

**Before Breakfast: Audition Sides**

**Description:** *Mrs. Rowland is of medium height and inclined to a shapeless stoutness, accentuated by her formless blue dress, shabby and worn. Her face is characterless, with small, regular features and eyes of a nondescript blue. There is a pinched expression about her eyes and nose and her weak, spiteful mouth. She is in her early twenties but looks much older.*

MRS. ROWLAND - *(After a pause—getting up angrily)* Aren't you up yet, for heaven's sake? It's just like you to go to sleep again, or pretend to. *(She goes to the bedroom door and looks in)* Oh, you are up. Well, it's about time. You needn't look at me like that. Your airs don't fool me a bit any more. I know you too well—better than you think I do—you and your goings-on. *(Turning away from the door—meaningly)* I know a lot of things, my dear. Never mind what I know, now. I'll tell you before I go, you needn't worry. *(She comes to the middle of the room and stands there, frowning.)*

*(Irritably)* Hmm! I suppose I might as well get breakfast ready—not that there's anything much to get. *(Questioningly)* Unless you have some money? *(She pauses for an answer from the next room which does not come)* Foolish question! *(She gives a short, hard laugh)* I ought to know you better than that by this time. When you left here in such a huff last night I knew what would happen. You can't be trusted for a second. A nice condition you came home in! The fight we had was only an for you to make a beast of yourself. What was the use pawning your watch if all you wanted with the money was to waste it in buying drink?

*(Goes over to the dish closet and takes out plates, cups, etc., while she is talking.)*

Hurry up! It don't take long to get breakfast these days, thanks to you. All we got this morning is bread and butter and coffee; and you wouldn't even have that if it wasn't for me sewing my fingers off.