

**Accidental Death of an Anarchist**  
**Male-presenting Actors**

*INSPECTOR BERTOZZO picks up a visiting card and studies it, looking up at the MANIAC.*

BERTOZZO. This isn't the first time that you've been up for impersonation is it? In all you have been arrested ... let me see ...

*He leafs through the papers in front of him.*

BERTOZZO. Twice as a surgeon, three times as a bishop, army captain, tennis umpire ...

MANIAC. Eleven arrests altogether, but I'd like to point out that I have never actually been convicted, Inspector.

BERTOZZO. I don't know how the hell you have been getting away with it, but this time we'll have you. That's a promise.

MANIAC. Mouthwatering, isn't it? A nice clean record like mine just begging to be defiled.

BERTOZZO. The charges state that you falsely assumed the identity of a professor of psychiatry and former don of the University of Padua. That's fraud.

MANIAC. Fraud when committed by a sane man, yes indeed, but I am a lunatic. A certified psychotic! There's my medical report.

*He hands BERTOZZO a crumpled piece of paper.*

MANIAC. Committed sixteen times, same thing every time- 'Histrionic mania.' It's theatre; and my fellow artistes must be real people, unaware that they are acting in my productions, which is handy, as you see, I've got no cash to pay them.

BERTOZZO. Exactly, you swindle them.

MANIAC. I have never swindled anyone.

BERTOZZO. Not much.

MANIAC. I applied for a grant from the Ministry of Culture but I hadn't got the right connections.

BERTOZZO. According to my notes, as this psychiatrist you were charging your clients two hundred thousand dollars a visit.

MANIAC. It's a reasonable fee for a man with my qualifications.

BERTOZZO. What Qualifications?

MANIAC. Twenty years of intensive training in sixteen different loony bins under some of the best shrinks in the biz. I am a genius! Look at my brilliant diagnosis of that millionaire's schizophrenic son in Palermo. Superb!

BERTOZZO. Superb fee, OK.

MANIAC. The fee is an indispensable part of the treatment.

BERTOZZO. Pity your client filed a complaint, wasn't it?

*He holds up a visiting card.*

BERTOZZO. This is your visiting card, is it not?

MANIAC. It is.

BERTOZZO. (Reading) 'Professor Antonio Rabbia, Psychiatrist. Formerly, lecturer at the University of Padua'. Are you Antonio Rabbia?

MANIAC. Not exactly.

BERTOZZO. What's that mean?

MANIAC. I am a professor.

BERTOZZO. You are, eh?

MANIAC. Yes. Of design, decoration and freehand drawing at the College of the Sacred Redeemer. I take evening classes.

BERTOZZO. It says here, psychiatrist.

MANIAC. After the comma?

BERTOZZO. Yes.

MANIAC. Before the full stop?

BERTOZZO. Yes.

MANIAC. Exactly.

BERTOZZO. Exactly what?

MANIAC. 'Professor Antonio Rabbia' comma, capital 'P' - 'Psychiatrist' full stop. I take it you are familiar with the basic rules of syntax and punctuation. Where's the fraud?

BERTOZZO. 'Formerly, lecturer at the University of Padua.' True or false?

MANIAC. After the 'formerly' ... ?

BERTOZZO; What?

MANIAC. Another comma. Can't you even read?

BERTOZZO. I hadn't noticed it.

MANIAC. You don't notice these things and innocent people like me are thrown behind bars.

BERTOZZO. You are mad.

## **Accidental Death of an Anarchist**

### **Female-presenting Actors**

*Enter MARIA FELETTI.*

PISSANI. Miss Feletti, delighted to meet you. I'm the Superintendent.

FELETTI. Pleased to meet you.

PISSANI. The pleasure is all mine.

*He shakes her hand.*

PISSANI. Do sit down.

FELETTI. Thank you. I shan't beat about the bush. As you may be aware, my paper has been less than enthusiastic about the flagrant public white-washing given to recent events in this building by the City Magistrate's office.

