AUGUST: Osage County – Audition Scenes

AUDITION SCENES

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AUDITION SIDE 01 | VIOLET / JOHNNA / BEVERLY

VIOLET. Oh. (*Vaguely.*) Hello.

JOHNNA. Hello.

VIOLET. (*To Beverly*.) I didn't know you were entertaaaaaaining.

BEVERLY. This is Johnna, the young woman I told you about.

VIOLET. You're tell me's a woman.

BEVERLY. Pardon?

VIOLET. A woman. Wo-man. Whoa-man.

BEVERLY. Yes, dear, the young woman I'm hiring. To watch the place.

VIOLET. Oh! You're hiring women's now the thing. I thought you meant the other woman.

BEVERLY. What other woman?

VIOLET. *(Pause; then, ugly.)* Huh?!

BEVERLY. I hope to hire her to cook and clean and take you to the clinic and to the -

VIOLET. (*Attempting to over-articulate*.) In the intrest of . civil action ... your par-tic-u-lars ways of speak-king, I thought you meant you had thought a whoa-man to be HIRED!

BEVERLY. I don't understand you.

VIOLET. *(Suddenly winsome, to Johnna.)* Hello.

JOHNNA. Hello.

VIOLET. I'm sorry. *(Curtsies.)* Like this.

JOHNNA. Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET. I'm Violet. What's your name?

JOHNNA. Johnna.

VIOLET. You're very pretty.

JOHNNA. Thank you.

VIOLET. Are you an Indian?

JOHNNA. Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET. What kind?

JOHNNA. Cheyenne.

VIOLET. Do you think I'm pretty?

JOHNNA. Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET. (*Curtsies again.)* Like . this? (*Curtsies again*.) Like this ... (*Curtsies lower, stumbles, catches herself.)*

BEVERLY. Careful.

VIOLET. (*Still to Johnna.)* You're the house now. I'm sorry, I ... took some medicine for my musssss ... muscular.

BEVERLY. Why don't you go back to bed, sweetheart?

VIOLET. Why don't you go fuck a fucking sow's ass?

AUDITION SIDE 02 | CHARLIE / MATTIE FAE / IVY

CHARLIE. This girl is concerned about her daddy's whereabouts. She doesn't need to sit here and listen to us –

MATTIE FAE. I think we're all concerned about Beverly.

CHARLIE. Then what the hell are you needling me for?

MATTIE FAE. He came back though, you know, and they worked things out, and he'll come back again, I know he will.

IVY. I think this time is different.

MATTIE FAE. I think so too.

CHARLIE. Why?

MATTIE FAE. Because back then

CHARLIE. I'm not asking you. (*To Ivy*.) Why do you think this time is different?

IVY. Because I think back then they were trying.

MATTIE FAE. (*To Charlie*.) Which is what I was gonna say. (*To Ivy*.) Beverly was a very complicated man.

IVY. I know.

CHARLIE. Stop saying "was."

MATTIE FAE. Well, he was. He is, very complicated.

CHARLIE. But in a kind-y quiet way.

IVY. Kind of like Charles.

CHARLIE. Yes, like Little Charles. Exactly - MATTIE FAE. Oh. He's nothing like Little Charles.

CHARLIE. She just means in their sort of quiet complicated ways –

MATTIE FAE. Little Charles isn't complicated.

CHARLIE. I think -

MATTIE FAE. No, Little Charles isn't complicated, he's just unemployed.

CHARLIE. He's an observer.

MATTIE FAE. All he observes is the television.

CHARLIE. So you can't even see Ivy's point?

MATTIE FAE. No.

CHARLIE. That Little Charles and Beverly share some kind of complication.

MATTIE FAE. Honey, you have to be smart to be complicated.

CHARLIE. That's our boy. Are you saying our boy isn't smart?

MATTIE FAE. Yes, that's what I'm saying.

CHARLIE. What's the matter with you? (*To Ivy*) Your cousin is very smart.

