

**TWO BIRDS, ONE'S STONED BY JONAS WILCOX**  
**DIRECTED BY EMMA SCHWARTZ**  
**AUDITION SIDES**

**BEA – AUDITION SIDE**

**BEA.** Look. I don't know what I believe, really. At a certain time in your life.... at a certain point.... What I mean is, once you've been through it – and maybe a couple of times – you can't afford not to believe. I don't sit there wondering the secrets of the universe, or just let that sadness fester and wonder why. You know? *Why me?* I don't smoke away my feelings. I try not to dwell on the past, if I can help it. You just have to keep living. And you just have to believe whatever is gonna get you there – whether it's true or it's corny or it's a load of horseshit. *(A beat. Her demeanor changes. She lets herself think.)* When you're young... you date these guys. Or you see them on the street with a girl. Or you marry them for ten or twenty years. And I remember I used to think all the time about these guys, you know, he's got a mother. He's got a mother and she must love him for everything he does. Despite everything, all the shit and hurt, and just not an ounce of care... That's somebody's pride and joy. How? I just can't tell you. Some things you just believe. Horseshit, or...

*She trails off. They stand there for a few seconds, looking out at the night.*