Acting Edition

THE PILLOWMAN

BY MARTIN MCDONAGH

This sample is an excerpt of a Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles are for perusal and cannot be used for performance or downloaded, printed, and distributed in any way.

This sample may not reflect the version of the play currently in print.

DPS
DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE

THE PILLOWMAN
Copyright © 2003, MARTIN MCDONAGH
All Rights Reserved

THE PILLOWMAN is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise), or stored in any retrieval system in any way (electronic or mechanical) without written permission of the publisher.

ISBN 978-0-82222-100-5
www.dramatists.com
www.concordtheatricals.com

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for THE PILLOWMAN are controlled exclusively by Dramatists Play Service. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of Dramatists Play Service and paying the requisite fee.

This work is published by Dramatists Play Service, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

All other rights, including without limitation motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Dramatists Play Service, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

MUSIC AND THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music and/or other copyrighted third-party materials (e.g. artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, including without limitation music, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Dramatists Play Service, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

THE PILLOWMAN was originally produced by the National Theatre at the Cottesloe in London, England, opening on November 13, 2003. It was directed by John Crowley; the set and costume design were by Scott Pask; the lighting design was by Hugh Vanstone; the sound design was by Paul Arditti; and the original music was by Paddy Cunneen. The cast was as follows:

TUPOLSKI ..... Jim Broadbent
KATURIAN ..... David Tennant
ARIEL ..... Nigel Lindsay
MICHAL ..... Adam Godley
MOTHER ..... Victoria Pembroke
FATHER ..... Mike Sherman

THE PILLOWMAN was originally produced in the United States on Broadway at the Booth Theatre in New York City, opening on April 10, 2005. It was produced by the National Theatre, Robert Boyett Theatricals LLC and RMJF Inc. in association with Boyett Ostar, Robert Fox, Arielle Tepper, Stephanie P. McClelland, Debra Black, Dede Harris / Morton Swinsky / Roy Furman / Jon Avnet in association with Joyce Schweickert. It was directed by John Crowley; the set and costume design were by Scott Pask; the lighting design was by Brian MacDevitt; the sound design was by Paul Arditti; and the original music was by Paddy Cunneen. The cast was as follows:

TUPOLSKI ..... Jeff Goldblum
KATURIAN ..... Billy Crudup
ARIEL ..... Željko Ivanek
MICHAL ..... Michael Stuhlbarg
MOTHER ..... Virginia Louise Smith
FATHER ..... Ted Kōch
BOY ..... Jesse Shane Bronstein
GIRL ..... Madeleine Martin
MAN ..... Rick Holmes

CHARACTERS

TUPOLSKI

KATURIAN

ARIEL

MICHAL

MOTHER

FATHER

BOY

GIRL

THE PILLOWMAN

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Police interrogation room. Katurian sitting at table, centre, blindfolded. Tupolski and Ariel enter and sit opposite him, Tupolski with a box file containing a large sheaf of papers.

TUPOLSKI. Mister Katurian, this is Detective Ariel, I'm Detective Tupolski … Who left that on you?
KATURIAN. What? *(Tupolski takes the blindfold off.)*
TUPOLSKI. Who left this on you?
KATURIAN. Um, the man.
TUPOLSKI. Why didn't you take it off? It just looks stupid.
KATURIAN. I didn't think I was supposed to.
TUPOLSKI. It just looks stupid.
KATURIAN. *(Pause.)* Yes.
TUPOLSKI. *(Pause.)* Like I was saying, this is Detective Ariel and I'm Detective Tupolski.
KATURIAN. Well, the main thing I want to say is, I have complete respect for you and for what you do and I'm glad to help you in any way I can. I have complete respect.
TUPOLSKI. Well, that's good to hear.
KATURIAN. I'm not like some of these … you know?
TUPOLSKI. Some of these what? I *don't* know?
KATURIAN. Some of these types of people who have no respect for the police. I have never been in trouble with the police in my life. In my life. And I …
ARIEL. Never been in trouble until now, you mean.
KATURIAN. Hah?

