

This Random World - Steven Dietz (FEMALE 1)

CLAIRE: Oh, I see: you get to have the final words, but I don't? Isn't that why we came here today? It sure wasn't for the food. Didn't we come here to listen to your final words to me, Gary? This lone section of quesadilla – these humble four inches of salt and flour and water and cheese... this represents the very last thing that Gary and Claire will ever share in this world. So let us properly mark the moment here today when Gary told Claire it was over. And the next moment when Claire asked Gary why. And the moment after that when Gary said it seemed like Claire could not be “present” – truly present. And let the record note that Claire said: Okay, Gary. Maybe you're right. Give me another chance. Let's give it one more try. And Gary said... And you said No. You said: We've tried for more than a year. It didn't work. I don't we should try anymore. And I said; Man, it's really raining out there. We're going to get soaked. And you didn't say anything. And I said: The hell with it – I don't care if I get soaked. I need to go. And I stood up. And here, Gary – here is where I was waiting for you to say something really Great. I was thinking to myself “God he could say something really great right here – and maybe that would change everything – maybe we'd still work things out” I know that's unfair. I know there was no way for you to know it was time to come up with the awesome Tting and say it – but right there, Gary... that was the time for you to say something great. And you said... you should box that up. There are homeless people around the corner. You should give that food to them.” (Pause) Here I am thinking about my little shattered heart when there are people with nothing to eat. Thank you for reminding me of that. And thank you for bringing me to a shitty restaurant for our break-up, you asshole.

Becky's New Car – Steven Dietz (FEMALE 2)

BECKY: Welcome! Fact is: We need a new house. My friend, Rita - beautiful, wonderful woman, passed away last year, her husband Steve still hasn't gotten over it - anyway, Rita had this theory: When a woman says she needs new shoes, what she really wants is a new job. When she says she needs a new house, she wants a new husband. And when she says she wants a new car, she wants a new life. I think we'll just stay here in the living room, if that's okay. The kitchen's that way, if you need something - but promise me you won't look in the backyard. It's a disaster. Used to be a garden. We should just pave it over. Keep our cars back there. Yes, I know that's terrible - but I need to ask you this: Have you ever really been as happy in your garden as you've been on a good day in your car? All alone. Radio on. Traffic moving, nice and easy. Heaven.

***Lonely Planet* - Steven Dietz (1992) (MALE 1)**

CARL: Can I say something? Can I just say this one thing? Everyone is boring. How did this happen? When did this happen? At some imperceptible moment everyone became absolutely shuffle-your-feet, stare-out-the-window boring. I try, okay? I do my part. I strike things up. I toss out words to grease the conversation. But these people, these people at the bus or the market or the newsstand, these people bore me. Not just a little. I'm sure they all came from good families, but over time they've lost what small part of them was ever of interest to anyone. They are even sort of hard to see. I know. I've read the books. I can imagine people in their underwear. That helps, for a while. Then their underwear starts to bore me. So I imagine them without their underwear, and then their embarrassment bores me. So, I imagine them in my underwear and that's moderately exciting, until they roll over, drop ashes on my pillow and say "I heard this joke at the cash machine today. You're gonna love it. It'll kill you." And they're right. It does. So finally, I try to imagine these people as someone else and soon that person bores me, and I imagine that person as someone else and they bore me, and so on and so on until I've imagined them all into something so small and distant and insignificant that there is nothing left but me standing alone at the bus, alone at the market, alone at the newsstand - reading an article about the tidal wave of boredom that is sweeping the nation. And, naturally, the article bores me. All I'm saying is this: Don't step out your door in the morning until you've thought of something interesting to say.

***Private Eyes* - Steven Dietz (1998) (MALE 2)**

MATTHEW: There is this myth. I'd like us to talk about it. The myth of which I speak is that of Telling the Truth Slowly Over Time. Now, this myth does have its proponents. They believe that the cold hard truth can, if rationed out slowly like, say, cod liver oil, be made more palatable. Perhaps even made attractive.

Therapists do this. They are reluctant to come right out and say to a couple: "Tom, Jeanine, thanks for coming by today and here's my assessment of your relationship: It's fucked. Let it go. Say good-bye, divide up your stuff, and run for your lives."

Why are they reluctant to do this? It would make them obsolete. Their jobs depend on giving out the truth at a slower rate than is actually needed. They claim, of course (and are never challenged, since it is our fate to bow to anyone holding a weapon or a Ph.D.), that they are doing this for the couple's "own good" – that they are giving them the truth at a pace they can "handle." But, push has come to SHOUT and here we are:

I urge you to take whatever truth is at your disposal and divest it. Cut it loose. All of it. Tell it fast and tell it now. It is not more palatable, it is not a gift to tell someone you love the slow truth, unless you happen to know they have a fondness for slow disease like, say, cancer.