

REG: What things?
 BEN: No complications?
 REG: What kind of complications would there be?
 BEN: In that our routine doesn't interfere with your—plural meaning—routine.
 REG: Plural meaning? Meaning what?
 BEN: Yours and his. Your routines together.
 REG: Ah. Well, it has done, frankly, yes. Now you ask. But I don't think it will from now on.
 BEN, *sits on the hard chair opposite Reg*: Then you're beginning to get the hang of it? Good. Because sometimes I've suspected that our friendship—going back so far and including so much—so much of his history and so much of my history which has really become *our* history—singular meaning this time—must make it difficult for any new people we pick up on the side.
 REG: Like your wife, do you mean?
 BEN: Well done. Yes, like poor old Anne. She must have felt her share amounted to a minor infidelity, really. I speak metaphorically, of course, but then I suppose marriage is the best metaphor for all our intense relationships. Except those we have with our husbands and wives. *Laughs*. Naturally.
 REG: So you think of yourself as married to Joey, do you?
 BEN: Metaphorically. *A pause. The telephone rings. Ben picks it up. Butley, English. Oh, hello, James—no, I'm afraid I still can't talk properly. I'm in the middle of a tutorial. He winks at Reg. O.K. Yes. Goodbye.*
 REG: What metaphor would you use when you learned that Joey was going to move in with someone else? Would that be divorce, metaphorically?
 BEN, *after a long pause*: What?
 REG, *laughs*: Sorry. I shouldn't do that. But I was thinking that it must be odd getting news of two divorces in the same day.
 BEN, *pause*: Joey hasn't said anything.
 REG: No. I'm giving the news. You might say that when he comes to me our Joey will be moving out of figures of speech into matters of fact. Ours will be too much like a marriage to be a metaphor.
 BEN, *little pause*: I thought you didn't admit to being—what? different?
 REG: There are moments when frankness is necessary. No, our

Joey's just been waiting for the right queen, fruit, fairy, poof, or homosexual to come along. He's come.

BEN, *after a pause*: Well, isn't he lucky.

REG: Time will tell. I hope so. But I'm tired of waiting to make a proper start with him. I'm tired of waiting for him to tell you. You know our Joey—a bit gutless. No, the truth of the matter is I've been trying to get Joey to bring you around to dinner one evening and tell you straight, so we could get it over with. I knew he'd never find the nerve to do it on his lonesome. But he's kept dodging about, pretending you were busy, one excuse after another. It's worked out quite well though, hasn't it?

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

by Robert Bolt

ACT II

When Henry VIII failed to obtain a church divorce from Catherine of Aragon, he rebelled against the Catholic church and the Pope. He issued an Act of Supremacy making himself spiritual as well as temporal leader of England, and he required all his subjects to sign the document. His Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, would not sign. More knew he was placing himself in jeopardy by upholding the authority of the Pope, but he was a profoundly devout Catholic with a strong conscience, and was morally incapable of lying about his convictions. Pressure from Henry and his henchman, Thomas Cromwell, increased. Various plots and threats were used to force More to comply, but to no avail. Charges of treason were then brought against him and he was executed.

The scene below takes place in Cromwell's study. More has been summoned for questioning. Cromwell tries to frighten him with false evidence implicating him in treasonous acts. More replies with solid evidence absolving himself on each count. Their conversation is being transcribed by Master Rich.

MORE: If I might hear the charges?

CROMWELL: Charges?

MORE: I understand there are certain charges.

CROMWELL: Some ambiguities of behavior I should like to clarify—hardly “charges.”

MORE: Make a note of that will you, Master Rich? There are no charges.

CROMWELL, *laughing and shaking head*: Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas . . . You know it amazes me that you, who were once so effective in the world and are now so *much* retired from it, should be opposing yourself to the whole movement of the times? *He ends on a note of interrogation.*

MORE, *nods*: It amazes me too.

CROMWELL, *picks up and drops a paper; sadly*: The King is not pleased with you.

MORE: I am grieved.

CROMWELL: Yet do you know that even now, if you could bring yourself to agree with the Universities, the Bishops, and the Parliament of this realm, there is no honor which the King would be likely to deny you?

MORE, *stonily*: I am well acquainted with His Grace's generosity.

CROMWELL, *coldly*: Very well. *Consults the paper.* You have heard of the so-called Holy Maid of Kent—who was executed for prophesying against the King?

MORE: Yes, I knew the poor woman.

CROMWELL, *quickly*: You sympathize with her?

MORE: She was ignorant and misguided; she was a bit mad, I think. And she has paid for her folly. Naturally I sympathize with her.

CROMWELL, *grunts*: You admit meeting her. You met her—and yet you did not warn His Majesty of her treason. How was that?

MORE: She spoke no treason. Our conversation was not political.

CROMWELL: My dear More, the woman was notorious! Do you expect me to believe that?

MORE: Happily there are witnesses.

CROMWELL: You wrote a letter to her?

