

*Pause. Ella turns and opens the refrigerator again and stares into it.*

EMMA: Hungry?

ELLA: No.

EMMA: Just habit?

ELLA: What?

EMMA: Opening and closing?

ELLA, *closes refrigerator and turns toward Emma*: Christ Emma, what am I going to do with you?

EMMA: Let me go.

ELLA, *after pause*: You're too young. *Ella exits.*

## MOONCHILDREN

by Michael Weller

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### ACT 1, SCENE 3

The play takes place in a student apartment in an American university town. In outline, it is the story of a senior college year in the mid-sixties, and the time of the play runs from fall through graduation. During the course of the play the characters go through antiwar riots, love affairs, an expulsion from school, an attempted self-immolation, and the death of a parent. In this excerpt Ruth and Kathy are airing their frustrations with their boyfriends.

*Kathy is sitting at the table, staring blankly ahead. The front door opens. Ruth comes back, her clothes from the previous scene slightly scuffed. Ruth sees that Kathy is upset.*

RUTH: Hey, what's wrong? Bob here?

KATHY: No.

RUTH: Want some coffee.

KATHY: Please.

RUTH, *takes off her coat and starts making coffee*: I thought you and Bob were coming. You were on the bus and everything. I got lost when the cops charged. Man, they really got some of those guys.

KATHY: When we got there he said he didn't feel like marching.

RUTH: Why not?

KATHY: Oh, Ruthie, I don't know. I don't know anything any more. You devote two years to a guy and what does he give you? He didn't even tell me about being drafted.

RUTH: He's not drafted. For chrissakes, Kathy, that letter's for the physical, that's all. All he has to do is act queer. They're not gonna take a queer musician.

KATHY: That's what I told him on the bus. He wouldn't even listen to me until I called him Job. He said from now on he's dead, Bob is dead and everybody has to call him Job.

RUTH: Oh, come on, Kathy, he's just putting you on.

KATHY: That's what I mean. *Me*. He's even putting *me* on. Ungrateful bastard. After all the things I've done for him.

*Pause*. Shit, I sound just like my mother. It's just you get tired of giving all the time and nothing's coming back. You know what I told him? I said he was the first guy I ever had an orgasm with. I mean, it really made him feel good. Now I gotta live with it.

RUTH: Hey, for real, is he really worried about that letter?

KATHY: He says he's gonna try to pass.

RUTH: What!?

KATHY: He wants to join. That's what he told me. He wants to study engineering in the army and when he gets out he's gonna get some kind of plastic job and marry a nice little plastic wife and live in a plastic house in some plastic suburb and have 3.7 plastic children.

RUTH: Bullshit.

KATHY: Ruthie, I'm telling you, he's serious. You know what he told me? He thinks the whole antiwar movement is a god-damn farce. That's what he said. I mean, Jesus, I really thought we were relating on that one. It's not like I'm asking the guy to go burn himself or anything. It's just, I mean, he knows how I feel about this war and he's just doing it to be shitty. I know what it is. He's, like, reaching out, trying to relate to me on a personal level by rejecting me but, like, I don't know how to



break through. Oh, Ruth, it's all too much. He went to a cowboy film.

**RUTH:** Well, you know, that's how it is.

**KATHY:** Ruthie!

**RUTH:** Well, I mean, you know, like maybe he's serious. Mike's got this thing about physics. He really digs it and his advisor says he's a genius, okay, maybe he is, like what do I know about physics? The thing is, he knows he's gonna end up working for his old man in the lumber business. It's all laid out from the start. You have to just sort of fit in.

**KATHY:** You don't want him to do that, do you? I mean, if the guy is really into physics you have to stand behind him and make it all happen for him.

**RUTH:** I don't know. You have some kids and everything. I mean, it's not like you can't have a meaningful life if you get married and have kids. Look, I don't want the guy to saw wood for the rest of his life but what can I do about it? Why shouldn't he get into wood? Like, what if he does physics for the rest of his life and he's a genius and ends up head of department at some asshole university. You find out one day he's being financed by the CIA.

**KATHY:** These guys. They think they don't need you so you go away and they fall to pieces. You should've seen Bob when I first met him.

**RUTH:** I did.

**KATHY:** He used to compose all this really shitty music and like when he did something good he didn't even know it. I had to keep telling him yes, it's good, it's really great. A whole year it took him to believe it. He's writing some brilliant stuff now, ever since, you know, I told him he was the first guy.

**RUTH:** Yeah, and look at him now.

**KATHY, weeping:** I don't know. You think you're really relating like crazy and then, suddenly, it's a whole new scene.

**RUTH:** Maybe you ought to stop relating so hard.

## FATHER'S DAY

by Oliver Hailey

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### ACT I

Marian, Estelle, and Louise are three divorcées sharing an afternoon in the sun while their former spouses spend Father's Day with the children. During the course of the play they reveal and share their thoughts on marriage and sex, their fears of a future without mates, and their struggle to maintain a sense of security in an insecure world. In the end each has to confront the reality of her shattered marriage and learn to face the future.

The scene below takes place on the terrace of the Manhattan apartment house in which they live. The three women have been chatting about their past married lives and discussing preparations for a Father's Day party later that day which their ex-husbands will attend. Estelle, the youngest and most naïve of the three has just left to get some of her homemade gazpacho. Marian and Louise are sophisticated, articulate women whose acerbic wits are often directed at each other. When left alone they begin to gossip about Estelle. Their conversation quickly turns to their broken marriages and, with humor that belies their painful sense of rejection, they share their concerns about their families. (The "Fred and Sammy" mentioned by Marian are the roommates of Harold, Estelle's ex-husband.)

**LOUISE, a long beat as Louise stares at Marian:** I don't like her gazpacho either.

**MARIAN:** There is nothing worse than bad gazpacho. *A beat.* Unless it's bad Quiche Lorraine. Have you ever had bad Quiche Lorraine?

**LOUISE:** I've had bad everything.

**MARIAN:** I always thought Estelle's gazpacho might have been one of the reasons Harold left her. Whatever else you say about Fred and Sammy, they make *marvelous* gazpacho.

**LOUISE:** Any theories on why Tom left me? I don't even make gazpacho.