

Audition Scene: Glenn and Cassie

54 RUMORS

ERNIE. Nobody getting that door? ... These kids are up to something. I know it. (HE crosses to the front door and tries to open it with burned fingers. HE is finally successful.)

(GLENN and CASSIE COOPER, a handsome couple, stand there in evening clothes. GLENN holds a gift from Ralph Lauren's. THEY seem very much on edge with each other.)

ERNIE. (Smiles.) Hello.
GLENN. Good evening.

(THEY walk in, look around. ERNIE closes the door with his foot.)

ERNIE. Good evening. I don't know where everyone is.

CASSIE. You mean we're the first?
ERNIE. No. Everyone's here. They're just - spread out a little.

GLENN. Could I have a drink, please? Double Scotch, straight up.
CASSIE. (Not looking at Ernie.) Perrier with lime, no ice.

ERNIE. Sure. Fine. I don't believe we've met. I'm Ernie Cusack.

GLENN. (Coolly, nods.) Hello, Ernie.
ERNIE. Excuse my hands. Little accident in the kitchen.

GLENN. Sorry to hear it.
ERNIE. I would stay and chat but my wife is bleeding in the kitchen.

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GLENN. Your wife?
ERNIE. Cookie. A water picher broke, cut her arm. I burned my fingers.

GLENN. That's a shame.
ERNIE. Nothing to worry about. We'll have dinner ready soon. Nice meeting you both. (HE returns to the kitchen.)

START
GLENN. I wonder why they're not using the Chinese girl?

CASSIE. Do I look all right?
GLENN. Yes. Fine.

CASSIE. I feel so frumpy.
GLENN. God, no. You look beautiful.
CASSIE. My hair isn't right, is it? I saw you looking at it in the car.

GLENN. No, I wasn't.
CASSIE. What were you looking at then?
GLENN. The road, I suppose.

CASSIE. I can always tell when you hate what I'm wearing.
GLENN. I love that dress. I always have.

CASSIE. This is the first time I've worn it.
GLENN. I always have admired your taste is what I meant.

CASSIE. It's so hard to please you sometimes.
GLENN. What did I say?
CASSIE. It's what you don't say that really drives me crazy.

GLENN. What I don't say? ... How can it drive you crazy if I don't say it?
CASSIE. I don't know. It's the looks that you give me.

GLENN. I wasn't giving you any looks.

CASSIE. You look at me all the time.

GLENN. Because you're always asking me to look at you.

CASSIE. It would be nice if I didn't have to ask you, wouldn't it?

GLENN. It would be nice if you didn't need me to look, which would make it unnecessary to ask.

CASSIE. I can't ever get any support from you. You've got all the time in the world for everything and everyone else, but I've got to draw blood to get your attention when I walk in a room.

GLENN. We walked in the room together. It was already done. Cassie, please don't start. We're forty-five minutes late as it is. I don't want to ruin this night for Charley and Myra.

CASSIE. We're forty-five minutes late because you scowled at every dress I tried on.

GLENN. I didn't scowl, I smiled. You always think my smile looks like a scowl. You think my grin looks like a frown, and my frown looks like a yawn.

CASSIE. Don't sneer at me.

GLENN. It wasn't a sneer. It was a peeve.

CASSIE. God, this conversation is so banal. I can't believe any of the things I'm saying. We sound like some

Q couple of douche bags.
GLENN. Oh, now we're going to get into language, right?

CASSIE. No, Mr. Perfect. I will not get into any language. I don't want to risk a scowl, a frown, a yawn, a peeve or a sneer. God forbid I should show a human imperfection, I'd wake up with the divorce papers in my hand.

END

GLENN. What is this thing lately with divorce? Where does that come from? I don't look at you sometimes because I'm afraid you're thinking you don't like the way I'm looking at you.

CASSIE. I don't know what the hell you want from me, Glenn. I really don't.

GLENN. I don't want *anything* from you. I mean I would like it to be the way we were before we got to be the way we are.

CASSIE. God, you suffocate me sometimes ... I want to go home.

GLENN. Go home? We just got here. We haven't even seen anyone yet.

CASSIE. I don't know how I'm going to get through this night. They all know what's going on. They're your friends, Jesus, and you expect me to behave like nothing's happening.

GLENN. Nothing is happening. What are you talking about?

CASSIE. Don't you fucking lie to me. The whole goddam city knows about you and that cheap little chippy bimbo.

GLENN. Will you keep it down? Nothing is going on. You're blowing this up out of all proportions. I hardly know the woman. She's on the Democratic Fund Raising Committee. I met her and her husband at two cocktail parties, for God sakes.

CASSIE. Two cocktail parties, huh?

GLENN. Yes! Two cocktail parties.

CASSIE. You think I'm stupid?

GLENN. No.

CASSIE. You think I'm blind?

GLENN. No.