

JUDITH

Plays have beginnings and endings. That's two lies right there . . . And people listen. When does that ever happen? . . . And they care what happens – even if it's not happening to them. *(To the audience)* How could there be anything true about a play?

(Judith surveys the audience. Then speaks to them. Judith doesn't judge things. She simply notices them. Here are some of the things she notices.)

I don't like theater. *(she lets that sit)* And I don't like soliloquies. *(she sits with that)* So it's odd that I'm the one who has them.

Soliloquies. People you've never met telling you things you'd rather not know. Because nobody ever tells anybody anything *good* in a soliloquy, do they? *(Judith is in no hurry. She's just thinking. With us.)* It's always somebody who just killed his father telling you he's on his way to sleep with his mother. If anybody did that in real life --

But people do it in plays as if it was the most natural -- Because -- in plays -- everybody's got -- a secret story. And he always gives the soliloquies to the wrong people. As if you needed to know one more thing about Hamlet.

He should give them to minor characters -- people's daughters for instance. *(A moment)* But that wouldn't work, would it. *(A moment)* According to him, a daughter's job is to love and be silent. So -- there'd be nothing to say. Besides -- *(A moment, at a cost)* Who would listen?