

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

The performance rights to this play are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with
Original Works Publishing.”**

www.originalworksonline.com

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

Anger Box
Third Printing, 2008
Printed in U.S.A.

More Great Plays Available
From OWP

Suburban Peepshow
by James Comtois

6-8 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Bill is a husband, father, and professional. But this week, a cross dressing social deviant gets fired at the office and Bill is poised to step into his position. The promotion all but guarantees new dishtowels for the wife, and the in-ground pool for son Jeremy. But a New Girl in the office has designs for Bill, and he ain't gonna pass it up... if you know what I mean. Who can blame him with his wife contemplating jumping the Pool Guy, a strange Carnie Barker interrupting dinner, and the occasion Gladiator battle waiting at home. It all depends on how the Playwright is feeling tonight.

Touchstone, U.S.A.
or How Terrorism Brought an
American Family Back Together

by Paul North

3 Males, 3 Females

some play multiple roles

Synopsis: Billy converted to Islam causing his parents to think he's a terrorist; now the only solution is for the ghost of Billy's older sister, Liberty, to come back and set things right again. A look at the American family and all its dysfunction.

ANGER BOX

By Jeff Goode

Anger Box was designed to be an interchangeable collection of monologues, which a director could pick and choose to create an original show that is unique to their own company.

The pieces were not written in any particular order, though there are recurring ideas and images throughout which give the “play” an overall sense of thematic cohesiveness. It is up to each production to determine the arrangement of monologues which will have the greatest impact for their particular audience.

The script is presented here in the order first performed by Cherry Red Productions (Washington D.C.) on January 17, 2003.

If you like, you can pretend that none of this is really happening.

*Or you can pretend that it is.
And give your mind a little adventure.*

*You can always remind yourself later
that these are things that someone else has thought of.
Not you.*

*But for the next 75 minutes,
you will be thinking them, too.*

*And if you can convince yourself
that none of these ideas has ever crossed your mind.
And never will.
And never could.*

If you can do that...

...What a waste of 75 minutes that will be.

Anger Box

(LIGHTS UP)

I'm only telling you this because I don't have to. So, off the record, just between you and me: ...There's this guy.

And he works at the gas station on the corner of Aloe and Pennsylvania. (And, frankly, I think he owns the station, but he's too fucking cheap to hire any help, so half the time you drive by, he's the only one there. So what does that tell you?)

So, anyway, so last week somebody kills this guy. Like a drive-by. Cuz at first they thought it was a robbery, but no money was taken. And now all a sudden they're calling it a hate crime.

So my question is: Is it still a hate crime if it was self-defense?

I mean, what if this guy was just a total asshole? Does that make it a hate crime? I mean, that's every murder, really, right? You gotta hate someone pretty bad if you're gonna kill them. I mean, it's hardly ever that someone gets murdered because people really, really like them. Why does it have to be a special category?

I mean, like this guy that got killed. Nobody liked him. I mean, if hate is your motive. Everybody had a reason to kill him. I coulda been the one to kill him if that's all it takes. In fact, I would say that I had more reason than most.

And I know you're thinking, "There's never a reason to kill anybody." But that's just so closed-minded. You don't know what he was like, this guy. I mean, this guy... No disrespect, but just between you and me. Thank God, okay? Good riddance. There I said it.

And I know how that makes me look, but sometimes you gotta just stand up for your rights and say, I don't care what anybody thinks, that's just how it is. And if you disagree, I'm sorry, but you don't know.

Because that's the thing is you'll have people from all over, from New York, or fucking San Francisco, writin' about... I don't know. *Intolerance*. Or, I don't know, *profiling*. Because of how something looks on the surface, but do they even take the time to come down here and find out, or research or even ask somebody? Do they ask anybody? I mean, ask me, I'll tell you.

Cuz things aren't always how they look, is all I'm saying. And I stand by that. You can't just go judging people by how they behave.

Like, for example, this guy who got shot. Fine upstanding business owner, member of the community, right? But where did he get the money to own a

business? Just over from what-the-fuck. Two years in this country, five years, I dunno, whatever. Doing what? Driving a fucking cab, probably. Five years maybe, tops. Hasn't even learned the language and then - boom - owns his own business. Like I'm buying that. Bullshit.

