

Osborne, J. *Look Back in Anger*. 1956

-I had this play on hand and hoped to find something in it, but nothing struck me as interesting.

Google search: What's trending in UK film and television 2026-2027?:

Yahoo News: https://uk.news.yahoo.com/best-british-tv-coming-2026-140000357.html?guccounter=1&guce_referrer=aHR0cHM6Ly93d3cuZ29vZ2xlMnVbS8&guce_referrer_sig=AQAAAE4GeAt0QuGEpI5H-bVNTyacs00s2iZ6j1XC-mLw4OWHvwdMO8v8WTqB63dq_jz7zx02zsvGK4BDxE6HI0p0BphTaP_MKJDrPefwS16yLQ7h6O7ZhxbiYAMsMuBjDOJSE5tl3DgsPihRGx3DG3TKMeQcXJ6agG-E8IBUbE0PRsD

Television

- High stakes espionage and “prestige” thrillers: *The Night Manager* s. 2, *Secret Service*, *Red Eye* s. 2, *Industry* S.4, *How to get to Heaven from Belfast*

Google Search: What is a prestige drama?”:

- high cinematic quality
- complex storytelling
- mature themes
- A-list talent
- Shorter seasons
- Cultural impact

Examples:

- The Sopranos*
- Breaking Bad*
- Mad Men*
- Game of Thrones*
- Succession*

https://www.theguardian.com/tv-and-radio/2023/jun/05/the-end-of-peak-television-has-the-era-of-prestige-tv-just-ground-to-a-halt#:~:text=The%20prestige%20TV%20era%20has%20lasted%20for,%20*Line%20of%20Duty%20*%20*Happy%20Valley*

- “Regency-core” and Literary Revivals: *Bridgerton*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Other Bennet Sister*, *Lord of the Flies*

- 1980's/Retro: *Rivals s.2*: 80's boardroom drama, *Legends*: 90's undercover customs workers.
- "Trauma-comedy and dark thrillers: Dark humor blended with intense emotional narratives: *Half Men*, *Maya*
- Real life crime drama: *The Lady*, *Believe Me*

Film:

<https://www.hollywoodreporter.com/lists/2026-new-movie-releases/>

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/culture/article/20251230-films-to-watch-in-2026>

- Mega budget franchise sequels: *Avengers: Doomsday*, *Spiderman: Brand New Day*, *Toy Story 5*
- Christopher Nolan's *The Odyssey*
- *Wuthering Heights*
- *Practical Magic 2*
- **The Mandalorian and Grogu*: **Lucasfilm/ Disney**
- **The Dog Stars*; Ridley Scott post-apocalyptic: **20th Century and Scott Free Productions**
- *The Bride!*
- *Disclosure Day*: Spielberg alien theme
- **The Odyssey*: **Syncopy** (Nolan's production co.) and **Universal Pictures**

Trending Genres and Themes:

<https://www.stylist.co.uk/entertainment/tv/best-tv-shows-2026/1046231>

- Female Led Spy/Action: *Black Doves S.2*
- Reimagined Horror: *The Bride*
- *Football Drama*

Major Streaming and broadcasting Players:

<https://www.stylist.co.uk/entertainment/tv/best-tv-shows-2026/1046231>

- BBC: Focus on Prestige Drama (*Lord of the Flies*, *Half Men*, *The Night Manager*)
- Netflix: Literary adaptations and high-profile action (*Pride and Prejudice*, *Seven Dials*, *Black Doves*)
- Disney +/Hulu: *Rivals S.2*, *A Thousand Blows*, *The Testaments*
- Prime: *Young Sherlock*, *Steal*
- Channel 4: *Tip Toe*, *Maya*

Google Search: "How to get cast in a Disney/Lucasfilms Production"

<https://jobs.disneycareers.com/auditions>

<https://www.backstage.com/magazine/article/how-to-get-cast-in-a-star-wars-production-74380/>

(Summarized)

- Agent/Manager in major markets LA, NY
- Casting websites: Backstage, Actors Access, Casting Frontier
- Disney Careers: for theme park performers
- **Gain Experience:** Small Roles: Short Films, Commercials
- **Create Own Content:** Self-Tapes, Short Films, Social Media
- Disney Standards: Physical fitness, strong vocal skills, and audition materials
- Disney occasionally holds open calls
- **Top Notch Professional Materials:** Resume, headshots, and demo-reel

Google Search: "... Scott Free or 20th Century Fox...":

[https://www.backstage.com/magazine/article/now-casting-a-major-20th-century-studios-movie-](https://www.backstage.com/magazine/article/now-casting-a-major-20th-century-studios-movie-78847/#:~:text=Join%20Backstage%20to%20access%20jobs,Gloria%20Ferrer%20Mantra%20202025)

[78847/#:~:text=Join%20Backstage%20to%20access%20jobs,Gloria%20Ferrer%20Mantra%20202025](https://www.backstage.com/magazine/article/now-casting-a-major-20th-century-studios-movie-78847/#:~:text=Join%20Backstage%20to%20access%20jobs,Gloria%20Ferrer%20Mantra%20202025)

(Summarized and excluding repetition from the above)

- Scott Free: **Only Agents and managers** *Look for agents who have experience with Major film/TV casting (Casting companies to look out for: Grant Wilfley Casting -20th Century, NY; **Two 10 Casting** -Ridley Scott in UK)
- **Backstage.com** frequently posts calls for 20th Century Studios
- **Extra:** **Uni-versal Extras** (UK), Casting Collective
- **Reel:** 30 Seconds
- **Develop proficiency in self-taping**

Google Search "...Syncopy or Universal Studios..."

- **Major casting platforms:**
- **Actors Access, CastitTalent**

Google search, "Scenes and monologues for men age 35-35"

- <https://www.monologuegenie.com> > “Magic Carpet”:
<https://www.monologuegenie.com/magic-carpet.html> (list of other scene and monologue sources) > www.whysanity.net (Movie monologues):
- *American Beauty* by Allan Ball: Closing death voiceover
- *Apocalypse Now* by Francis Ford Coppola & John Milius

*Received marks for Major Project: “Future Focus” note #3: “In preparedness for Professional Practice, research and bring companies and professionals that you’d like to research and explore/work with.” > Notes taken in tutorial w/ J.P 31 Oct, 2025 notes: (including quick google search results) >

- Wellbeing Village > No relevant info
- Volcano Theatre, Swansea > relevant, but not informative
- Bunker Theatre Space > appears to be one of the spaces Volcano uses and lets out
- DV8 *enter Achillies* > not relevant
- Dr. Helen Kara > not relevant. Researcher hosting a summit on creativity
- Richard?? Ritual Theatre > Likely refers to Richard Schechner “Richard Schechner is a theater director and founder of the performance studies department at New York University. He is a leading authority on the intersection of ritual, performance, and culture. (Google search AI response) >
- Contemporary Ritual Theatre (CRT), Great Yarmouth, UK > Interesting, but not much information. Based out of “The Drill House”, hosted by Out There Arts, a street and circus performance development and education facility hosting Out There Festival May 28-30. Potential to volunteer in support role.

