Only to be used for auditioning for Betty’s Summer Vacation
KEITH, BETTY, TRUDY (3 VOICES)

BETTY. Trudy, did you hear him say he cut off heads?
TRUDY. He said he was an abused child. I was an abused child too. I want to comfort him. (Goes to his door.) Keith, are you alright? Can I come in?
KEITH. (Off.) I'm busy now. Leave me alone please.
TRUDY. He's so hard to have a relationship with.

BETTY. Trudy. He said he cut off heads. (Laughter, to ceiling.) I don't think that's funny.

VOICES. No, you're right. It's not funny. Sorry.
BETTY. Should we call the police?
TRUDY. No, Betty, he's in pain. Psychological pain.
BETTY. I don't know. I don't feel that sorry for him if he's cutting people's heads off.
TRUDY. Well, he probably has an irresistible urge.
BETTY. Mmmm. I suppose.

TRUDY. (Knocking on Keith's door.) Were you abused very badly, Keith? I'd love to hear about it. I mean, if you'd like to share it with someone.
KEITH. (Off.) I don't like to talk about it. I'm sorry I brought it up.
TRUDY. Well, it's not good to keep your emotions in, Keith.
KEITH. (Off.) Please, I'm fine.
TRUDY. Keith, I want to comfort you. (Keith opens his door.)
KEITH. I know you're being nice, but I can't be around people for too much of a time, and that charades game your mother forced me to be around went on for hours. So please, let me be by myself.
TRUDY. Well, what are you doing in there all that time?
KEITH. Nothing. I'm playing with my collection.
TRUDY. What collection?
KEITH. Just various things I've collected.
BETTY. (Poli itus worried.) Keith, what have you collected? Do you have body parts in your room?
KEITH. Well, I have two feet.
BETTY. Oh my God.
KEITH. I have two feet. On the end of my legs. They're standing inside the door, so I have two feet inside my room. (Enjoys his joke.)
BETTY. Oh. Well, what's in your hatbox?
KEITH. Hats! Look, I can't talk any more. I'm sorry, I have seizures if I talk to people for too long. You don't want me to have a seizure, do you?
BETTY. No. I guess not.
TRUDY. Well, if ever you want to talk, I'm here, Keith, okay?
KEITH. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Where's Mr. Vanislav?
TRUDY. He's taking a walk with my mother.
KEITH. Well, if you see him, tell him he can come in my room later. (Keith closes the door.)
TRUDY. How could he possibly like Mr. Vanislav??
BETTY. Well ... I think he's crazy.
TRUDY. Who? Mr. Vanislav?
BETTY. Well, he's crazy too. But I think Keith is crazy. This summer share isn't turning out at all as I imagined.
TRUDY. Really? I sort of imagined it this way.
BETTY. You did?
TRUDY. Well, my mother always does something to cause trouble. I'm going to take some pills and go to sleep. Good night. (Trudy goes to her room, Laughter.)

VOICES. That was so abrupt.
BETTY. Yes, it was abrupt. Well, I guess I should do the dishes. Although I did cook the dinner. But then no one else will do them if I don't.

VOICES. Don't do them if you don't want to.
BETTY. Well, I suppose I could go for a walk.

VOICES. That's a good idea. Go for a walk.
BETTY. Alright. I will. See you later. (Betty leaves. Applause.
Laughter. Sigh, Pause, Silence.)

VOICES.

Nothing's happening right now.

(Silence.)
I'm getting bored.
Keith — do you want to come out and entertain us for a while?
Keith?
Well, he's hopeless.
Gosh, we're just staring at the furniture.
We're just staring.

(Calling plaintively.)
Somebody ... Somebody ...

(Lights go out. End scene.)

