

A Lie of the Mind List of Audition Sides by Character

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Audition Side Two: Mike and Beth

*(Beth's brother, Mike, is with her in Beth's hospital room.
They are standing near her bed and Mike is trying to help Beth to walk.)*

MIKE: I want you to walk so we can take you home. You understand? Mom and Dad want to see you. Don't you want to get better? *(Beth shakes her head defiantly.)* Don't you want to get back home?

(Beth suddenly pulls away. Stumbles. Mike goes to her fast and holds her up to keep her from falling and getting hurt.)

BETH: *(savage)* NO! DON'T TUSH ME!

MIKE: *(holding her up)* I have to hold you up, Beth, or you'll fall over.

BETH: DON' TUSH ME! I won' fall ! I won' !

MIKE: All right. If you want to stand on your own, that's great.

BETH: I won'.

MIKE: Okay.

(Mike has cautiously let go of her, but is ready to catch her if she falls. Beth stands there for a moment, swaying a bit and staring down at her feet.)

BETH: *(Quietly. Staring at her feet.)* I'm above my feet. Way above. Inah—I cah—

MIKE: Can you take a step?

BETH: How high me? How high—up?

MIKE: Try to take a step, Beth

BETH: How high? Did they bury me in a tree?

MIKE: Try taking a step.

BETH: *(Abrupt, jerks her head toward him.)* You! You ztep!

MIKE: *(pause)* You want me to take a step?

BETH: *(staying in the same place)* You ztep.

MIKE: If I take a step, will you take one?

BETH: You!

MIKE: All right. *(He takes a step. She laughs. Stays in place.)* What's so funny?

BETH: *(still amused)* You ztep. Fan tak. You.

MIKE: You want to try?

BETH: No! You.

MIKE: I just took one. Now it's your turn.

BETH: *(Clearly rage.)* I'M NOT A BABY! I'M NOT!

MIKE: *(pause)* I know you're not, Beth. I just want you to try to take a step. That's all.

BETH: NO! *(pause as she stands there, rooted to the spot, but swaying slightly)*

MIKE: Well, what're you gonna' do, just stand there?

BETH: *(fast, very clear, mimicking him exactly)* Well, what're you gonna' do, just stand there?

MIKE: *(moving closer to her)* Beth.

BETH: *(shouts at him)* DON' TUSH ME!

(Mike stops. Stands off from her. She stays still, swaying, staring at her feet.)

MIKE: I'm just trying to help you out.

BETH: *(pause, her head jerks up staring toward ceiling)* Hee killed us both.

MIKE: *(reassuring)* You're not dead, Beth. You're going to be all right.

BETH: *(Fierce. Jerks her head toward Mike)* I'M DEAD! DEAD! DAAAAH! HEEZ TOO.

MIKE: You gotta' forget about him for now. You just gotta forget about him.

BETH: NAAH! You gan' stop my head. Nobody! Nobody stop my head. My head is me. Heez in me. You gan' stop him in me. Nobody gan' stop him in me.

MIKE: This guy tried to kill you! How can you still want a man who tried to kill you? What's the matter with you? He's the one who did this to you!

BETH: HEEZ MY HAAAAAAAART!

A LIE OF THE MIND

Audition Side Three:

Frankie, Lorraine, & Sally

(Jake's brother, Frankie, his sister, Sally, and his mother, Lorraine are outside of a motel room. Jake is inside, apparently asleep.)

FRANKIE: Just try and keep your voice down, Mom. This is the first time he's slept since I've seen him.

LORRAINE: Don't be so damn bossy.

FRANKIE: Well, he hasn't slept.

LORRAINE: I just want to take a look at him is all.

SALLY: Mom—

FRANKIE: He's not lookin' too good right now, Mom.

LORRAINE: What's a matter with him?

FRANKIE: He's lost a whole bunch of weight.

LORRAINE: Well, I'll make him up a batch a' that cream of broccoli soup. That'll put the weight back on him. That's his favorite.

