

## AUDITION SIDE #4: Mother & Mr. Velasco

MOTHER. (*Insistent.*) Unusual in what way?

VELASCO. Well, I took a look at you last night. . . . I took a long, close look at you. . . . Do you know what you are, Ethel?

MOTHER. (*Ready for the compliment.*) What?

VELASCO. A good sport.

MOTHER. Oh. . . . A good sport.

VELASCO. To have gone through all you did last night. The trip to Staten Island, the strange food, the drinks, being carried up to my apartment like that. And you didn't say one word about it.

MOTHER. Well, I didn't have much chance to . . . I did a lot of fainting.

VELASCO. Yes. . . . As a matter of fact, we both did. . . . If you remember. . . . (*Remembering, he begins to laugh.*)

MOTHER. Yes. . . . (*She joins in. It is a warm, hearty laugh shared by two friends. After the laugh gradually dies out, there is a moment of awkward silence and then with an attempt at renewed gaiety, MOTHER says:*) Mr. Velasco. . . . Where are my clothes?

VELASCO. Your clothes . . . ? Oh, yes. . . . (*Takes piece of paper out of pocket.*) Here. (*Gives it to her.*)

MOTHER. I'm sure I wore more than that.

VELASCO. It's a cleaning ticket. They're sending them up at six o'clock.

MOTHER. (*Taking ticket.*) Oh, they're at the cleaners. . . . (*After a moment's hesitation.*) When did I take them off?

VELASCO. You didn't. . . . You were drenched and out cold. Gonzales took them off.

MOTHER. (*Shocked.*) Mr. Gonzales??

VELASCO. Not Mister! . . . Doctor Gonzales!

MOTHER. (*Relieved.*) Doctor. . . . Oh, Doctor Gonzales. . . . Well, I suppose that's all right. How convenient to have an M.D. in the building.

VELASCO. (*Laughing.*) He's not an M.D. He's a Doctor of Philosophy.

**END (thanks!)**

## AUDITION SIDE #1: Corie, Mother, Paul

CORIE. You hate it . . .

MOTHER. (*Moves up towards windows.*) No, no . . . It's a charming apartment. (*Trips over platform.*) I love it.

CORIE. (*Rushes to her.*) You can't really tell like this.

MOTHER. I'm crazy about it.

CORIE. It's not your kind of apartment. I knew you wouldn't like it.

MOTHER. (*Moves down to PAUL.*) I love it . . . Paul, didn't I say I loved it? (*Takes his hand.*)

PAUL. She said she loved it.

MOTHER. I knew I said it.

CORIE. (*To MOTHER.*) Do you really, Mother? I mean are you absolutely crazy in love with it?

MOTHER. Oh, yes. It's very cute . . . And there's so much you can do with it.

CORIE. I told you she hated it.

MOTHER. (*Moves towards bedroom landing.*) Corie, you don't give a person a chance. At least let me see the whole apartment.

PAUL. . . . This is the whole apartment.

MOTHER. (*Cheerfully.*) It's a nice, large room.

CORIE. There's a bedroom.

MOTHER. Where?

PAUL. One flight up.

CORIE. It's four little steps. (*Goes up steps to bedroom door.*) See. One-two-three-four.

MOTHER. (*To PAUL.*) Oh. Split level. (*Climbs steps.*) And where's the bedroom? Through there?

CORIE. No. *In* there. That's the bedroom . . . It's really just a dressing room but I'm going to use it as a bedroom.

MOTHER. (*At bedroom door.*) That's a wonderful idea. And you can just put a bed in there.

CORIE. That's right.

MOTHER. How?

(*PAUL moves to the steps.*)

CORIE. It'll fit. I measured the room.

**END** (thanks!)

## AUDITION SIDE #2: Corie & Paul

CORIE: I'll cry when I want to cry. And I'm not going to have my cry until you're out of this apartment.

PAUL. What do you mean, out of this apartment?

CORIE. Well, you certainly don't think we're going to live here together, do you? After tonight?

PAUL. Are you serious?

CORIE. Of course I'm serious. *I want a divorce!*

PAUL. (*Shocked, he jumps up.*) A divorce? What?

CORIE. (*Pulls herself together, and with great calm, begins to go up stairs.*) I'm sorry, Paul, I can't discuss it any more. Good night.

PAUL. Where are you going?

CORIE. To bed. (*Turns back to PAUL.*)

PAUL. You can't. Not now.

CORIE. You did before.

PAUL. That was in the middle of a fight. This is in the middle of a divorce.

CORIE. I can't talk to you when you're hysterical. Good night. (*Goes into bedroom.*)

PAUL. Will you come here . . . ? (*CORIE comes out on landing.*) I want to know why you want a divorce.

CORIE. I told you why. Because you and I have absolutely nothing in common.

PAUL. What about those six days at the Plaza?

CORIE. (*Sagely.*) Six days does not a week make.

PAUL. (*Taken aback.*) What does *that* mean?

CORIE. I don't know what it means. I just want a divorce.

PAUL. You know, I think you really mean it.

CORIE. *I do!*

PAUL. You mean, every time we have a little fight, you're going to want a divorce?

CORIE. (*Reassuring.*) There isn't going to be any more little fights. This is it, Paul! This is the end. Good night. (*Goes into bedroom and closes door behind her.*)

PAUL. Corie, do you mean to say—? (*He yells.*) Will you come down here!

CORIE. (*Yells from bedroom.*) Why?

PAUL. (*Screams back.*) Because I don't want to yeK.

**END** (thanks!)

## AUDITION SIDE #3: Corie & Telephone Man

MAN, *appears at the door. He is breathing as hard as ever. She sees him.*) Oh, hi!

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Not too thrilled.*) Hello, again.

CORIE. How have you been?

TELEPHONE MAN. Fine. Fine, thanks.

CORIE. Good . . . The telephone's out of order.

TELEPHONE MAN. I know. I wouldn't be here for a social call.

CORIE. Come on in . . .

(*He steps up into apartment. CORIE closes the door behind him, and goes up into kitchen to fill her glass with water.*)

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Looking around.*) Hey! . . . Not bad . . . Not bad at all . . . You did a very nice job.

CORIE. (*Speaking from kitchen.*) Thanks. You know anyone who might want to rent it?

TELEPHONE MAN. You movin' *already*?

CORIE. (*Picking up salt and pepper shaker.*) I'm looking for a smaller place.

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Looks around with disbelief.*) Smaller than this? . . . They're not easy to find.

CORIE. (*Coming out of kitchen.*) I'll find one. (*Places glass of water and shakers on end table.*)

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Moves to phone.*) Well, let's see what the trouble is. (*TELEPHONE MAN picks up receiver, jiggles the buttons and listens. CORIE moves straight-back bentwood chair from D. R. to above the end table. Putting down receiver.*) It's dead.

CORIE. I know. My husband killed it. (*Crosses to side table under radiator, and takes candlestick and candle, and a small vase with a yellow rose.*)

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Puzzled.*) Oh! (*Looks down and notices the wire has been pulled from the wall. Kneels down, opens tool case, and cheerfully begins to replace the wire.*) So how do you like married life?

**END** (thanks!)