

JACKIE AUDITION SIDES

I said, it's my mother and my sister, and I need to be there for them. It's not money! That's not why they're asking me! I told everyone that. And that's what I'm telling you. I came because I wanted to be here, to help you, and go to the funeral, and see her again, I really wanted that. But if what you're saying is that you had another motive, an ulterior financial motive? I am not a party to that. I wasn't even here! So. If there is a financial issue? It is not my responsibility. That is my position. Okay? Okay, Jackie?

(Beat.)

MARY. I'm sorry.

JACKIE. It's okay.

START: MARY. Can I get you anything? A glass of water?

JACKIE. *(beat)* A glass of water, would be great.

MARY. Good. I'm so glad we had this conversation. I feel a lot better.

(She carefully takes the stamps, and goes. JACKIE looks at the papers again, then suddenly throws them across the room. They go flying. She takes a breath, reaches down to start picking them up again, sees a box, stands, and then kicks the box over. Things spill out. She glances into another box, then picks it up, turns it over and dumps it on the floor. Does it a third time.)

It is a real mess. After a moment, she reaches in a box, finds an old-fashioned cigarette pack holder, dumps out her dead mother's cigarettes, and puts one in her mouth. She finds a lighter in that box, lights the smoke, and pockets the lighter. She relaxes. After a moment, MARY enters, with water and stamps.)

MARY. *(continuing)* Oh, for heavens sake, what happened? What happened?

(Surprised by the mess, she sets the stamps down as she steps into the room. JACKIE has her eye on them. Behind MARY's back, she grabs them.)

JACKIE. Nothing.

MARY. Well, something clearly –

(appalled, sees the cigarette)

I'm sorry. Are you smoking? Inside the house?

JACKIE. Want to have a conversation about it? I so enjoy our conversations.

(She smokes, looks at the stamps.)

MARY. Look. Could I have my stamps, please? It makes me really nervous to see you just –

JACKIE. Just what? Smoking? In front of the stamps? Why, because it's bad for them to know that I smoke?

(She clicks on her lighter. Looks at it, thinks.)

MARY. All right, fine. I don't care what you do to your lungs. Just give me my stamps.

JACKIE. Fuck you. You come in here, this is so precious to me, those are my stamps, me and my fucking holy fucking grandfather, oh jewelry! You can have that Jackie! The only problem is it's not worth a FUCKING DIME.

MARY. I'm sorry, do you have to use language like that!

JACKIE. Yes, I fucking well think I do.

MARY. Okay. What you've gone through, both of us, but you especially, is upsetting and clearly, I think, you clearly need to take the time to calm down, and I will be upstairs, and give you the room to do that.

JACKIE. Calm down. That's not exactly what I was thinking of doing. More what I've been thinking about? Is finding some sort of plastic bag, you know, some sort of clear, strong plastic? And then I was thinking I'd figure out how to fasten that around your head, with some duct tape.

MARY. I'm sorry, but I'm, I'm I'm beginning to think some real questions have to be raised about your character.

JACKIE. My CHARACTER? I have no character. What I have is two tiny tiny slips of paper, so small that they barely exist, and I'm going to take them, and I'm going to stab myself in the chest with a pair of really sharp

scissors, and then I'm going to put those two tiny tiny slips of paper inside my body, right where my heart is supposed to be. And then I'm going to grow a pair of wings, big, blue and green scaly wings, not beautiful wings, BUG wings, the kind that move real fast. And then I'm going to go. Somewhere. Where they like tall girls, with bug wings. And then I'm going to lay in the sun and have a margarita.

MARY. Give me the stamps. Give them to me.

JACKIE. Yeah, I'll get right on that. 'Cause you know what I read today, on the internet? Something called the Three Skilling Banco got sold about ten years ago, for two and a half million dollars. The one cent magenta, some stamp from British Guiana which some zillionaire has in some bank vault somewhere, they think that's worth maybe ten million dollars. Guess what else. Seven years ago a pair of uncanceled one and two penny post office stamps? Went for six million dollars. At auction. Can you believe that? Six. Million. Dollars.

MARY. Grandfather always said, they should be in a museum. But I had no idea –

JACKIE. Fuck museums.

MARY. You cannot say that. You can't – and you can't sell them. They're worth so much more than than mere money, they're –

JACKIE. "Mere" money? I'm sorry, what did you say did you say "mere" money did you actually say that?

MARY. I would like my stamps please.

JACKIE. You don't get it yet, but you will. Two little slips of paper. And I am born. "You're an interesting girl, Jackie." He has no idea.

(She picks up the stamp book.)

MARY. You are not walking out of this house with those stamps!

JACKIE. You know that trick, with the plastic bag and the duct tape? Want to know how I know about that?

MARY. I will call the police. I will –

JACKIE. You will what, you will tell them that I took your stamp collection? That'll make a big impression.

MARY. YES, YES, I will tell them – you stole my, my –

JACKIE. It's not yours –

MARY. It is mine –

JACKIE. Yeah, I'll give you your fucking stamps.

(MARY reaches for them, sudden. JACKIE throws a punch, gets her right across the face. MARY backs up, stunned. JACKIE just looks at her, unmoved.)

JACKIE. You come in here, you act like you know something, like you have rights, you don't know anything and you have no rights. You left. The fucking apocalypse fell on this family and YOU LEFT. And as a consequence I've earned these fucking stamps and I'm going to sell them. And if you think you're going to stop me? You'll lose.

(She picks up the stamps and exits.)

(End of act one) **END.**