Google search: “Welsh theatre companies” > <https://www.welshnationaltheatre.com/> > The Welsh Net > “See my show”: **online form inviting talent scouts from WNT to attend.** title, role, and link to online booking.

- Imaginative consideration: “What would I want to show Michael Sheen?”
- Theatre-wales.co.uk > list of performance companies in Wales
 - <https://www.welshnationaltheatre.com/>: mostly comedy and family productions
 - Most of the websites don’t work. A couple of hundred companies named. Difficult to sort through.

Back to Monologue search at www.whysanity.net:

- Braveheart: William Wallace rallies the troops
- *The Guardian*: Scene, 2 men
- *Saving Private Ryan*: Mono
- *12 Monkeys*: Germs Monologue

> <https://monologueblogger.com/>

- Nothing strikes me

> Reached out to personal friend and theatre professional for suggestions and thoughts for monologues/ scenes: <https://willow-norton.squarespace.com/> >

“...For scenes and monologues, anything Sam Shepard would be good. I wonder about VINCE's monologue in *Buried Child* or something in *True West*. I feel like you understand the rules of Shepard's worlds. Magical realism is something you really get. You're also very connected to your body, so maybe something from the greek's would be good?

You want contrasting pieces, but instead of thinking about just comedy and drama, think about power. I like seeing monologues where in one the character has a lot of power and status and holds that in their body, and then the opposing monologue should be where they have no power and very little status. Or one where a character is trying to change their status- it's active.

In that I'm working on *Radium Girls* right now, there's a sweet monologue at the end done by Roeder, pronounced 'REEDER'. He is older, and talking with his daughter about what he allowed to happen- the death of many young girls. He feels deep guilt and wants his young daughter to understand, but she's not learning from his mistakes. I've attached the script. It's pg, 110. I'd start it with "I had my chance and couldn't speak", and then I'd just cut the GRACE's and HARRIET's lines.

I also think something from the theater of the absurd would be good for you, Pinter's *The Birthday Party* or *The Lover* perhaps?

It's also about figuring out what you want to showcase about your abilities.” (Norton-Zoland, 21 Jan 2026)

- *Radium Girls*: not appealing; power isn't explicit
- *Buried Child*: not appealing; power isn't explicit
- *True West*: Not Appealing

>Google Search: Monologues for men 35-45 >

<https://www.backstage.com/magazine/article/monologues-for-men-73078/>

> <https://www.nycastings.com/author/monologues/>

-*Fatherly Advice to a Son*

>Chat GPT: cue: “contemporary theatre scenes, 2-3 minutes, with 2 males and one female/non-binary character for audition/ showcase. dark comedy, dramedy, or similar vibe”. 27 Jan 2026

-Results: *Gruesome Playground Injuries* – Rajiv Joseph

The Aliens – Annie Baker
Reasons to Be Pretty – Neil LaBute
Dog Sees God – Bert V. Royal
The Lieutenant of Inishmore – Martin McDonagh
Small Mouth Sounds – Bess Wohl
The Shape of Things – Neil LaBute

In the process of looking for these plays, I subscribed to Perlego.com. I am unable to access my full read history, but the activity tracker states that I've read 54 books and spent 523 minutes reading since 27 Jan, when Deryn, Liam, and I were assigned by Sam to find a 3 person scene we could attempt, and I was assigned to look for monologues from a "sacrificing hero" character. Some of the plays I have "read" (*scanned* looking for scenes and monologues):

- *13* by Mike Bartlett
- *Wastwater* and *T5* by Simon Stephens
- *Consent* by Nina Raine
- *Lungs* by Duncan Macmillan
- *The Treatment* by Martin Kemp
- *Ink* by James Graham
- *Clybourne Park* by Bruce Norris
- *[Blank]* by Alice Birch
- *People, Places and Things* by Duncan Macmillan
- *The Great God Pan* by Amy Herzog
- *Blue/Orange* by Joe Penhall
- *Topdog/Underdog* by Susan-Lori Parks
- *Water by the Spoonfull* by Quiara Hudes
- *Songs of the Dragons Flying to Heaven* by Young Jean Lee
- *Cost of Living* Martyna Majok
- *Things I Know to be True* by Andrew Bovell
- *Belleville* by Amy Herzog
- *Mary Jane* by Amy Herzog
- *A Case for the Existence of God* by Samuel D. Hunter
- *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time (Adapted)* by Simon Stephens
- *Knives in Hens* by David Harrower
- *Six Characters Looking for an Author* by Luigi Pirendello, revised by David Harrower
- *Kill the Old, Torture Their Young* by David Harrower
- *Eurydice* by Sarah Ruhl
- *The Best American Short Plays 2012-2013* Edited by William W. Demastes

- *Myth, Propaganda, and Disaster in Nazi Germany and Contemporary America* by Stephen Sewell
- *Maple and Vine* by Jordan Harrison

I felt these plays did not yield much in the way of fitting or interesting scenes or monologues.

Tom Rees mentioned the play *Holes* by Tom Basden as a possible option. I initially resisted this as I am not a fan of farcical comedies. However, being as my searches had yielded no satisfying results, I spent a couple of hours editing A1s1 into a three minute, three person scene so as to have something to offer the group. Sam liked this play and suggested I work on it, later assigning Joseph and Gabbi as my scene partners.

Monologues: My primary source for film and television monologue source material was <https://subslikescript.com/>. This website has full film and TV scripts, some were original drafts, some closer to the final product. I used Chat GPT to suggest monologues and where in the script I might find them using the prompts: “monologues by reluctant male hero’s in contemporary film and television”, “Let’s change the archetype to hero/warrior, but healthy masculine energy”, “Age range: 35-45, shifting towards/Including spiritual/Moral and modern/Naturalistic”, “I want to see the original monologues with the characters and productions they are associated with. I will adapt them as needed. They need to be approximately 2 minutes”, and “...specific episodes and keys to finding them in the script”. Some of the results were promising, but many were based off the Marvel Universe or other mainstream fantastical productions that were of little use.

