

*Landscape of the Body* by John Guare

**Joanne:** You read in the papers today about the lady in Forest Hills who died and they couldn't figure out how she died? She was healthy. Well, you know how she died?

She had this beautiful beehive hairdo that she wore. Really intricate. Curls. Upswept. Spit curls. And she didn't want to damage it because her hairdo was really a work of art. *Hairdo Magazine* was considering her for a feature. And she kept spraying her hairdo with hair spray so her hairdo wouldn't get hurt when she went to sleep at night and you know what happened? IN Forest Hills, Queens, they traced that black widow spiders escaped and hid in her hair. Somehow they ended up in her hair because they like dark places and the hair spray made this shield like *Gardol on the toothpaste commercial where the decay can't get through the toothpaste. And the black widow spiders got trapped within her hairdo in this wall of hair spray and got panicked and couldn't get out and at their way through her skull. Bit her in the skull to get out and that's how she died.*

*Raised in Captivity* by Nicky Silver

**Bernadette:** Well, Sebastian, I wasn't going to say anything, because I don't know if this is really the right place, but I think it is patently *immoral* of you to disappear from our lives and return, show up just in time to claim half of everything. You think you're entitled. I'm sorry, but I don't! Why should you be? You didn't have deal with her. No! You have your glamorous literary friends. You sit around the Russian Tea Room all day eating blintzes and trading bon mots! You never suffered her venomous glares and the constant insults, the barrage of insults pecking away at my self-confidence. She *adored* you. You were some perfect abstract figure in the alcoholic haze of her imagination. You have a perfect life don't you? I don't care. I have a perfect life too. – You didn't endure her epithets and the black stream of complaints about my life and my husband and my wardrobe. She hated this dress! That's why I wore it!!! So, so, so I think it is just in the worst possible taste for you to come marching up, making demands for things to which, I'm sorry, but I don't believe you're entitled! I hope I haven't hurt you. But that's how I feel.