FRANKIE: He won't eat.

LORRAINE: What'd ya mean he won't eat? That boy'll eat the paint off a plate if you let him. What'd ya been feedin' him?

FRANKIE: He's in big trouble, Mom.

LORRAINE: So what's new? Name a day he wasn't in trouble. He was trouble from day one. Fell on his damn head the second he was born. Slipped right through the doctor's fingers. That's where it all started. Back there. Had nothin' to do with his upbringing.

SALLY: Mom, just listen to Frankie a second. He's tryin' to tell you somethin'.

LORRAINE: I am listenin' but I'm not hearin' no revelations! What's the story here? My boy's sick. I'll make him some soup. We'll take him out to the Drive-In. Everything's gonna be fine. What's the big deal here?

SALLY: Mom! Jake might've killed Beth! That's what's goin' on. All right?

LORRAINE: Who's Beth?

SALLY: Oh, my God. Jake's wife, Beth. You remember her? Beth? Little skinny Beth?

LORRAINE: Never heard a' her.

SALLY: Mom—Mom, you don't remember Beth?

LORRAINE: No. Why should I? I don't keep track of his bimbos.

SALLY: Great.

FRANKIE: We're not really sure about it yet, Mom. I mean—he's pretty emotional about the whole thing.

LORRAINE: He's an emotional boy. Always has been.

SALLY: He's not a boy. He's a big grown-up man and he might have killed his wife!

LORRAINE: He wasn't fit to live with anybody to begin with! I don't know why he ever tried it. Woman who lives with a man like that deserves to be killed. She deserves it.

FRANKIE: All right, knock it off! Both a' you! We gotta' think about this thing now. Jake's the one who's in trouble here, okay? He's in bad shape. You understand that? He's in real bad shape. Every day he's getting' worse.

SALLY: He's not gonna' die or anything—

LORRAINE: My boy ain't gonna' die. I'm goin' in there right now and nobody's gonna' stop me.

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Audition Side Four: Baylor, Mike, and Meg

(Beth's parents, Baylor and Meg, and her brother Mike are at the hospital, outside Beth's room. Beth is not awake.)

BAYLOR: What do ya' mean, brain damage? How can they prove somethin' like that?

MIKE: She had an x-ray, Dad. They're not sure how bad it is yet. She's having a lot of trouble talking.

BAYLOR: She gone crazy, or what?

MIKE: No. She had an injury to the brain. You understand? Doesn't mean it's permanent. Doesn't mean she's crazy either.

BAYLOR: Well, what the hell does it mean, then? "Injury to the brain" sounds like a permanent situation to me.

MEG: Oh my goodness. How in the world could a thing like this ever happen?

MIKE: I told you, Mom. Jake beat her up. He beat the shit out of her.

BAYLOR: Watch your language.

MEG: Who's Jake?

MIKE: Her husband, Mom. Jake.

MEG: Oh.

MIKE: You remember Jake, don't ya?

MEG: Wasn't he the son of those people we don't talk to anymore?

MIKE: Yeah. That's right.

BAYLOR: Bunch a' Oakies. Don't surprise me one bit.

MEG: I think I do remember him.

MIKE: You were there at the wedding.

MEG: I was?

BAYLOR: I wasn't.

MIKE: *(to Baylor)* No, you stayed away. You made a point a' that.

BAYLOR: I was fishin'.

MEG: I think I do remember that. There was cars all over the place. Lots of cars. I kept wondering how come they had to park on the lawn. Why'd they have to do that?

MIKE: I don't know, Mom.

MEG: Wasn't there a parking lot or anything?

BAYLOR: Well, when're we gonna' be able to see her?

MIKE: She's sleeping right now.

BAYLOR: Well, wake her up. We drove all the way down here from Billings just to see her. Now wake her up.

MIKE: I wish you'd have called me or something before you came down.

BAYLOR: Why should I call you?

