Ophelia: But then thou came'st to me in my closet... "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh..."

Jesus: "Sweet bells jangled?"

Ophelia: "That unmatcht form and feature of blown youth Blasted with ecstasy..."

Jesus: Yes, ecstasy! Ecstasy!

Ophelia: (Pulling away) "O woe is me, t've have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

Jesus: I don't care where I swim anymore—the Indian Ocean or the Dead Sea... I just want to be at your side. Hand in hand. Seeing together... listening together... moving through the water together... (Moving in to kiss her again.)

Characters
Clay (mid-20s) is in debt to Joe, a drug dealer, for $16,000. Amy (17), Clay's half-sister, loves Clay, understands his predicament, but hesitates to become involved.

Scene
Amy's room in her parents' house in Brooklyn

Time
Today

Clay: You have to help me.

Amy: Why are you so stupid to borrow money from somebody like Joe?

Clay: Because I have no money. I haven't been paying my credit-card bills. The collection agency is after me. I'll have to declare bankruptcy pretty soon.

Amy: If Joe doesn't get his money back, he will kill you.

Clay: He won't. But he'll hurt me. Embarrass me.

Amy: Explain it to Mom and Dad. They'll cover it for you, I'm sure.

Clay: You want me to tell them I owe a drug dealer sixteen thousand dollars?

Amy: You said it wasn’t for drugs.

Clay: Not all of it.

Amy: It's Rebecca, isn't it? What did you buy her? What did she ask for?

Clay: Everything she deserves.

Amy: Clay, Rebecca is dangerous for you. She has no limits to her desire. She will devour your longing, your illusions, your sex, and your money. The empty space in her is bigger than yours. You'll disappear in her.

Clay: That's what I want.

Amy: She's not worth giving up the chance for normal life that Timothy talks about. She's only a whore.

Clay: Shut the hell up!
AMY: You know she is. If you don't, tell me she isn't a whore!

(CLAY goes for AMY. He grabs her neck. AMY gasps. He slowly releases her, but keeps his hand on her. He changes his energy from violent to sexual.)

CLAY: Do you remember when we were kids, we went back every day to the school grounds after everyone had gone home, and played until the sun was dead and the air was dusky?

AMY: Some days, the sky would go orange before turning grey. Hours after that, I still had orange in my throat.

CLAY: One time there was a big hole in the ground. I think they were in the process of putting in new swings. The workers had left for the evening.

AMY: I remember.

CLAY: I hopped into the hole, made you stand still on the edge of it, and threw a stone at you.

AMY: It hit me.

CLAY: I didn't think I could really hit you. I was looking up at you from the bottom of the hole. You were a silhouette against the faint faint orange.

AMY: You hit me. I cried.

CLAY: You promised to tell Mom and Dad that you fell. When we got home, Mom flipped out seeing blood on your forehead. As soon as she asked what happened, you said—

AMY: Clay hit me with a stone.

CLAY: I hated you.

AMY: I was just a little girl then.

CLAY: You have to help me. You're my sister.

AMY: Only half. Only the half that longs for darkness, for the shadows of the unattainable.

CLAY: You know I love you.

AMY: What makes you think they'll give me the money?

CLAY: Because you're the baby of the family. And Dad is your real father.

AMY: He's your father too. We are a family.

CLAY: I've asked for money too many times already. Do this for me. Sixteen thousand dollars. Get it for me. (CLAY kisses AMY on the lips tenderly.)

WTC VIEW

BY BRIAN SLOAN

CHARACTERS

ERIC: (33), a boyish freelance photographer; JOSIE: (33), his friend, a stylish, Upper East Side wife

SCENE

ERIC's Soho apartment overlooking Ground Zero

TIME

The last week of September 2001

Traumatized by 9/11, ERIC has been unable to function; JOSIE has dropped by to check on him. She has brought cupcakes, and then notices some of the things on the floor—the phone, about six deli cups of coffee, a full ashtray.

JOSIE: How much sleep did you get last night?

ERIC: Mmmmmmm... these cupcakes are amazing.

JOSIE: Eric—when did you get up today?

ERIC: (Indicating bag.) Can I have yours?

JOSIE: No, and answer my goddamn question.

ERIC: I don't know... early.

JOSIE: And when did you go to sleep?

ERIC: I don't know... late.

JOSIE: You stayed up again, pulling an anxiety all-nighter. Smoking and drinking coffee and watching the news.

ERIC: I still don't get any channels.

JOSIE: God—that's even worse... just sitting around by yourself.

ERIC: I listened to NPR.

JOSIE: Public radio doesn't make it any better.

ERIC: It was only last night, really.