I did edit and adapt monologues from *Interstellar*, *Saving Private Ryan*, *Trainspotting*, *American Beauty*, and the play *Red* by John Logan. I read these monologue to my peers and received feedback that strongly suggested I continue looking for other monologues. I also found (but did not edit) monologues from *Apocalypse Now* and *Captain Fantastic*, the latter I read to another peer and was similarly encouraged to keep looking. Ultimately, Sam decided on the monologue from *Ozark* on 17 Feb 2026, Which I transcribed and then adapted from YouTube (Donahue, 2020). Sam suggested I use Katie Mitchel’s Eventing Technique (Bernard, 2020) to analyze this monologue. I also utilized classic Stanislavski Technique, primarily utilizing the “given circumstances” and “as if” as described by Bruder et al. (2012) for this monologue.

PDP

Objective 1: “Formulate a plan for procuring an agent.” Based on our group lectures with Andrew Fillis (2026) and Samantha Jones (2026), I have deduced that the most likely way to procure an agent will be:

1a: Attain professional headshots (complete).

1b: Create an acting CV (complete). This is a temporary alternative to setting up a profile on a platform similar to Spotlight.com that is utilized in the US. Likely castingnetworks.com and/or backstage.com. *More research is needed to determine which is the industry standard.

1c: Create a show reel. This will take some time. I have purchased an online tutorial for creating short films, which includes modules on writing, lighting, camera use, and editing. I intend to begin shooting my own scenes to create a show reel after graduation to begin accruing suitable footage. The first scene I intend to shoot will be the monologue from Ozark that I am performing in the showcase. I will also begin auditioning for short films once I have landed back in the US. If I end up staying in the UK, I will create a spotlight.com profile and begin auditioning in place. The caveat is that, at this point, I only intend to stay if clear opportunities are presented to me.

1d: As I am in the process of creating a show reel, I will be researching agents that: have connections to production companies I'd be interested in working for, have a history of getting their actors into productions I'd be interested in (look up the agents of actors in shows/movies I would like to be in), and do not currently have actors that are too similar to myself. I will then send them an introductory email with a link to my show reel and chosen platform profile (i.e.: castingnetworks.com).

Objective 2: *"Find a scene and monologue for showcase."* Though objective 2 is thoroughly covered in the main body of this document, it should be noted that I'm not personally very connected to the scene I am performing for showcase. I trust that I wouldn't be assigned to it if Sam didn't see something relevant and marketable in it. It did not, however, match my own personal criteria for successfully completing this objective. That said, I do not feel that there was any more I could have done to achieve this goal to my own personal satisfaction.

Though my research and observing my peers in class, a secondary and unforeseen benefit has been the discovery of new playwrights who I enjoy, and I believe may find scenes that I feel fit my desires with further reading. These playwrights include Alice Birch, Duncan Macmillan, and Amy Herzog.

Objective 3: *"Discover routes for funding independent creative works."* Though the information that has been provided through the content of this module is specific for Wales, I believe there are similar counterparts to Arts Council Wales and Ymddiried Cymru in Oregon and the US that I can investigate for funding once I return and establish residence. Further research is needed, but I believe this to be a promising path to pursue.

Bibliography

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Donahue, D. (2020) *Ozark Season 3 Episode 9 Ben's Opening Monologue*. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i3LOF841s-A>. (Accessed: 25 Jan 2026).

Fillis, A. (2026) Teams meeting with Year 3 Acting cohort, 22 Jan and 27 Jan.

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Jones, S. (2026) In class lectures during Professional Practice Module with Year 3 Acting cohort, 20 Jan-19 Feb.

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S.W.O.T

Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities, Threats

Strengths Ability to focus and prioritize coursework Strong desire to perform well Strong desire to collaborate with peers	Weaknesses -Relatively unfamiliar with plays -Have scheduled my IP performance during the main body of this module which is a temporary distraction.
Opportunities -Independent rehearsal time -Showcase/ networking opportunities with industry professionals. -Lectures with industry professionals	Threats -Lack of structured rehearsal time with director/authority figure for oversight. -IP scheduling conflicts and responsibilities -Limited access to contemporary plays online

Personal Development Plan
(Continuous Development Plan)

Name	James Huntley		Date	20 Jan 2026
Objectives	Actions	Resources	Measures	Timeframes
What do I want/need to do/learn?	What will I do to achieve this?	What will I need?	What will my success criteria be?	Target dates for review & completion
Formulate a plan for procuring an agent	Attend scheduled workshops. Research to follow as needed.	Initially, the resources provided by UWTSD ie: lectures and workshops. More TBD	Having a linear plan for the steps I will take to get an agent.	2 March 2026
Find a scene and monologue for showcase	Read/scan plays and screenplays. Online research to discover new options for myself that represent my brand.	Access to contemporary plays and screenplays.	Having a scene and monologue I feel shows different elements of my acting abilities and desired roles.	17 Feb 2026
Discover routes for funding independent creative works	Attend scheduled workshops. Research to follow as needed.	Initially, the resources provided by UWTSD ie: lectures and workshops. More TBD	Have ideas for further research related to funding for the arts in the US	2 March 2026

Scene and Monologue Options:

After Gabbi

Ozark (S3:E9) By Miki Johnson CUT version 2:00 eventing: katie mitchell

I have that feeling like when you just quit a job, tell your boss to get fucked, walk out to your car, and just drive away. It's a good feeling man. I've never been a fan of the routine. I've never been a person other people can force into a thing. I am not like the others. I am not.

Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night, and play out the worst possible scenario? Like you're driving your car, and a kid comes outta nowhere on one of them scooters, you smack into that kid. The kid dies. I'll wake up. I'll just flash to that... I wake up, I'll just start thinking about the guy who lives in park. And the City just keeps fucking with him. And he's just trying to get it all... put together again. But there are days, I would imagine,, when it's close, like... Oh, I remember what my mind was, before the thing happened that ruined my mind. I don't gotta sleep on the sidewalk in order not to kill myself. But then... (*Whoosh*) he loses it. I lie in my bed and cry about... Killing the kid on the scooter or... The homeless guy. I just want to hold them. You know?

My day's been going good, Man. How's your day been going?

