

Susan Audition Side

BECCA

Twizzlers! A pound of them!

SUSAN

You'll work your way through them in no time. (SUSAN takes out a newspaper)
And the paper.

BECCA

Thanks, but you keep it.

SUSAN

You read it already?

BECCA

No, and that's the point. I don't want to stress out. I'm off all social media.
Last week I tried watching the Nature Channel? Arctic Ice is melting so fast the only Polar Bears
left will be in zoos. I said, "Done. No more bad news."

SUSAN

If you're feeling anxious we should call the Doctor.

BECCA

It's just me freaking, thinking about this world a baby comes into. Which is ridiculous, because
this is totally your decision. I'm just the stork.

SUSAN

But what's the alternative? We give up and stop having children because we're out of hope?
You know what made me first think I wanted to be a Mother? A nine-thousand dollar
Sofa.

BECCA

A couch?

SUSAN

When it's at Fendi Maison they call it a sofa.

BECCA

Got it.

SUSAN

I lighting a decadently priced living room set and I noticed how one light bounced off this sofa. It
almost glowed, this gleaming, spotless leather. Five years ago, if I saw that sofa I would have
killed for it. But this time I imagined it with a big scrape across it made by a broken Light Saber

and stains from a leaky magic marker that wouldn't come out. Things that would scare off anybody who could buy it. But I thought it would be perfect. The stains and scrapes meant some little kid was actually playing on it and that his parents loved their kid more than their furniture. I didn't want the couch. I wanted the kid. A kid who maybe, someday will be important to this world. Or his kid or his kid's kid.

The world's scary. But what if that one person who could make a difference is never born?