

Yvan – 'Art'

So, a crisis, insoluble problem, major crisis, both step-mothers want their names on the wedding invitation. Catherine adores her step-mother, who more or less brought her up, she wants her name on the invitation, she wants it and her step-mother is not anticipating, which is understandable, since the mother is dead, not appearing next to Catherine's father, whereas my step-mother, whom I detest, it's out of the question her name should appear on the invitation, but my father won't have his name on it if hers isn't, unless Catherine's step-mother's is left off, which is completely unacceptable, I suggested none of the parents' names should be on it, after all we're not adolescents, we can announce our wedding and invite people ourselves, so Catherine screamed her head off, arguing that would be a slap in the face for her parents who were paying through the nose for the reception, and particularly for her step-mother, who's gone to so much trouble when she isn't even her daughter and I finally let myself be persuaded, totally against my better judgement, because she wore me down. I finally agreed that my step-mother, whom I detest, who's a complete bitch, will have her name on the invitation, so I telephoned my mother to warn her, mother, I said, I've done everything I can to avoid this, but we have absolutely no choice, Yvonne's name has to be on this invitation, she said, if Yvonne's name is on the invitation, take mine off, mother, I said, please, I beg you, don't make things even more difficult, and she said, how dare you suggest my name is left to float around on the card on its own, as if I was some abandoned woman, below Yvonne, who'll be clamped on to your father's surname, like a limpet, I said to her, mother, I have friends waiting for me, I'm going to hang up and we'll discuss all this tomorrow after a good night's sleep, she said, why it is I'm always an afterthought, what are you talking about, mother, you're not always an afterthought, of course I am and when you say don't make things even more difficult, what you mean is, everything's already been decided, everything's been organized without me, everything's been cooked up behind my back, good old Huguette, she'll agree to anything and all this, she said- to put the old tin lid on it- in aid of an event, the importance of which I'm having some trouble grasping, mother, I have friends waiting for me, that's right, there's always something better to do, anything's more important than I am, good-bye and she hung up.

Rosencrantz – 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead'

Do you ever think of yourself as actually dead, lying in a box with the lid on it? Nor do I really. Silly to be depressed by it. I mean, one thinks of it like being alive in a box. One keeps forgetting to take into account that one is dead. Which should make all the difference. Shouldn't it? I mean, you'd never know you were in a box would you? It would be just like you were asleep in a box. Not that I'd like to sleep in a box, mind you. Not without any air. You'd wake up dead for a start and then where would you be? In a box. That's the bit I don't like, frankly. That's why I don't think of it. Because you'd be helpless wouldn't you? Stuffed in a box like that. I mean, you'd be in there forever. Even taking into account the fact that you're dead. It isn't a pleasant thought. Especially if you're dead, really. Ask yourself: if I asked you straight off I'm going to stuff you in this box now – would you rather to be alive or dead? Naturally you'd prefer to be alive. Life in a box is better than no life at all. I expect. You'd have a chance at least. You could lie there thinking, well, at least I'm not dead. In a minute, somebody's going to bang on the lid and tell me to come out.

Blake – 'Glengarry Glen Ross'

Let me have your attention for a moment. So you're talking about what? You're talking about, bitching about that sale you shot, some son of a bitch that doesn't want to buy, somebody that doesn't want what you're selling, some broad you're trying to screw and so forth. Let's talk about something important. Are they all here? ... Well, I'm going anyway. Let's talk about something important. Put that coffee down. Coffee's for closers only. Do you think I'm fucking with you? I am not fucking with you. I'm here from downtown. I'm here from Mitch and Murray. And I'm here on a mission of mercy. Your name's Levene? ... You call yourself a salesman, you son of a bitch? ... You certainly don't pal. 'Cause the good news is you're fired. The bad news is you've got, all you got, just one week to regain your jobs, starting tonight. Starting with tonight's sit. Oh, have I got your attention now? Good. 'Cause we're adding a little something to this month's sales contest. As you all know, first prize is a Cadillac El Dorado. Anyone want to see second prize? Second prize is a set of steak knives. Third prize is you're fired. You get the picture? You're laughing now? You got leads. Mitch and Murray paid good money. Get their names to sell them. You can't close the leads you're given, you can't close shit, you are shit, hit the bricks pal and beat it 'cause you are going out. ... 'The leads are weak.' Fucking leads are weak? You're weak. I've been in this business fifteen years. ... Fuck you, that's my name. You know why, Mister? 'Cause you drove a Hyundai to get here tonight, I drove an eighty thousand dollar BMW. That's my name. And your name is you're wanting.

Eddie – ‘Fool for Love’

And we walked right through town. Past the donut shop, past the miniature golf course, past the Chevron station. And he opened the bottle up and offered it to me. Before he even took a drink, he offered it to me first. And I took it and drank it and handed it back to him. And we just kept passing it back and forth like that as we walked until we drank the whole thing dry. And we never said a word the whole time. Then, finally, we reached this little white house with a red awning, on the far side of town. I'll never forget the red awning because it flapped in the night breeze and the porch light made it glow. It was a hot, desert breeze and the air smelled like new cut alfalfa. We walked right up to the front porch and he rang the bell and I remember getting real nervous because I wasn't out for a expecting to visit anybody. I thought we were just out for a walk. And then this woman comes to the door. This real pretty woman with red hair. And she throws herself into his arms. And he starts crying. He just breaks down right there in front of me. And she's kissing him all over the face and holding him real tight and he's just crying like a baby. And then through the doorway, behind them both. I see this girl. She just appears. She's just standing there, staring at me and I'm staring back at her and we can't take our eyes off each other. It was like we knew each other from somewhere but we couldn't place where. But the second we saw each other, that very second, we knew we'd never stop being in love.