BETTY'S SUMMER VACATION
CHARACTERS:  BETTY, BUCK  (3 VOICES)

VOICES.  (Very disappointed sound.)  Ohhhhhhhhh.
Buck.  What's the matter?
VOICES.  We want you to get ice cubes from the freezer.
Buck.  Ice cubes for my beer?
Betty.  (With a touch of malice.)  Why don't you have a vodka tonic or something?
Buck.  I like beer.
VOICES.  She’s right. Have a vodka.
Buck.  I don't like vodka.
VOICES.  Please, please, please …
Buck.  Alright, alright.  (To Betty.)  You're right, they are kind of annoying.  (Pours himself vodka in a glass.)  Vodka tonic.  Vodka's a drink for businessmen. I'm a surfer dude, I like beer. Or tequila with worms in it.
VOICES.  Stop complaining. Now get yourself some ice.
Buck.  Okay, okay.  (Buck opens the freezer.)
VOICES.  (Excited anticipation.)  Oooohhooohh.  (Buck, without really looking in, takes ice from the freezer quickly, plops it in his drink, and shuts the freezer door.)
Buck.  There, I took some ice. Are you happy now?
VOICES.  (Disappointed.)  I guess so.
Buck.  Fuckin' hard-to-figure voices.
VOICES.  There's something you didn't see in the freezer.
Buck.  Oh for Christ's sake.  (With irritation he goes back to the freezer.  Looks in.  Uncertain initially what he sees.)  What is that?  (Sudden realization; screams in horror, slams freezer door shut.)  Bummer! Bummer!
VOICES.  Oooohhhhh-eeeeeeeee! That was fun!
Buck.  Whose is that?
Betty.  Mr. Vanislaw.
Buck.  What is this, some sort of chick revenge thing?
Betty.  I wasn't here when it happened. Do you want to see the headless body in the bedroom? I think that's Mr. Vanislaw too.
Buck.  No, I don't want to see the headless body. What's the matter with you?  (Mrs. Siegmagraff comes back in, with Keith and Trudy.)
CHARACTERS: MRS. S., TRUDY (KEITH)

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. (Outside Trudy's door; knocks lightly.)
Trudy, dear, it's mother. Are you alright? Should I come in? Do you want hot cocoa? (Trudy comes storming out, in T-shirt and shorts or underwear, wrapped in a summer blanket. Mrs. Siezmagrass jumps back, startled.)
TRUDY. (Genuinely furious.) Why didn't you call the police????
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. What for?
TRUDY. That horrible man was raping me!
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. I hate all this date rape talk.
TRUDY. This was not date rape. You brought a maniac degenerate into the house, and he raped me while you did nothing.
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. (Angry.) I drank seven margaritas! Do you think I can be expected to be conscious after I drink seven margaritas!!!!?
TRUDY. Oh, well, in that case, no, just do nothing, it's perfectly understandable. Just like with my father for six years!!!
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Your father is dead, Trudy. Must you insist on speaking against your poor father after he's dead?!
TRUDY. I hate you. And I hate your father. And I hate that man.
Where is he?
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. He's with Keith. And I must say I don't understand what the hell they could be doing. (Trudy goes to the kitchen, gets a large kitchen knife, and goes off into Keith's room.)
TRUDY. Be nice now. (From inside Keith's room, a terrible scream. From a man's voice. Mrs. Siezmagrass looks quizzical, decides it's probably nothing. Brief pause. Keith comes charging out of his room.)
KEITH. You better call the police.
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Again? I can't keep calling the police! They'll think I'm a crank. (Trudy comes stumbling out of the bedroom, carrying something we can't quite see in her upstage hand.)
TRUDY. (Hands it to her mother.) Here. You take it. I don't want it.
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. What is it? (Stares at it; it's vaguely sausage-like, but we don't get a clear view of it.) I don't understand.
What is it?
VOICES. It's his penis, stupid. (Mrs. Siezmagrass looks horrified.
KEITH. It's time to move toward bedroom, then toward phone, then toward kitchen — an emotional overload of choices, what to do next.)
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Oh my God. We've got to call an ambulance. Keith, put this on ice. We've got to get doctors to sew this back on.
TRUDY. I don't want doctors to sew this back on. Give it to me, I'll throw it in the ocean. (Trudy grabs it back from her mother or Keith, and he seas toward deck. Mrs. Siezmagrass stops her.)
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Trudy, if you throw that man's penis in the ocean, we won't be able to find it. How would you like it if someone cut your breast off and threw it in the ocean? Would you like that?
TRUDY. He raped me! (Trudy shakes the disconnected member at her mother, for emphasis. Perhaps the one and only time we see it clearly. Keith goes back into his bedroom.)
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Well, even if he did, it wasn't irreparable. I mean, what you've done is a big over-reaction. (Mrs. Siezmagrass grabs the member back from Trudy and goes toward the refrigerator.)
TRUDY. Where are you going?
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. I'm putting this on ice. (Opens the freezer door, puts the member in the freezer, closes freezer door.)
TRUDY. I don't want it in my refrigerator.
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. It's not your refrigerator. It's my house. I own it. Now stop acting like a spoiled brat. Oh, I better call an ambulance. (Picks up phone, speaks into it with intensity.) Hello. 911? 911?? Is anybody there??
TRUDY. You have to dial, mother. You can't just pick up the phone and expect them to be there.
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. I did dial. (Dials for the first time.) Hello? Is this 911. There's an emergency here, we need help, a man has lost his penis and I have it in the refrigerator, and I wonder if there's anyone you know of who can sew it back on. (Listens.) No, I didn't do it. I'm not a maniac. It was my daughter. (Listens.) I don't know if he's conscious. Wait, I'll go see. (Mrs. Siezmagrass puts the phone down and goes into the bedroom. Trudy stays seated on the couch, sulky and chastised. Pause. Mrs. Siezmagrass screams from offstage. Then comes running out. To Trudy.) Where is his head? What did you do with his head?
TRUDY. I didn't do anything to his head.
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Well, he's headless. They're going to have to sew back his penis and his head, or else he's going to be totally useless. If we can even find the head. (Moves back toward the phone.)
TRUDY. You can't sew a head back on, mother.
MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. I invite a guest into this house, and this is how he is treated. It's a disgrace. (Into the phone.) Forget the whole thing. He's been beheaded. There's no point in re-attaching his penis anymore. (Hangs up.) I don't think, anyway. (Keith comes out of his room. He's not especially bloody, but is now wearing Mr.
BUCK. God, this is a weird house. (Enter Mrs. Siezmagraff, dragging Mr. Vanislaw by the hand.)