MIKE: She's having a kind of a rough time right now, Dad. She needs a lot of rest.

BAYLOR: Listen, I got two mules settin' out there in the parking lot I gotta' deliver by midnight. I'm supposed to be at the sale by six tomorrow mornin' and those mules have to be in the stalls by midnight tonight.

MIKE: You brought mules down here?

BAYLOR: Yeah. Why not? Might as well do a little business as long as I'm gonna' be down in this country anyway. That all right by you?

MEG: They made so much noise. I was so embarrassed once we hit the city. Felt like such a hick. There we are pulling mules in an open trailer and everyone's staring at us like we made a wrong turn or something.

BAYLOR: Looks like we did make a wrong turn if we can't even see our own daughter. What's the story here, anyway? They got her locked up or something?

MIKE: This is a hospital, Dad. They don't lock you up in a hospital.

MEG: They locked me up once, didn't they, Dad?

BAYLOR: That wasn't you. That was your Mother.

MEG: Oh.

BAYLOR: That was a long time ago, anyhow.

MEG: It wasn't me?

A LIE OF THE MIND

Audition Side One: Jake and Frankie

(Jake tries to justify his anger with his wife to Jake's brother, Frankie.)

JAKE: Then she starts readin' the lines with me, at night. In bed. Readin' the lines. I'm helpin' her out, right? Helpin' her memorize the damn lines so she can go off and say 'em to some other guy.

FRANKIE: Well, it was just a play, right?

JAKE: Yeah, a play. That's what she said. I know damn well what they were doin'. I know what this acting shit is all about. They try to "believe" they're the person, right? Try to believe so hard that they're the person that they actually think they become the person, right. So you know what that means, don't ya?

FRANKIE: What?

JAKE: They start doin' all the same stuff the person does!

FRANKIE: What person?

JAKE: The person! The—whad'ya call it? The—

FRANKIE: Character?

JAKE: Yeah. The character, that's right. They start actin' that way in real life. Just like the character. I told her. I told her, look—"I don't know who you think you are now, but I'd just as soon you come back to the real world here." And you know what she told me?

FRANKIE: What?

JAKE: She told me *this is* the real world. This acting shit is more real than the real world to her. Can you believe that? And she was tryin' to convince me that *I* was crazy.

FRANKIE: So you think she was sleeping with this guy just because she was playing a part in a play?

JAKE: Yeah, she was real dedicated.

FRANKIE: Are you sure? I mean when would she have time to do that in rehearsals?

JAKE: On her lunch break.

FRANKIE: Oh, come on, Jake. I came to try to help you out and all you're tellin' me is a bunch of bullshit about Beth screwing around with some guy on her lunch break?

JAKE: She was! It's easy to tell when a woman gets obsessed with somethin' else. When she moves away from you. They don't hide it as easy as men.

FRANKIE: She was just tryin' to do a good job.

JAKE: That's no job. I've had jobs before. I know what a job is. A job is where you work. A job is where you don't have fun. You don't dick around tryin' to pretend you're someone else. You work. Work is work!

FRANKIE: It's a different kind of job.

JAKE: It's an excuse to fool around! That's what it is. That's why she wanted to become an actress in the first place. So she could get away from me.

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Audition Side Five

Lorraine, & Jake

(Jake is staying at his mother's place – Lorraine's. They are talking in the bedroom where Jake grew up. It still looks like a young boy's room. Jake is in his underwear.)

LORRAINE: You got everybody buffaloed, don't ya? Everybody's worried sick that you've gone off yer cake, but you don't fool me one bit. You scared your sister so damn bad she's quit the house.

JAKE: Sally? Where'd she go?

LORRAINE: She left. I don't know where. Just packed up and left. Probably just as well.

JAKE: She shouldn't have left me! She'll regret that.

LORRAINE: Who wants to be around you, the way you act. Your brother's run off to God-knows-where, tryin' to hunt up that ding-bat woman a' yours.

