

The Outside: Auditions Sides

Description: MRS PATRICK (who lives in the abandoned Station)

MRS PATRICK: (*swiftly rising*) You're a cruel woman—a hard, insolent woman! I knew what I was doing! What do you know about it? About me? I didn't go to the Outside. I was left there. I'm only—trying to get along. Everything that can hurt me I want buried—buried deep. Spring is here. This morning I *knew* it. Spring—coming through the storm—to take me—take me to hurt me. That's why I couldn't bear—(*she looks at the closed door*) things that made me know I feel. You haven't felt for so long you don't know what it means! But I tell you, Spring is here! And now you'd take *that* from me—(*looking now toward the edge of the woods*) the thing that made me know they would be buried in my heart—those things I can't *live* and know I feel. You're more cruel than the sea! 'But other things are true beside the things you want to see!' Outside. Springs will come when I will not know that it is spring. (*as if resentful of not more deeply believing what she says*) What would there be for me but the Outside? What was there for you? What did you ever find after you lost the thing you wanted?

Description: ALLIE MAYO (who works for her)

ALLIE MAYO: *(to herself.)* If I could say that, I can say more. *(looking at woman she has arrested, but speaking more to herself)* That boy in there—his face—uncovered something—*(her open hand on her chest. But she waits, as if she cannot go on; when she speaks it is in labored way—slow, monotonous, as if snowed in by silent years)* For twenty years, I did what you are doing. And I can tell you—it's not the way. *(her voice has fallen to a whisper; she stops, looking ahead at something remote and veiled)* We had been married—two years. *(a start, as of sudden pain. Says it again, as if to make herself say it)* Married—two years. He had a chance to go north on a whaler. Times hard. He had to go. A year and a half—it was to be. A year and a half. Two years we'd been married.

(She sits silent, moving a little back and forth.)

The day he went away. *(not spoken, but breathed from pain)* The days after he was gone.

I heard at first. Last letter said farther north—not another chance to write till on the way home. *(a wait)*

Six months. Another, I did not hear. *(long wait)* Nobody ever heard. *(after it seems she is held there, and will not go on)* I used to talk as much as any girl in Provincetown. Jim used to tease me about my talking. But they'd come in to talk to me. They'd say—'You may hear yet.' They'd talk about what must have happened. And one day a woman who'd been my friend all my life said—'Suppose he was to walk *in!*' I got up and drove her from my kitchen—and from that time till this I've not said a word I didn't have to say. *(she has become almost wild in telling this. That passes. In a whisper)* The ice that caught Jim—caught me. *(a moment as if held in ice. Comes from it. To MRS PATRICK simply)* It's not the way. *(a sudden change)* You're not the only woman in the world whose husband is dead!

