

AUDITION MONOLOGUES FOR "SWEET DELILAH SWIM CLUB" (*pick one*)

DINAH 1: I'm feeling more like me than I've felt in a long time. See, when Randall died, I put in hundreds of hours of overtime, took cases I had no interest in just so I wouldn't have to think about my life. Then two weeks ago, I was cross-examining a witness and raised my hand to make a point, and somehow my watchband got tangled in my pearls. The ones he bought me when we were in Malaysia. Anyhow, the strand broke and all I remember is watching the pearls drop to the floor one by one. I couldn't speak or think, I just watched. It was like everything was happening in slow motion.

DINAH 2: Face it, girls. Aging's no day at the spa. Inside, I still feel like I'm twenty years old. But sometimes when I pick up my martini, a middle-aged woman's hand is holding the glass. And I can't believe it's mine. Although, the more I drink, the younger that hand starts to look. Randall used to say when you turn fifty, you're closer to the final curtain than the overture. But I believe there's still time to search for whatever it is I'm meant to find. Randall didn't get that chance, so I'm going to do it for both of us. I'm bartending ya'll - who wants a drink?

LEXIE 1: Okay. I have news, too. (Dramatically.) And I don't mean to darken the mood, but I wanted to tell you in person. I'm getting a divorce. I've given y'all some very important, life-altering news and I want to talk about it. I have been holding onto this news for weeks so I could turn to my closest friends to help me work through the pain. After all, aren't we supposed to be here for one another? Vernadette, don't we get you through every disaster that comes up?

LEXIE 2: Dinah, we helped you with the decision to switch law firms ten years ago. And Sheree. Well, if there ever was anything you couldn't figure out in your perfect life, we'd talk you through that, too. I mean, why else do we come here if it isn't to give each other advice and not wear bras for three days? Where's the hand-holding? Where's the shoulder to cry on? Don't you understand? I gave that man the thinnest years of my life.

VERNADETTE 1: Let me tell you a story: After church, an adorable little girl comes up to the preacher and he says "That is a beautiful dress. All those bows and ribbons and pleats and flowers." The little girl sweetly replies, "Thank you Preacher. But Mama says it's a bitch to iron." Now, now, now. The story has a moral. Making something beautiful is hard work, a real labor of love. We should be grateful that Lexie cares enough about this junk to do it for us.

VERNADETTE 2: Burl's never been a fan of the five of us getting together for our "Special weekends". So this year he refused to "allow me" to come to the beach. When I finished laughing at him, I got in the shower to get ready. But before I had time to towel off, Burl had ransacked my closet and driven off with every stitch of clothing I own. So that's why I'm wearing this clown suit. I've been moonlighting as Toodles the Clown at kids' parties, you know, to make extra money for little luxuries like food and electricity. And because you never know when someone's going to need a balloon giraffe, I always keep my costume under the seat of my truck.

VERNADETTE 3: Right. Uh...crutches. Last week, the phone rings and Eddie Mack's been arrested. Again. So being the model-parent-slash-doormat that I am, I rush to the courthouse to post bail. Again. At the stop of the steps, while I'm glancing up at the statue of "Blind Justice", I trip and bounced all the way back down to the sidewalk where I'm side-swiped by a court reporter on a Vespa. This ankle never stood a chance. By the way, I guess this is as good time as any to tell you. I'm going to be a grandmother. Eddie Mack found a minute to knock up his parole officer. She's suing us for child support. It's almost more happiness than Burl and I can stand, but I guess it really is all about leaving a legacy. My life is just one endless country song.

JERI NEAL 1: One day I was working at the shelter and a mommy asked me to hold her baby while she fed her two-year-old. When I held that tiny little thing, I had the most incredible sensation. I looked into that baby's eyes and it was like a bolt of electricity just shot right through me. I realized I wasn't supposed to be a sister anymore, I'm supposed to be a mother. So I decided to leave the convent and have myself artificially inseminated.

JERI NEAL 2: Let's be honest. Nobody's going to hire me. I don't have any skills. All I've done in the last twenty-five years is cook for a bunch of nuns, take care of a baby and read *Mr. Popper's Penguins* in silly voices. If there is a good job for me out there, it can't be any harder than motherhood. I mean, chasing after a five-year-old is like trying to put socks on an octopus. I try to take it one day at a time, and then several days sneak up and attack me all at once.

JERI NEAL 3: Poor Lexie. She has such rotten luck with husbands. By the third time she'd told us how making love with Leonard had gotten so boring it made her want to jump off a cliff, I was kinda sorry she hadn't gone ahead and done it. And I only mean that in the nicest possible way. Lexie's always gonna do like she's always gonna do. It's like Granny McFeeley said: "Never wrestle a pig in the mud. You both get dirty and the pig enjoys it way too much."

SHEREE 1: I'm in there making sure everyone's got an emergency kit and Vernadette's rolling out biscuit dough? I'm glad ya'll are able to stand around and enjoy a good laugh while I'm frantically getting things organized in case we have to make a run for it. I just read in the *New York Times* that biscuits are one of the worst foods you can put in your system. Do you have any idea how many grams of fat are in a two-point-seven-ounce biscuit? And the article said the number of carbs is unbelievable. At our ages, biscuits have no place in our diets. Besides, there's is a Category Two hurricane sitting off the coast threatening to blow us all the way to the Piedmont. This is no time to eat.

SHEREE 2: Lexie, will you please stop it! You are not the center of the universe! It's not all about you! We have lives, too. Things happen to use that are just as earth-shattering and I'm going to be a grandmother and I just can't stand it! It's just that...I can't wrap my mind around it. Trent's only been married year and all of a sudden he calls and tells us he and Pam are having a baby? How could they do that? Oh, I pretend to be glad. But that's just something you say to reassure other people that the horror of raising children hasn't soured you on the perpetuation of the human race. It's just too soon. It makes me feel...old.