

# **KATHY MARIE AUDITION SCENE 1:**

MARIE: I know! Let's take a spa day!

KATHY: Mom, I can't-

MARIE: Could be relaxing after that whole fiasco-

KATHY: I'm relaxed.

MARIE: You used to love spa days-

KATHY: No, *you* loved spa days. I only went for the lemonade.

MARIE: A couple of hours, max!

KATHY: There's no one to watch the desk.

MARIE: What about Paolo?

KATHY: He's not in 'til three.

MARIE: Paolo. There's another nice boy who used to bring two coffees to work-

KATHY: Maybe Paolo would like to go to the spa with you-

MARIE: Maybe he would-!

KATHY: Great. You two can go and talk shit about me and sort out my future-

MARIE: Okay, okay. You've had enough of me, I can tell.

KATHY: If you're looking for something to do you could always go downstairs and throw out some of that junk lying around. It was embarrassing bringing Andreas down there. It makes us look like we're deranged hoarders.

MARIE: I know, but it's hard for me to get rid of things. I'm sentimental.

## KATHY ANDREAS AUDITION SCENE 1:

ANDREAS: (*putting it together.*) Paolo. You married Paolo? The priest? The priest is your ex-husband?

KATHY: Firstly, Paolo is not a priest, please do not call him that. And second, we only did it because Harry and Marie were being really annoying about the whole thing.

ANDREAS: I've been a lawyer for 10 years and I've never heard of someone getting married to piss off their parents.

KATHY: I didn't get married to piss off my parents. I eloped to piss them off. I got married because I was young and free and I thought I knew what love was. I thought that if you love someone else more than you love yourself then it was true and real. But, what do I know?

ANDREAS: What made you end it?

KATHY: We came to our senses. It was like the drugs wore off. And it almost killed Harry. His heart, it nearly conked out on him. I rushed home to a hysterical Marie and Harry in a hospital bed, and it's been hard to leave ever since.

ANDREAS: Didn't anyone tell you that was incredibly brave?

KATHY: What? Eloping? Nope.

ANDREAS: No. Well, yes, that too. But coming home.

KATHY: It didn't feel brave. It felt shitty, and weak. Still does.

## KATHY MARIE AUDITION SCENE 2: (some Andreas)

MARIE: (*To Andreas*) You should join us at the Benson's! It's their annual Peyote Party!

KATHY: MOM.

MARIE: You're invited too, of course, sweetie.

KATHY: I'm sure Andr- Mr. Anderson has no interest in doing peyote out in the middle of the desert with all your friends.

ANDREAS: Quite the opposite actually. Sounds like a smashing time. Unfortunately (*holds up briefcase*) work never sleeps.

MARIE: Well neither does this city! If you find yourself finishing early tonight, Andreas, you're welcome to join us.

KATHY: Mom, you guys work tomorrow morning, please do not forget.

MARIE: Oh, honey, of course I won't.

KATHY: No, not 'of course'. You always do this to me. (*scolding*) You go party with your friends, miss curfew and then don't show up to work. And if you're not here, I have to be here, and I have stuff to do tomorrow.

MARIE: Oh, what stuff?

KATHY: (*Pause, as Kathy can't think of anything.*) It doesn't matter, it's not my shift!

MARIE: And I will be here for it. Honestly, Kathy-bug, 7 a.m. is lightyears away!

KATHY: Your shift starts at six.

MARIE: That's what I said! I will be here, Kathy- wath, and hopefully (*to Andreas*) so will you.

ANDREAS: Have fun at the party!

MARIE: Thanks, darling boy! Bye, Kath. How will it be this time?

KATHY: Hmmmm... fuel truck. Flips over on the highway and explodes a half-mile radius.

MARIE: Kathy! No! That would never happen- it's far too Hollywood.

KATHY: Okay, fine. Harry swerves to avoid a turtle. You go off a bridge.

MARIE: Perfect! Kisses!

