

# Audition Script

## Jeffrey

Mid-30's-early 40's.

Francine's Husband. A doctor

JEFFREY. I know. God, I know. I had a patient the other day. Young. Bright. Tons of energy. And he comes in for a routine physical. He's preparing for some intense "mission" or "cause" or school project something and he's really really excited about it. Wouldn't stop talking about, "Getting ready for the battle of my life." "Fulfilling my destiny," and how we should all be, um, (*Reads of a slip of paper:*) "Not allowing ourselves to become lifeless wedges of brie on the cheeseboard of the powerful."

FRANCINE. Freedom from cheese?

JEFFREY. And I was doctor-listening and then I said, "Wow, I wish I had as much excitement about something as you." A joke. And this Boy.. grabbed me by the shoulders. Yelled at me Said that I am "exactly what iswrong with Nebraska. If we are not fighting for something, then what are we living for?" And then he half-shouted, half-growled. Like a Scottish warrior. Fist in the air. The nurse came in. It was very intense. He has a website.

FRANCINE. Freedom from anecdotes.

JEFFREY. He also has a lump near his ribs. Like an old lime. I ordered a few tests. And the lump is just the nubbin of a mass like a cauliflower. It's in his bones, blood, everywhere, and it doesn't take a specialist to know that nothing will stop it. Surgery, chemo, radiation, nada. A few months, tops. I have to tell him tomorrow.

FRANCINE. Jeffrey.

JEFFREY. I don't want to tell him.

FRANCINE. Jeffrey.

JEFFREY. Don't you think it would be better if I didn't tell him?

FRANCINE. You have to tell him.

JEFFREY. I know! I know I know. It's just... He was so... (*A gesture of Ben's passion.*) I wish it wasn't my job to tell people these things.

FRANCINE. Why did you tell *me*?

JEFFREY. Did it help?