ARIEL. Repeating myself … You have never been in trouble with the police until now. You mean.
KATURIAN. I'm in trouble with the police now?
ARIEL. What else are you doing here?
KATURIAN. I'm helping you with your enquiries, I thought.
ARIEL. So we're friends of yours, like we've took you here like this is a social visit like we're friends of yours?
KATURIAN. You're not friends of mine, no …
ARIEL. You have had your rights read. You've been took out of your home. You've had a fucking blindfold on. Do you think we do this to our good fucking friends?
KATURIAN. We're not friends, no. But by the same token, I hope we're not enemies.
ARIEL. *(Pause.)* I am going to hit you so hard in the fucking head.
KATURIAN. *(Pause.)* Hah?
ARIEL. Am I mumbling? Tupolski, am I mumbling?
TUPOLSKI. No, you're not mumbling. You're quite clear.
ARIEL. I didn't think I was mumbling.
KATURIAN. You don't … I will answer everything you want me to. You don't have to …
ARIEL. "You will answer everything we want you to." There was never a question, "You will answer everything we want you to." There *was* a question, "How much are you going to make us fuck you up in the meantime?" was what the question was.
KATURIAN. I am going to try not to make you fuck me up at all because the reason is I will answer everything.
TUPOLSKI. Well, that's a start, isn't it? *(Eyeing Katurian, Ariel idles to a side wall, smokes a cigarette.)* Why do you suspect we have brought you here? You must suspect some reason.
ARIEL. Look, why don't we just start torturing him and cut out all this shit?
KATURIAN. What…?
TUPOLSKI. Who's the Number One on this case, Ariel, me or you? *(Pause.)* Thank you. Don't listen to him. Anyway, so why do you suspect we have brought you here?
KATURIAN. I've been racking my brains, but I can't think.
TUPOLSKI. You've been racking your brains but you can't think?
KATURIAN. No.
TUPOLSKI. Well, yes or no?
KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. Huh?

KATURIAN. Because I've never done anything. I've never done any anti-police thing, I've never done any anti-state thing …
TUPOLSKI. You've been racking your brains but you can't think of a single reason we might have brought you here?
KATURIAN. I can think of a reason, or, not a reason but a thing I assume there must be a linkage, although I can't see how there can be a linkage.
TUPOLSKI. The linkage of what? Of what to what? Or, of what to what?
KATURIAN. What? Just, only the thing of how you took my stories away too when you took me, and that you have them there, is the only thing.
TUPOLSKI. And that I have them where? Have you been reading the papers I've got in front of me?
KATURIAN. I haven't been reading …
TUPOLSKI. Papers which, for all you know, may have been some immensely classified, very very secret thing.
KATURIAN. My eyes caught the titles, just glancing.
TUPOLSKI. Oh, like your peripheral vision?
KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. But, hang on, for it to be your peripheral vision, you'd have to be turned around this way … *(Tupolski turns sideways on, glancing down at papers.)* See, like this way. Like sidewards, like this way …
KATURIAN. I meant …
TUPOLSKI. See? Like this way. Like sidewards.
KATURIAN. I meant my peripheral vision at the bottom of my eyes.
TUPOLSKI. Ohh, the peripheral vision at the *bottom* of your eyes.
KATURIAN. I don't know if there's a word for that.
TUPOLSKI. There isn't. *(Pause.)* Why would there be a linkage, your stories, you being taken here? It isn't a crime, you write a story.
KATURIAN. That's what I thought.
TUPOLSKI. Given certain restrictions …
KATURIAN. Of course.
TUPOLSKI. The security of the state, the security of the general whatever-you-call-it. I wouldn't even call them restrictions.
KATURIAN. *I* wouldn't call them restrictions.
TUPOLSKI. I would call them guidelines.
KATURIAN. Guidelines, yes.
TUPOLSKI. Given certain guidelines, the security of the whatever, it isn't a crime, you write a story.