## KATHY/PAOLO AUDITION SCENE 1:

PAOLO: Saturday? Actually... I have a date on Saturday.

KATHY: Oh? Who with?

PAOLO: A very nice woman I met at the dentist.

KATHY: So your dentist?

PAOLO: Dental hygienist. She was very impressed with my enamel. We went out for some sugar-free fro-yo. It was disgusting. And last night we had dinner.

KATHY: So this will be the third date? (*sarcastically grave*) It's pretty serious then?

PAOLO: (*just as sarcastically grave*) Oh, yes. Very serious. I know... her name. I know what kind of car she drives- green Kia Soul. And I know she picks all the capers out of her chicken piccata. That was weird.

KATHY: Wow. She sounds like a dream.

PAOLO: Hey, they can't all be caper-loving, superwomen like you.

KATHY: But if she doesn't like capers, then why did she order the piccata?

PAOLO: That's what I was thinking all night! The capers are what *make* chicken piccata!

KATHY: I don't know about this one, Paolo.

PAOLO: Right? Now I'm re-thinking Saturday.

KATHY: What if she picks all the onions out of her French onion soup?

PAOLO: No. No. I can't sit through that. Not again. It's decided. I'm ghosting her.

KATHY: No, Paolo! You can't ghost her! Then she'll never know *how* she's weird!

PAOLO: I don't want to tell her!

KATHY: You have to tell her.

PAOLO: Man. Dating sucks.

## KATHY/ANDREAS AUDITION SCENE 2:

*(6 A.M. KATHY enters and stands at the desk, very sleepy. Clearly MARIE and HARRY never made it home. ANDREAS enters, highly caffeinated, with two coffees again.)*

ANDREAS: Gooooo morning! Another sunny, dry, perfect day today! *(He looks around.)* I assume the party-animals never made it home? You're *sure* your predictions never come true? Hmm. *(Shrugs.)* You know, I saw a family of armadillos on my drive over here. How adorable are armadillo pups? Here is yooour coffee. Black as ink. Strong as iron. Dark as night. And here is mine, I've found I can just about stomach it if it has plenty of cream and plenty of sugar so that's what I asked the lass at the window, I said, 'Plenty of cream and plenty of sugar', and you know what?

*(Kathy, tired after her shift, is about to respond.)*

ANDREAS: I've found it almost passable. And you know what? I've remembered what they call Las Vegas. The Sun City!

KATHY: I think it's ... Sin City.

ANDREAS: Sin city? That doesn't make any sense. Why would they call it Sin City?

KATHY: Why would they call it sun city?

ANDREAS: Because of all the sun!

KATHY: I guess you have a point.

ANDREAS: Huzzah! England-one, U.S.- zero. But I digress. I have something for you.

KATHY: More than the coffee?

ANDREAS: Oh yes, and I know for a fact you'll like it.

## KATHY, ANDREAS, MARIE, HARRY SCENE 1:

ANDREAS: How was the party?

HARRY: Great!

MARIE: Divine!

HARRY: You should've come! You too, Kathy!

KATHY: What happened to your hands?

HARRY: Coupla fireworks got away from me. (*To Marie*) Good thing we remembered the ice this time.

ANDREAS: Are you alright?

HARRY: I've had worse. There was this one call, a grease fire at a casino kitchen, they threw Coors Light on the flames because they said, "It's mostly water"! Can you believe that? Took me weeks to grow back all the hair on my arms.

MARIE: Months, Harry.

KATHY: And your face. You looked like a hard-boiled egg.

HARRY: Felt like one too!

MARIE: Speaking of which, I'm starving. Would you care for some breakfast, Andreas?

ANDREAS: Thank you, but I've eaten. I was actually on my way out.

MARIE: Maybe some other time.

KATHY: He's leaving tomorrow, Mom.

(*Harry and Marie gasp, and begin to tear up.*)

MARIE: No!

HARRY: My boy!

MARIE: Will you ever be back again?