MATTIE FAE. I'm sweating. Are you sweating?

CHARLIE. Hell, yes, I'm sweating, it's ninety degrees in here.

MATTIE FAE. Feel my back.

CHARLIE. I don't want to feel your back.

MATTIE FAE. Feel it. Sweat is just dripping down my back.

I believe you.

MATTIE FAE. Feel it.

CHARLIE. No.

MATTIE FAE. Come on, put your hand here - CHARLIE. Goddamn it -

MATTIE FAE. Sweat's just dripping -

CHARLIE. Ivy. Let me ask you something. When did this start?

This business with the shades, taping the shades?

IVY. That's been a couple of years now.

MATTIE FAE. My gosh, has it been that long since we've been here?

CHARLIE. Do you know its purpose?

MATTIE FAE. You can't tell if it's night or day.

IVY. I think that's the purpose.

CHARLIE. Well, I don't know, but I don't think that's healthy.

MATTIE FAE. Its not. You need sunlight.

CHARLIE. Do you know which one of them decided on this?

IVY. I can't really see Dad taking the initiative.

CHARLIE. No, I suppose not. I don't know about you, but I find this whole setup depressing. Y'know, a person's environment ...

(Points to the stereo.) And what the hell, is that an Eric Clapton album? Vi's a Clapton fan? (*Mattie Fae starts to peel the tape from one of the shades.)* Don't do that.

MATTIE FAE. The body needs sunlight.

CHARLIE. It's nighttime. And this isn't your place, you can't come into somebody else's home and start changing –

MATTIE FAE. Do you believe we haven't been here in two years?

AUDITION SIDE 03 | STEVE / JEAN / KAREN

STEVE. Really hot.

JEAN. Yeah.

STEVE. Yeah….you a little dope smoker? (No response.) Well then you are in luck Because just happen to have some real tasty shit. Because I just happen to have some really good connects. And I am going to hook you up.

JEAN. That would be great cause I just smoked my last bowl, and I really need to get fucked up.

STEVE. You what?

JEAN. I really need to get fucked up

STEVE. You need to get what?

JEAN. Fucked up -

STEVE. What? You need to get fucked what? *(She short-laughs, pushes him away.)*

JEAN. You're bad.

STEVE. I'm just goofin' with you. *(Karen enters from the kitchen, finds Steve on the floor, looming over Jean*.) Hi, sweetheart.

KAREN. What are you doing?

STEVE. Goofin' with your niece.

KAREN. I think we're getting ready to eat.

STEVE. Right, right, I'm starving.

KAREN. Did you remember to get cigarettes?

STEVE. Damn it. *(To Jean*.) Didn't I ask you what I was forget-ting? I knew I was forgetting something-
KAREN. I'll have to borrow from Momma.

JEAN. I've got cigarettes.

KAREN. *You've* got cigarettes.

JEAN. Camel Lights?

STEVE. She's got our brand.

KAREN. Jean, honey, you're too young to smoke.

STEVE. (*Faux stern*.) Yeah.

KAREN. *(Whacks him playfully*) Stop it now, don't encourage her - STEVE. Hey, she's no kid -

KAREN. Can we borrow a couple of cigarettes?

JEAN. Yep-per. *(Jean gets cigarettes from her purse.)*

STEVE. Now let's not encourage her -

KAREN. Oh, hush. *(Takes cigarettes*.) Thanks, doll. Now stop smoking. *(Jean watches TV. Karen snuggles with Steve, speaks in a baby voice.)* Hi, doodle.

STEVE. Hey, baby.

AUDITION SIDE 04 | SHERIFF GILBEAU / BARBARA

SHERIFF GILBEAU. He's in a home over in Nowata

BARBARA. I'm sorry to hear that. That's just. Married? You're married? Wow. Hot flash. I'm sorry, did you want some coffee? I asked you that already. You're married.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Divorced.