I've been 15 years on my job and I don't own shit. I'm still paying for my truck. And now it's impounded so I can't even use it. So I'm paying \$150 a month for nothing.

And this guy! Little station. Great location. Major intersection. Eight pumps. Not just four. Four on *each side*. All self-service so he doesn't even have to get off his ass. Just sit in his little booth and take my money.

So everywhere I go, that's what I think: More money for him. 25 miles to the gallon, I get. So every 25 miles - more money for him. I haul a load of trash out to the dump. Money in his pocket. Go to a ball game. Money in his pocket. Everything I do. Cuz I love that truck. Got 100,000 miles on it. Who's gettin' rich? Fuckin' Achmar McYahoo.

Fuckin' I could run a gas station. And I - check it out - would have *full service*. Check your oil. Windshield. Tires? No problem: tires. At self-service prices.

(taps his head)

American ingenuity.

But that's the thing. Being an American don't count for shit in this country.

"Sorry, we need collateral. We need," I don't know, "credit reports."
And, "oh, what's this I see? You owe American Express \$1000 dollars?"

No! My *girlfriend* owes American Express a thousand dollars because that's her engagement ring that she charged. That I let her pick out, because nothing can be perfect for her. So you go ahead, honey, you just pick the one you like, because that's the kind of guy I am. And then when I find out it's a thousand dollars... Do you know how long it takes me to make a thousand dollars?

It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter if you know. She knows how long it takes. And when I try to discuss it with her, can she be reasonable? No, that would be too much to ask, so now it's at the bottom of the lake, so the fuck I'm paying for it. American Express can suck my American cock.

So "I'm sorry we cannot authorize your loan."

You know why they have armed guards at a bank? Exactly for that. So they can say shit like that to your face and they got somebody around to pull you off 'em before you're completely finished.

That is one lucky faggot.

But this Egyptian... Let me ask you one question: What kind of collateral does he have? What kind of credit history does he have? I'll tell you what - none. I'll tell you what he's got. The Mafia. That's how they do it.

Not the real Mafia. Not like "The Godfather". Because I got no problem with Italian Americans. "The Sopranos" kicks ass. Cuz how cool would that be to have in your neighborhood?

But no, we got this Middle Eastern Hindu Palestinian OPEC bullshit. Where they all stick together, because why? Because they all wear fucking turbans? Because they all have brown skin? My cousin Bobby almost married a Mexican chick, so don't talk to me about racism.

I'll tell you what it is. It's all this fundamentalist Buddhist crap where Allah teaches them that we're the Great Satan because we like Freedom and Equality and because we think women look hot in a thong bikini once in awhile instead of all those veils and baggy shit so you can't tell if they're fat or not.

Cuz you *know* that's what this is all about. Because when Mohamed gets back to the hotel room on his wedding night and finally gets his virgin bride unwrapped out of all her tarps and shit and it turns out she's a fucking pig.... Hell, yes, he wants to blow up some Americans. I would, too.

So when they got a problem, instead of just changing it in their Bible like we do and problem solved, they have to go: Okay, now everyone else has to suffer, too. So they do this "we all have to stick together" thing and get rid of Israel - like *that's* their problem. So the Arabs support the Palestinians. And the Libyans help the Albanians. And Iraq and Iran and Yemen.

And that would be fine if they all wanted to stay over there and be Islamic in Mecca. Which seems like the obvious thing if you ask me.

But what happens is one of them comes over here. And he wants to open a gas station. So he can sell *their* oil over here. And he doesn't even know the language. So is the faggot at the bank going to approve that? No, because the guy could just say, "I didn't know what I was signing." Or "It's against the Koran to pay interest" or some shit, so he can't go to a bank.

But it doesn't matter because they just get some sheik to go in on it with 'em because he's making a profit on the oil anyway, so it's all gravy for him. So they can have as many gas stations and 7-11s as they want at pure profit until they take over that way.

