



LIFE SUCKS  
PICKLES AUDITION SCENE

PICKLES. No. That's not right. Fidelity is fidelity. It's constancy. It's a commitment and it's to be honored, not mocked. Not mocked. You all make fun of me and I get it, I do, I guess I'm a little ridiculous, and maybe I'd make fun of me too if I were someone else, but I know about fidelity, / and I. ...

VANYA. Oh, God, Pickles, I'm not talking/ about your ...

PICKLES. I gave her my heart. I gave her my whole heart and we made each other a vow and I have been true to that vow I because

VANYA. But that was twenty years ago ... !

PICKLES. Seventeen.

VANYA. Whatever. (*A throw-away*) I'm not doing this again ...

PICKLES. (*Turning abruptly to us in the audience instead*) Iris was the love / of my life and, yes, she left me seventeen years ago, and

VANYA. Don't just tell them, that's not fair. .. !

PICKLES. everyone is always saying to me-move on. "It's time to move on:' That's the exact phrase that everyone uses, like some agreed-upon plan: "It's time to Move On!"

VANYA. Because it is!

PICKLES. But here's the thing: I can't. I can't "move on:• How can I? Because that love is still there. It still sits ... right there. (*Pointing at her heart or gut or soul*) I don't know how you all (*And she is talking simultaneously to the other actors and the audience*) can just go from one lover to another to another to another, I don't, not if that love is real. Not if it's real. Love is love and it stays forever. I think. I think it stays forever.

VANYA. No one is saying-

PICKLES. I don't even know what people mean when they say "Oh, yeah, we really loved each other back then." or "Yeah, I used to really love her" 'cause I just think: Where did that love go? Where did that love go??? Because I don't know about you, but I still love everyone I've ever loved. Everyone I've ever loved, I still love.

*She starts crying right about here*

And I think I always will. The truth is .. I don't know how to stop.  
And ... and the other truth is ... I don't want to stop.  
My love for Iris is real.  
And I don't want to move on.  
I'm just fine where I am, thank you very much. I'm just fine right here ...

My life is just ridiculous. Everyone calls me Pickles. And has forever. But my real name is Penelope. Penelope Pickford Grunen. My mom wanted me to be a myth ... or a movie star ... Not a Pickles. I wanted to be a mom. I wanted to be a great artist and make those huge paintings that fill whole walls in museums, not just ... stupid wall hangings ... and sock puppets and oven mitts to sell at bake sales ... but none of that happened. I live above a garage, I lost the only woman I ever loved, I dropped out of life, and I became .. a Pickles.