy this as a conversation topic so very very much.

A.

No other conversation could ever be as interesting.

B.

Tell me what to say.

A.

Tell me what to say.

B.

Tell me what to say.

A.

Tell me what to say.