But you don't have to believe *me*.

I shouldn't even be saying this because: Religion and politics, you know what

they say. And this is both. So never mind, fuck it. It's a free country, right? So what if an honest American can't make an honest living and gets arraigned on assault charges while this sick fuck is charging almost 2 dollars a gallon and won't even wipe your fucking windshield.

And he gives you this *look* every time you walk in.

Because you know what it is, really? This is the thing: We have something in this country called "innocent until proven guilty". I just want to say that up front. Innocent until proven guilty.

Because what it is, really - This guy thinks I did something to his daughter. Like tried to rape her or something. And I don't even want to get into this he said/she said bullshit about "What is rape?" because that doesn't even matter.

That's not the point, because the point is... Whatever happened. Whatever he thinks happened. He doesn't know.

I know he doesn't know, because how is he going to find out? She's not gonna say nothing. They can't even look a woman in the eye without a veil on. You think she's gonna tell him how her date went?

So, every time I go in there, he looks at me like he knows I'm guilty of something which I know for a fact he don't know. But that's how he looks at me anyway. But where's the proof? Where's the presumption of innocence? For all he knows it could be that it turns out it was consensual. Did he ever think of that? That maybe there's a reason she didn't go to the police. That maybe there's a reason she doesn't talk to him about it. Like maybe in this country it's none of his business if she wants to go to a party and doesn't feel like telling him every little detail of what goes on in her private life.

So she makes shit up.

Did it ever occur to him that whatever that little bitch told him - if she even told him anything at all - which I don't think she did - isn't exactly the whole truth?

So now every time I go in there I have to feel like I'm on trial for something when I'm there to give him money! That's the thing that pisses me off. I'm the customer. He's getting rich off me. You'd think there'd be some kind of common courtesy to smile at least while he's raking me over the coals with every gallon. *I'm* the one who's getting raped. I didn't ask to be out of gas. But he makes me feel like the fucking Inquisition every time I walk in.

Listen, if you don't like it, don't open a store. Go back to driving a cab so you can decide who you pick up and who you don't based on the color of their skin, or what part of town you think they live in that you don't go to.

But if you're gonna open a business in my part of town, then you're gonna get people like me comin' in, because this is a free country. And if you don't like it, you're free to leave it and go back to wherever it is you're from that everybody else is just like you so you can discriminate against your own kind.

But don't come in here with your bombs and your racism and your centuries-old quarrels that nobody understands and blame innocent people because you don't have nice stuff in your own country. Because that's the kind of shit where somebody ends up dead.

So don't ask me, but that's what I think happened.

(BLACKOUT)

Santa Worship

(LIGHTS UP on: a SANTA WORSHIPPER in a red suit with white trim and wielding a Bible.)

Excuse me, can I ask you something?

(takes out a Bible)

Have you accepted-- Wait, let me finish-- Have you accepted Santa Claus as your personal savior?

I know. You thought I was going to say the other guy.
That's who I used to work for, you know.

But there was just so much negativity:
Hate this, bomb that. No, bomb this, hate that.
No, no, bomb everything.

A lot of times, when I was telling people about my personal relationship with you-know-who... they would run. They thought I was going to hurt them.

Which I would never do. But I know a lot of people who would. So I guess I understand.

Like my friend Kurt. He's a guy I used to witness around with.
He had this thing he called the Bat of God.
It was a Louisville Slugger that he modified for missionary work.

He sanded over the logo
And carved a crucifix into the sweet spot.
Or no, maybe it was a confederate flag. Whatever, same thing.
And then he wrapped the handle in some fingerprint-resistant tape he got at a gun shop.

He always said, if you're gonna be pro-choice,
You better be ready to play pro-ball.

Kurt was like the Barry Bonds of family values.
I don't think I ever saw him miss.
He was so good it was scary.

But that's the thing.
You don't want people to be afraid of you.
They should fear the Lord, sure.
But if they start fearing you.
Well, that's playing God, isn't it?

And then you're no better than the people who are involved in
Cloning and gene splicing. And space travel.

