

**Peter**  
*The Zoo Story*

**A**

I've come here for years; I have hours of great pleasure, great satisfaction, right here. And that's important to a man. I'm a responsible person, and I'm a GROWN-UP. This is my bench, and you have no right to take it away from me.

People can't have everything they want. You should know that; it's a rule; people can have some of the things they want, but they can't have everything.

I've put up with you long enough! I've listened to you because you seemed ... well, because I thought you wanted to talk to somebody.

I've had enough of you! I will not give up this bench; you can't have it, and that's that. Now, go away. [JERRY snorts but does not move.] Go away, I said. [JERRY does not move.] Get away from here. If you don't move on ... you're a bum ... that's what you are.... If you don't move on, I'll get a policeman here and make you go. I warn you, I'll call a policeman.

Look, you; get off my bench. I don't care if it makes any sense or not. I want this bench to myself; I want you OFF IT!

**GET AWAY FROM MY BENCH!**

**Jerry**  
*The Zoo Story*

**B**

The day I tried to kill the dog I bought only one hamburger and what I thought was a murderous portion of rat poison. When I bought the hamburger I asked the man not to bother with the roll, all I wanted was the meat. I expected some reaction from him, like: we don't sell no hamburgers without rolls; or, wha' d'ya wanna do, eat it out'a ya han's ? But no; he smiled benignly, wrapped up the hamburger in waxed paper, and said: A bite for ya pussy-cat? I wanted to say: No, not really; it's part of a plan to poison a dog I know. But, you can't say 'a dog I know' without sounding funny; so I said, a little too loud, I'm afraid, and too formally: YES, A BITE FOR MY PUSSYCAT. People looked up. It always happens when I try to simplify things; people look up.

**Flint**  
*The Night of January 16<sup>th</sup>*

C

Your Honor! Ladies and gentlemen of the jury! On the sixteenth of January, near midnight, when the lights of Broadway blazed an electric dawn over the festive crowds below, the body of a man came hurtling through space and crashed a disfigured mess at the foot of the Faulkner Building. That body had been Sweden's great financier Bjorn Faulkner. He fell fifty stories from his luxurious penthouse. A suicide, we were told. A man who found a fall from the roof of a skyscraper shorter and easier than a descent from his tottering throne of the world's financial dictator. Only a few months ago, behind every big transaction of gold in the world, stood that well-known figure: young, tall, with an arrogant smile, with kingdoms and nations in the palm of one hand and a whip in the other. If gold is the world's life blood, then Bjorn Faulkner was the heart of the world. Well, ladies and gentlemen, the world has just had a heart attack. And like all heart attacks, it was rather sudden. A few days after his death, the earth shook from the crash of his business; thousands of investors were stricken with the paralysis which follows an attack, when that monstrous heart stopped beating. Bjorn Faulkner had had a hard struggle facing the world. But he had a much harder struggle to face in his heart, a struggle which this trial will have to uncover.

**Jason**  
*Rabbit Hole*

**D**

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, I wanted to send you my condolences on the death of your son, Danny. I know it's been eight months since the accident, but I'm sure it's probably still hard for you to be reminded of that day. I think about what happened a lot, as I'm sure you do, too. I've been having troubles at home and at school, and a couple people here thought it might be a good idea to write you. I'm sorry if this letter upsets you. That's obviously not my intention. Even though I never knew Danny, I did read that article in the town paper, and was happy to learn a little bit about him. He sounds like he was a great kid. I'm sure you miss him a lot, as you said in the article. I especially liked the part where Mr. Corbett talked about Danny's robots, because when I was his age I was a big fan of robots, too. In fact I still am, in some ways.

I know this probably doesn't make things better, but I wanted you to know how terrible I feel about Danny. I wish I had driven a different block that day. I'm sure you do too. Anyway, that's it for now.

Sincerely, Jason Willete.

P.S. Would it be possible to meet you at some point?