ANDREAS: It's possible... (*It isn't.*) Should there be another divorce... from another couple... from this chapel... (*There won't be.*)

MARIE: I'll pray my darndest there is!

HARRY: Stay in touch, won't you? Here. (*Harry hands him a brochure.*) There's our phone number on there, and our address, and our e-mail. Kathy always checks the e-mail.

KATHY: I do. If you decide to write...

ANDREAS: I shall. I promise.

*(Marie takes Andreas' face in her hands and looks at him intensely.)*

MARIE: Listen to me,  
Andreas-the-most-wonderful-Englishperson-I've-ever-had-the-pleasure-of-meeting: You.  
Are. Glorious! Don't let anyone tell you otherwise!

ANDREAS: I won't. Thank you, Marie.

HARRY: Give me another hug, son. I'm a hugger. Life's too short to hold everyone at arm's length.

ANDREAS: Yes, but quite long enough to hold a firework at arm's length.

*(Kathy lets out a loud burst of laughter.)*

HARRY: Ignore her. She laughs to keep from crying.

ANDREAS: I must say: meeting all of you has been... well... resplendent, if I may say so.

HARRY: You may. I don't know what it means, but I like to hear you say it.

ANDREAS: Thank you for the hospitality.

KATHY: It's the Gordon way, remember?

MARIE: And the American way!

ANDREAS: Indeed. *(Andreas points to the television.)* Alright, time to get you home.

KATHY: Can I help-?

ANDREAS: No, no. I haven't been playing pickleball twice a week for nothing. Farewell, friends!

## KATHY, PAOLO, MARIE, HARRY AUDITION SCENE 1:

KATHY: Mom! Wait! ... You're leaving... Vegas?

MARIE: Oh, sweetie. (*Marie embraces her*) Not for another month or two at least.

HARRY: It's because of me. I just can't handle this dry, desert air anymore.

MARIE: His lungs.

HARRY: Besides, it's been you two running the place for years now.

MARIE: And doing a wonderful job, I might add.

HARRY: We'll be back to visit, of course. As often as we can.

MARIE: And you'll have to come see us in Duluth!

HARRY: We'll go boating on Lake Superior!

PAOLO: I've never been boating before.

HARRY: Well, why would you? We've been livin' in the freakin' desert!

(*There is a rumbling of thunder outside.*)

MARIE: Harry, we'd better leave now if we want to get there before the good stuff starts.

HARRY: We'll celebrate over a steak dinner another time.

MARIE: Bye, my darlings! (*She blows kisses.*) Kathy?

(*Marie takes Kathy's hands and closes her eyes like she's being given a psychic reading.*)

KATHY: Uh... somebody poisons the sangria.

MARIE: Ooh, evil! I bet it's that bitch Carla Rizoli.

HARRY: Can't wait! Bye, kiddos! Stay out of trouble!

(*MARIE and HARRY exit. PAOLO admires the contract.*)

PAOLO: Wow, I've never owned anything before! Let alone a wedding chapel!

KATHY: Why are you so happy? We're stuck with this shithole now.

PAOLO: Yeah, but it's ours. Maybe we can make it into a nice-hole.

KATHY: (*sorrowfully*) I'm never leaving. It's official. I'll die in Vegas.

PAOLO: I'm opening a bottle!



*(Against KATHY's protests, Paolo uncorks a champagne and pours into two empty coffee mugs.)*

PAOLO: To us!

KATHY: Oh joy.

PAOLO: C'mon Kathy, can you at least *act* excited? For once. For me.

KATHY: I'll be excited when there's something to be excited about. We're inheriting a dump, Paolo.

PAOLO: About that. Listen, I've got some ideas. First off, we should make a deal with those guys who drive the horse-drawn carriages around. Start telling people they can show up to their weddings like Cinderella. Or, or we can make a commercial where we find couples who have gotten married here and have them say how happy they are and how much they loved getting married here. Or, or-

KATHY: You've really thought about this.

PAOLO: It's just a few ideas.