

## BELLA AUDITION

BELLA

I pretend that I don't hear them. I mean I don't really get how I could possibly not hear them. They're not exactly quiet arguers. Sometimes when they're fighting they'll go into their bathroom and shut the door. And you can just hear muffled angry noise. Like you're under water or something. And then, you know, the occasional "Richard!" That's my dad's name.

TIMMY

I know your dad's name.

BELLA

You could have forgotten. Anyways, I hate it. I think my brother used to tune it out. I always wanted to talk about it. Why do you think they're fighting? Are they gonna get divorced? Should we talk to them? You talk to mom-I'll talk to dad. Did you hear what he said? Did you hear what she said? Do you think they're gonna get divorced? He would just look at me and say "people fight". Leave it be.

(Beat)

I can't leave things be. I don't think I have ever seen anything and just let it be. Not that I'm like some social justice warrior--I'm too paranoid for that. What I mean is that I am obsessed with everything. Like when I first met... this guy I liked in like sixth grade orientation and he was reaching for something behind me and I got confused and I shook his hand... like I went to the bathroom and made myself throw up so the nurse would call my mom to take me home. I didn't look at him in the eye for two years. I just feel this need to talk about everything. Like, god, you know, I'd love someday for someone to write an autobiography about me. Not that like anyone wants to hear about my life or anything. I just would love for someone to sit down with me for hours and ask me every single question about every single thing that's ever happened to me. I could talk all day about myself. That's really self-absorbed of me. I should work on that--

TIMMY

You're not self absorbed--

BELLA

Yeah but I am. I like to pretend, sometimes, that I'm on talk shows, you know, when no one's around. I like to tell anecdotes about myself to an imaginary Jimmy Kimmel. And we laugh, you know. And I say something crazy and like turn out to the audience and go "am I right you guys?"

(Pause)

I don't know how to tune it out. Ever since I was little, when I'd hear them start at each other I'd sneak out of my room and sit at the top of the stairs and just listen to what they were talking about. And it would kill me because it was always so obvious to me how to stop it--who was in the wrong, who needed to apologize, what they could do to make it all better, and they never, once, said the right thing. What I would have said. What I always wanted to tell them to say. It would always end with my mom racing up the stairs into my room, so I'd have to hustle to get there before her. She'd burst in, and I'd pretend I was sleeping. She'd climb into the bed with me and just hold my hand. Sometimes she would wake me up and say that even though it was past my bed time her and me were gonna watch a movie. She'd go get the little DVD player and the headphone jack splitter from her closet, and we'd watch rom coms, and we'd both pretend like nothing was wrong.