KATURIAN. That's what I thought. That's the whole thing.
TUPOLSKI. What's the whole thing?
KATURIAN. I mean, I agree. You read these things, these "stories," supposedly, "The police are all this," "The government is all this." All these political … what would you call 'em? "The government should be doing this." Please. Fuck off. You know what I say? I say if you've got a political axe to grind, if you've got a political what-do-ya-call-it, go write a fucking essay, I will know where I stand. I say keep your left-wing this, keep your right-wing that and tell me a fucking story! You know? A great man once said, "The first duty of a storyteller is to tell a story," and I believe in that wholeheartedly, "The first duty of a storyteller is to tell a story." Or was it "The *only* duty of a storyteller is to tell a story"? Yeah, it might have been "The *only* duty of a storyteller is to tell a story." I can't remember, but anyway, that's what I do, I tell stories. No axe to grind, no anything to grind. No social anything whatsoever. And that's why, I can't see, if that's why you've brought me in here, I can't see what the reason would be, unless something political came in by accident, or something that *seemed* political came in, in which case show me where it is. Show me where the bastard is. I'll take it straight out. Fucking burn it. You know? *(Pause. Tupolski stares straight at him.)* You know what I mean?
TUPOLSKI. I have to fill this form out now. It's a form in case anything bad happens to you in custody. *(Pause.)* We've got a mistake here with your name, I think. Your surname is Katurian, yes?
KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. See, we've got your first name as Katurian.
KATURIAN. My first name *is* Katurian.
TUPOLSKI. *(Pause.)* Your first name is Katurian?
KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. And your second name is Katurian?
KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. Your name is Katurian Katurian?
KATURIAN. My parents were funny people.
TUPOLSKI. Hm. Middle initial?
KATURIAN. K. *(Tupolski looks at him. Katurian nods, shrugs.)*
TUPOLSKI. Your name is Katurian Katurian Katurian?
KATURIAN. Like I said, my parents were funny people.
TUPOLSKI. Mm. For "funny" I guess read "stupid fucking idiots."
KATURIAN. I'm not disagreeing.
TUPOLSKI. Your address is Kamenice 4443?

KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. Which you share with…?
KATURIAN. My brother. Michal.
TUPOLSKI. Ah, Michal. At least it's not fucking "Katurian"!
ARIEL. He's backward, your brother, yeah?
KATURIAN. He's not backward, no. He's slow to get things sometimes.
ARIEL. He's slow to get things. Okay.
TUPOLSKI. Next of kin?
KATURIAN. Michal. My next of kin?
TUPOLSKI. Just formalities, Katurian. You know what I mean? *(Pause.)* Place of work.
KATURIAN. The Kamenice abattoir.
ARIEL. This writer.
KATURIAN. It's not so bad.
TUPOLSKI. You like your work there?
KATURIAN. No, but it's not so bad.
ARIEL. Cutting up animals.
KATURIAN. I don't cut stuff. I just clear stuff.
ARIEL. Oh, you don't cut stuff. You just clear stuff.
KATURIAN. Yes.
ARIEL. I see.
KATURIAN. I just clear it.
ARIEL. You just clear it. You don't cut it.
KATURIAN. Yes.
ARIEL. I see. *(Pause. Tupolski puts his pen down, then tears the form he has been filling in in two.)*
TUPOLSKI. That *wasn't* a form in case anything bad happens to you in custody. I was just mucking around.
KATURIAN. What was it?
TUPOLSKI. It was a piece of paper I was about to tear in two. *(Tupolski flips through the sheaf of stories till he finds the one he is looking for.)* Here we are, "The Little Apple Men."
KATURIAN. What about it? *(Ariel idles back to table, sits, stubs cigarette out, as Tupolski familiarises himself with the story.)* It's not one of my best. *(Pause.)* It's pretty good, though.
TUPOLSKI. This is a story, it starts off, there is a little girl, and her father treats her badly …
KATURIAN. He slaps her around and that. He's a …
TUPOLSKI. You seem to have a lot of st … He's a what?
KATURIAN. What?

