

## 'Cocktails at Pam's' by Stewart Lemoine

**From:** Play

**Type:** Comedic

**Character:** Estelle Washington, a temperamental divorcée.

**Gender:** Female

**Summary:** Pam was always the perfect hostess -- until the night there were more floral arrangements than suitable vases, the divorcee didn't want her canape and the guests formed charade teams and began to have cheap, competitive fun.

**ESTELLE:** No, I don't. I hate it. Actually, do you want to know what I really hate? I hate the fact that although I despise green pepper, everyone else alive seems to love it. I mean, it really doesn't bother me so much that I don't like the taste, because the reasons for that are certainly scientific or medical. No, what bothers me is that everyone else likes it and because they do, it is so much in evidence. On pizza, in salads....The other night I found some in stroganoff! Oh....yuck... And a myth has sprung up you know. People have said to me, "Well, if you don't like it just pick it out." But that's so stupid. Just because you pick it out doesn't mean the flavor's going to go away. Green pepper doesn't work like that. It is insidious and pervasive, like noxious fumes that kill you and your family while you sleep. Jesus, the way some people talk, you'd think it was parsley! I've even seen, yes it's true, green pepper that's been sliced cross-wise to make a sort of shamrock shaped ring. That's supposed to be decorative. Do you believe it? That's like making a garnish to make the bile really rise up in the throats of your dinner guests!

(Estelle looks at the others who are standing quite motionless)

Look, I know you all like green pepper and so you think I'm over-reacting. But what I'm trying to say is that acceptance of these foodstuffs can never be taken for granted. You can't assume it. It's not a given. No. This is something that has caused me a lot of unhappiness and I just don't want to go through that anymore.....I do like red pepper though. I want you all to know that.

## 'The (curious case of the) Watson Intelligence' by Madeleine George

**From:** Play

**Type:** Dramedy

**Character:** Waston, fixes computers for a Geek Squad like company

**Gender:** Male

**Summary:** Watson: trusty sidekick to Sherlock Holmes; loyal engineer who built Bell's first telephone; unstoppable super-computer that became reigning Jeopardy! champ; amiable techno-dweeb who, in the present day, is just looking for love.

WATSON: Well obviously I can't take this. I mean, I didn't do it for the money anyway, I did it because you seemed like you needed a hand, and to be honest I needed a break from my high-pressure job, and even though I'm guessing you're pretty pissed right now, in the end I think you'll see this was the most helpful thing I could do. Because-- **(deep earnest)** Moving on is so hard sometimes--mean, I get it, I've been there. It's such a—**(he gestures:fist to his heart)**, you know?

And in those moments, when you're in the middle of doing something really crazy and humiliating, what you need more than anything else is a reality check, someone who can reflect you back to yourself, so you can be like, hey, is this really what I want to be doing? Is this really the guy I want to be? **(beat)** So that's what I decided to do for you, in the end. I don't think this is the guy you want to be.