After

Holes by Tom Basden A1:S1

IAN. Marie?

GUS. Leave her.

IAN. She won't sleep later on.

GUS. Does that matter?

IAN. I'll put her in the recovery position.

GUS. No, don't move her. That might make her worse.

IAN. The recovery position might make her worse? I've heard it all now.

(IAN goes to touch her.)

MARIE. Ugh!

IAN. Marie. Are you alright?

MARIE. Oh my God, I can't feel my arm.

IAN. Oh shit, really?

GUS. You were lying on it.

IAN. Yes, you were fainting on it.

(She shakes it. Wincing. A lot of pain apparently. GUS watches her dispassionately.)

What is it?

MARIE. Pins and needles. Ah God. That's horrible.

GUS. I've broken my arm.

MARIE. Mm. Ahhh... (Flexes her fingers.) It's coming back now.

IAN. Are you alright otherwise, Marie?

MARIE. I'm all sandy. Where are we?

IAN. Some kind of island or archipelago.

MARIE. Why?

GUS. The plane crashed.

IAN. We crash-landed.

MARIE. What?

IAN. I fireman's-lifted you from the smoking wreckage.

GUS. As I say, I've broken my arm, so I couldn't help.

IAN. Gus broke his arm because his tray table was down –

GUS. Fell down.

MARIE. Are you serious?

IAN. About which bit?

MARIE. The plane crashed?

IAN. Yes, it did.

MARIE. I certainly don't remember a crash.

GUS. Well, it happened alright. I'll tell you that for free.

IAN. The little air masks popped down and everything –

MARIE. I'd love to have seen that.

IAN. Stuff flying around the cabin. G-force everywhere. People screaming. Hugging.

MARIE. Oh wow. Did anyone hug me?

GUS. No.

MARIE. Good. (beat) So no one's said when we might get picked up?

GUS. Who?

MARIE. The people in charge.

GUS. They're dead.

MARIE. Tut. Typical. This always happens to me. These transport... cock-ups. This is just my luck.

GUS. Everyone is dead, Marie.

MARIE. Everyone? What about the captain? Surely the captain's not dead.

GUS. Everyone's dead.

IAN. The captain's dead and then some to be honest.

MARIE. You saw him dead?

IAN. It was pretty grizzly actually... he was holding his own head.

MARIE. Oh my God!

IAN. I mean, sorry I might have misled you a bit there, Marie, it was still on his neck he just had it in his hands and – he was essentially in the brace position. The whole cabin's covered in... innards. It's like a bloody... meat market.

GUS. Meat market means everyone's getting off with each other.

IAN. Bloodbath then. It's like a bloody bath. It's gross. (Beat.) And, of course, sad.

After

Gavin and Stacey – Smithy and Nessa Scene

(Tom context: they've just finished eating a KFC in a living room and MTV is playing in the background)

BOTH MOANING

Smithy: OH GOD.

Nessa: Oh, God.

Smithy: Oh, that is so good.

Nessa: Yeah.

Smithy: You just can't beat it, can you? What is that secret blend of eleven herbs and spices, d'you think?

Nessa: I know. The result is immense. So. How you finding single life? What was her name again?

Smithy: Lucy. Yeah, it's fine. It's all right. I mean, there's some things I miss, obviously.

Nessa: Yeah? Stace was saying you been crackin' them out of late.

Smithy: What? Why would she... I can't believe...

Nessa: Don't worry about it. It's normal. I'm in a similar position myself.

Smithy: Right. D'you want that corn on the cob?

Nessa: Is that a euphemism?

Smithy: What? No, I'm just saying there's one corn on the cob left and you can have it. If you want it.

Nessa: Do you want me to have it?

Smithy: I can see the benefits of having it. I'd just be worried how you... or I would feel after having it.

Nessa: Makes no odds to me, as it goes. If I have it it'll be a nice addition to the meal, if I don't... then, I'm pretty full up already. The question is, Smithy, do you want the corn on the cob?

Smithy: Don't get me wrong. When I look at it there, all hot and dripping in butter, just... inviting me in, I've got a real hankering for it. Like a real need. Mmm... But I would just be worried that if I ate it tonight, I'd be expected to eat it more frequently.

Nessa: I wouldn't worry about that, if I was you. Corn on the cob is a once in a blue moon treat as far as I'm concerned, which once eaten is soon forgotten. It won't be mentioned ever again. To anyone.

Smithy: Well, that's good to know.

(Bump n' Grind by R Kelly starts playing) # My mind's telling me no # But my body, my body is telling me yes # Baby # I don't want to hurt nobody # But there is something that I must confess

Smithy: Oh, God.

Nessa: So, shall we...

Smithy: Yeah.

Interstellar

I need to fix this before I go. After you kids came along, your mom, she said something to me I never quite understood. She said now we're just here to be memories for our kids.

I think that now I understand what she meant.

Once you're a parent, you're the ghost of your children's future. I can't be your ghost right now. I have to exist. They chose me... Don't, don't, don't... Don't make me leave like this. Come on, kiddo. Don't make me leave like this!

Hey, I love you. Forever. You hear me? I love you forever, and I'm coming back. I'm coming back.

Saving Private Ryan

You want to know what I do, back home? I'm a school teacher. I teach English Composition in this little town called Addley, Pennsylvania. The last 11 years, I've been at Thomas Alva Eddison High School. I coached baseball in the spring. Back home, when I tell people what I do for a living, they think, "Well, yeah, that figures." But over here, it's a big mystery. So I guess I've changed some. Sometimes I wonder if I've changed so much my wife is even gonna recognize me whenever it is I get back to her, and how I'll ever be able to tell her about days like today. This "Dawson", I don't know anything about this "Dawson". I don't care. The man means nothing to me. He's just a name. But, if, you know, if going to Ramel and finding him so he can go home, if that earns me the right to go back to my wife -well, then- then that's my mission. You wanna leave? You wanna go off and fight the war? Alright. Alright, I won't stop you. I'll even put in the paperwork. Just know that every man I kill, the further away from home I feel.

The Hero of Ages by Brandon Sanderson

I ask of you your lives, and your courage. I ask of you your faith, your honor -your faith and your honor -your strength and compassion. For today, I lead you to die. I will not ask you to welcome this event. I will not insult you by calling this good, or just, or even glorious. But I will say this. Each moment you fight is a gift to those in this city. Each second we fight is a second longer that thousands of people can draw breath. Each stroke of your sword, each enemy felled, each breath earned is a victory! It is a person protected for a moment longer, a life extended, an enemy frustrated! In the end, they will kill us, but first, they shall fear us!