PISSANI. This may be because your paper prefers to deal in rumor rather than fact. If I may say so without being personal, Miss Feletti.

FELETTI. I doubt it.

PISSANI. Even so I have read your column with admiration. You have struck me as a woman of great courage, a true democrat and lover of justice.

FELETTI. You are too kind. I wonder if I could begin by asking the you a couple of questions.

PISSANI. Certainly.

FELETTI. Why do people call you the 'Window Straddler'?

PISSANI. I beg your pardon?

FELETTI. (Taking out a paper) This is a copy of a letter written by a young anarchist now in San Vittore prison ... 'The Inspector on the fourth floor forced me to sit on the window sill with my legs hanging out. "Throw yourself out!" he said and "Jump! Go on. Or haven't you got the guts!" He threatened to push me. I was terrified.'

PISSANI. I resent this.

FELETTI. You were saying?

PISSANI. If you attach any importance to the words of a condemned man against those of a police officer I'm afraid I don't know how to respond.

(Pause)

PISSANI. I'm sorry. What was the subject?

FELETTI. Window straddling. According to the evidence of the emergency services a call was registered from the switchboard of this station on the night of the alleged suicide at two minutes to twelve. The call was a request for ambulance services. Witnesses to the suicide all agreed it took place at three minutes past twelve. Can you explain this discrepancy?

PISSANI. It is a crime to be prudent and show a bit of foresight, now, is it? We sometimes call an ambulance on the off-chance. (Pause) Anyway, the clock that registered our call in the exchange was probably slow. More than likely.

FELETTI. Extraordinary.

PISSANI. Why extraordinary? This is not Switzerland, you know. People set their clocks as they bloody well like here. Some forward, some back. What exactly are you driving at Miss Feletti?

FELETTI. Among the documents of the enquiry produced by the investigating judge, there is no sign of any expert analysis of the parabola of the fall. Something almost obligatory in such cases.

PISSANI. Parabola? Beautiful word.

FELETTI. It would establish whether or not the anarchist was still alive when he went through the window; i.e. did he go through it with a slight jerk indicating a voluntary movement which would clear the side of the building, or did he, as appears, slide down the wall sustaining fractures and lesions consistent with an inanimate object? Were the suicide's hands injured in such a way as to indicate he put them out to protect himself instinctively at the moment of impact? This would indicate whether he was conscious or not.

PISSANI. I think I ought to point out that we're dealing with a case of suicide. The bastard wanted to die so why the hell would he put his bloody hands out?

FELETTI. Splendidly answered. Perhaps you can explain the bruises seen on the young man's neck. It's not at all clear what caused those.

PISSANI. I advise you against careless talk, young lady.

FELETTI. Is that a threat?

PISSANI. Not at all. Not at all. no.

**Cry it Out**  
**Jessie & Lina**  
**Female-presenting Actors**

LINA.

That's why I thank God everyday for Stop n' Shop. Sometimes it's the only time I get out in a 48 hour period, I / swear to God.

JESSIE.

I know! Me too!

LINA.

And you'd think I'm going to the prom-- I do like full face makeup, shave my legs. And usually I don't even need anything. I'll just go stand in the vitamin aisle being like: *oooooo vitamins.*

JESSIE.

I know - me too, with shampoo and conditioner.

*(beat)*

Oh! You'll appreciate this.....guess what *my husband* did the other day? *He* went to Stop n' Shop on his way home from the train.

LINA.

*No.*

JESSIE.

Without checking with me. Just "thought he'd be nice" and stop for diapers and milk. And he took his time, too, Lina. Like *checked the ingredients of stuff.*

LINA.

That son of a bitch. Did you go ape shit?

JESSIE.