JAKE: Frankie? Where'd he go? Where is Frankie? I knew that would happen! Soon as I'm outa' the picture.

LORRAINE: He went back to wherever in the hell she's from. Montana or somethin'. Weren't they originally from Montana? I don't know. I can't keep track of it anymore.

JAKE: I told him not to go back there!

LORRAINE: What difference does it make?

JAKE: She's dead! I told him that already. She's dead!

LORRAINE: Just cool your britches down.

JAKE: He's got no business foolin' around in this thing! This was strictly between me and her. Where's my pants?

LORRAINE: You're not goin' anywhere.

JAKE: Where's my goddamn pants! He's sneakin' behind my back. I gotta go catch him before he gets there.

LORRAINE: You can't go outside in your condition. You wouldn't last a day.

JAKE: I need my pants now! I NEED MY PANTS! *(Jake stops suddenly, gasping for breath. He is looking around his room – at the model airplanes hanging from the ceiling, etc.—He doesn't seem to recognize where he is.)*

LORRAINE: Look at ya'. You haven't got any wind to speak of. How're you gonna go out in the world like that?

JAKE: I can't stay here.

LORRAINE: Why not? You never shoulda' left in the first place. This was the first room you ever had to yourself.

JAKE: Where were we before?

LORRAINE: You mean before here?

JAKE: Yeah. Before. Where were we before?

LORRAINE: You-name-it-U.-S.-A. Those were the days we chased your Daddy from one air base to the next. Always tryin' to catch up with the next "Secret Mission". Some secret. He was always cookin' up some weird code on the phone. Tryin' to make a big drama outa' things. Thought it was romantic, I guess. Worst of it was I fell for it.

JAKE: What code?

LORRIANE: Oh, I can't remember them now. There was lots of 'em. It was so many years ago. He'd make 'em all up.

JAKE: Why'd he use a code?

LORRAINE: He said it was because they didn't want him to reveal his location.

JAKE: Did you believe him?

LORRAINE: Yeah. Why shouldn't I of?

JAKE: Maybe he was lyin'

LORRAINE: Why would he do that?

JAKE: So you wouldn't know what he was up to. That's why. Why do you think men lie to women?

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Audition Side Six: Meg and Beth

(Beth is out of the hospital and is staying at her parents' house in rural Montana. Outside we can hear Beth's brother Mike and Jake's brother Frankie. A family dog, also outside, is barking at Frankie. Beth is in the living room. Meg enters from elsewhere in the house carrying a pair of slippers and a pair of boots.)

MEG: Here we go, Honey. I've got slippers or boots. Warm fuzzy slippers. How 'bout these? They're very kind to the skin. Like having little lambs wrapped around your toes.

BETH: *(distracted by the sounds outside)* No, my feet are fine. I like them fine. Naked. They can move.

MEG: But the floor's so cold. This time a' year the floor's as cold as ice. I used to even put socks on the dogs when they came in. Then your father put a stop to that, of course.

BETH: *(looks in the direction of the outside voices)* Where—Who's out there?

MEG: Outside? I don't know, honey. Mike wouldn't tell me.

BETH: Mike? Heez out there?

MEG: Yes. He's been out there all morning talking to that man.

BETH: *(moving toward the voices, perhaps looking out the front window)* What man?

MEG: Some man. I don't know. He just showed up.

BETH: Whatz his voice? Someone I know. Iz voice I know.

MEG: I couldn't see him from the front door. Mike wouldn't let him come up to the house.

BETH: *(turns fast to Meg)* Who'ze?—Who'ze?

MEG: Don't you wanna try these slippers, honey? They'd keep you nice and cozy.

BETH: Tha's a voice of someone. Before. Someone with a voice before. Someone—I know.

MEG: I'm not sure who it is. Mike doesn't like him, that's for sure. I just wish he'd go a way so the dog would stop.

BETH: I—I—can I go? Can I go out and see? I want to see. Can I?