**Karen**  
*The Night of January 16<sup>th</sup>*

**E**

Bjorn Faulkner did not commit suicide. He was murdered. I did not kill him. Please, believe me. Not for my sake I don't care what you do to me now but because you cannot let his murder remain unpunished! I'll tell you the whole truth. I've lied at the inquest. I've lied to my own attorney. I was going to lie here but everything I told you so far has been true. I'll tell you the rest. I told you that he was going to leave the world. But he was not to kill himself. I did throw a man's body off the penthouse. But that body was dead before I threw it. It was not Bjorn Faulkner. Bjorn wanted to be officially dead. No searches or investigations were to bother him. He was to disappear. That suicide was staged. He had had the plan in mind for a long time. He had kept ten million dollars of the Whitfield forgery for this. We needed someone to help us. Someone who could not be connected with Bjorn in any way. There was only one such person: Regan.

**Magda**  
*The Night of January 16<sup>th</sup>*

**F**

*(Speaks with a pronounced Swedish accent.)*

From very first day this woman appeared, she was sleeping with Herr Faulkner. It isn't good thing when a man forgets line between his bed and his desk. And she put her claws right on both. Sometimes, they talked loans and dividends in bed; other times, the door to his officewas locked and, under the window shades that was pulled down, I seen her lace pants on the window sill.

You try count up all money he waste on that woman. I tell you. He had a platinum gown made for her. Yes, I said platinum. Fine mesh, fine and soft as silk. She wore it on her naked body. He would make a fire in the fireplace and he would heat the dress and then put it on her. It cooled and you could see her body in silver sheen, and it been more decent if she had been naked. And she ask to put it on as hot as she can stand, and if it burned her shameless skin, she laughed like the pagan she is, and he kissed the burn, wild like tiger!

He was happy for first time in his life. He was happy like decent man that found right road.

Izzy  
*Rabbit Hole*

G

And then I see her across the bar, coming at me with this *look*, you know. And everybody kinda steps aside for her, like the Red Sea, or whatever – just clears a path for her, and I’m like, “What’s with *this* nut job?” Never seen her before. I was sitting there with Reema, a friend of mine, and suddenly this lady is in my face. And she’s all sweaty and yelling and *really* pissed. I don’t even *know* why at this point. It has something to do with her boyfriend, who’s apparently at the end of the bar. So she’s all up in my face, and her breath is like – boozy, but even worse, you know, like there’s something rancid stuck to the roof of her mouth. Rotting peanut butter or something. And she’s harassing me, and blowing her stank-breath in my face. And cussing. My God, you wouldn’t believe the words that came out of this lady’s mouth. She’s all, “You bitch, you. Fuck you, you bitch.” – Sorry: “F-u, you b,” and all that. Just talking like a maniac. And she’s just going off, and I can’t really *do* anything because the place is so crowded, you know? And she’s a big lady. Real hefty. More chins than a Chinese phone book. I’m starting to feel violated. My personal space, and my dignity, or what have you, so I just made a fist, hauled off, and BOOM! Crazy, right? What would *you* have done?

**Becca**  
*Rabbit Hole*

**H**

Do you really not know me, Howie? Do you really not know how utterly impossible that would be? To erase him? No matter how many things I give to charity, or how many art projects I box up, do you really think I don't see him every second of everyday? And okay, I'm trying to make things a little easier on myself by hiding some of the photos and giving away some of the clothes, but that does *not* mean I'm trying to *erase* him. That tape was an accident. And believe me, I will beat myself up about it forever, I'm sure. Like everything else I could've prevented but didn't.

It feels like I don't feel bad enough for you. I'm not mourning enough for your taste. Or mourning is the right *way*. But let me just say, Howie, that I'm mourning as much as you are. And my grief is just as real awful as yours. You're not in a better place than I am, you're just in a *different* place. And that sucks that we can't be there for each other, but that's just the way it is.

You don't wanna let go. I understand, Howie.