BARBARA. Join the club.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Really?

BARBARA. I mean, I'm joining your club. I mean looks like I'll be joining your, your club.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Sorry to hear that.

BARBARA. Have kids?

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Three daughters.

BARBARA. Uh-huh. Look at that.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Right, no, I can't tell you

BARBARA. Three daughters, that's -

SHERIFF GILBEAU. - how many times I've thought about the Weston sisters over the years.

BARBARA. The Weston sisters. Been a while since I heard that. Sounds like a singing group.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Yeah, I guess.

BARBARA. "Ladies and gentlemen ... The Agitated Weston Sisters."

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Is your husband still here?

BARBARA. No, he left a few days ago. A week ago? Two weeks ago.Two weeks ago? Back to Colorado, with my daughter. With Jean.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. She seemed real sweet.

BARBARA. Ah, she's a nymphomaniac.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Really.

BARBARA. "Jean. "That's a stupid name.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. I like it.

BARBARA. You know why we named her that? Bill's a big Jean Seberg fan. Now that's ironic.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. I don't get it.

BARBARA. Jean Seberg killed herself. With a massive over-blah of ... blah-biturates.

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Oh.

BARBARA. So. (*Silence*.)

SHERIFF GILBEAU. Barbara? Are you okay?

BARBARA. (*Softly*) I'm fine. Just got the Plains.

AUDITION SIDE 05 | MATTIE FAE / VIOLET / IVY

MATTIE FAE. Is this the idea?

VIOLET. (Takes the photograph,) Look at me. (Shows the photograph to IVY) Look at me.

IVY. You're beautiful, Mom.

VIOLET. I was beautiful. Not anymore.

MATTIE FAE. Oh, now-

IVY. You're still beautiful

VIOLET. No. One of those lies we tell to give us comfort, but don't you believe it. Women are beautiful when they're young, and not after. Men can still preserve their sex appeal well into old age. I don't mean those men like you see with shorts and those little purses around their waists. Some men can maintain, if they embrace it. cragginess, weary masculinity. Women just get old and fat and wrinkly.

MATTIE FAE. I beg your pardon.

VIOLET. Think about what makes a young woman sexy. Think about the last time you went to the mall and saw some sweet little gal and thought, "She's a cute trick." What makes her that way?

Taut skin, firm boobs, an ass above her knees - MATTIE FAE. I'm still very sexy, thank you very much.

VIOLET. You're about as sexy as a wet cardboard box, Mattie Fae, you and me both. Dont kid yourself. Look ... can we all just stop kidding ourselves? Wouldn't we be better off, all of us, if we stopped lying about these things and told the truth? "Women aren't sexy when they're old." I can live with that. Can you live with that?

MATTIE FAE. I can live with it, but I disagree. What about Sophia Loren? What about Lena Horne? She stayed sexy until she was eighty.

VIOLET. The world is round. Get over it. Now try this dress on.

IVY. I'm sorry, I won't.

VIOLET. Ivy.

IVY. All right, the heat in here is getting just stupid now –

VIOLET. Now listen to me: you don't know how to attract a man. I do. That's something I've always -

IVY. It's a funeral! We just buried my father, I'm not trying to

attract _ !

VIOLET. I'm not talking about today, dummy, this is something

you can wear some -

IVY. I have a man. All right? I have a man.

AUDITION SIDE 06 | KAREN / BARBARA

KAREN. The present. Today, here and now. I think I spent so much of my early life thinking about what's to come, y know, who would I marry, would he be a lawyer or a football player, would he be dark-haired and good-looking and broad-shouldered. I spent a lot of time in that bedroom upstairs pretending my pillow was my husband and I'd ask him about his day at work and what was happening at the office, and did he like the dinner I made for him and where were we going to vacation that winter and he'd surprise me with tickets to Belize and we'd kiss - I mean I'd kiss my pillow, make out with my pillow, and then I'd tell him I'd been to the doctor that day and I'd found out I was pregnant. I know how pathetic all that sounds now, but it was innocent enough ... Then real life takes over because it always does

BARBARA.-uh-huh -

KAREN.-and things work out differently than you'd planned. That pillow was a better husband than any real man I'd ever met; this parade of men fails to live up to your expectations, all of them so much less than Daddy or Bill (you know I always envied you finding Bill). And you punish yourself, tell yourself its your fault you can't find a good one, you've only deluded yourself into thinking they're better than they are. I don't know how well you remember Andrew

BARBARA. No, I remember.