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Someone's going to have to mop up in there after Mr. Vanislaw. I don't know what the hell he was doing.

(Laughter.)

TRUDY. Mother, why can't you have normal friends?

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Well, why can't I have a normal daughter. Okay, where's a piece of paper for Mr. Vanislaw? (Betsy offers Mrs. Siezmagraff the bowl with papers with charades titles in them. Mrs. Siezmagraff reaches in and hands Mr. Vanislaw a piece of paper.)

Now can you read, or are you on drugs?

MR. VANISLAW. I can read. It says...

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. No, don't tell us. Make us say the word by silent clues. This is charades. Remember, we explained it to you before you went to the bathroom. Remember, Buck acted out "Nutcracker Suite."

MR. VANISLAW. (Likes the word.) Nuts. (Starts to undo his coat.)

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. That's right, nuts. Now keep your raincoat closed, Mr. Vanislaw. Betty and Trudy have made a special request.

MR. VANISLAW. They're very controlling.

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Yes, they are. Keith, are you paying attention? Mr. Vanislaw is about to give clues. (Keith bunches up and looks frightened, looks away.) Well, listen closely then, Keith. If you have any ideas, just call them out. Okay, we'll start now. Mr. Vanislaw, begin now. (Mr. Vanislaw laughs energetically, then holds up one finger, hoping someone will say "one.") Wait, wait, tell us what we're going for. Is this a song title, or a title of a book, or a movie title, or what? (Mr. Vanislaw looks at the paper, then shrugs, not knowing.) Well, fine, so we're going for something, but we don't know what. Okay, that's fine.

TRUDY. Why does he have to have a turn? He's a codicet.

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Darling, don't you use that word. It's rude to Mr. Vanislaw. Go ahead, Mr. Vanislaw. (Mr. Vanislaw holds up index finger, for the word "one.") First word. (Mr. Vanislaw continues to hold up index finger.) Yes, we got it. This is the first word. Now give us a clue.

MR. VANISLAW. This is a clue. What I'm doing.

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Oh.

BUCK. Finger.

MR. VANISLAW. No, not finger.

MRS. SIEZMAGRAFF. Don't speak, just shake you head. (Mr. Vanislaw shakes his head "no.") First word. Not finger. Index finger. Index. Index of Forbidden Books. (Mr. Vanislaw shakes his head "no.")

BETTY. One. Is it the number one?

MR. VANISLAW. Yes.