

## Audition Side C

**MARY.** The next morning Waiter Rob accepts my invitation to our Christmas Carol Opening Night party, which is tonight! The minute he's out the door, I go to my phone to call my Mom. But I don't. I am angry. Cynical. I hate The Holidays. But it becomes ever more difficult to scowl when Waiter Rob is around. One night, we stick around at the bar after his band finishes and before I know it it's two A.M. and we are still playing pool and laughing our asses off. Wow, I don't even notice the passage of time when I'm with him! This guy is awesome. I think I'm falling—

**WAITER ROB.** Hey, I gotta tell you something...whoa, this is crazy! I haven't felt this way about anyone in a long time. I haven't felt this way ever. Whew! Arright, here goes: I'm...I'm leaving the country in a few days. I'm moving with the band to the Czech Republic.

**MARY.** (*Beat. To audience*) Of course. Naturally. The Czech Republic. The Czech Republic?!

**WAITER ROB.** I know it must seem random, but really this has been in the works forever and I've only known you for, like, four weeks. But I want to see you again before I go. And you should totally visit us over there. Prague is fuckin' awesome! Want to have lunch tomorrow and talk about it?...Dinner?

**MARY.** (*To audience*) But it's a two-show day for me tomorrow, already nearly three in the morning, and I have to be all Christmas-y in less than ten hours. So I get in a cab and go home. I hate The Holidays.