MEG: No, honey. It's freezing out there. The ground's solid ice.

A LIE OF THE MIND

Audition Side Seven: Jake and Sally

(They are in the small bedroom that was Jake's growing up.)

JAKE: So what'd you come back here for?

SALLY: I don't know exactly. I started thinkin' about this whole thing. This family. How everything's kinda -- shattered now.

JAKE: Now? What d'ya mean now? When wasn't it shattered?

SALLY: I don't wanna start fightin' with you just when I walk in the door. I didn't come back for that.

JAKE: Wait a second, Sally. Come on.

SALLY: Naw, you make it impossible. You're gonna sit around here pretending to be crazy. Tryin' to make everyone believe that you're crazy. Well, it's not gonna change what you did. You already got away with that once, didn't you?

JAKE: Sally—

SALLY: Don't worry. I'm not gonna give you away.

JAKE: We made a promise.

SALLY: Yeah—

JAKE: Don't forget.

SALLY: *(pause)* I won't.

JAKE: Look, I need an ally. Just one. Just one good solid ally I can rely on. Everyone else is against me.

SALLY: No! I'm not doin' that again for you. Never again.

JAKE: *(suddenly in a whisper)* Frankie called here. I heard Mom talkin' to him on the phone.

SALLY: So what if Frankie called? Why shouldn't he call? He's your brother.

JAKE: *(whispering)* He didn't ask to talk to me.

SALLY: Why are you whisperin' now? What's gotten into you?

JAKE: *(whispering)* Mom.

SALLY: What about her?

JAKE: She's with him. Her and Frankie are together. They've got a pact.

SALLY: What're you talkin' about?

JAKE: Are you with them too?

SALLY: I'm not with anybody, all right? I'm all by myself.

JAKE: Then you can help me. There's no reason you can't help me.

SALLY: Look, I went through this once with you, Jake. With Dad. I already went through this.

JAKE: (*whispering*) No, no, no. It's not the same. They want to make me suffer. Don't you know that? Frankie thinks I deserve to suffer. So does Mom.

SALLY: Will you please stop whispering! It's makin' me nuts!

JAKE: (*normal voice now*) You're afraid of me, aren't ya?

SALLY: I'm not afraid of you.

JAKE: Yeah, you are.

SALLY: Only because you remind me of Dad sometimes.

JAKE: Dad? (*pause*) Dad?

SALLY: Yeah, you do. Sometimes you sound just like him.

JAKE: I never sounded anything like him. I've made it a point not to.

SALLY: You do. The way you get that creepy thing in your voice.

JAKE: What creepy thing?

SALLY: That creepy thing like you're gonna turn into an animal or something.

JAKE: What animal?

SALLY: Not any special kind. Just an animal sound in general.

JAKE: (*pause*) A bear?

SALLY: Don't get cute.

JAKE: You remember how he used to try to dance with you when he was drunk? How he'd pull you right up tight against his chest and breathe into your neck? You remember all that?

SALLY: What're you tryin' to do?

JAKE: He'd put on Lefty Frizell and twirl you around the kitchen until you got so dizzy you had to run into the bathroom and puke. I remember lyin' awake and listenin' to you with the dry heaves and listenin' to him bellowin' down the hallway at Mom. Warnin' her not to go in and help you out. I remember all that!

SALLY: Yeah? Then you remember the night he died too, don't ya?

A LIE OF THE MIND

Audition Side Eight: Frankie and Beth

(They are in the living room of Beth's family home in Montana. Frankie is on the sofa with his injured leg propped up. Beth had been wearing an oversized flannel shirt that belongs to her father; but she has taken off that shirt and she is in her bra, wrapping Baylor's shirt around Frankie's injured leg.)

FRANKIE: Uh—look—Beth—Don't you think you oughta' put your shirt back on?

BETH: You need it.

FRANKIE: I don't. Really. It just aches a little.