Train Spotting

Choose life. Choose a job. Choose a career. Choose a family, Choose a fucking big television, Choose washing machines, cars, compact disc players, and

electrical tin openers. Choose good health, low cholesterol and dental insurance. Choose fixed-interest. Choose leisure wear and matching luggage. Choose a three piece suite on hire. Choose DIY and wondering who you are on a Sunday morning. Choose sitting on that couch watching mind-numbing spritcrushing game shows, stuffing fucking junk food into your mouth. Choose rotting away at the end of it all, pishing you last in a miserable home, nothing more than an embarrassment to the selfish, fucked-up brats you have spawned to replace yourself. Choose your future. Choose life. But who would I want to do a thing like that? I chose not to choose life: I chose something else. And the reasons? There are no reasons. Who need reasons when you've got heroin? mortgage repayments. Choose a starter home. Choose your friends.

Red by

ROTHKO: Wait. Stand closer. You've got to get close. Let it pulsate. Let it work on you. Closer. Too close. There. Let it spread out. Let it wrap its arms around you; let it embrace you, filling even your peripheral vision so nothing else exists or has ever existed or will ever exist. Let the picture do its work — But work with it. Meet it halfway for God's sake! Lean forward, lean into it. Engage with it!... Now, what do you see? —

Be specific. No, be exact. Be exact — but sensitive. You understand? Be kind. Be a human being, that's all I can say. Be a human being for once in your life! These pictures deserve compassion and they live or die in the eye of the sensitive viewer, they quicken only if the empathetic viewer will let them. That is what they cry out for. That is why they were created. That is what they deserve... Now... What do you see?

Do you like it?

Of course you like it — how can you not like it?! Everyone likes everything nowadays. They like the television and the phonograph and the soda pop and the shampoo and the Cracker Jack. Everything becomes everything else and it's all nice and pretty and likable. Everything is fun in the sun! Where's the discernment? Where's the arbitration that separates what I like from what I respect, what I deem worthy, what has...listen to me now...significance.

Ozark (S3:E9) By Miki Johnson Full scene

I have that feeling like when you just quit a job, tell your boss to get fucked, walk out to your car, and just drive away. It's a good feeling man. I've never been a fan of the routine. I've never been a person other people can force into a thing. I mean, I'm peaceful, I'm loving, but I'm not like the others. I am not. I'm not like the others, and I will not fall in line with the others. When they're saying this is normal, what you walked into is normal. What we built here is normal and your reaction to it is wrong. That's not normal. No, no. Uhm nhm.

You serve the military? I get it. I get it. Thank you. I can never do that. Thank you for your

service... Did you ever wake up in the middle of the night, and play out the worst possible scenario? Like you're driving your car, and a kid come outta nowhere on a bike or one of them scooters, you smack into that kid. The kid dies. The good part of your life is over. I'll wake up. I'll just flash to that... Me, not you. In my warm bed. Roof over my head. In my warm bed, roof over my head. Food in the fridge. Fridge in the first place. I wake up, I'll just start thinking about the guy by the gun store who lives in park.

And the City just keeps fucking with him, and he's just a guy. He's just a guy. He's just a guy. He's just a guy out of his mind. He's probably a Marine because he has that look, much like yourself. Much like yourself, and he's just trying to get it all...

You know, he's just trying to get by, but he can't, 'cause he can't, 'cause he can't 'cause he can't get... Find the click... anymore. The... the... key. Can't get it all...

Put together again. But there are days I would imagine. There are days. When it's close. What it's like, it's close to like... Oh. I remember.

I remember what my mind was. Before the thing happened that ruined my mind. I remember who I am now. Don't gotta sleep on the sidewalk by the gun store. In order not to kill myself. Or kill my wife. But then... (*Whoosh*) he loses it.

He loses it. Another day goes by. I lie in my bed and cry about... Killing the kid on the scooter or... The homeless Marine. And my father died. My father's not a good person, but? Imagine him there at the end.

I just want to hold them. You know?

That's kind of always been a problem of mine, I'll go deep into another person's shit. Or I'll spin out on a thing that hasn't happened yet... might not happen. I worry, I just worry. Like Tom Petty.

My day's been going good. Man, how's your day been going?

<https://www.whysanity.net/monos/ab3.html>

Lester: (voice over) I had always heard your entire life flashes in front of your eyes the second before you die. First of all, that one second isn't a second at all, it stretches forever, like an ocean of time....for me, it was lying on my back at Boy Scout Camp, watching falling stars...and yellow leaves, from the maple trees that lined our street...Or my grandmother's hands, and the way her skin seemed like paper...and the first time I saw my cousin Tony's brand new Firebird. And Janie...and Janie. (twice we see his memories of Jane, the second when she was younger, dressed as a princess) And...(with love) Carolyn. (we see a younger happier Carolyn shrieking happily in a carnival ride; we've seen a photo from this long-ago family activity before -- he was

looking at one right before his death) I guess I could be really pissed off about what happened to me...but it's hard to stay mad, when there's so much beauty in the world. Sometimes I feel like I'm seeing it all at once, and it's too much, my heart fills up like a balloon that's about to burst...and then I remember to relax, and stop trying to hold on to it, and then it flows through me like rain. And I can't feel anything but gratitude for every single moment of my stupid little life...(amused) You have no idea what I'm talking about, I'm sure. But don't worry...(cut to black) You will someday.

<https://www.whysanity.net/monos/apoc.htm>

Apocalypse Now by Francis Ford Coppola & John Milius

Kurtz: I've seen the horror. Horrors that you've seen. But you have no right to call me a murderer. You have no right to call me a murderer. You have a right to kill me. You have a right to do that, but you have no right to judge me. It's impossible for words to describe what is necessary to those who do not know what horror means. Horror. Horror has a face, and you must make a friend of horror. Horror and mortal terror are your friends. If they are not, then they are enemies to be feared. They are truly enemies.

