

Bella (Rabbit – Nina Raine)

Do you know *why* my father always thinks he's right? And that I'm wrong?

Because I'm a woman and he's a man. Deep down, privately, he doesn't think women are as good as men. Nearly as good, but not quite. That's why he reminds me of you. So my mother will *never* be as important as him.

And my father thinks – he loves me very much, he loves us all very much – but deep down he thinks – my brothers are the talented ones. The clever ones. They're the ones he's proud of. Not me.

(beat)

And it makes me feel competitive. Angry and competitive. I think, you're wrong. That's my reaction. You're wrong and I'm going to prove you wrong. I'll be tougher, and harder, and better. Because I'm right. Women can be better.

(*To Richard.*) I did see it from your perspective, Richard. I felt what you felt. Jealousy. But I think it comes with love. And I decided not to be in love. I didn't want to feel it. I decided to be hard. Like you said. And I know I ruined it. And I'm sorry.

Girl (BENCH SEAT - Neil LaBute)

I mean, you have to understand...this guy before you – I showed you his photo that one time, remember? – he really hurt me and I think I'm so hypersensitive to another incident like that one that I'm still jumpy, I am. Like, two years later. For months after, I wanted to hurt him, I really did. I would follow him to class and send him all this stuff through the mail, little dead field mice and crap... I was so out of it! Yeah. This once, I screamed at this chick he took to his softball game. I mean, like, in her face! (Yells.) AAAAAAHHHHHH!!! If you could've seen her...man, it was priceless. He even called the cops once, but I was like, so what? Screw him. I made it seem all totally random so they couldn't really do a thing about it. The police. He had sent me packing, and that is wrong. That is a bad, bad thing to do to someone who loves you. So, see, that's what I was thinking about on the way up here. Sorry if I was being all weird.

John (Cock - Mike Bartlett)

I'm sorry I'm not speaking, I'm sorry, I know it's weird but I'm trying to work out how to handle this who to be because I'm two different people with the two of you when you're separate and now I'm in the middle and no one.

I have absolutely no idea who I am. Everyone else seems to have a personality, a character but I've never, I've never – I used to do voices, I remember this, and I don't think anyone can really understand it when I say it but I remember one moment when I couldn't think what was my own voice, I'd been doing high voices and northern voices and men's voices and impressions of the teachers and my dad, and people on the telly and everyone was laughing and I tried to go back to my own voice but I couldn't remember what it is.

And I always stand in front of the mirror for ages, every day I never know what to wear, when I go shopping for clothes I bring him and he says it's up to you, what do you like, and I think I don't know I don't have a fucking clue just choose something that isn't too strange, that means I don't look like a fucking idiot.

Oscar - (ODD COUPLE - Neil Simon)

(into phone) Hello, Oscar the poker player!..Who?..Who did you want, please?...Dabby? Dabby who?..No there's no Dabby here...Oh, Daddy! (to the others) For Christ sakes it's my kid (into phone: clearly a man who loves his son) Brucey, hello, baby. Yes it's Daddy! (to the others) Hey come on, give me a break will ya? My five-year-old kid is calling from California. It must be costing him a fortune.

(phone) How've you been, sweetheart?...Yes, I finally got your letter. It took three weeks...Yes but next time tell your mommy to give you a stamp...I know, but you're not supposed to draw it on...(proud, to the others) Do you hear? (phone) Mommy wants to speak to me? Right... Take care of yourself, soldier. I love you. (and then with false cheeriness) Hello Blanche, how are you?...Err, yes I have a pretty good idea why you're calling...I'm a week behind with the check, right?...Four weeks? That's not possible...Because it's not possible...Blanche I keep a record of every check and I know I'm only three weeks behind!...Blanche, I'm trying the best I can...Blanche, don't threaten me with jail, because it's not a threat, with my expenses and my alimony, a prisoner takes home more pay than I do...Very nice in front of the kids...Blanche, don't tell me you're going to have my salary attached, just say goodbye...Goodbye! (hangs up, to the others) I'm eight hundred dollars behind in alimony, so let's up the stakes

Bottom (A Midsummer Night's Dream – William Shakespeare)

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is “Most fair Pyramus.”
Heigh-ho! Peter Quince? Flute the bellows-mender? Snout the tinker?
Starveling? God’s my life, stol’n hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most
rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was.
Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—
there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but
man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye
of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man’s hand is not able to
taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will
get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called “Bottom’s
Dream” because it hath no bottom. And I will sing it in the latter end of a play
before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at
her death.

Lysander (A Midsummer Night's Dream – William Shakespeare)

You have her father's love, Demetrius;

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, 100

Lysander. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,

As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,

If not with vantage, as Demetrius';

And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am beloved of beautiful Hermia:

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

Helena (A Midsummer Night's Dream – William Shakespeare)

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.

LADY MACBETH (Macbeth – William Shakespeare)

Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?