KAREN. That's the best example: Here's a guy I loved so intensely, and all the things he did wrong were just opportunities for me to make things right. So if he cheated on me or he called me a cunt, Id think to myself, "No, you love him, you love him forever, and here's An opportunity to make an adjustment in the way you view the And I can't say when the precise moment was that I looked in the mirror and said, "Okay, moron," and walked out, but it kicked off this whole period of reflection, just swamped in this sticky recollection. How had I screwed it up, where'd I go wrong, and before you know it you can't move forward, you're just suspended there, you can't move forward because you can't stop thinking backward, I mean, you know ... years! Years of punishment, self-loathing. And that's when I got into all those books and discussion groups –

BARBARA. And scientology, too, right, or something like that?-

AUDITION SIDE 07 | IVY / VIOLET

IVY. I just wanted a change.

VIOLET. You're a pretty girl. You're the prettiest of my three girls, but you always look like such a schlub. Why don't you wear any

makeup?

IVY. Do I need makeup?

VIOLET. Al women need makeup. Don't let anybody tell you different . The only woman who was pretty enough to go without makeup was Elizabeth Taylor and she wore a ton. Sit up straight.

IVY. Mom.

VIOLET. Your shoulders are slumped and your hair's all straight and you don't wear makeup. You look like a lesbian. You're a pretty enough girl, you could get a decent man if you spruced up. A bit, that's all I'm saying.

IVY. I'm not looking for a man.

VIOLET. You should be. Everybody needs somebody.

IVY. I'm not looking for a man.

VIOLET. Listen, there are a lot of losers out there, don't think I don't know it. But just because you got a bad one doesn't mean –

IVY. Barry wasn't a loser.

VIOLET. Barry was an asshole. And I warned you from the start, didn't I? First time you brought him over here in his ridiculous little electric car, with that stupid orange beard and that turban.

IVY. It wasn't a turban -

VIOLET. I just don't understand some of the choices you make.

You're forty-three years old

IVY. Forty-four.

VIOLET. Forty-four years old. Maybe you're past the point of having children, and that's all right if you don't want them, but aren't you interested in finding a husband?

IVY. A husband. In *Pawhuska*.

VIOLET. You don't meet people where you live, you meet them where you work. You work at a college. Don't tell me there aren't people coming through the door of that library every day.

IVY. You want me to marry a student, some eighteen-year-old boy from one of these hick towns?

VIOLET. They still have teachers on the Tulsa campus, don't they?

They did when your father taught there -

IVY. Barry was a teacher at TU.

VIOLET. Yeah, "Environmental Studies." Barry was a loser.

IVY. He wasn't a loser -

AUDITION SIDE 08 | CHARLIE / LITTLE CHARLES

LITTLE CHARLES. I'm sorry, Dad.

CHARLIE. Stop apologizing to me. Hold on a second, comb your hair. (*Charlie gives Little Charles a comb*.)

LITTLE CHARLES. I know Mom's mad at me.

CHARLIE. Don't worry about her.

LITTLE CHARLES. What did she say?

CHARLIE. You know your mother, she says what she says.

LITTLE CHARLES. I set the alarm. I did.

CHARLIE. I know you did.

LITTLE CHARLES. I wanted to be there.

CHARLIE. You're here now.

LITTLE CHARLES. I loved Uncle Bev, you know that

CHARLIE. Stop apologizing.