I remember when I was with Special Forces--it seems a thousand centuries ago--we went into a camp to inoculate it. The children. We left the camp after we had inoculated the children for polio, and this old man came running after us, and he was crying. He couldn't see. We went there, and they had come and hacked off every inoculated arm. There they were in a pile--a pile of little arms. And I remember...I...I...I cried, I wept like some grandmother. I wanted to tear my teeth out, I didn't know what I wanted to do. And I want to remember it, I never want to forget. And then I realized--like I was shot...like I was shot with a diamond...a diamond bullet right through my forehead. And I thought, "My God, the genius of that, the genius, the will to do that." Perfect, genuine, complete, crystalline, pure. And then I realized they could stand that--these were not monsters, these were men, trained cadres, these men who fought with their hearts, who have families, who have children, who are filled with love--that they had this strength, the *strength* to do that. If I had ten divisions of those men, then our troubles here would be over very quickly. You have to have men who are moral and at the same time were able to utilize their primordial instincts to kill without feeling, without passion, without judgment--without *judgment*. Because it's judgment that defeats us.

I worry that my son might not understand what I've tried to be, and if I were to be killed, Willard, I would want someone to go to my home and tell my son everything. Everything I did, everything you saw, because there's nothing that I detest more than the stench of lies. And if you understand me, Willard, you...you will do this for me.

Braveheart by Randall Wallace (transcript from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h2vW-rr9ibE>)

William Wallace: Yes, I've heard. Kills men by the hundreds. And if he were here, he'd consume the English with fireballs from his eyes and bolts of lightning from his arse. I am William Wallace, and I see a whole army of my countrymen, here, in defiance of Tyranny. You've come to fight as free men, and free men you are. What will you do without freedom? Will you fight?

Scene: *The Guardian* by Ron L. Brinkerhoff

Ben Randall: There will come a time when you might have to decide who lives and dies out there. It's a terrible responsibility but it's one you will have to make as a rescue swimmer. The bigger reality is, it's also something you are going to have to live with as a human being. There will come a time when you will have to say no. The most important person to keep alive is yourself. You'll be facing crews from 5 to 20 all saying 'save me, save me.' They're looking for a miracle. How old are you Fischer---

Jake Fischer: 24.

Ben Randall: At 24 years old you have to become that miracle. You have to find a way to be that miracle.

Jake Fischer: When you can't save 'em all, how do you choose who lives?

Ben Randall: It's probably different for everybody Jake. It's kind of simple for me though. I just, I take the first one I come to or the weakest one in the group and then I swim as fast and as hard as I can for as long as I can. And the sea takes the rest.

Jake Fischer: Do you think I'm ready?

Ben Randall: I'm not your teacher anymore Jake. I'm just your fellow swimmer.

Jake Fischer: That's not exactly the answer I was looking for there.

Ben Randall: If I did not think you were ready, I would not put you in the Bering Sea.

Saving Private Ryan by Robert Rodat

Captain John Miller: Delveckio. Yeah. Caparzo. (pause) You see when, when you end up killing one of your men you tell yourself it happened, so you can save the lives of two or three or ten others. Maybe a hundred others. (pause) You know how many men I've lost under my command? Ninety-four. But that means I've saved the lives of ten times that many. Doesn't it? Maybe even twenty? Right? Twenty times as many? (pause) And that's how simple it is. That's how ya, how ya rationalize for making the choice, between the mission and the men. (pause) This kid better be worth it. He better go home. Cure some disease or invent some longer lasting lightbulb or something. The truth is I wouldn't trade ten of him for one Vecki or one Caparzo.

12 Monkeys

written by David Webb Peoples & Janet Peoples

Goines: Uh-huh. Eighteenth century, no such thing. Nada. Nothing. No one ever imagined such a thing. No sane person. Ah-uh-huh. Along comes this doctor ah-ah-ah Semmelweiss, Semmelweiss. Semmelweiss comes along. He's trying to convince people, well doctors mainly, that's there's teeny, tiny invisible bad things called "germs" that get into your body and make you sick. He's trying to get doctors to wash their hands. What is this guy? Crazy? Teeny, tiny, invisible? What do they call it? Uh-uh, germs? Huh? What? Now, up to the 20th century, last week, as a matter of fact (before I got dragged into this hellhole). I go in to order a burger at this fast food joint, and the guy drops it on the floor. James, he picks it up, wipes it off. He hands it to me like it's all okay. "What about the germs?" I say. He says, "I don't believe in germs. Germs is a plot made up so they could sell disinfectants and soaps." Now he's crazy, right?

Radium Girls by D.W. Gregory

ROEDER. I had my chance and I couldn't speak. I think back on those days-and I try to think-how could it have happened? I remember so clearly climbing the stairs to the studio at Alden Street. At the top of the stairs, those wide, high windows, and the slant of light, the way it hit the floor, the way the floor creaked under my feet-the smell of the place, chalky, like an old schoolroom, and all those girls, schoolgirls, really-all bent to the task, in their plain green smocks, their delicate little hands moving so quickly. No man could work the way those girls did. So careful. So fast. Those brushes flying from the dials to the paint to the dials-to their lips. (Beat.) Try as I might, Harriet, try as I might-I cannot remember their faces. (The irony strikes him.) I never saw their faces.

<https://www.imdb.com/title/tt3553976/characters/nm0001557/>

Captain Fantastic by Matt Ross

Ben: [*commandeering the eulogy from the minister*] First of all, Leslie practiced Buddhism, which to her was a philosophy and not an organized religion. In fact, Leslie abhorred all organized religions. To her, they were the most dangerous fairy tales ever invented, designed to elicit blind obedience, and strike fear into the hearts of the innocent and the uninformed. To her, the only thing worse than death would have been the knowledge that her rotting flesh was to be trapped for all eternity inside a big box, and buried in the middle of a fucking golf course. Although the absurdity of being eulogized by someone that didn't even know her has exactly the kind of comedic flourish that Leslie would have cherished. If nothing else, she had a sense of humor. I want to read something to all of you, so you'll know what I mean.

[*pulling out a piece of paper*]

Ben: Leslie's last will and testament. And I quote, "in the event of my death, I, Leslie Abigail Cash, as a Buddhist, wish to be cremated. My funeral, such as it is, shall be a celebration of the

life cycle, with music and dancing. After, it is my expressed desire that my ashes shall be taken to a nondescript location, preferably public and heavily populated. At which point my ashes, promptly and unceremoniously, are to be flushed down the nearest toilet." End quote. Now that's comedy.