I did. Honestly, I think I was pretty scary. He came in with the bags and I went down to my knees sobbing-- just *a puddle on the floor.* And poor Nate is standing there *staring* at me, saying You Usually Like It When I Get Groceries Jess, What's Wrong?? and I'm like YOU ARE IN THE CITY ALL DAY, YOU DON'T GET STOP N' SHOP!!!! *I GET STOP N' SHOP!!! I GET TO GO TO STOP N' SHOP YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!*

LINA.

Shhhhh, your baby.

JESSIE.

Sorry.

*(beat)*

I didn't call him a motherfucker, by the way. I don't curse in real life. But I *wanted* to is my point.

LINA.

Of course you did.

JESSIE.

They don't get it.

LINA.

Of course they don't. *They* get to go interact with humans all day and go to *Hale & Hearty* for lunch and eat chopped salads made by someone *whose job it is* to chop salad. I mean. What would you do for a fucking chopped salad right now??

JESSIE.

I would murder someone.

LINA.

*I know you would.* But we don't get chopped salad anymore.

JESSIE.

Nope.

LINA.

Because we're held hostage all day in dirty yoga pants by little larval creatures who would literally *die* if we checked our e-mail or took a leisurely dump.

JESSIE.

Though my girlfriends who don't have kids don't get it, either. A couple of them came out to meet the baby a few weeks ago, and it was like Aliens got off the train.

LINA.

Really?

JESSIE.

They showed up at 8:45 PM. *To meet a baby.* And they brought stuff to make cosmos and asked questions like, "So are you *sooooo* eager to get back to work?"

LINA.

Bitches.

JESSIE.

Yeah. I don't think I like my city friends anymore. I don't really like anyone anymore.

**Cry it Out**  
**Jessie**  
**Female-presenting Actors**

*Jessie*

I know. We're very lucky.

*(beat)*

But anyway I hope she *doesn't* go there because as I was saying, ever since we almost lost Allie, I kind of... *don't* care about protecting the legal interests of a bunch of corporations anymore.

*(beat)*

Not that I've figured out how to tell Nate all this. He's a planner-- his business brain, I think-- and he has us on a ten year plan that depends on us being double-income. He comes from a home where his mother didn't really *raise* the four children-- there was a Baby Nurse, then there was a Nanny, then there was a Family Assistant, so he's not going to understand, why I would want to do it myself.

*(beat)*

He actually... he actually tried to take me to Tulum Mexico a few weeks ago. He came in all gallant, with a lingerie box, saying Pack Your Bags Baby, it's time for us to Get Back to Our Marriage. And he looked at me like I had two heads when I said *there is no way I'm leaving this baby*. But that's what he knows. His father did that for his Mom after each baby-- a month in Provence while the baby nurse settled things. So he doesn't understand.

*(beat)*

It's just been hard though. He told me this morning he misses me. But not in the *I don't see you, I miss you so much* way-- in that *other* way. The way that's kind of an insult, you know? The "I miss you *because you've changed*-- I miss the *old* you" way. And I just wanted to punch him in his face and say I *haven't* changed, **THIS IS ME!**

**THIS IS ME, THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN ME, THIS WILL ALWAYS BE ME—AND YOU CAN'T TAKE ME TO TULUM MEXICO! I DON'T WANT TO GO HAVE SEX IN TULUM MEXICO WHEN WE ALMOST LOST OUR BABY, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!!!**

*(beat)*

*(upset)*

Sorry. My doctor thinks I should go on antidepressants. I don't mean to be like this....

**Cry it Out**  
**Mitchell**  
**Male-presenting Actors**

*Mitchell*

Hi, I'm Mitchell. Danow. I live on Middle Neck Road. That house up there. I can see you -- from our veranda. I see you out here with your babies, going for walks together, having your coffee together. You look happy. And long story short: I wondered if it would be possible for my wife to join you today.

*(beat)*

We have a baby too, and my wife-- Adrienne-- she's..... having a hard time. I think it would do her a lot of good to get out and talk to some moms like you.

