

*The Last Slice*

By Nick Scutti

Character Sides:

(Note: since there is no “monologue” of a sort to be considered a side, I have taken the liberty of taking a short piece of the text with lines for both David and Martha. Actors auditioning could read a part with a stage manager as the other character).

MARTHA

I figured that, you being a lovely gentleman and all, you would let me finish the bread—

DAVID

—And I am a gentleman, Martha, you know that I am. It's just that, since we're married, we should share what we have with each other.

MARTHA

But you usually offer me the last slice of anything, be it pizza or cake, so I figured I could just take it without all of this odd—

DAVID

—Yes, of course, but the thing is that this time I didn't offer it to you. I wanted my deserved third slice.

MARTHA

Your deserved third slice. Why, because you've earned it by being a gentleman? (humph)  
Some gentleman you are.  
(She reaches for the slice of bread again. David in a fit of frustration bangs the table with his fist. Martha freezes in shock.)

DAVID

Some gentleman I am? Some gentleman I am?

MARTHA

David, you're causing a sce—

DAVID

—All I've been to you throughout our marriage is a gentleman. Even before then. I've opened doors for you, I help you cook, I—

MARTHA

—Finishing your plate does not equate to helping me cook, David! I don't mean to be rude, but in all our two years together you have never helped me fold laundry or—

DAVID

—Again with the laundry, god, Martha! I'm sorry I'm too exhausted working all day to put away a pair of socks!

MARTHA

Oh, boo hoo! You get to go out and interact with the real world while I'm cooped up in the house doing nothing but work!

DAVID

Right, because working in a cubicle from nine to five isn't the same thing.

MARTHA

They're exactly the opposite, Mr. Gentleman, and you know that!

DAVID

I'll Mr. Gentleman you!