CORIOLANUS

You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
As reek o' th' rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance—which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes—deliver you
As most abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising
For you the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

4000 Miles by Amy Herzog

(Short Version)

LEO: Western Kansas is like ass flat, the cliché, so you're basically just riding the wind and if you pedal even a little bit in a low gear you hit fifteen mph no problem. So it's morning and the sun's pretty low; between the low sun and the flat ride and the good wind it's the perfect time to take shadow pictures. That means you take a picture of your own shadow while you're riding, totally a staple of the cross country bike trip, gotta have the shadow picture, and with our huge packs and panniers we were gonna have especially dope shadow pictures. Micah thinks he's a really good photographer, he thinks he has talent, so he's doing a lot of bullshit with shutter speed and framing and what have you and we're both taking shadow pictures and we hear a truck coming behind us, or I hear it, I assume Micah does, I think he does because we both hug the shoulder a little bit, still taking our shadow shots, and the truck gets louder and closer and passes us and I see it's a Tyson truck full of fucking crates of screaming chickens packed together and there are

feathers flying out of the truck bed like some kind of I don't know what kind of metaphor, and I scream up to Micah who did I mention was in front of me, "look at that fucking slave poultry!" And he looks back at me, he has his left hand on his handlebar and his right hand still on his bullshit professional camera and he looks back at me and he's laughing and he starts to say something but the truck bed separates from the cab and flies backward and takes him off the road.

It took them about forty five minutes to get him out, and the funny thing was he hadn't sustained any trauma to his head or anything but he had been face down in the mud with hundreds of pounds of weight on him and he had suffocated.

(silence)

So the part that everyone's pissed at me about is that after I filled out all the paperwork at the police station and called his mom and my mom I got back on my bike and kept riding.

(Full Version)

LEO: So we were in Kansas, because – even though that was way out of the way we wanted to hit the center of the country, preferably around the fourth of July for maximum earnestness slash unacknowledged irony factor. The timing worked out so it was July 3rd and we were approaching Gypsum, our small town America of choice, one bar, one diner, seventeen churches or whatever. And we were going west to east, so, wind at our backs. The wind comes out of the south in the summer, but more like the southwest, so in a way going west to east was a pussy move on our parts, but we kind of wanted to do the opposite of the historical – like American is east to west, so we were going the opposite way, also we lived out west, so. It was more honest to start there. Western Kansas is like ass flat, the cliché, so you're basically just riding the wind and if you pedal even a little bit in a low gear you hit fifteen mph no problem. Fifteen mph is a slow speed in a car, but on a bike it's pretty good, it's pretty good. So it's morning and the sun's pretty low; between the low sun and the flat ride and the good wind it's the perfect time to take shadow pictures. That means you take a picture of your own shadow while you're riding, totally a staple of the cross country bike trip, gotta have the shadow picture, and with our huge packs and panniers we were gonna have especially dope shadow pictures. Micah thinks he's a really good photographer, he thinks he has talent, so he's doing a lot of bullshit with shutter speed and framing and what have you and we're both taking shadow pictures and we hear a truck coming behind us, or I hear it, I assume Micah does, I think he does because we both hug the shoulder a little bit, still taking our shadow shots, and the truck gets louder and closer and passes us and I see it's a Tyson truck full of fucking crates of screaming chickens packed together and there are feathers flying out of the truck bed like some kind of I don't know what kind of metaphor, and I scream up to Micah who did I mention was in front of me, "look at that fucking slave poultry!" And he looks back at me, he has his left hand on his handlebar and his right hand

still on his bullshit professional camera and he looks back at me and he's laughing and he starts to say something but the truck bed separates from the cab and flies backward and takes him off the road.

(silence, save for city sounds)

Before the ambulance came this PR lady from Tyson came. I didn't realize I was still holding my camera. She was like, "I'm sorry sir, but I have to confiscate your camera." She has to yell it for me to hear her over all these maimed and freaked out birds. I was like "my best friend is under three thousand chickens." She was like, "I understand you're upset, but this will be easier for both of us if you just give me your camera now." I was like, "I couldn't get to him, he's buried under there, where is the fucking Herzog 1.27.12 60 ambulance?" And she was like "I'm going to ask you one more time--" and I threw my camera on the ground.

(silence)

So what I don't have is these pictures from Wyoming, we did these stupid corny timer shots at the top of the Continental Divide, in front of the sign that says the altitude and all that shit, there was still snow up there in June. He caught a fish in Yellowstone, with his bare hands, he stood really still and reached in and...I had a picture of him holding up this fish longer than his head and neck. Oh and we dipped our back tires in the Pacific, that's another corny thing you do, because then you're supposed to dip your front tires in the Atlantic when you get there. Which I have not done yet, incidentally, don't know why. And I got a little video of him dipping his back tire and pretending to fall off this rock into the sea because he was a fucking clown, you know, he was a gifted physical comedian, he could have done that for real. And then there are all the pictures of him I don't remember taking, and maybe losing those is worse than losing the ones I do.

(silence)

It took them about forty five minutes to get him out, and the funny thing was he hadn't sustained any trauma to his head or anything but he had been face down in the mud with hundreds of pounds of weight on him and he had suffocated.

(silence)

So the part that everyone's pissed at me about is that after I filled out all the paperwork at the police station and called his mom and my mom I got back on my bike and kept riding.

<https://www.nycastings.com/author/monologues/>

INT: A CAR

GARY is driving BEN, his infant son, around the neighborhood, trying to get him to go to sleep.

GARY

Shhh shhh shh, kid, take a nap already.

(In a sing-song voice)

Go to sleep, go to sleep, please oh god, kid, go to sleep.

(Looking blearily out the window as he goes)

There's uh the Johnsons' store. Belongs to Tim now, who is an enormous tool, by the way. He once pantsed me in gym class, in high school. I swear he never grew up.

Don't tell your mother I said 'tool.'

Also, go to sleep, please. Ugh.

Everything looks like a bed. Especially the snow. Look at that pristine bank right there—it's practically a pillow-top. You're not going to remember snow, Ben, because as soon as I put in for that transfer we're moving someplace temperate. Like Seattle. They've never even heard of snow there. If I have one piece of advice to you, it's never mess around with snow. My dad, your grandpa-geez—lived here his whole life. He could make a car skate on ice like it was the effing Olympics. Don't tell your mom I said 'effing,' either, okay?

(Checks over his shoulder. The baby has stopped crying)

Aw, you like hearing about your grandpa? Or maybe you like moving and keeping warm. That makes you like me, I guess. If I have one piece of advice, it's always be moving. Don't be one of those people who live in a small town their whole lives. You know, I'm not even going to let you. I'm going to raise you in Seattle. Or L.A. even, if your mother will let me, which she will not.

