

NEXT TO NORMAL AUDITION SIDES

GABE

Synopsis: Top of the show. Gabe, who is dead and...a ghost? a figment of Diana's imagination?...has come home very late.

GABE: What are you doing up? It's 3:30.

DIANA: It's the seventh night this week I've sat til morning imagining the ways you might have died.

In a freak September ice storm without warning.

GABE: Great. Here we go.

GABE: Ah, yes, and tonight's winner is...

DIANA: You swore you'd come home early, and you lied.

GABE: You've got to let go, Mom.

DIANA: (*spoken*) Are you snorting coke?

GABE: Not at the moment.

DIANA: Your father's up. Go. Up the back way.

GABE: Why does he hate me?

DIANA: Because you're a little twat.

GABE: You can't call me a twat.

DIANA: Go.

NEXT TO NORMAL AUDITION SIDES

HENRY & NATALIE

(PLEASE DO BOTH SCENES)

SCENE A

Synopsis: Natalie and Henry are in the practice room at school after having encountered each other there before.

NATALIE: *(to Henry, who is sitting at the piano)* It's just that, the thing with jazz... how do you know you got it right. It's just making shit up.

HENRY: Which is also known as the act of creation.

NATALIE: Oh, you're one of those pretentious stoner types.

HENRY: That's totally unfair. I'm not pretentious. *(He laughs.)* I'm definitely not classical. It's so rigid and structured. There's no room for improvisation. You have to play the notes on the page

NATALIE: Yeah, and what did Mozart know anyway? He should've just smoked a bowl and jammed on "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

HENRY: Yeah, let's do that!

NATALIE: I have wasted, like, weeks of practice with you here improvising.

HENRY: Oscar Peterson was classically trained.

NATALIE: Beethoven did cocaine.

HENRY: Miles Davis went to Juilliard.

NATALIE: Mozart wrote poems about farts.

SCENE B

Synopsis: Natalie and Henry have been *dating*, and Henry introduced Natalie to smoking weed. Natalie moves on to taking her mom's pills, though, and parties heavily and often.

NATALIE: Come on! This is my favorite club! Let's go!

HENRY: Hey, isn't three clubs a little much for a Tuesday night / Wednesday morning?

NATALIE: Oh, come on. They're playing my favorite song!

HENRY: They're all your favorite song. What are you on?

NATALIE: Adderall, Xanax, a Valium, and Robitussin.

HENRY: When did you become a bad influence on me?

NATALIE: Hey, I am under stress. My mom is in a hospital being electrocuted. Seriously. She gets it, like, everyday for two weeks. I can't even deal with it. I'd never let them fuck with my brain like that.

HENRY: No, you're strictly a "do-it-yourselfer."

NATALIE: Okay, you can go. I'm, like, seventy percent less messed up now.

HENRY: Will you call me?

NATALIE: Just go.

NEXT TO NORMAL AUDITION SIDES

PSYCHIATRIST & DIANA

Synopsis: Diana is seeing a new psychiatrist after her last had made her feel numb through drug therapy.

DOCTOR MADDEN: Diana, this way, please.

(like a rock star) YEAH!

DIANA: What did you just say?

MADDEN: *(spoken, normal)* I said “welcome.” Have a seat. It's nice to meet you.

(sung like a rock star) Let's get it on now, baby!

DIANA: Excuse me, what?

MADDEN: *(spoken, normal)* I said, “Let's get started.” Are you nervous, Diana?

DIANA: I am a little. A bit out of breath. Tingly, actually. Now you go.

MADDEN: Let's start by getting to know each other a bit. Psychotherapy and medication work best in tandem, but we can try the first along and see how far we get. Why don't you tell me?

(like a rock star) Baby, what's your history?

DIANA: Umm... my history? Well, I was diagnosed bi-polar... wow... sixteen years ago. Only, it turned out “bi-polar” didn't totally cover it.

MADDEN: *(spoken, normal)* Well, often the best that we can do is put names on collections of symptoms. It's possible bi-polar has more in common with schizophrenia than depression.

DIANA: When I was young, my mother called me “high-spirited”. She would know. She was so “high-spirited” they band her from the PTA.

MADDEN: Well, sometimes there's a pre-disposition to illness, but actual onset is only triggered by some traumatic event.

DIANA: I never know what to say when I have to go over all of this. It starts to sound like some story I tell about some other person entirely.

MADDEN: Why don't you tell me about the last time that you truly felt happy.

DIANA: Oh.

MADDEN: Were you happy when you got married?

DIANA: I thought I was.

MADDEN: There's a difference between being happy and just thinking you're happy?

DIANA: Most people who think they're happy just haven't thought about it enough. Most people who think they're happy are actually just stupid.

MADDEN: I see. Were you happy when your son was born?

DIANA: My son?

MADDEN: Tell me about him.

DIANA: About my son?

MADDEN: Why is he still around? Who is he? What is he?

NEXT TO NORMAL AUDITION SIDES

DAN

Synopsis: Diana has just mentioned seeing her and Dan's dead son again as a result of flushing her medication.

DIANA: What? What is it?

DAN: He's not here.

NATALIE: (*spoken*) This is fucked.

DAN: (*spoken*) Language.

NATALIE: Fuck this! (*She runs upstairs.*)

DAN: What about the new meds?

DIANA: We have the happiest septic tank on the block.

DAN: Jesus, Di they were working.

DIANA: They weren't really.

DAN: We'll get a new round. We'll call Doctor Fine...

DIANA: NO!

DAN: Diana, look, I know this is hard.

DIANA: Do you know? Really? What exactly do you know?

DAN: I know that you're hurting. I'm hurting, too. (*beat*) Let's not get discouraged. We'll find you a doctor who'll treat you without the drugs. There's someone out there for you. In the depression chat rooms, they say it's like dating. You have to keep going until you find the right match.

DIANA: (*spoken*) They have depression chat rooms?

DAN: And this doctor's supposed to be fantastic — a real rock star. Three different women at work gave me his name.

DIANA: Three women at work know I'm nuts?