

Kane, a genetic engineer in his mid-30s.
From the play **Oh, Nancy!**, a Comedy.

KANE: Okay, I'll just say it: Why are we here, Nancy? I mean, why does Grady need to see us? I don't like him, why would I want to eat with him? Look, it's just that I feel like I'm being called into the teacher's office, only the teacher used to fu... my girlfriend! But why did he call this meeting? Is that what this is, a meeting? A confrontation? Some kind of intervention? Isn't it bad enough that I have to see him at those awful faculty parties he invites us to? It's not that he ignores me... hell, I've never seen anyone so attentive. He smiles and laughs at my jokes and is sooooo friendly... all the while he's thinking "what a jerk!" It's nothing I can put my finger on, just something behind his eyes that shows what he really feels. The guy's a snake, just waiting in the grass for me to stumble so that he can strike! And why are all your professors men!? Aren't there any women who could tell you how to use a camera? Wait, I'm sorry... they gave me Ritalin when I was a kid, then cut me off at sixteen. Said I was better. Hah! I'm only this way because I love you so much.