CHARACTERS
Him (20s) has returned to be with his former lover; Her (20s) remains ambivalent about that.

SCENE
A room (his). A bed with two blankets, one spread over the bed and the other folded into a square. They are having a picnic.

TIME
The present

Him: I owe you an apology.
Her: For what?
Him: For leaving you.
Her: For leaving me? When?
Him: I've been gone six months.
Her: Six months? But we just put a deposit on the banquet hall. It seems like yesterday.
Him: I left you.


Him: You burned my stuff.

Him: We were going to get married. I gave you a ring.
Her: Do you want your ring back? Is that why you invited me here?
Him: Didn't you burn it? I just assumed.
Her: Diamonds don't burn. I tried. I guess you want it back. Well, you can't have it.

Him: No, you keep it.
Her: If you don't want it, neither do I. Here. It's yours.

She removes the ring from her finger and hands it to him. He takes it and inspects it.

Him: It's smaller than I remembered.
Her: It is small.
Him: But it's pretty.
Her: It's okay.

Him: Now you're hurt?
Her: Now? It's been two years. Two years of hurt. You ran away. Didn't even leave a note. And suddenly here you are with smoked turkey and brie. I don't eat that anymore, you know. I'm a vegetarian. And lactose intolerant. You don't know a thing.

He wraps the blanket around the picnic and ties it up. The picnic somehow disappears.

Him: I think you should keep the ring.
Her: No, thanks. We broke up. Dear Abby says to give the ring back. So does my mother. And besides, it reminds me of you.

Him: Is that so bad?
Her: The pain is in my heart. My lungs. My hands. How could you leave me?
Him: For another woman.
Her: For another woman. And you didn't even leave a note.

Him: I didn't want to hurt you.
Her: And so you didn't leave a note?

Him: I left you because she was pregnant. And I wanted to do the right thing.
Her: The right thing

Him: You always talked about children, and I always said no. But here I was having one. So I thought it best not to tell you.

Her: You didn't want me to be jealous.
HIM: So I went to Minneapolis.
HER: I've never been to Minneapolis.
HIM: I couldn't help myself.
HER: You couldn't.
HIM: She was like a siren singing for a sailor, but I wasn't smart enough to plug my ears. So I followed her. Fell for her. Impregnated her.
HER: Against your will.
HIM: I had no will. She raped me, shackled me, kept me prisoner. Forced me to have her baby.
HER: But you're a man.
HIM: Such things can happen.
HER: So I've heard, but I can't imagine.
HIM: She has magical powers. And the tongue of a cat.
HER: I don't want to hear about her tongue.
HIM: Then I left her.
HER: What about the baby?
HIM: She didn't want it. She laid it out with the trash one morning at daybreak. That broke the spell, and together we escaped.
HER: We?
HIM: Me and Henry.
HER: Henry?
HIM: My son.
(A doll appears. He takes it and holds it like a baby. A brief baby's cry.)
HER: I knew I heard a baby. He's beautiful.
HIM: He has six toes.
HER: On each foot?
HIM: Yes.
HER: How romantic.
HIM: But only one nose.
HER: That's for the best.
HIM: So will you marry me and be his mother?
HER: Of course not. I'm already someone's mother. I have a baby of my own.
HIM: You do?
(A second doll appears, accompanied by the sound of a brief baby's cry. She takes the doll and holds it as if it were a baby.)
HER: Oh, yes. She's lovely, too. And she also has six toes.
HIM: On each foot.
HER: And one nose.
HIM: How old is she?
HER: She's the same age as Henry.
HIM: Well, then she must be mine.
HER: She might not.
HIM: But we were together...
HER: But Henry's not mine. So there your logic falls apart.
HIM: I think they like each other.
HER: I think they have gas.
HIM: I love you, you know.
HER: Yes, I know. But I'm not magical, so I can't keep you.
HIM: But I love you.
HER: You're not very strong.
HIM: I can lift the bed.
HER: Please don't. That's not what I meant.
HIM: We could live happily ever after; you, me, Henry, and...
HER: Henrietta.
HIM: Henrietta?
HER: Yes.
HIM: Yes, you’ll marry me?
HER: Yes, her name is Henrietta.

(The dolls disappear. He kneels and offers her the ring.)

HIM: Please will you marry me?
HER: I always knew you’d come crawling back. But I can’t take you back. Not after the way you’ve hurt me. I feel the pain in my heart. My lungs. My toes. All six of them.

HIM: But we have the ring, the china pattern, the banquet hall.
HER: We had those things, but now they’re gone.
HIM: We still have the ring.
HER: That’s not the same ring. I got it in a gumball machine. It’s made of peppermint candy.
(He puts the ring in his mouth and swallows.)

HIM: Delicious.

(The sound of a baby crying, once, briefly.)
HER: Now everything is gone.

(The sound of the baby crying begins again and rapidly intensifies. His doll reappears. The noise seems to be coming from the doll. He does not know what to do. He holds the doll up high, gently shakes it, and tries to hand it to her. She watches him calmly but does not move.)

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF MOST THINGS
BY ALBERT INNAURATO

CHARACTERS
Michael Crenshaw (18) meets Golda Pearlstein (18) for the first time. (In the play they are older actors playing 18.)

SCENE
Outside a large hall at Harvard. A freshman orientation party is going on. There’s a banner on the wall: WELCOME CLASS OF ’78.

TIME
Fall 1974

Students in preppy attire with mild hippie touches dance by behind a dull window. Michael Crenshaw comes out of the party and lights a cigarette. He is a nice-looking, rather boyish 18-year-old.

A livelier dance starts up inside. An 18-year-old, Golda, pushes out of the hall—looking for Michael, though she hides that. She’s wearing a long, too-loose dress. Her hair is down. She is more unflatteringly dressed than anything else, but it makes her seem less attractive and a little chubby. She stops, aware of Michael. She sneaks a look at him. She looks away. He sneaks a look at her, then looks away. She settles down on a piece of wall across from him. He sneaks another look at her. She looks up and catches him. They both look away. Finally, Michael edges across the stage until He is sitting beside Golda. They smile shyly at one another.

Michael: What’s your name?
Golda: Death and Torment.

Golda: Why?
Michael: Opera.
Golda: Yes. That’s non-U.

Michael: I found Callas when I was thirteen. She got me through Groton. I have come to believe that obsession is salvation. I feel that way about opera,