

Beatrice / Traci Audition

BEATRICE and TRACI have just checked in at the hotel and are waiting for CANDY to bring their bags in from the car.

BEATRICE. (Now at the drinks table pouring two rum punches.) You know this really is quite extraordinary. I don't believe I've ever stayed anywhere where they served free alcohol at all times of the day. (She hands TRACI a rum punch, crosses left and sits on the couch left side.) Maybe they think it will make this place look better. Now Traci, come and sit down, I want to talk to you.

TRACI. I wonder why they call it a barracuda? (Follows left and sits in the chair and takes a sip.) Oh, (Coughs.) I think I know.

BEATRICE. (Takes a sip and is about to set her glass down on the coffee table, but before she does she swipes her finger across the top as if checking for dust, then sets her glass down.) Well at least the place is clean. (Sniffs the air.) Even if it does smell a bit like air freshener.

TRACI. Mother, I don't have all day, what is it you want to talk about?

BEATRICE. Well, before we meet with Madame Coco, is there any way that I can persuade you to call this wedding off?

TRACI. Mother, don't start that again.

BEATRICE. But Traci darling, I don't believe he's good enough for you.

TRACI. What's wrong with him?

BEATRICE. Well for a start his name.

TRACI. (Rolls her eyes.) Here we go again.

BEATRICE. You do realize that Traci Rutherford-Smythe is about to become Mrs. M-u-u-d-d. (She says Mudd in a drawn out disdainful way and repeats it exactly that way every time she says it in the play.)

TRACI. Mother, Peter is a very nice young man, and he treats me like a princess. I really don't think it matters what his name is.

BEATRICE. It's not just his name, what about his background, his lineage? Where in heaven's name did the Mudds come from? What's his ancestry?

TRACI. You make him sound like a puppy dog with a pedigree.

BEATRICE. There's a lot to be said for family background. It indicates a standard of integrity and upbringing. Both the Rutherfords and the Smythes have been outstanding citizens for nearly two-hundred years. We are respected, we are trusted, we are pillars of society. Who is Peter Mudd?

TRACI. Mother, he's a lawyer.

BEATRICE. You make my point for me.

TRACI. Very funny. Mom, have I ever told you....

BEATRICE. No, and don't start now. You know dear, there is still time to cancel this wedding, or at least postpone it. You've only known him for such a short time. You can't possibly know much about him. How can you be sure he's your Prince Charming? If your father was alive, he would have insisted on all sorts of background checks. He could be a serial killer for all you know.

TRACI. Mother, I've heard quite enough.... (Goes back to her chair.)

BEATRICE. Traci, how do you know he's not marrying you for your money and social position?

TRACI. Mother, Peter doesn't care about money and social position.

BEATRICE. Again, you make my point for me. If he had to go through all the trouble of becoming a lawyer, why couldn't he have picked an area of law where he could make a lot of money.

TRACI. Mother, it seems to me that most lawyers today seem to care more and more about the money in their pockets, and less and less about true justice. I'm proud of Peter.

BEATRICE. If only he was a doctor.

TRACI. Mother, a few months ago you were pushing the lawyers from your country club at me.

BEATRICE. That's different.

TRACI. Why is that different?

BEATRICE. Because - - it just is.