

GOOD PEOPLE

Audition Sides

Dottie & Jean:

GOOD PEOPLE

DOTTIE

Oh fuck off.

MARGARET

She sells a lot of those rabbits up at bingo.

DOTTIE

And with Easter coming up, this is kinda my high season.

JEAN

(Laughs) High season.

DOTTIE

It *is*! So watching Joyce all day, then working on my crafts all night, *yes* sometimes I have trouble getting up in the morning, but Margie knew that.

MARGARET

It's not your fault, Dottie.

JEAN

Of course it is! Don't let her off the hook like that!

MARGARET

Let it go.

JEAN

No, you're too nice. That's why you don't have anything.

MARGARET

Oh, is that why?

JEAN

Yeah, you have to be a selfish prick to get anywhere.

MARGARET

I hate when people say that. You know it's not true, Jean.

JEAN

No? Look at Dottie.

DOTTIE

What do you mean look at Dottie?

JEAN

You think she cares about you? No. I bet if you threatened to not pay her that babysitting money, she would've showed up on time. That's what she would've done to *you*. Maybe you should start acting like her.

MARGARET

That's not who I am.

JEAN

No I know, you invite her in for coffee instead: "Hey, thanks for gettin' me fired."

DOTTIE

I did not get her fired!

MARGARET

She's right, Jeannie. Now stop stirring / the shit.

DOTTIE

If you wanna get someone else to watch Joyce—

MARGARET

I don't.

Dottie & Jean (contd.):

GOOD PEOPLE

JEAN

Why not? I'll do it. All you do is sit and watch TV. How hard is that? To sit in there with her and watch soaps.

DOTTIE

That's not all it is.

JEAN

No, I know, you put her to work sometimes, too.

DOTTIE

What are you talkin' about?

JEAN

Making those rabbits. Margie told me.

MARGARET

Joyce likes doing that.

DOTTIE

I let her put on the heads, that's all. It's fun for her.

JEAN

Oh, okay.

DOTTIE

And I have to redo most of 'em because she puts them on *lopsided*!
So don't / act like—

JEAN

You got your own little *sweatshop* down here.

DOTTIE

Why don't you go home?

Kate:

MIKE

It'll take me one minute. I won't wake her up.

(He heads upstairs. The doorbell rings.)

There they are. I told you they'd come.

KATE

If you wake her up, we'll never get her back down.

MIKE

I won't wake her up.

(He's gone upstairs. Kate crosses to the foyer to open the front door.)

MARGARET

(Off) Hello.

KATE

(Off) Hi.

MARGARET

(Off) I'm Margaret.

KATE

(Off) Hi Margaret, come on in.

(Margaret enters the foyer.)

MARGARET

I didn't know if I was supposed to use the side door or the front door, or what I was supposed / to do.

KATE

I told Wally the side door, but it doesn't matter. It's just easier with the driveway right there, but this is fine.

Kate (contd.):

DAVID LINDSAY-ABAIRE

(They move into the living room.)

MARGARET

Am I early?

KATE

Not at all. I thought you'd be here sooner actually. You all must be busy.

MARGARET

Not really.

KATE

Oh. Okay. Well the kitchen's this way. Did you bring anyone with you?

MARGARET

No. I threatened to though. *(Chuckles)* Did he mention that? I was gonna bring the Feeneys.

KATE

I'm sorry?

MARGARET

No, I didn't bring anyone.

KATE

(Stops) You're not going to carry this stuff yourself, I hope?

MARGARET

What stuff?

KATE

The glasses, and the— It's pretty heavy. There are some folding tables that have to go, too. Wally usually sends a couple guys to pick it all up.

Kate (contd.):

GOOD PEOPLE

MARGARET

Oh yeah?

(Margaret stares at her, confused. There's obviously been a mix-up.)

KATE

You're not with the caterers.

MARGARET

No.

KATE

Oh my god. I am so sorry.

MARGARET

That's okay.

KATE

(Laughing now) I can't believe I did that.

MARGARET

I was wondering why you kept saying Wally.

KATE

I'm sorry.

MARGARET

I'm like, "Who the hell's Wally?"

KATE

(Laughing) I just assumed he sent one of the waitresses. Which doesn't even make sense really, but it's been so crazy here today.

MARGARET

That's all right.

Kate (contd.):

DAVID LINDSAY-ABAIRE

KATE

(Still laughing) I just escort you right in without—

MARGARET

Mike invited me. I'm Margaret. *(Off her blank look)* Margie Walsh?
From Southie?

KATE

(Realizing) Jesus. Oh my god, I am so sorry.

MARGARET

It's okay.

KATE

You must think I'm a crazy person.

MARGARET

It's fine.

KATE

It didn't even occur to me that you might be here for the party.

MARGARET

Am I the first? I should've come a little later.

KATE

Did Michael not call you?

MARGARET

No, he did, / but—

KATE

We canceled. We canceled the party last night.

MARGARET

(Beat) Oh.

Stevie:

STEVIE

Margaret—!

MARGARET

Please. Last time I got fired it took me seven months to find something, and that was when things weren't so bad. Now? Forget it. I won't be able to find *anything*.

STEVIE

Of course you will. You start asking around / and—

MARGARET

Eight-fifteen. You can lower me to eight-fifteen. That's what I started at. It's what you'd pay a new girl. Just pretend I'm a new girl. I can do eight-fifteen.

STEVIE

I can't. I can't do that. I'm sorry. It's just not working out.

MARGARET

(*Beat*) You're lucky your mother's dead.

Stevie (contd):

GOOD PEOPLE

STEVIE

(The discussion is over) All right.

MARGARET

We grew up together, me and your mother. If she knew what you were doing right now . . .

STEVIE

You know what, Margaret? I *do* actually remember that story about her stealing the turkey. But you know what you forgot? The part where you called the cops. You forgot how she spent Christmas Day down at Station Six. That was always how *I* heard it. You should ask my sisters how funny that story was.

MARGARET

(Beat) I didn't call the cops. Pat Moody called the cops.

STEVIE

(Moves to go back in) Okay.

MARGARET

I would never do that to your mother. Pat Moody called the cops. And they made her store manager. Because she was tough on shoplifters.

STEVIE

It doesn't matter.

MARGARET

Don't fire me, Stevie.

STEVIE

I have a job! What do you want me to do! I have to do my job!

MARGARET

(Beat) I know.

Stevie (contd):

DAVID LINDSAY-ABAIRE

STEVIE

All right then. And stop with the: "You're lucky your mother's dead."

MARGARET

I was talking about you dating a Chinese girl. That's all. I don't think she'd approve.

(Stevie takes her in, then heads back inside, slamming the door behind him. Margaret is left alone.

Lights out.)