Colonel Jessep – ‘A Few Good Men’

You can't handle the truth! ...Son, we live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who's gonna do it? You? You, Lt. Weinburg? I have a greater responsibility than you could possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago, and you curse the marines. You have that luxury. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know. That Santiago's death, while tragic, probably saved lives. And my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you, saves lives. You don't want the truth because deep down in places you don't talk about at parties, you want me on that wall, you need me on that wall. We use words like honor, code, loyalty. We use these words as the backbone of a life spent defending something. You use them as a punchline. I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain myself to a man who rises and sleeps under the blanket of the very freedom that I provide, and then questions the manner in which I provide it. I would rather you just said thank you, and went on your way. Otherwise, I suggest you pick up a weapon and stand a post. Either way, I don't give a damn what you think you are entitled to.

John Proctor – 'The Crucible'

You have all witnessed it — it is enough. You have all witnessed it; what more is needed? No — no I have signed it. You have seen me. It is done! You have no need for this. Damn the village! I confess to God and God has seen my name on this! It is enough! You came to save my soul, did you not? Here—I have confessed myself, it is enough! I have confessed myself! Is there no good penitence but it be public? God does not need my name nailed upon the church! God sees my name, God knows how black my sins are! It is enough. You will not use me! I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor! You will not use me! I have three children—how may I teach them to walk like men in the world and I sold my friends? I blacken all of them when this is nailed to the church the very day they hang for silence! You are the high court, your word is good enough! Tell them I confessed myself, say Proctor broke his knees and wept like a woman, say what you will, but my name cannot... I mean to deny nothing. Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life. Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them that hang! How may I live without my name? I have given you my soul, leave me my name!

Ariel – ‘The Pillow Man’

Oh, really? Well, y’know, I’ll tell you what there is about me. There is an overwhelming, and there is an all-pervading, hatred...a hatred...of people like you. Of people who lay even the littlest finger...on children. I wake up with it. It wakes me up. It rides on the bus with me to work. It whispers to me, ‘They will not get away with it’. I come in early. I make sure all the bindings are clean and the electrodes are in the right order so we won’t...waste...time. I admit it, sometimes I use excessive force. And sometimes I use excessive force on an entirely innocent individual. But I’ll tell you this. If an entirely innocent individual leaves this room for the outside world, they’re not gonna contemplate even raising their voice to a little kid again, just in case I hear ‘em and drag ‘em in here for another load of excessive fucking force. Now, is this kind of behaviour in an officer of the law in some way questionable morally? Of course it fucking is! But you know what? I don’t fucking care! ‘Cos when I’m an old man, you know what? Little kids are gonna follow me around and they’re gonna know my name and what I stood for, and they’re gonna give me some of their sweets in thanks, and I’m gonna take those sweets and thank them and tell them to get home safe, and I’m gonna be happy. Not because of the sweets, I don’t really like sweets...but because I’d know...I’d know in my heart, that if I hadn’t been there, not all of them would have been there. Because I’m a good policeman. Not necessarily good in the sense of being able to solve lots of stuff, because I’m not, but good in the sense that I stand for something. I stand for something. I stand on the right side. I may not always be right, but I stand on the right side. The child’s side. The opposite side to you. And so, naturally, when I hear that a child has been killed in a fashion...in a fashion such as this ‘Little Jesus’ thing...you know what? I would torture you to death just for writing a story like that, let alone acting it out! So, y’know what?

Fuck what your mum and dad did to you and your brother. Fuck it. I’d’ve tortured the fuck out of them if I had them here, just like I’m going to torture the fuck out of you now too. ‘Cos two wrongs don’t make a right. Two wrongs do not make a right. So kneel down over here, please, so I can connect you to this battery.

Mozart – 'Amadeus'

I don't understand you! You're all up on perches but it doesn't hide your arseholes! You don't give a shit about gods and heroes! If you're honest - each one of you - which of you isn't more at home with his hairdress than Hercules? Or Horatius? Or your stupid Danaius come to that! Or mine - mine! Idomeneo, King of Crete! All those anguished antiques are all bores! Bores, bores, bores!

All serious operas written this century are boring! (laughs vigorously) Look at us! Four gaping mouths. What a perfect quartet! I'd love to write it - just this second of time, this now, as you are! Herr Chamberlain thinking 'Impertinent Mozart: I must speak to the Emperor at once!' Herr Prefect thinking 'Ignorant Mozart: debasing opera with his vulgarity!' Herr Court Composer thinking 'German Mozart: what can he finally know about music?' And Herr Mozart himself, in the middle, thinking 'I'm just a good fellow. Why do they all disapprove of me?' That's why opera is important, Baron. Because it's realer than any play! A dramatic poet would have to put all those thoughts down one after another just to represent this second of time. The composer can put them all down at once - and still make us hear each one of them. Astonishing device: a Vocal Quartet!I tell you I want to write a finale lasting half an hour! A quartet becoming a quintet becoming a sextet. On and on, wider and wider - all sounds multiplying and rising together - and the together creating a sound entirely new!

.... I bet you that's how God hears the world: millions of sounds ascending at once and mixing in His ear to become an unending music, unimaginable to us! That's our job! That's our job, we composers: to combine the inner minds of him and him and him and her and her - the thoughts of chambermaids and Court Composers - and turn the audience into God. (blows a raspberry and giggles) I'm sorry. I talk nonsense all day: it's incurable - ask Stanzerl. My tongue is stupid Baron. My heart isn't.