

(Female) ADDITION VIDEO
DO UNDERLINED PART
AS VIDEO

angry.) What a rotten thing to do . . . To your own mother.

CORIE. What?

PAUL. Do you have any idea how she felt just now? Do you know kind of a night this was for her?

CORIE. (Impishly.) It's not over yet.

PAUL. You didn't see her sitting here two minutes ago. You were upstairs with that Hungarian Duncan Hines . . . Well, she was miserable. Her face was longer than that trip we took tonight. (Hangs up coat in closet.)

CORIE. She never said a thing to me.

PAUL. (Takes out hanger and puts jacket on it.) She's too good a sport. She went the whole cock-eyed way . . . Boy, oh boy . . . dragging a woman like that all the way out to the middle of the harbor for a bowl of sheep dip. (Hangs jacket up and crosses to dictionary on side table under radiator. Takes tie off and folds it neatly.)

CORIE. (Follows him to table.) It was Greek bean soup. And at least she tasted it. She didn't jab at it with her knife throwing cute little epigrams like, "Ho, ho, ho . . . I think there's someone in there."

PAUL. (Puts tie between pages of dictionary.) That's right. That's right. At least I was honest about it. You ate two bowls because you were showing off for Al Capone at the next table. (PAUL searches for wallet unsuccessfully.)

CORIE. What are you so angry about, Paul?

PAUL. (Crossing to closet.) I just told you. I felt terrible for your mother. (Gets wallet out of jacket pocket.)

CORIE. (Following after him to the front of couch.) Why? Where is she at this very minute? Alone with probably the most attractive man she's ever met. Don't tell me that doesn't beat hell out of hair curlers and the Late Late Show.

PAUL. (Crossing up onto bedroom landing.) Oh, I can just hear it now. What sparkling conversation. He's probably telling her about a chicken cacciatore he once cooked for the High Lama of Tibet and she's sitting there showing pink pills in her mouth.

CORIE. (Taking coat from couch and putting it on armchair R.) You never can tell what people talk about when they're alone.

PAUL. I don't understand how you can be so unconcerned about this. (Goes into bedroom.)

CORIE. (Moving to stairs.) Unconcerned . . . I'm plenty concerned. Do you think I'm going to get one wink of sleep until that phone rings tomorrow? I'm scared to death for my mother. But I'm grateful there's finally the opportunity for something to be scared about . . . (Moves R., then turns back.) What I'm really concerned about is you!

PAUL. (Bursts out of bedroom, nearly slamming through door.) Me? Me?

CORIE. I'm beginning to wonder if you're capable of having a good time.

PAUL. Why? Because I like to wear my gloves in the winter?

CORIE. No. Because there isn't the least bit of adventure in you. Do you know what you are? You're a watcher. There are Watchers in this world and there are Do-ers. And the Watchers sit around watching the Do-ers do. Well, tonight you watched and I did.

PAUL. (Moves down stairs to CORIE.) Yeah . . . Well, it was harder to watch what you did than it was for you to do what I was watching. (Crosses back up stairs to landing.)

CORIE. You won't let your hair down for a minute. You couldn't even relax for one night. Boy, Paul, sometimes you act like a . . . a . . . (Gets shoes from under couch.)

PAUL. (Stopping on landing.) What . . . ? A stuffed shirt?

CORIE. (Drops shoes on couch.) I didn't say that.

PAUL. That's what you're implying.

CORIE. (Moves to R. armchair and begins to take off jewelry.) That's what you're anticipating. I didn't say you're a stuffed shirt. But you are extremely proper and dignified.

PAUL. How should I know? They didn't even send us our marriage license yet.

CORIE. I'll get your jockey shorts. (*Crosses up into bedroom.*)

PAUL. (*Moves to coffee table and takes drink.*) You can leave the suits. I'll pick them up in the spring when they're dry.

CORIE. (*In bedroom*) You'd better ring the bell. 'Cause I'm buying a big dog tomorrow.

PAUL. (*Finishing drink.*) A dog . . . Fine, fine . . . Now you'll have someone to walk barefoot in the park with. (*The PHONE rings. CORIE comes out of the bedroom with a pile of jockey shorts which she throws on the couch. She crosses to answer phone.*) If that's Arthur Murray, say hello. (*Gathers up jockey shorts and puts them in suitcase.*)

CORIE. (*Picks up phone.*) Hello . . . Yes, Aunt Harriet . . . What? . . . No, Mother's not with me . . . I'm positive . . . She left about two in the morning . . . What wrong? . . . What?

PAUL. (*Crossing to closet and getting pair of pants.*) What is it?

CORIE. (*Terribly frightened.*) Mother? . . . My Mother? . . . Are you sure?

PAUL. (*Putting pants in suitcase.*) What is it?

CORIE. (*Into phone, now very nervous.*) No, my phone's been out of order all day . . . (*Gives PAUL a dirty look.*) No, I don't know what could have happened.

PAUL. (*Blowing nose.*) What's the matter?

CORIE. All right, Aunt Harriet, don't get excited . . . Yes . . . Yes, I'll call as soon as I hear. (*She hangs up.*)

PAUL. (*Moves to CORIE.*) What happened to your mother?

CORIE. She didn't come home last night. Her bed wasn't slept in. Maybe I should call the police. (*Starts to pick up phone.*)

PAUL. All right, take it easy, Corie . . .

CORIE. (*Turns back to PAUL.*) Don't you understand?

ONLINE MALE AUDITION VIDEO
Please present underlined
parts as continuous monologue

Jessie looked. She was not in her bedroom this morning. (*Picks up phone.*)

PAUL. (*Groping.*) Well . . . well, maybe her back was bothering her and she went to sleep on the ironing board.

CORIE. You stupid idiot, didn't you hear what I said? My mother's been missing all night! . . . My mother!

PAUL. (*The Chief of Police.*) All right, let's not crack up.

CORIE. (*Seething.*) Will you go 'way? Get out of my life and go away! (*Slams receiver down and crosses to door.*) I don't want to see you here when I get back.

PAUL. Where are you going?

CORIE. Upstairs to find out what happened to my mother. (*She opens door.*) And don't be here when I get back! (*She goes out and slams the door. PAUL goes to door.*)

PAUL. Oh, yeah? . . . Well, I've got a big surprise for you . . . (*Opens door and yells after her.*) I'm not going to be here when you get back . . . (*Crossing to dictionary on side table.*) Let's see how you like living alone . . . (*Pulls ties out of dictionary and throws them in suitcase.*) A dog . . . Ha! That's a laugh . . . Wait till she tries to take him out for a walk . . . He'll get one look at those stairs and he'll go right for her throat. (*Crossing into bedroom.*) You might as well get a parakeet, too . . . So you can talk to him all night. (*Mimicking CORIE.*) "How much can I spend for bird seeds, Polly? Is a nickel too much?" (*Comes out of bedroom with shirts and pajamas.*) Well, fortunately, I don't need anyone to protect me. (*Putting clothes in suitcase.*) Because I am a man, sweetheart . . . An independent, mature, self-sufficient man. (*Sneezes as he closes suitcase.*) God bless me! (*Feeling sorry for himself, he feels his head.*) I probably got the flu. (*Crossing to bar, takes a bottle and glass.*) Yeah, I'm hot, cold, sweating, freezing. It's probably a 24-hour virus. I'll be all right . . . (*Looks at his watch.*) tomorrow at a quarter to five. (*Pours another drink, puts down bottle and drinks. As he drinks, he notices the hole in the skylight. Stepping up onto*