And birth control, and soil conservation,
And creating light,
And healing the sick.
And feeding the multitudes.

(looks perplexed)

I never really understood why playing God is a bad thing, but it just is.

That's one of the reasons why I switched.
Nobody ever gets mad at you for playing Santa Claus.

Not that I'm mad at you-know-who. But he's just so conflicted.

I mean, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us"? That doesn't even make sense. I never trespassed against anybody.

And how are we supposed to get any good Supreme Court justices when you-know-who is famous for saying "Judge not, lest ye be judged"?

One time I was taking part in a candlelight vigil at a prison where a convicted murderer was scheduled to be executed. And I got in a big argument with one of those lunatics who thinks capital punishment should just be outlawed.

And she tried to tell me that, if you-know-who were alive today, that he would be against the death penalty. Right. Like, just because he was executed by the Romans under false pretenses, that somehow that makes him soft on crime.

I told her, "Who are you to tell me what you-know-who would do?"
And then she called me a "hatemonger" and threw some red paint on me.

(looks a little disturbed)

Like that's supposed to symbolize something.

And I started thinking...
You know, maybe you-know-who is the problem.
Because this sort of thing never happens to me at my day job.
I get along with just about everybody there.
It's only when I try to talk to people about the immaculate conception.
Or the infield fly rule.
Or the true meaning of Christmas.
That they get all defensive.

And that's when it hit me...
Christmas! Santa Claus!

Everybody loves Santa Claus

And he's a lot like you-know-who but without all the baggage.
Except for the one big one. And it's full of toys.

He's not Jewish, so there's half your problem right there.

And the suit is already red, so even if you get blood on it, it doesn't show as much.

And all of the core values are the same. So you're not missing anything.
You've still got good and evil.
Only now it's called naughty and nice.
And instead of sending you to hell you get coal in your stocking.
So it's less controversial.

And talk about loving your neighbor!
When's the last time you-know-who went house to house and left presents under everybody's trees?

So that's why I converted to Santa-nism

And I got my friend Kurt to help me write the Santa-nic Bible.
It's pretty much like the regular bible,
only when you get to the New Testament,
we had to cross out all the you-know-whos and put Santa Claus instead.

And there's 8 tiny disciples instead of 12.

(reading:)

"And Santa Claus said,
Suffer the little children to come unto me.
And they came bearing gifts of milk and cookies for his reindeer.
And Santa Claus said,
Merrily merrily I say unto you.
Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. And to all a good night.
Ho ho ho!"

(closes the Bible)

He's knocking at the chimney to your heart. Won't you let him in?

(BLACKOUT)

Popophilia

(A VIRGIN is reading a gay male porn magazine. She wears an extremely large crucifix on a chain around her neck. She politely sets the magazine aside.)

I'm saving myself.
For the pope.
Not just any pope.
The current pope.

Because no way I'm fucking a dead man.

(She fidgets with her crucifix.)

He's kind of sexy, don't you think? The pope.
There's just something about him.
He seems so... *infallible*.

Just makes you want to fuck him up. *(giggles)*

He's really not my type, normally.
I think he's a little old for me.
I mean *old* old.
Like deathbed old.

But that's okay, I just need him for one night.

I bet he's like a 50 year old once you get him in the sack, though.
All that pent up fornication.

It's tough being a virgin. Trust me, I know.
Celibacy sucks ass.

I know it's hard to believe, in this day and age.
But I've been saving myself since I was a kid.
This isn't something I just decided to do yesterday, you know.
I've been thinking about it for a long time.

When all the other little girls were trying on different boys' last names,
I was thinking, one day, I'm going to be Mr. & Mrs. Pontiff.

Although I don't think they'll let us get married in a church.
Even if he *is* the pope.

That's all right, though. I don't really believe in marriage anyway.
I'm just in it for the papal semen.

And I know the only way I'm going to get it, is to be a total virgin when I finally meet him.

Because the pope is not going to have sex with just anybody.

It's like my boyfriend says, "You catch more bees with honey." My ex, I mean. Don't worry, nothing happened. I told you, I'm saving myself.