LITTLE CHARLES. The power must've gone out. I woke up and the clock was blinking noon. That means the power went out, right?

CHARLIE. Its okay.

LITTLE CHARLES. I missed his funeral!

CHARLIE. It's a ceremony. It's ceremonial. It doesn't mean anything compared to what you have in your heart.

LITTLE CHARLES. Uncle Bev must be disappointed in me.

CHARLIE. Your Uncle Bev has got bigger and better things ahead of him. He doesn't have time for spite. He wasn't that kind of man anyway - (Little Charles weeps.) Hey. Little Charles. Hey. It's okay. It's okay, now

LITTLE CHARLES. Just ... it's just ... you know, I know how things are. I know how they feel about me, and when, something like this ... you want to be there for people, and –

CHARLIE. - shhhh-

LITTLE CHARLES. - I missed Uncle Bev's funeral, and I know how they feel about me -

CHARLIE. Who, how who feels about you? Feels what about you?

AUDITION SIDE 09 | BEVERLY / JOHNNA

BEVERLY.

y'know ... a simple utility bill can mean so much to a living person. Once they've passed, though ... after they've passed, the words and numbers just seem like ... otherworldly symbols. It's only paper. Worse. Worse than blank paper.

(Johnna wipes sweat from her brow. Beverly takes a folded handkerchief from his pocket and hands it to her.) This is clean.

JOHNNA. *(Wiping her forehead.)* Thank you.

BEVERLY.

I apologize for the temperature in here. My wife is

cold-blooded and not just in the metaphorical sense. She does not believe in air-conditioning ... as if it is a thing to be disbelieved.

JOHNNA. My daddy was the same way. I'm used to it.

BEVERLY. I knew Mr. Youngbird, you know.

JOHNNA. You knew Daddy?

BEVERLY. Small town. Bought many a watermelon from his fruit stand. Some summers he sold fireworks too, right?

JOHNNA. Yes, sir.

BEVERLY. I bought Roman candles for my children. He did pass, didn't he?

JOHNNA. Yes, sir.

BEVERLY. May I ask how?

JOHNNA. He had a heart attack, Fell into a flatbed truck full of

wine grapes.

BEVERLY. Wine grapes. In Oklahoma. I'm sorry.

JOHNNA. Thank you.

BEVERLY. May I ask about the name?

JOHNNA. Hm?

BEVERLY. He was Youngbird and you are ...

JOHNNA. Monevata.

BEVERLY. “Monevata."

JOHNNA. I went back to the original language.

BEVERLY. And does it mean "young bird"?

JOHNNA. Yes.

BEVERLY. And taking the name, that was your choice?

JOHNNA. Mm-hm.

BEVERLY. *(Raising his glass.)* Cheers.

AUDITION SIDE 10 | BARBARA / BILL

BARBARA. Whats Jean doing?

BILL. Smoking.

BARBARA. I wish you wouldn't encourage that.

BILL. I haven't encouraged anything.

BARBARA. I don't know, there's just something a little funny about the way you say, "smoking," like you admire her for getting hooked at fourteen.

BILL. Are you ready for this?

BARBARA. No. No way.

BILL. Well. Take a second. (*They stand, taking in the night, breathing the air.)*

BARBARA. Goddamn, it's hot.

BILL. Wimp.

BARBARA. I know it. Colorado spoiled me.

BILL. That's one of the reasons we got out of here.

BARBARA. No, it's not.

BILL. You suppose your mom's turned on the air conditioner?

BARBARA. Are you kidding? Remember the parakeets?

BILL. The parakeets.

BARBARA. I didn't tell you about the parakeets? She got a parakeet, for some insane reason, and the little fucker croaked after about two days. So she went to the pet store and raised hell and they gave her another parakeet. That one died after just one day. So she went back and they gave her a third parakeet and that one died, too. So the chick from the pet store came out here to see just what in hell this serial parakeet killer was doing to bump off these birds.