MORE: Yes, I wrote advising her to abstain from meddling

with the affairs of Princes and the State. I have a copy of this letter—also witnessed.

CROMWELL: You have been cautious.

MORE: I like to keep my affairs regular.

CROMWELL: Sir Thomas, there is a more serious charge—

MORE: Charge?

CROMWELL: For want of a better word. In the May of 1526 the King published a book. *He permits himself a little smile.* A theological work. It was called *A Defence of the Seven Sacraments*.

MORE: Yes. *Bitterly*: For which he was named “Defender of the Faith,” by His Holiness the Pope.

CROMWELL: By the Bishop of Rome. Or do you insist on “Pope”?

MORE: No, “Bishop of Rome” if you like. It doesn't alter his authority.

CROMWELL: Thank you, you come to the point very readily; what *is* that authority? As regards the Church in Europe; (*ap-proaching*) for example, the Church in England. What exactly *is* the Bishop of Rome's authority?

MORE: You will find it very ably set out and defended, Master Secretary, in the King's book.

CROMWELL: The book published under the King's name would be more accurate. You wrote that book.

MORE: I wrote no part of it.

CROMWELL: I do not mean you actually held the pen.

MORE: I merely answered to the best of my ability certain questions on canon law which His Majesty put to me. As I was bound to do.

CROMWELL: Do you deny that you *instigated* it?

MORE: It was from first to last the King's own project. This is trivial, Master Cromwell.

CROMWELL: I should not think so if I were in your place.

MORE: Only two people know the truth of the matter. Myself and the King. And, whatever he may have said to you, he will not give evidence to support this accusation.

CROMWELL: Why not?

MORE: Because evidence is given on oath, and he will not perjure himself. If you don't know that, you don't yet know him.

Cromwell looks at him viciously.

CROMWELL, *goes apart; formally*: Sir Thomas More, is there anything you wish to say to me concerning the King's marriage with Queen Anne?

MORE, *very still*: I understood I was not to be asked that again.

CROMWELL: Evidently you understood wrongly. These charges—

MORE, *with a sudden, contemptuous sweep of his arm*: They are terrors for children, Master Secretary—an empty cupboard! To frighten children in the dark, not me.

CROMWELL, *it is some time now since anybody treated him like this, and it costs him some effort to control his anger, but he does and even manages a little smile as one who sportingly admits defeat*: True . . . true. Sir Thomas, very apt. *Then coldly*: To frighten a man, there must be something in the cupboard, must there not?

MORE, *made wary again by the tone*: Yes, and there is nothing in it.

CROMWELL: For the moment there is this: *(Picks up a paper and reads)*: "I charge you with great ingratitude. I remind you of many benefits graciously given and ill received. I tell you that no King of England ever had nor could have so villainous a servant nor so traitorous a subject as yourself." *During this, More's face goes ashen and his hand creeps up to his throat in an unconscious gesture of fear and protection. Cromwell puts down the paper and says*: The words are not mine, Sir Thomas, but the King's. Believe that.

MORE: I do. *He lowers his hands, looks up again, and with just a spark of his old impudence*: I recognize the style. So I am brought here at last.

CROMWELL: Brought? You brought yourself to where you stand now.

MORE: Yes—Still, in another sense—I was brought.

CROMWELL: Oh, yes. You may go home now. *After a fractional hesitation, More goes, his face fearful and his step thoughtful, and he pauses uncertainly as Cromwell calls after him: For the present. More carries on, and exits*: I don't like him so well as I did. There's a man who raises the gale and won't come out of the harbor.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST (from the novel by Ken Kesey)

by Dale Wasserman

ACT II

McMurphy contrives to serve a short prison sentence in what he believes will be the pleasanter setting of a mental institution. In short order, his roguish but honest nature and his enthusiasm for life generate feelings of optimism and confidence in the inmates. But McMurphy breaks the rules of the institution and he encourages the inmates, for the sake of their sanity, to do the same. His adversary, Headnurse Ratched, warns him about his misbehavior; then, in a desperate attempt to regain control of the ward, she submits him to electro-shock therapy. When this fails to suppress his spirit, she finally has him lobotomized. Believing he would rather be dead than live as a vegetable, one of the inmates, Chief Bromden, smothers McMurphy with a pillow.

Prior to the following excerpt, McMurphy became aware that his release from the institution was totally dependent on Nurse Ratched and that, unlike a prison sentence, there is no specified release date for mental patients. At that point, to the disappointment of the inmates—who have come to regard him as a Moses leading them out of slavery—McMurphy decides to abide fully by the institution's rules.

The following scene between McMurphy and Chief Bromden takes place some hours later. It is night. The dayroom is empty and lit only by moonlight. Chief Bromden enters. He is an American Indian, a giant of a man, who is presumed to be deaf and dumb. The "panel" referred to in the dialogue houses all the electrical circuits that feed into the control board (controlling and monitoring sound, light, TV, etc.) in the Nurses' Station.