

CAMEO AUDITION SCENE - 8 Women

(Agnes, Birdie, Cora, Rhoda, Ginger, Dede, Judi, Angelica)

AGNES. Hello, Rhoda. Hi, everyone. Guess what! I got my dykia! (*Dick-ee-a*)

BIRDIE. (*Shouts.*) What'd she get?

CORA. (*Shouts.*) Her dykia.

AGNES. I can't wait to get it into the ground.

BIRDIE. Well, that's where they all end up.

CORA. Agnes, dear—that's pronounced Dié-kia. (*Dye-ICK-ee-a*)

AGNES. (*Airily.*) Dick—dyke—they sound alike. What difference does it make?

CORA. Well, we like to be correct in a Garden Club, dear. After all, if you had a friend named Gussie—you wouldn't call her Goosie, would you?

AGNES. I might.

(*DOOR BELL*)

RHODA. Hi, girls. Come on in

GINGER. Hello, Birdie. Where have you been? I've missed you at the supermarket.

CORA. She went to a funeral in Boston.

GINGER. I go to as many funerals as I can. I check them out in the obituaries. You can steal wonderful cuttings from the flowers people send.

AGNES. Doesn't anyone stop you?

GINGER. Everyone thinks you're collecting a memento. No one knows who you are at a funeral. Or cares. Including the deceased.

CORA. You don't even know who's being buried?

GINGER. Why? It's too late to do anything about it then. Last week I went to a Mafia funeral in Hoboken and I got a Golden Birdnest Sansevieria. (*San-se-var-ee-a*)

BIRDIE. (*Shouts.*) What'd she say?

CORA. She's been to a funeral, too.

BIRDIE. (*Shouts.*) Anybody we know?

DEDE. *(Shouts.)* Total stranger.

BIRDIE. *(Shouts.)* She run over somebody?

CORA. *(Shouts.)* She went for a Golden Birdnest.

BIRDIE. Nothing makes any sense anymore. Sounded just like she said she went for a Golden Birdnest. I think I'll take a nap.

DEDE. Agnes, do you have brown scale on your ferns, dear?

AGNES. No, but I'm getting liver spots on my hands.

DEDE. Well, there's no insecticide for *that*.

AGNES. I know. But there's always suicide.

(DOOR BELL)

RHODA. Welcome, girls—come on in!

JUDI. Are we late?

RHODA. No—the tribe is just gathering. The fertility dance hasn't started yet.

GINGER. I asked her cook for the recipe and she said—Well, ma'am, you jes' take a cup of flour, half a stick of butter, a tablespoon of sugar and a mouthful of water.

CORA. I'll skip it.

(DOOR BELL)

RHODA. Come in, girls. Join the Girl Scouts.

JUDI. Where's Lillybelle, Rhoda? Isn't she here yet?

CORA. We can't start without her.

AGNES. She always reminds me of a proud white oleander.

CORA. Yes—proud and poisonous.

GINGER. What if Lillybelle doesn't show up? We can't have a meeting without the President, can we?

CORA. Oh, she'll be here. She went to her hairdresser yesterday. She won't waste that on her gardenias.

DEDE. Oh, look – here's "Do's and Dont's for Dahlias." I've been dying to read this.

JUDI. I have it. It's my bible.

DEDE. Do you have "The Battle for Begonias"?

JUDI. My dear, I have *everything*. "Fighting with Fungus" – "Marching with Marigolds" – "Do It With Dogwood" – "How to Live with Lilies" and "I found God in Gladiolas." The Library of Congress is *green* with envy.

DEDE. Well, I want to look up what to do for dew-worms. I have a very, very sick dahlia.

CORA. Rhoda, old Mrs. Smithers is sound asleep. Do you think we should wake her for a shrimp?

RHODA. Only if there is a fire – she wouldn't want to miss it.

CORA. Poor old thing. Her face is like a road map – all those lines telling you where to go. Do you suppose she was really a lovely queen at sweet sixteen?

BIRDIE. Of course I was – you damned fool. If you're not a queen at sixteen – had your fun by twenty-one – could copulate at thirty-eight and learn new tricks by forty-six or something new at fifty-two – satisfied by seventy and still alive at eighty-five – then you've earned your road map. Who wants a skin like a baby's butt with just about as much character? And as for those lines on my map telling you how to get someplace, mine are telling you to go to hell. Don't wake me up again.

(DOOR BELL)

GINGER: That must be Lillybelle. She likes to create suspense – like Ground Hog Day.

AGNES. Good. Maybe we can get started. I've got to get home and put my bottom round on.

RHODA. Oh, hello, Angelica. Come in, dear – we're nearly all here.

ANGELICA. Hi, girls. I know I'm late but you'll never guess why.

CORA. Is there a prize?

ANGELICA. It's just *too* delicious. You know that Immaculate Conception Church on the corner of Spook Rock and Pussywillow?

GINGER. Of course. You'll find me there every Saturday night.

CORA. For confession?

GINGER. No, bingo.

ANGELICA. Well, Sundays they put a new officer there to direct traffic. Well, I put out my hand to make a turn and do you know what?

CORA. What?

ANGELICA. He kissed it. That handsome young traffic cop kissed it. My hand.

RHODA. No!

ANGELICA. Yes!

RHODA. What did you do?

ANGELICA. I did what any self-respecting woman my age would do. I drove around the corner and put my hand out again.

CORA. Did he kiss it again?

ANGELICA. No-he gave me a ticket.

DEDE. Oh, that was *mean*.

ANGELICA. Not at all. It was a ticket to the Policeman's Ball.

RHODA. You're not going to go, are you?

ANGELICA. Try to stop me!