

DAILY Actor

SHOWS FOR DAYS by Douglas Carter Beane

IRENE: Cab yourself a cab. Get yourself five bucks from my purse. *(She hands him the money behind her back and dials. He reaches for the money; she grabs his hand and stares forward, away from him.)* I know where you're from, Car. Wyomissing? And I know you're screaming to get out. I know it because I've been where you are. My Wyomissing was called Larchmont. And there was Greenwich Village and Caffè Cino and Joe and Lance Wilson and Harry and Jean-Claude. But. I didn't. Have the nerve for it. So I got married and moved here to Berks County. And you know I'm telling the truth because if I made it up I would make it so much more tragic and not so mediocre. I was a good wife till I couldn't stand it and then did anything I could in summer stock and when summer stock went away – I – I've created my own little version of what I was afraid of here, right here. And you want it too – Gevalt, how many times did you stare at that stage? You want out of your life and onto that eight-foot by twelve-foot raised platform from hunger that we call a stage. Right now, right here. This is destiny pissing on your leg. What do you wanna do about it?