

WOMEN'S AUDITION MONOLOGUE

CHRIS. Okay, thank you, Dr. Diddley ... Dudley. Enjoy the show. Ken and I saw it, we loved it ... Especially the second act. Who's playing the Phantom tonight? Oh, Charley's calling me. *(Calls out.)* Just a minute, Charley. *(Into phone.)* He sounds a lot better. I have to go. Yes, Doctor, I will. *(SHE hangs up, furious at Ken.)* Don't you ever do that to me again. He must suspect something. I didn't get his name right once. I don't know why we're always the first ones here. *(SHE fixes the vodka.)* Never came late once in our lives. Someone else could have dealt with all this.

CLAIRE. We had an accident. Brand new BMW, two days old, the side door is smashed in. Don't tell Charley and Myra, I don't want to ruin tonight for them. My lip is swelling up. *(Looks in the wall mirror.)* Oh, no, I look like a trumpet player. Lenny's coming. He's walking slowly, he's got whiplash. His seat belt went right around his neck, and pulled him straight up. I left him dangling. Just don't tell Myra. This party means so much to her. Of all nights to happen. *(Looks at her mouth in a hand mirror.)* I could have lost the tip of my tongue. I'd be speaking Gaelic the rest of my life.

COOKIE. So what's the big surprise about? *(Nods.)* Uh huh.. *(Nods.)* Uh huh. Why is that terrific? No, I hated those times. I love success. I work fourteen hours a day. I cook thirty-seven meals a week. I cook on my television show. I cook for my family. I cook for my neighbors. I cook for my dogs. I was looking forward to a relaxed evening. *(SHE reconsiders.)* But I don't want to spoil the fun. What do we have to do? What? You mean all of us cooking in the kitchen together? I just don't understand why we're all wearing our best clothes to cook a dinner. Well, I don't want to take the blame for ruining this party. *(To the Group.)* I'll do all the cooking myself and Ernie 'll do the serving. Just give me forty-five minutes. I promise you this is going to be the best dinner party we ever had.

MEN'S AUDITION MONOLOGUE

KEN. Who's that? Who is that? Let me think a minute. All right. It's got to be Lenny or Ernie, one of the others. Chris open the door. I've got to dry Charley off and bandage his ear. Don't tell them what happened. I need a few minutes to figure this out. Can't you stall them? Attempted suicide is a criminal offense, not to mention a pretty ugly scandal. Charley's deputy mayor of New York. He's my client and my best friend, I've got to protect him, don't I? Just play the hostess for a few minutes until I figure out how to handle this.

LENNY. *(In pain, but smiles. His neck is stiff.)* Hi, Charley! Hi, Myra! We're here, kids. *(To Chris.)* Did she tell you what happened? Some stupid bastard shoots out of his garage like a Polaris rocket. I've got four doors on one side of the car now. My neck is stretched out, over to one side. I look like a Modigliani painting. I don't think I could swallow past my shoulders. Here's their gift. Steuben glass. *(HE shakes box. We hear broken glass RATTLE.)* If someone brings them a bottle of glue, they'll have a nice gift. *(dialing a phone.)* A brand new, spotless car, never touched by human hands. Buffed and polished by German women in Munich and now it looks like a war memorial. *(Into phone.)* Hello? This is Leonard Ganz. Is Dr. Dudley there, please? *(Into phone.)* Yes, it is. I have a whiplash injury ... I see ... Do you know what theater he's in? Could you? It's important. I'm at-*(HE looks at phone.)* 914-473-2261 ... Thank you very much. *(HE hangs up.) (Still bracing his neck.)* I can only look up. I hope tall people are coming to this party.

ERNIE. Damn, I burned my fingers! Hot hot hot, oh, *God*, It's hot! Sonofagun, that hurts. Oh, fuckerini! *(Quickly.)* Cookie dropped her ice hag and slipped against the stove. The hot platter was about to fall on her, so I lifted it up. Then I dropped it on the table and it broke the water pitcher and the glass shattered on her arm and she's bleeding like hell. I got a dish towel on her wrist and I propped her up against a cabinet. But I need some bandages for her arm and some ointment for my fingers. I never saw anything happen so fast. *(changing tone)* I'm sorry, Claire. Did you ask for a drink?