(Wistfully)

She's the only reason I came back here, Benny Boy. I was going to be one of the ones who got away, who got out. I've been to England, did you know that? Well, you will. Went to college and everything and just...came back here. I don't even know why.

Except that your mom loves this town. We're coming up on the place we met; it's right around this corner here. No worries if you can't see it yet. It's a tree. Just a tree. But it's a big one—one of those kinds with low-slung, mossy branches you sit and read in when you're a kid because you think it looks cool but it's actually the worst kind of uncomfortable. You'll understand someday. I hope. I'm sure they have trees in Seattle.

(Looks perturbed at the thought that there might not be trees there)

Well, anyway, if I have one piece of advice to you, it's that you should always talk to pretty girls reading in trees. They're romantic, effervescent things. They don't need to travel to live exciting lives in different countries. And if they're nice girls who read, they'll share their string cheese with you and offer you a branch.

(The car idles for a long moment before the baby begins to make noises and then he puts the car into gear and keeps driving. After a moment, with some consternation)

Well, it's not like we won't visit. Your grandma will kill me if we don't. And you should see this place in the summer—thunder and lightning storms like you wouldn't believe. And fireflies at night on the back porch...I'm not sure they have fireflies on the West Coast. If they don't it'd be a damn shame.

Don't tell your mother I said—

(Looks back and realizes the baby is asleep)

Hey, good work, kiddo. If I have one piece of advice, it's always get sleep while you can. And let me have some too. And brush your teeth and learn to floss better than I do and wear sunscreen and watch for ticks in grassy fields and make friendships that last a lifetime and always have Sunday brunch with your mother if you can.

(Sighs)

This is why you can't grow up in a small town. Either you never leave or you always find yourself coming back.

Where You Can't Follow

(Matt)

by Adam Szymkowicz

I guess I haven't done as well as I wanted. In life. My time is ending.

And I didn't mean to be an asshole. It just sort of happened. But I don't want to die an asshole.

So I want to apologize. I'm sorry for living such a stupid wasteful useless life. I'm sorry for being selfish and for all the times I didn't care about other people. I'm sorry for not appreciating the good things in front of me. I'm sorry I didn't go after what I wanted. There were no good reasons. I was just afraid and it's stupid to live your life afraid. I'm sorry for the times I was mean and petty. I'm sorry for lying for so long to myself and to other people. I wasted my life by not ever really being alive. She made me live finally. And I should have told her right away. Of course I should have. It was cowardly. It was selfish. I just wanted her. And I didn't think she felt how I felt. But I guess she did, didn't she? And now, it's too late.

The Tempest

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak, Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide And burn in many places. On the topmast, The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly, Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks Of sulfurous roaring the most mighty Neptune Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his dread trident shake.

Not a soul But felt a fever of the mad, and played Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel, Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand, With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair— Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty, And all the devils are here."

Yet not a hair perished. On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me, In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. The King's son have I landed by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

Things I Know to be True

BOB. It wasn't meant to be like this... I thought they'd be like us. But better than us. Better versions of us. Better educated. With better jobs. And better prospects. That's what we worked so hard for. Wasn't it? But I thought they'd all live close by. In the same city, at least. In a house they built. Just like us. And that they'd get married to good people. And have kids. Like us. And that we'd put on a barbecue here most Sundays. And there would be all the kids. All the cousins. And that there'd be cricket. And totem tennis. And sleepovers at Nan and Pop's. You know. And engagements. And weddings. Here in this garden. I thought that's what life would be. That's all I ever wanted it to be.

The Great God Pan by Amy Herzog

CATHY (Offstage): That's great!

JAMIE: I don't know if it's great, it's something.

CATHY (Offstage): Is it health insurance? (She enters, smiling broadly, with two cups of tea.)

JAMIE: No. Sadly no, no health insurance.

CATHY (Sympathetically): Oh.

JAMIE: Virtually none of these jobs come with health insurance.

CATHY: I know, honey, it's absolutely criminal. This is the kind of tea your father calls "sweepings from the forest floor," but I like it. It has . . . I forget what it has in it, but there are health benefits. Memory, maybe?

JAMIE: Ginkgo biloba?

CATHY: No, I take that in a pill, I don't think they've figured out how to put it in tea yet. Go on, about the job.

JAMIE: That's pretty much it, it's a regular column, and I'll get to contribute to some editorial decisions.

CATHY: So you'll be able to stop copyediting?

JAMIE (Brief pause): Well no, not completely.

CATHY: Oh honey, I'm asking all the wrong questions. Just ignore me, say what you were saying.

JAMIE: That's it, I've told you everything.

CATHY: Well the most important thing is being excited about your colleagues.

JAMIE: They're awesome, I'm in great company.

CATHY: I'm going to look it up online as soon as you go and I'll email you something very intelligent to make up for all my gaffes.

JAMIE: It's fine, don't worry about it.

CATHY: It's just that you're such a talented writer, and so much of what I read—the New York Times, for crying out loud—

JAMIE: I know.

(Doug enters, a yoga mat slung over his shoulder.)

CATHY: Here he is, the man of the hour.

DOUG (Regarding Jamie): Could it be?

JAMIE: Hey Dad.

DOUG: Cathy, I think I'm hallucinating. I think our grown son is in our living room.

CATHY: It's really him.

DOUG: Hey, kid. (Jamie goes to his father. They hesitate, then decide on shaking hands.) How about that.

JAMIE: How was yoga?

DOUG: It was good. It kicked my ass, it was really good. I try to get your mother to come with me—

CATHY: She's a tyrant! This teacher, / she's—

DOUG: This is one of the best yoga teachers in central New Jersey, you can look it up on the blogs, / she's terrific—

CATHY: I work hard all day, and then in my recreational time I have to memorize things in another language?

DOUG: You don't have to memorize / the Sanskrit.

CATHY: She gives you dirty looks! She'll say, okay now everybody get into pashimotonanababafasana and then she'll just stand there and look around to see who doesn't know what she's talking about. (Cathy points to herself and mouths "me.")

DOUG: Gita's a wonderful teacher.

CATHY: And that's the other thing, she's a white woman from Kansas who goes by Gita. I'm sure her real name is Mary Joe. (Jamie has been enjoying this familiar performance on his behalf.)

DOUG: So what's the occasion? (Cathy and Jamie look at each other.)

CATHY: Jamie. Got a wonderful new job.