BETH: It's going up your leg now. Black line. That's bad. Poison

FRANKIE: Look-- please. Just leave it alone and put your shirt back on. Your Dad might come back in here.

BETH: He's asleep.

FRANKIE: Well, then your mother or your brother could come. Somebody could come in here.

BETH: Doesn't matter.

FRANKIE: It does matter! I'm on thin ground as it is without them seeing you on your knees with your shirt off.

BETH: You don't have to be afraid of them. They're afraid of you.

FRANKIE: How do you figure that?

BETH: They tell it in their voice.

FRANKIE: They want to kill me.

BETH: Only Mike. But he won't

FRANKIE: What makes you so sure about that?

BETH: Because only half of him believes you're what he hates. The other half knows it's not true.

FRANKIE: I thought you couldn't uh--

BETH: What?

FRANKIE: I don't know. I thought you couldn't talk right. You sound okay to me.

BETH: I do?

FRANKIE: Yeah. Your Dad said there was—I mean, you were having some kind of trouble.

BETH: Oh. There was that time. I don't know. I get them mixed. I get the thought mixed. It dangles. Sometimes the thought just hangs with no words there.

FRANKIE: But you can speak all right?

BETH: It speaks. Speeches. Speaking. In me. Comes and goes. Again. I don't know why. You hear me? Now?

FRANKIE: Yes. You sound all right. I mean it sounds like you're doing pretty good.

BETH: Sounds like it.

FRANKIE: Yeah.

BETH: You can speak? Speech.

FRANKIE: Me? Yeah, sure.

BETH: But you can't walk.

FRANKIE: No. Not right now.

BETH: I would rather walk than talk.

FRANKIE: Yeah—do you—would you mind putting your shirt back on?

BETH: Maybe they'll have to cut your leg off.

FRANKIE: What? Who do you mean?

BETH: Maybe, cut. Like me. Cut you out. Like me. See? *(Beth bends her head toward Frankie and pulls her hair up off the back of her neck, showing him a nonexistent scar.)* See? Tracks. Knife tracks.

FRANKIE: *(looking)* What? There's nothing there. There's no scar there.

BETH: No brain. Cut me out. Cut. Brain. Cut.

FRANKIE: No, Beth, look—They didn't—They didn't operate did they? Nobody said anything about that.

BETH: They don't say. Secret. Like my old Mom. Old. My Grand Mom. They cut her. Out. Disappeared. They don't say her name now. She's gone. Vanish. (*She makes a "whooshing" sound like the wind.*) My father sent her someplace. Had her gone.

FRANKIE: They wouldn't just go in there and operate without your consent. They can't do that. It's a law. Somebody has to sign something.

BETH: Mike.

FRANKIE: What?

BETH: Mike did.

FRANKIE: No, Beth. I don't think you've got this right. Mike wouldn't do something like that.

BETH: He wants me out.

FRANKIE: He's your brother. He loves you.

BETH: You don't know him!

FRANKIE: Well, there's no scar there, Beth. Here take this shirt back, please.

BETH: (*takes back Baylor's shirt, and giggles as she holds it out away from her to look at it.*) Look how big a man is. So big. He scares himself. He puts his scary shirt on so he won't scare himself. He can't see it when it's on him. Now he thinks it's him. (*Beth puts the shirt back on and buttons it up. Then, referring to shirt*) This is like a custom.

FRANKIE: A what?

BETH: Custom. Like a custom.

FRANKIE: A custom?

BETH: For play. Acting.

FRANKIE: Oh. You mean a "costume"?

BETH: Custume. Pretend.

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Audition Side Nine: Sally and Lorraine

(Lorraine is lying in the bed in Jake's bedroom. Sally enters with hot coffee and a bowl of soup. Sally will set these things down on a nightstand next to the bed, and try to feed Lorraine some soup as the lines indicate.)

SALLY: Rise and shine! It's coffee time!

LORRAINE: Did he tell you to say that? He probably did, didn't he? Where is the humiliation supposed to end?

