

SUBURBAN STANDOFF AUDITIONS

SIDE: BEATRICE / DEBORAH

[Louise's living room. Deborah and Beatrice enter carrying coffee mugs.]

Beatrice: It's a new topographical cream.

Deborah: And the rash is gone?

Beatrice: Not gone, but not in the same place.

Deborah: I guess that's an improvement.

Beatrice: I think so. I do like these mugs. Where do you think Louise got them?

Deborah: Costco.

Beatrice: They are nice. I wonder if The Bay has them?

Deborah: Nope. Phyllis has the exact same ones and she got hers at Costco. She told me that's the only place you can get them.

Beatrice: But I'm not a member.

Deborah: It wouldn't make any difference. They're sold out.

Beatrice: Sold out?

Deborah: I bought the last set a week ago. You could try ordering online, but that'll take forever. They're imported. Fine new bone china. Microwavable.

Beatrice: I like the cats on them.

Deborah: Yes, they're nice.

Beatrice: So, you and Phyllis and Louise all have matching mugs?

Deborah: And Doreen.

Beatrice: Doreen?

Deborah: She was the first to get them.

Beatrice: Oh. But I want matching mugs.

Deborah: What's wrong with your mugs?

Beatrice: They don't match.

Deborah: So, get new mugs.

Beatrice: But I want matching mugs that match your mugs.

Deborah: Your mugs are fine.

Beatrice: But I've had them for thirty-five years. Henry and I got them when we moved into our second home. And now every time I have a cup of coffee, I just start thinking about Henry, and the time that's gone by, and the kids being so far away, and how I never used to drink coffee alone, because I always had poor old Henry to keep me company, even though he barely said anything, but it was still, you know, company. So now I always pour an extra cup and I place it on the kitchen table across from me, and I imagine Henry's there with me, and I imagine all the things we'd talk about, and then I find myself actually talking about them, out loud, as if he were there, and it's almost the same as actually having him there, because, well, he barely said anything anyway, and I go on and on and on, drinking my coffee, chatting away to poor old dead Henry's coffee cup because there's just something so comforting about it — Is that crazy?

Deborah: Yes.

Beatrice: Oh. But I can't help it. I just miss him so much. See, you're lucky. Your husband is still alive.

Deborah: Bea, he's not my husband anymore. And I wish he weren't alive.

Beatrice: Right, of course. But you know what I mean.

Deborah: I have no idea what you mean.

Beatrice: I just mean that... Well... I should probably get new mugs. [Begins to cry.]

Deborah: I think that might be a good idea.

END OF SIDE