

*lori bobrick*

## Slaughterhouse Two

*The scene takes place inside and outside a two-story wooden house. Seymore and Stanley are seated, onstage left, at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and reading the morning paper. A door separates them from stage right.*

SEYMORE: I can't stand reading the paper, it's so depressing. You know, the crime rate's gone up again. The world just isn't a safe place anymore, there're too many lunatics running around.

STANLEY: Well, I don't know, I think it's basically a social problem, there's too much poverty and not enough work. Many people go through life unloved, uneducated and misunderstood. It's a real tragedy.

(WOLFGANG WALKS TOWARD THE DOOR FROM STAGE RIGHT)

SEYMORE: I think there just aren't enough jails. We're so afraid of overcrowding our criminals that we'd rather leave them out on the streets than expose them to such beastly injustices. We're too fair Stanley, and it's finally catching up with us. It's getting to the point now where we can't even open up our own doors without being afraid.

(WOLFGANG BANGS ON THE DOOR)

SEYMORE: (PARANOID) What's that?

STANLEY: The door.

SEYMORE: I'm not going to open it. (LOUD) Go away, there's nobody home.

(WOLFGANG KNOCKS AGAIN)

SEYMORE: (GOES TO DOOR, YELLS) I said go away, there's nobody home.

WOLFGANG: LITTLE PIG! LITTLE PIG! LET ME COME IN.

SEYMORE: Oh damn, it's that wolf again.

STANLEY: Well, ask him what he wants.

SEYMORE: I know what he wants, he wants to eat us.

WOLFGANG: I said: LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG LET ME COME IN.

SEYMORE: Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

STANLEY: God Seymore, you're so paranoid. At least ask him what he wants before you start acting so rudely towards him. You know, maybe if Sidney was polite and friendly, and let the wolf in, his straw house would still be standing and there would still be three little pigs.

SEYMORE: I can't believe what you're saying. You're defending our brother's murderer.

STANLEY: Murderer? How do you know it wasn't an accident? At least give him the benefit of the doubt and speak to him before you persecute him.

SEYMORE: I won't speak with that murderer.

STANLEY: (GOES TO THE DOOR) Hey wolf.

WOLFGANG: Yeah?

STANLEY: What do you want?

WOLFGANG: I just want to use your phone. My car broke down and I've got to call my wife and tell her I'll be late for dinner.

STANLEY: (TO SEYMORE) Well, that sounds reasonable. Let's let him in.

SEYMORE: (GOES TO THE DOOR SO THE WOLF CAN HEAR HIM) No, this is my house and I won't have a wolf use my phone.

WOLFGANG: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down.

SEYMORE: Damn it, I knew we should have built a brick house.

STANLEY: I like wood, it gives the house a sort of lived in look, blends more with the surrounding environment, provides a healthier atmosphere and wasn't as heavy to carry as. . . . .

SEYMORE: (INTERRUPTS) Wolf, you've got 30 seconds to get away from my door. If you're not gone by then, I'm calling the Wood Chopper who saved Little Red Ridinghood from your cousin.

STANLEY: You know what's wrong with this world? No diplomacy. Now I'm sure we can work this out peacefully and there will be no need for violence.

WOLFGANG: Amen!

SEYMORE: You know Stanley, your psychology classes have ruined you. You've lost your senses.

STANLEY: Maybe so, but I haven't lost my dignity. I will not let some wolf blow my house down just because I'm too paranoid to let him in. We are not people, we are animals, rational and intelligent, we should try to work out our differences. We are no longer the uncivilized savages of yesteryear, we are. . . . .

SEYMORE: (INTERRUPTS) We are pigs! He's a wolf! Wolves eat pigs, there's no diplomacy, it's just matter of fact.

STANLEY: (TO SEYMORE) I'll never understand you. Haven't you been listening to me? We should strive towards an understanding with our fellow creatures, draw up new social contracts, learn to love and respect each other instead of confining ourselves behind locked doors. This is no life. We're afraid of our own shadows. We never go out after dark. Let's live, Seymore! Let's take a chance.

WOLFGANG: Bravo! Bravo! Brilliant speech, and may I add that

we are all brothers under the same sun. We must learn to trust each other. To live in fear is never to live at all.

STANLEY: (TO SEYMORE) Listen to him, he's right you know. We are the world.

SEYMORE: Maybe you're right. Maybe I have been too hasty in my judgments. Maybe there's some middle ground. Yes, I like the way that sounds. Let's drop the barriers and open the door!

(STANLEY OPENS THE DOOR, WOLFGANG ENTERS INTO THE HOUSE)

WOLFGANG: Thank you, I just want to use your phone. (LOOKS AROUND) You really have a lovely house.

STANLEY: (TO SEYMORE) See how nice he is, he complimented your house. Oh, Mr. Wolf, the phone's over there on the table. (TO SEYMORE) You know, it's going to be a whole new way of life for us now, I can feel it.

SEYMORE: You know, I think you're right. I really feel good about this.

WOLFGANG: (PICKS UP THE PHONE, DIALS, WAITS A BEAT) Hello honey, good news, we're having ribs for dinner.

(BLACK OUT)