*(beat)*

Would that be okay? If she came down when you do your second coffee meeting at 2:30? I'll have some food and drinks delivered. Anything, really. I could have anything delivered. You name it.

Well, we're your neighbors, too, right? If we weren't up on the cliff, we'd practically live in your back yard.

*(beat)*

Look, we have a telescope-- not for watching you, for bird-watching, but she watches you, my wife does. She doesn't think I see her do it, but I do. I know she wants... what you two have.

*(beat)*

If I could just call her before I get on the train and tell her she's been invited to coffee at 2:30, I would really appreciate it. Otherwise I am going to have to call out sick, and truly: I can't call out sick again.



**Cry it Out**  
**Adrienne**  
**Female-presenting Actors**

*Adrienne*

*I don't have postpartum depression.* Not that that's your business, but I don't. I have a psychiatrist who has *not* stamped my file with postpartum. In fact, there aren't any stamps on my file. Of any kind. I don't even need to take a *goddamn multi-vitamin*. *Don't you know what depression looks like?* My roommate at Brown had depression. She binge ate pizzas and cut herself. This isn't depression, you moron. / *This isn't depression.*

This is rage. What I have *is* rage. I am Enraged.

It's 2022, and I make as much money as my husband and I work as hard as my husband and I'm as ambitious as my husband and I daresay those are the very traits he found so *goddamn irresistible* about me that he proposed on our third date. And we have spent fourteen years working side by side, our heads in our lap-tops side by side, working from morning to dusk side by side.... so I'm having *a little bit of trouble understanding why*-- in the name of God-- there's something *wrong with me* that I don't suddenly want to close that laptop. That I don't want to sit around here in sweatpants singing Moosha Boom or whatever the fuck, staring at some baby monitor like it's a lava lamp. *Why does that mean there's something wrong with me?*

You diagnosed me to my husband with the Big-Term terms, why don't you tell me. With your little Baby Sling and your little dainty Pearl Necklace and your goddamn Pinterest Page. (Yes, I looked you up. I saw your Pinterest Page with its goddamn doilie pinecone craft shits on there.) *My husband thinks you are God's Gift to Maternity.*

**Cry it Out**  
**Jessie & Lina**  
**Female-presenting Actors**

JESSIE

*Don't go to a hotel, Lina-- come to my house. I'll give you our room and the whole upstairs. We'll go down/ in the den.*

LINA.

I told you, that's so sweet of you, but your house is too close. I'll get up in the middle of the night and get your chainsaw out of the shed and *go fucking murder her.*

JESSIE

Okay. *(Beat.)* Is John furious?

LINA.

I don't know, I'm so mad at John, I wasn't listening to-- *I can't believe he didn't call me.* You come home and find a drunk woman holding your screaming child, *you don't call his mother??*

JESSIE

How drunk was she? I mean, is there anyway he didn't notice? *I didn't hear anything.*

LINA.

Of course he noticed. *She was drunk.* Fucking drunk. And she only gave Max *one* bottle today-- one bottle in eight hours-- so he... *(upset)* *He was starving,* you know? He nursed for 45 minutes straight when I got home, and the whole time he kept opening his eyes, checking if I'd disappeared and left him in hell again.

JESSIE

Oh, Lina.

*(carefully)*

It's not your fault, what happened.

LINA.

*(very upset)* *It doesn't matter--* he can't un-learn what he just learned, you know? He *knows that it's possible* now. For him to need me. For him to be alone in hell, and really need me, and have me not come. He cried out for me, and I didn't come.

*(Jessie holds her)*

Fuck. *What am I going to do?* I have work tomorrow. John has work tomorrow --

JESSIE

Drop Max off here! *I'll watch him.* I can watch him this whole week, this whole/ month even--

LINA.

You already have a baby.

JESSIE

Exactly! What's another? I'd be *happy* to watch him.

LINA.

You can't do that for me and you know it.