TUPOLSKI. The father.
ARIEL. "He's a … " something, you said.
TUPOLSKI. He represents something, does he?
KATURIAN. He represents a bad father. He *is* a bad father. How do you mean, "represents"?
TUPOLSKI. He is a bad father.
KATURIAN. Yes. He slaps the little girl around.
TUPOLSKI. This is why he is a bad father.
KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. What else does he do to the little girl, "he is a bad father"?
KATURIAN. All the story says, I think, is the father treats the little girl badly. You can draw your own conclusions.
ARIEL. Oh, we can draw our own conclusions, now, can we?
KATURIAN. Hah?
ARIEL. You're telling us we can draw our own conclusions now, are you?!
KATURIAN. No! Yes!
ARIEL. We *know* we can draw our own fucking conclusions!
KATURIAN. I know.
ARIEL. Hah?
KATURIAN. I know.
ARIEL. Fucking … hah?! *(Ariel gets up and paces.)*
TUPOLSKI. Ariel's getting a bit aggrieved because "We can draw our own conclusions" is, sort of, *our job. (Pause.)* And the first conclusion we are drawing is exactly how many stories have you got "a little girl is treated badly," or "a little boy is treated badly"?
KATURIAN. A few. A few.
ARIEL. "A few." I'll say a fucking few. The first fucking twenty we picked up was "a little girl is fucked over in this way, or a little boy is fucked over in this way"…!
KATURIAN. But that isn't saying anything, I'm not trying to say anything …
ARIEL. You're not what?
KATURIAN. What?
ARIEL. Not what?
KATURIAN. What, are you trying to say that I'm trying to say that the children represent something?
ARIEL. "I am trying to say"…?
KATURIAN. That the children represent The People, or something?
ARIEL. *(Approaching.)* "I am trying to say." He's putting words

into my fucking mouth now, "I am trying to say," let alone draw our own fucking conclusions …
KATURIAN. No…!
ARIEL. We can't even speak now, this fucking man says! Put your fucking hands down…! *(Ariel pulls Katurian off his chair by the hair, kneels across him and gouges into his face. Tupolski looks at this, sighs.)*
TUPOLSKI. Any time you're ready, Ariel? *(Ariel stops, breathing heavily, goes back to his seat. To Katurian:)* Retake your seat, please. *(In pain, Katurian does so.)* Oh, I almost forgot to mention … I'm the good cop, he's the bad cop. *(Pause.)* So, back to literature. The father, as we have established, treats the little girl badly, and one day the girl gets some apples and carves some little men out of these apples, all little fingers, little eyes, little toes, and she gives them to her father but she says to him they're *not* to be eaten, they're to be kept as a memento of when his only little daughter was young, and naturally the pig of a father swallows a bunch of these applemen whole, just to spite her, and they have razor blades in them, and he dies in agony.
KATURIAN. And that's kind of like the end of the story, that should be like the end of the story, the father gets his come-uppance. But then it goes on.
TUPOLSKI. But then it goes on. The girl wakes up that night. A number of applemen are walking up her chest. They hold her mouth open. They say to her …
KATURIAN. *(Slight voice.)* "You killed our little brothers … "
TUPOLSKI. "You killed our little brothers." They climb down her throat. She chokes to death on her own blood. The end.
KATURIAN. It's a bit of a twist. You think it's a dream sequence. It isn't. *(Pause.)* What? I said it wasn't my best one.
ARIEL. You hang out round the Jew quarter, Katurian?
KATURIAN. The Jew quarter? No. Now and then I pass through there. I collect my brother the Lamenec district, his school. It's not the Jewish quarter. You go through the Jewish quarter.
ARIEL. You collect your brother, he's older than you, he still goes to school?
KATURIAN. It's a special school. It's a learning difficulties. *(Pause.)* Is this a Jew thing? I don't know any Jews.
ARIEL. You don't know any Jews?
KATURIAN. I don't have anything *against* any Jews, but I don't *know* any Jews.
ARIEL. But you don't have anything *against* any Jews?