SALLY: Just try a little sip of soup, Mom. Just a little sip.

LORRAINE: Not from you.

SALLY: Look, you can't keep blamin' me forever. He's gone. There was nothin' I could do about it.

LORRAINE: Is there any good reason in this Christless world why men leave women? Is there? You tell me. Isn't there enough to suffer already. We got all kinda' good reasons to suffer without men cookin' up more.

SALLY: There's always a chance he might come back.

LORRAINE: He won't come back now. Thanks to you. Not now. I know him. He's like a stray dog. He's home for a while and you pet him and feed him and he licks your hand and then he's gone again. I know where he's gone too. Straight to that girl. She's got a hold on his mind.

SALLY: Well, Frankie'll bring him back then. He'll find him.

LORRAINE: Frankie can't even find his own zipper. How's he gonna find his brother?

SALLY: Just try a little soup, Mom.

LORRAINE: I don't want any a' that slop! Stop tryin' to pawn it off on me.

SALLY: It's the same batch you made for Jake.

LORRAINE: I know. Smells like it.

SALLY: *(smelling soup)* Smells all right to me.

LORRAINE: It's ripe.

SALLY: Well, you gotta eat somethin'

LORRAINE: My son's abandoned me! Can't you understand that? He's abandoned me and you put him up to it.

SALLY: I didn't put him up to nothin'. What was he gonna do? Stay here and rot in this room? He woulda' left sooner or later.

LORRAINE: He's run off to the wild world when he could've stayed here under my protection. He could've stayed here forever and no one could've touched him. Now he's gonna end up right back in prison. In prison where they'll eat him alive.

SALLY: (*offering Lorraine a spoonful of soup*) Just take a little bit on your tongue. See if you like it.

LORRAINE: (*knocks spoon away*) Get that stuff away from me! Whatta' matter with you! I'm not interested in food. I'm not interested in keeping something alive that's already dead.

SALLY: You're not dead yet! You won't get out of it that easy!

A LIE OF THE MIND

Audition Side Ten: Meg and Baylor

(Baylor is sitting in a chair in the living room of their Montana home. He has been outside cutting up the carcass of a deer that Mike shot. Meg enters from upstairs.)

MEG: Baylor, could you please come upstairs and talk to Beth. She's got me worried sick.

BAYLOR: Help me off with these boots, would ya'? My back's killin' me. (*Meg kneels in front of Baylor and pulls his boots off during the following.*) Some hunter. Leave all the work up to someone else. Easy enough to shoot the damn thing. Dressin' it out's another matter.

MEG: *(standing in front of Baylor)* Baylor.

BAYLOR: What! Stop houndin' me, will ya? "Baylor, Baylor, Baylor!" I never get a moment's peace around here.

MEG: I want you to come upstairs and talk to Beth.

BAYLOR: Tell her to come down here if she wants to talk. I'm not getting' outa' this chair for the duration of the night.

MEG: She won't come down.

BAYLOR: Then have her send me a letter. There's nothin' wrong with her body, is there? Last time I saw her, she was walkin' around.

MEG: She's talkin' in a whole different way now. About stuff I never even heard of. I don't understand a thing. It's like she's talkin' to someone else.

BAYLOR: Well, she wasn't exactly an open book before.

MEG: I know, but now she's scaring me really bad.

BAYLOR: Scarin' you? She's your own daughter, for Christ's sake.

MEG: Well, she doesn't act like it anymore. She's like a whole different person.

BAYLOR: She's the same person. Just leave her be for a while. She needs some time to herself. Yer always fussin' with her so much, she never has a chance to just be by herself. That's the only way she's gonna be able to face this thing.

MEG: I'm afraid to leave her alone, though.

BAYLOR: Stop bein' afraid! Yer afraid a' this—Yer afraid a' that. You spend all yer time bein' afraid. Why don't ya' just save all that fear up for when the real thing comes along.