

Barnette Audition Side

BABE. Sure you don't want any oatmeal?

BARNETTE. What? Oh, no. No, thank you. Let's see, ah, where were we?

BABE. I just shot Zackery.

BARNETTE. (*Looking at his notes.*) Right. Correct. You've just pulled the trigger.

BABE. Tell me, do you think Willie Jay can stay out of all this?

BARNETTE. Believe me, it is in our best interest to keep him as far out of this as possible.

BABE. Good.

BARNETTE. All right, you've just shot one Zackery Botrelle, as a result of his continual physical and mental abuse— what happens now?

BABE. Well, after I shot him, I went into the kitchen and made a pitcher of lemonade.

BARNETTE. Lemonade?

BABE. Yes, I was dying of thirst. My mouth was just as dry as a bone.

BARNETTE. So in order to quench this raging thirst that was choking you dry and preventing any possibility of you uttering intelligible sounds or phrases, you went out to the kitchen and made up a pitcher of lemonade?

BABE. Right. I made it just the way I like it.

BARNETTE. Then what?

BABE. Then I drank three glasses. Then suddenly, my stomach kind of swoll all up. I guess what caused it was all that sour lemon.

BARNETTE. Could be.

BABE. Then I said, "Zackery, I've made some lemonade. Can you use a glass?"

BARNETTE. Did he answer? Did you hear an answer?

BABE. No. He didn't answer.

BARNETTE. So, what'd you do?

BABE. I poured him a glass anyway and took it out to him.

BARNETTE. You took it out to the living room?

BABE. I did. And there he was; lying on the rug. I guess that's gonna look kinda bad...

BARNETTE. What?

BABE. Me fixing that lemonade, before I called the hospital.

BARNETTE. Well, not ... necessarily.

BABE. I tell you, I think the reason I made up the lemonade was because I was afraid to call the authorities.

BARNETTE. Well, that's understandable.

BABE. Why, I feel so all alone.

BARNETTE. Now, now, look--Why, there's no reason for you to get yourself so all upset and worried. Please, don't. Please. *(They look at each other for a moment.)* You just keep filling in as much detailed information as you can about those incidents on the medical reports. That's all you need to think about. Don't you worry, Mrs. Botrelle, we're going to have a solid defense.

BABE. Please, don't call me Mrs. Botrelle.

BARNETTE. All right.

BABE. My name's Becky. People in the family call me Babe; but my real name's Becky.

BARNETTE. All right, Becky. *(Barnette and Babe stare at each other for a long moment.)*