KATURIAN. No. Should I have?
TUPOLSKI. "Should I have?" Good answer. "Should I have?" Kind of lily-livered and subservient on the one hand, yet vaguely sarcastic and provocative on the other. "Should I have?"
KATURIAN. I wasn't trying to be provocative.
TUPOLSKI. Were you trying to be subservient?
KATURIAN. No.
TUPOLSKI. Then you were trying to be provocative. And now Ariel is going to hit you again …
KATURIAN. Listen, I don't understand what I'm doing here. I don't know what you want me to say. I don't have anything against anybody. Any Jews or you or anybody. I just write stories. That's all I do. That's my life. I stay in and I write stories. That's it. *(Ariel stands, moves to the door.)*
ARIEL. This reminds me. I'm going to talk to the brother. *(Ariel exits, Tupolski smiles.)*
KATURIAN. *(Stunned, scared.)* My brother's at school.
TUPOLSKI. Me and Ariel, we have this funny thing, we always say, "This reminds me" when the thing hasn't really reminded us of the thing we're saying it reminds us of at all. It's really funny.
KATURIAN. My brother's at school.
TUPOLSKI. Your brother is one door down.
KATURIAN. *(Pause.)* But he'll be scared …
TUPOLSKI. You seem a little scared yourself.
KATURIAN. I *am* a little scared.
TUPOLSKI. What are you scared about?
KATURIAN. I'm scared my brother is all alone in a strange place, and I'm scared your friend is gonna go kick the shit out of him, and I'm scared he's gonna come kick the shit out of me again although if he does it's okay, I mean I'd rather he didn't but if there's something in these stories you don't like then go ahead and take it out on me, but my brother gets frightened easily, and he doesn't understand these things and he's got nothing to do with these stories anyway, I've only ever read them to him, so I just think it's completely unfair you should've brought him down here and I think you should just fucking go and fucking let him out of here right now! Right fucking now!
TUPOLSKI. *(Pause.)* I bet you're all adrenaline now, aren't you, all "Ooh just shouted at a policeman," all "Ooh probably shouldn't've but ooh got really angry." Ooh. Calm the fuck down. Alright? Do you think we're animals?
KATURIAN. No.

TUPOLSKI. Well, we're not animals. We *deal,* sometimes, with animals. We're not animals. *(Pause.)* Your brother will be fine. I give you my word. *(Tupolski looks at another story from the pile.)* "The Tale of the Three Gibbet Crossroads." This does not have your theme, it seems.
KATURIAN. What theme?
TUPOLSKI. Y'know, your theme, "Some poor little kid gets fucked up." Your theme.
KATURIAN. That isn't a theme. Some of them have come out that way. That isn't a theme.
TUPOLSKI. Although maybe, in an oblique way, it *does* have your theme.
KATURIAN. I don't have themes. I've written, what, four hundred stories, and maybe ten or twenty have children in?
TUPOLSKI. Have *murdered* children in.
KATURIAN. So, what, this is about stories with murdered children in? Do you think I'm trying to say, "Go out and murder children"?
TUPOLSKI. I'm not saying you're trying to say "Go out and murder children." *(Pause.)* Are you trying to say, "Go out and murder children"?
KATURIAN. No! No bloody way! Are you kidding? I'm not trying to say anything at all! That's my whole thing.
TUPOLSKI. I know, I know, your whole thing, the first duty of a storyteller is to …
KATURIAN. Yes …
TUPOLSKI. … Blah blah blah, I know. This "Three Gibbet Crossroads" …
KATURIAN. If there are children in them, it's incidental. If there is politics in them, it's incidental. It's *accidental.*
TUPOLSKI. Except, the thing is, don't interrupt me when I'm talking …
KATURIAN. No, I'm sorry …
TUPOLSKI. If I ask you something outright, or if I go with my eyes, like, "Go ahead and say something," like with my eyes, then you go ahead and say something, but if I'm in the middle of something …
KATURIAN. I know, I'm sorry …
TUPOLSKI. And you're fucking doing it again! Did I ask you something outright?! Did I go with my eyes like, "Go ahead and say something"?!
KATURIAN. No.

