

CLARA AUDITION SIDE

CLARA: Why are you crying?

EMILY: I'm not.

CLARA: I'm looking *right at you*.

EMILY: It's the dress.

CLARA: So?

EMILY: It's hideous.

CLARA: Well it's not *mine*.

EMILY: I know. It's mine.

CLARA: Oh. Well why'd you buy it if it makes you cry? This is kind of on *you*.

EMILY: Stephen bought it for me.

CLARA: *Oh*.

EMILY: For my birthday.

CLARA: Wow. What a shitty gift. Does he still do that thing where he wraps everything in newspaper?

EMILY: Yes.

CLARA: Ugh. It's the *worst*. I used to get the print all over my hands. One year he gave me a bag of bent nails.

EMILY: It was a puzzle.

CLARA: I was *twenty*. What did I need a puzzle for?

EMILY: I don't know.

CLARA: What about that time he gave me that stupid wooden Pan flute?

EMILY: *I don't know*. (Beat.) Maybe he was inspired by your carefree nature.

CLARA: All I'm saying is, you're not the only one who got terrible gifts. Don't take it personally. Your next husband will be much better at buying things for people.

EMILY: *Stephen* is my husband.

CLARA: Not for long. I'm just *saying*. Marriage is whatever anyway. I'm probably gonna get married like *three* times. The first

time will be a mistake, obviously. A marriage of passion. But then he'll leave. And then I'll get married again, this time for love. And we'll live long and happily together, but then he'll die. And then the *third* time we'll both be old, and we'll be like "fuck it. Let's pool our resources and just live off of our wealth for the rest of our lives." And that's what we'll do. We'll just sit around being stupid rich.

(Beat.)

EMILY: That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

CLARA: You're just mad cause I thought of it first.