

From *CRASH BOUND* by Nina Mansfield (aka Nina Waluschka)

MAN (late 20s to 40s)

Man, a statistician, has found himself seated next to an unstable actress on a Los Angeles bound flight. His ex-wife was an actress, and he detests them, because they are not logical beings. The actress sitting next to him has been grating on him, and he explodes.

MAN

Actors are like those people at casinos. Those overweight, underdressed idiots who actually think they are going to win something. Let's disregard the mathematical proof for a moment- do those people ever wonder, ever think for a moment how a casino makes money?

You aren't going to win- consistently win without a strategy- without a clear-cut statistical strategy- a game plan. Yet, day after day, you go to your little audition things, and expect something to happen, expect fame to descend- without a strategy-relying on fate, on luck- on "talent" on ambition- persistence- **BUT YOU NEED TO LOOK AT THE MATHEMATICAL PROBABILITY!**

You actors are all the same. You won't listen. Instead you probably, and I say this with a complete understanding of the odds at stake, rehearse and prepare and do your stupid, stupid breathing exercises!

That won't get you the role honey- but if you aren't going to think these things through rationally- if you aren't going to listen, then pick something in life that you actually have a logical chance of success at attaining- or stop your whining!

Logic! When I was a child, I would observe the world around me and think, yes, maybe someday I will be a doctor or a lawyer-

But what sort of mental incongruity would possess someone to say: I want to be someone who pretends to be other people?

What sort of person thinks that? Crazies, freaks, the imbalanced. The illogical. The incompatible. Just like my wife.

This play is available at <http://oneactplays.net/crashbound.html>