TUPOLSKI. No, I didn't, did I? *(Pause.)* Did I? See, that *was* an outright question and I *did* go with my eyes like, "Go ahead and say something."
KATURIAN. I'm sorry. I'm nervous.
TUPOLSKI. You have a right to be nervous.
KATURIAN. I know.
TUPOLSKI. No, you didn't hear me. I said, "You have a *right* … to be nervous."
KATURIAN. Why?
TUPOLSKI. *(Pause.)* "The Three Gibbet Crossroads." What are you trying to tell us in this story?
KATURIAN. I'm not trying to tell you anything. It's supposed to be just a puzzle without a solution.
TUPOLSKI. And what *is* the solution?
KATURIAN. *(Pause.)* There isn't one. It's a puzzle *without* a solution.
TUPOLSKI. *I* think there's a solution. But then, I'm really clever.
KATURIAN. Well, I mean, you're right, the idea is you should wonder what the solution is, but the truth is there is no solution, because there *is* nothing worse, is there? Than the two things it says.
TUPOLSKI. There is nothing worse?
KATURIAN. *(Pause.)* Is there?
TUPOLSKI. *(Paraphrases through the story.)* A man wakes up in the iron gibbet he's been left to starve to death in. He knows he *was guilty* of the crime they put him in there for, but he cannot remember what the crime was. Across the crossroads from him are two other gibbets; there's a placard outside one that reads "Rapist," there's a placard outside the second that reads "Murderer." There's a dusty skeleton inside the rapist's cage; there's a dying old man inside the murderer's cage. Our man can't read the placard outside his *own* cage, so he asks the old man to read it for him, to find out what he's done. The old man looks at the placard, looks at our man, then spits in his face in disgust. *(Pause.)* Some nuns come along. They say prayers over the dead rapist. Uh-huh. They give food and water to the old murderer. Uh-huh. They read our man's crime. The life drains from them and they walk away in tears. *(Pause.)* A highwayman comes along, ah-hah. He looks over the rapist without much interest. He sees the old murderer, smashes the lock off his cage, sets him free. He comes to our man's cage, reads his crime. The highwayman smiles slightly. Our man smiles back, slightly. The highwayman raises his gun and shoots him through the heart. As our man is dying he screams out, "Just tell

me what I've done?!" The highwayman rides off without telling him what he's done. The last words that our man ever says are, "Will I go to Hell?" And the last sound he ever hears is the highwayman quietly laughing.
KATURIAN. That's a good story. That's something-esque. What kind of "esque" is it? I can't remember. I don't really go in for that "esque" sort of stuff anyway, but there's nothing wrong with that story. Is there?
TUPOLSKI. No, there's nothing wrong with that story. There's nothing in that story you would say the person who wrote this story is a sick fucking scummy cunt. No. All this story is to me, this story is a pointer.
KATURIAN. A pointer?
TUPOLSKI. It is a pointer.
KATURIAN. Oh.
TUPOLSKI. It is saying to me, on the surface I am saying this, but underneath the surface I am saying this other thing.
KATURIAN. Oh.
TUPOLSKI. It is a pointer. You understand?
KATURIAN. Yes. It is a pointer.
TUPOLSKI. It is a pointer. *(Pause.)* It's your best story, you say?
KATURIAN. No. It's *one* of my best stories.
TUPOLSKI. Oh, it's *one* of your best stories. You have so many.
KATURIAN. Yes. *(Pause.)* My best story is "The Town on the River" one. "The Tale of the Town on the River."
TUPOLSKI. Your best story is "The Tale of the Town on the River"? Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait … *(Tupolski quickly finds the story.)* Hang on … Here we are. Ah-hah. This tells me something, "This is your best story."
KATURIAN. Why, what is it, is it a pointer? *(Tupolski stares at him.)* Um, it's the only one that was published.
TUPOLSKI. We know it's the only one that was published.
KATURIAN. So far.
TUPOLSKI. *(Half-laughs. Pause.) The Libertad* it was published.
KATURIAN. Yes.
TUPOLSKI. *The Libertad*.
KATURIAN. I don't read it.
TUPOLSKI. You don't read it.
KATURIAN. I send the stories around, you know, just in the hopes, to wherever might take them. I don't read all the …
TUPOLSKI. You don't read *The Libertad*.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals