

TWELVE DATES OF CHRISTMAS

Audition Side #1

MARY: Thousands of people go to the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. I don't, but I live in New York, so it means something different to me. I fly to Ohio to watch it on TV. So I can experience the mixture of Broadway Glitz and Crowd Anxiety long-distance. Thousands. Tens of thousands? Lots of fuckin' people. And they're all scrambling to be caught on camera, to wave to their loved ones in Alabama, Wyoming .. Ohio!!! Everyone wants to be seen on TV!

(Beat.)

Unless you are my fiancé. And you are not, in fact, ill, as claimed. And you are instead smashing your lips onto another woman on NATIONAL FUCKING TV! How can I begin to describe the experience to you? There stands my fiancé, a man I thought I knew better than anyone else in my life, wearing his bright green scarf that I CROCHETED FOR HIM, under mistletoe, making out with another woman! The over-cosmeticized, over-bleached, over-the-counter-dime-store-ho-bag: Melissa! Melissa works at his office and she's always had her eye on him.

(Beat.)

It was just a flash of an image, but I know in my bones that it's him, and that everything I've been counting on, reality as I know it, is destroyed. There is no longer any foundation underneath me bridging one of life's uncertainties to the next. And there never was. My tidy little agenda for a husband and family was nothing but an illusion. And then, to confirm my shattered dreams, the cell phone barrage began; just as the Snoopy Float rolled down Central Park West. Seventeen People called. Thirty-nine text messages.