In fact, that's main reason we broke up.
He kept pressuring me to go all the way.
He wouldn't respect my decision to remain pure and chaste.

One time, I was sucking his cock, and he tried to tell me it wouldn't be a sin if we did it in the missionary position.

Yeah, right, like I don't know what missionaries do to heathens. I'm not stupid.

Boys will say just about anything for sex.

I told him, my body is a temple and the only little bishop that gets to come inside is the bishop of Rome.

I'm very committed to that. Hard core.

We're going to make a great couple. Me and the pope.

And I'm not kidding myself.
I know this a long shot.
I mean, the man's a catholic priest, for Christ's sake.
So I brought some gay porn.
And a baster. Just in case.

I hope he's at least partly straight, though.
Because if I'm going to be with the pope,
I'd really like to fuck him in the biblical sense.

Not that I'm religious. Not at all.
I know that's hard to believe, in this day and age.
But that's mainly why I'm doing this.

Because when half the world believes in something
You better believe the other half better get with the program.

You don't want to be the only kid on the block who doesn't believe in the Easter Bunny, when all the other kids are collecting eggs.

You gotta say, "Yes, I believe in the Easter Bunny!"

I believe in an egg-laying magical *male* rabbit who's so into Jesus that he gives away his colorful unborn children every year to all the kids who go to catechism. Now sign me up for some candy!

(She contemplates the crucifix.)

I bet you could fuck someone up with one of these.

(She smacks it into her palm, like a hammer.)

BAM.

Or like this:

(She waves the crucifix over an imaginary supplicant.)

"You are forgiven! Go forth and sin no more!"

(giggles)

"And if you do, then come on back and we'll try another parish."

When you look at everything that's going on in the world today,
With all the violence and killing and atrocities.
You really *have* to be on the side of the Christians.

Because they will fuck you up.

When I was twelve years old, I watched three junior high boys beat the hell out of a kid with leukemia, because he was against God. That's what they kept saying. I guess they found out he was gay.

And the whole time I was watching it, I kept thinking, why doesn't he just say, "I believe in Jesus, too! He had 12 male escorts, and for his last meal he made them eat his body. And drink his bodily fluids. He's practically a gay icon!"

I think that kid could have saved himself a good whipping if he just told them he was down with the Lord.

That's what I would do if I were in that situation. But I'm not a very good liar.

I tried to get baptized once. But when they asked me if I renounced Satan, I just couldn't keep a straight face. I asked them if I could renounce Darth Vader, too, while I was in the tub.

They threw me out of the church and told me not to come back.

That's why I want to have the pope's baby.
Then they *have* to let you join the church.

You know, like the Virgin Mary. She was Jewish. But then she automati-

cally got to be Catholic, after she had sex with God.

Now obviously *I* can't have sex with God. ...Because he's *not real*.

But the pope's real. I've seen him on TV.

And once you have the pope's baby you're set for life. Morally speaking.

I bet they give you a nice penthouse at the Vatican.
And let you drive around in the bulletproof bubble car.

But you have to play your cards right.

You can't just go around telling everybody about it. Not during his lifetime.
Because then it's a scandal and he's disgraced and disbarred.
And then he's not the pope, he's just some dirty, old ex-priest.

And you can't wait too long after he's dead, either.
Because then it's even more of a scandal.
And obviously they think *you're* lying, because why didn't you say anything
when he was alive? So then there's inquiries and blood tests. And it turns out
you were telling the truth. But by then it's too late because now his reputation
is completely besmirched.

And if he's a saint, then they have him de-sanitized
And turn him into one of those anti-popes.
That's what they have for when they find out later that a pope was a fuck up.
They say "That one didn't count" and they make him an anti-pope.

But I've got it all figured out.
What you have to do is: You come out with it *right at* the funeral.
Because nobody's going to badmouth the pope at his own funeral.
So you go right up to the coffin
And you say, "Look, Cindy, there's your daddy."

And I'm not saying it wouldn't be awkward at first.
Everyone would act all shocked and surprised.
And a hush would fall over the room.
But they know they can't drag you out and stone you to death right there in
front of the body.