BILL. And?

BARBARA. The heat. It was too hot. They were dying from the heat.

BILL. Jesus.

BARBARA. These are tropical birds, all right? They live in the fucking tropics. (*Beat. She looks out.*) What were these people thinking?

BILL. What people?

BARBARA. The jokers who settled this place. The Germans and the Dutch and the Irish. Who was the asshole who saw this flat hot nothing and planted his flag? I mean, we fucked the Indians for this?

BILL. Well, genocide always seems like such a good idea at the time.

AUDITION MONOLOGUE 11 | KAREN

KAREN. The present. Today, here and now. I think I spent so much of my early life thinking about what's to come, y'know, who would I marry, would he be a lawyer or a football player, would he be dark-haired and good-looking and broad-shouldered. I spent a lot of time pretending I had a husband and I'd ask him about his day at work and what was happening at the office, and did he like the dinner that I made for him and where were we going to vacation that winter and he'd surprise me with tickets to Belize . . . Then real life takes over because it always does – and things work out differently than you'd planned. I created a better husband than any man I'd ever met. And you punish yourself, tell yourself it's your fault you can't find a good one. I don't know how well you remember Andrew . . . Here's a guy I loved so intensely, and all the things he did wrong were just opportunities to make things right. So if he cheated on me I'd think to myself, "No, you love him, you love him forever, and here's an opportunity for you to make an adjustment in the way you view the world." And I can't say when the precise moment was that I looked in the mirror and said, "OK, moron," and walked out, but it kicked off this whole period of reflection. How had I screwed it up, where'd I go wrong, and before you know it you can't move forward, you're just suspended there, you can't move forward because you can't stop thinking backward, I mean, you know . . . years! Years of punishment, self-loathing.
And finally, one day I just said, "No, it's *me*, it's just *me*, here and now, with my music on the stereo and my glass of wine and my cat, and I don't need anything else, I can live my life with myself." And that's when I met Steve. That's how it happens, of course, you only really find it when you're not looking for it, suddenly you turn around and there it is. Here he is, you know, a good man and he's good to me and he's good *for* me. The best thing about him is that now what I think about is *now*. My focus, my life, my world is *now.* I don't care about the past anymore, the mistakes I made, the way I *thought,* I won't go back there. And you know what the kicker is? We're going to Belize on our honeymoon.

AUDITION MONOLOGUE 12 | BEVERLY

BEVERLY. Violet. My wife. She takes pills, sometimes a great many. and they affect... among other things, her equilibrium. Fortunately, the pills she takes eliminate her *need* for equilibrium. So she falls when she rambles... but she doesn't ramble much.
My wife takes pills and I drink. That's the bargain we've struck... *one* of the bargains, just one paragraph of our marriage contract... cruel covenant. She takes pills and I drink. I don't drink *because* she takes pills. As to whether she takes pills because I drink... I learned long ago not to speak for my wife. And these facts have over time made burdensome the maintenance fo traditional American routine: paying of bills, purchase of goods, cleaning of clothes or carpets or crappers. Rather than once more assume the mantle of guilt... vow abstinence with my fingers crossed int the queasy hope of righting our ship, I've chosen to turn my life over to a Higher Power... and join the ranks of the Hiring Clas.
It's not a decision with which I'm entirely comfortable. I know how to launder my dirty undies... done it all my life, me or my wife, but I'm finding it's getting in the way of my drinking. "Something has been said for sobriety but very little" (Berryman again.) And now you are here.
This place isn't in such bad shape, not yet. I've done all right. I've managed. And just last night, I burned an awful lot of...debris...
Y'know, a simple utility bill can mean so much to a living person. Once they've passed, though... after they've passed, the words and numbers just seem like... otherworldly symbols. It's only paper. Worse. Worse than blank paper.

