

Mauritius

By Theresa Rebeck

Mary- Oh, for heavens sake, what happened? What happened?

Jackie- Nothing.

Mary- Well, something clearly- I'm sorry. Are you smoking? Inside the house?

Jackie- Want to have a conversation about it? I so enjoy our conversations.

Mary- Look. Could I have my stamps, please? It makes me really nervous to see you just-

Jackie- Just What? Smoking? In front of the stamps? Why, because it's bad for them to know that I smoke?

Mary- All right, fine. I don't care what you do to your lungs. Just give me my stamps.

Jackie- Screw you. You come in here, this is so precious to me, those are my stamps, me and my holy grandfather, oh jewelry? You can have that Jackie! The only problem is, it's not worth a fricken DIME!

Mary- Okay. What you've gone through, both of us, but you especially, is upsetting and clearly, I think you clearly need to take the time to calm down, and I will be upstairs, and give you the room to do that.

Jackie- Calm down. That's not exactly what I was thinking of doing. More what I've been thinking about? Is finding some sort of plastic bag, you know some sort of clear, strong plastic? And then I was thinking I'd figure out how to fasten that around your head, with some duct tape.

Mary- I'm sorry, but I'm, I'm beginning to think some real questions have to be raised about your character.

Jackie- My Character? I have no character. What I have is two tiny tiny slips of paper, so small that they barely exist, and I'm going to take them, and I'm going to stab myself in the chest with a pair of really sharp scissors, and then I'm going to put those two tiny tiny slips of paper inside my body, right where my heart is supposed to be.

Mary- Give me the stamps. Give them to me.

Jackie- Yeah, I'll get right on that.

Mary- I would like my stamps, please.

Jackie- You don't get it yet, but you will. Two little slips of paper, and I am born.

Mary- You are not walking out of this house with those stamps!

Jackie- You know that trick with the plastic bag and duct tape. Want to know how I know about that?

Mary- I will call the police. I will—

Jackie- You will what. You will tell them that I took your stamp collection? That'll make a big impression.

Mary- Yes, Yes, I will tell them- you stole my, my-

Jackie- It's not yours-

Mary- It is mine-

Jackie- Yeah, I'll give you your stamps.

You come in here, you act like you know something, like you have rights, you don't know anything and you have no rights. You left. The apocalypse fell on this family and you left. And as a consequence I've earned these stamps and I'm going to sell them. And if you think you're going to stop me, you'll lose.