So there would be this really tense silence for a minute while they try to fig-
ure out the holiest way to kill you.

And somebody would get uncomfortable and say,
"Oh, my, what an adorable little girl."
To try to change the subject.

And just like that, the ice would be broken.
And everyone would crowd around.
And all the nuns would want to hold the child.
And all the bishops and congressmen would want to have their picture taken
with the papal baby.

And then once some of those hit the newsstands, you're in.
Because they can't pretend it didn't happen now.
So they have to accept it and pretend like it was their idea in the first place.
And once it's official, they turn you into some kind of living saint.
And look after you.
Because you're The Virgin Mother.

And then if anybody talks bad about you,
they tie him to a fence and beat the hell out of him.

And after that, God can go fuck himself.

And all it takes is a little papal semen.

(She waves the crucifix over the audience in a blessing.)

In nomine patri, et filii, et spiritu sanctu. ...BAM.

(BLACKOUT)

None-Believer

(LIGHTS UP)

I've never met anyone who believed in God. Not really. I don't think they exist.

Sure, you run into a lot of those "I go to church every Sunday" types. And the "My kid is an honor student at Sacred Hearts Middle School, so Honk if you love Jesus" bumper sticker people. Not to mention those "Doesn't this little gold crucifix make me look HOT in my catholic school girl outfit?" girls you see at the mall. And Lord knows I've seen my fair share of the "Sure, I believe in God, because if you ever disagree with me on anything, guess who that means YOU believe in?" crowd. They're everywhere.

But nobody who really means it.

You know how you can tell?

It's the look in their eyes when you pop the question.
The BIG question. The one question none of them has an answer for:

The next time someone tries to tell you they believe in a higher power, just ask them this...

"Really?"

I've never seen anybody get that one right.

Usually, they just get all flustered and try to repeat whatever they said before. Or they panic and start babbling even more convoluted rationalizations, like they're still trying to convince themselves.

But no one's ever been able to look me in the eye with a straight face and just say this...

Did I stutter?
What part of "There is a God" don't you understand?
I tell you the sky is blue and you say "Really?" like I'm out of my mind or something?
I think *you're* the one who needs to have your head examined.
Yes, of course, really! What are you, stupid?

You know what? Never mind, fuck you.
Burn in hell. See if I care.
I don't have time for this.
I've got the Second Coming coming up. And I still gotta pack.
So I'll tell you what. Let's just wait and see, why don't we?

I think we'll know who's crazy and who's not when you're swimming in a lake of fire and I'm sitting at the right hand of God sipping nectar from the laps of 72 virgins.
Yeah, let's do that. That'll be great.
Little Miss fucking "Really". Fucking bitch.

That's the correct answer.

But I don't know anybody that confident.
I wish I did.
I fantasize about them sometimes.
People who believe in God and the afterlife.
I wish they were real.

The world would be a very different place if anyone actually believed that stuff.

John Lennon had it backwards:
Imagine there IS a heaven.
And everyone on earth is scared to shit they're gonna get their asses handed to them the minute they get there if they don't stop fucking around.

Because if you've only got 50 or 60 years down here. And how you spend it determines whether you spend the next 50 or 60 *million* years boiling in acid... People would treat each other a hell of a lot nicer, that's for sure.

There'd be a lot less thou-shalt-killing in the name of God, for one thing.

Because even if it's a "just war"
And you're pretty sure it's okay with God,
because you're *only* planning on killing evil doers
And not the evil doers' children.
Or their Red Cross workers. Just the evil doers.
Not the U.N. inspectors.

Are you really gonna take the risk of walking into heaven covered in blood and human entrails and then find out you *maybe* misread the fine print on those 10 commandments?

"Oh, hi, God. Yeah, sorry about those Canadians. I was hopped up on amphetamines. I hope that's all right with you."

And there wouldn't be any pedophile priests.
Or maybe there would but there wouldn't be noooooobody covering up for them.

Not if there was any chance at all that you might find yourself standing in line at the pearly gates one day and have the Almighty come up behind you and