AUDITION MONOLOGUE 13 | VIOLET

VIOLET. I ever tell you the story of Raymond Qualls? Not much story to it. Boy I had a crush on when I was thirteen or so. Real rough-looking boy, beat-up Levis, messy hair. Terrible underbite. But he had these beautiful cowboy boots, shiny chocolate leather. He was so proud of those boots, you could tell, the way he'd strut around, all arms and elbows, puffed-up and cocksure. I decided I needed to get a girly pair of those same boots and I knew he'd ask me to go steady, convinced myself of it. He'd seem me in those boots and say, "Now there's the gal for me." Found the boots in a window downtown and just went crazy: I'd stay up late in bed, praying for those boots, rehearsing the conversation I was going to have with Raymond when he saw me in my boots. Must've asked my momma a hundred times if I could get those boots. "What do you want for Christmas, Vi?" "Momma, I'll give all for it up just for those boots." Bargaining, you know? She started dropping hints about a package under the tree she had wrapped up, about the size of a boot box, real nice wrapping paper. "Now, Vi, don't you cheat and look in there before Christmas morning." Little smile on her face. Christmas morning, I was up like a shot, boy, under the tree, tearing open that box. There was a pair of boots all right... men's work boots, holes in the toes, chewed-up laces, caked in mud and dog shit. Lord, my momma laughed for days.

AUDITION MONOLOGUE 14 | JEAN

JEAN. Mom and Dad don't mind. You won't get into trouble or anything.
I say they don't mind.
I just mean they don't mind that I smoke pot. Dad doesn't. Mom kind of does. She thinks it's bad for me. I think the real reason it bugs her is 'cause Dad smokes pot, too, and she wishes he didn't. Dad's much cooler than Mom, really. Well, that's not true. He's just cooler in that way, I guess.
No, he's not really cooler.
He's fucking one of his students which is pretty uncool, if you ask me. Some people would think that's cool, like those dicks who teach with him in the Humanities Department because they're all fucking their students or wish they were fucking their students. "Lo-liii-ta." I mean, I don't care and all, he can fuck whoever he wants and he's a teacher and that's who teachers meet, students. He was just a turd the way he went about it and didn't give Mom a chance to respond or anything. What sucks now is that Mom's watching me like a hawk, like, she's afraid I'll have some post-divorce freak-out and become some heroin addict or shoot everybody at school. Or God forbid, lose my virginity. I don't know what it is about Dad splitting that put Mom on hymen patrol.

AUDITION MONOLOGUE 15 | BARBARA

One of the last times I spoke with my father, we were talking about… I don't know, the state of the world, something… and he said, "You know, this country was always pretty much a whorehouse, but at least it used to have some promise. Now it's just a shithole." And I think now maybe he was talking about something else, something more specific, something more personal to him… this house? This family? His marriage? Himself? I don't know. But there was something sad in his voice – or no, not sad, he always sounded sad – something more hopeless than that. As if it had already happened. As if whatever was disappearing had already disappeared. As if it was too late. As if it was already over. And no one saw it go. This country, this experiment, America, this hubris, what a lament, if no one saw it go. Here today, gone tomorrow. Dissipation is actually much worse than cataclysm.

AUDITION MONOLOGUE 16 | CHARLES

Mattie Fae, we're gonna go get in the car right now and go home and if you say one more mean thing to that boy, I'm going to kick your fat Irish ass onto the highway. You hear me?

I don't understand this meanness. I look at you and your sister and the way you talk to people and I don't understand it. I just can't understand why folks can't be respectful of one another. I don't think there's any excuse for it. My family didn't treat each other that way.

You had better not say anything about my family right now. I mean it. We buried a man today I loved very much. And whatever faults he may have had, he was a good, kind, decent person.

And to hear you tear into your own son on a day like today dishonours Beverly's memory. We've been married for thirty-eight years. I wouldn't trade them for anything. But if you can't find a generous place in your heart for your own son, we're not going to make it to thirty-nine.