

~~APRIL~~ ~~It's important to me.~~

~~*Tiny beat.*~~

~~MIMI~~ ~~Be right back.~~

~~*Mimi exits. It turns out that April is eager for a moment alone with the audience.*~~

APRIL

Hi. Thank you for being here. Mimi needs you.

(Two minutes. Okay.)

I want to talk to you folks about—*you*, actually.

When I had the idea for this show, the first thing I imagined was *you*. Like, before I knew Anita and Rosa were characters, before I realized Josh is somehow a part of this, I imagined you. *(to an audience member)* I thought you'd be like, "AHH! April is SO FUNNY!"

(to a couple, platonic or otherwise) and you two would be like, "Bitch you did *not* pay for those drinks with money from work. He was supposed to take *your* ass out!"

(to another one) And you, I thought you'd be like, *(hand on her heart)* Oh, sweetie, we *all* have a Gavin.

When I told Mimi I wanted to do a play about missing money, and that *we* should play everyone in the whole coffee shop, she was like, oh my god *yes!* Because best friends play everyone for each other, all the time! And people will come see us with *their* best friend, and we'll become a part of *their* love story!

She said that. Your love story. That is *so* her.

But Mimi is also something else. Mimi—

Lies.

She's actually kind of a compulsive liar. I think? About little things that mostly don't matter but lately I've been wondering, what if they *do*. What if *everything* matters. I dunno. I never call her on it.

(beat)

I don't think she's ever been to an audition in her *life*. But she tells me all about these auditions and I go with it because— Because part of loving Mimi is protecting her illusions.

Her stories about herself kind of hold her together.

But this audition thing is *tragic* because Mimi is a *great* actress.

We did Othello in college, she played Emilia—Emilia is the most underrated of Shakespeare's women. *(if an audience member reacts, add: Thank you.)* Mimi fucking brought it. She was incredible.

When we say someone's a great actor, we're talking about truth. Mimi, on stage, with an audience, is *truthful*. The truth *shimmers*. It's beautiful.

(glancing towards the bathroom) What's my point. My point is: when you are here, anything is possible. So not to be like, "you're her only hope" but I think you're her only hope. *Our* only hope. And we're back!

~~Mimi's back.~~

STOP

~~MIMI What's going on?~~

~~APRIL Hey!~~

~~MIMI You guys were talking?~~

~~APRIL Not really.~~

~~MIMI Were you having fun without me?~~

~~APRIL I was reading my thesis proposal.~~

~~MIMI I want to hear it.~~

~~APRIL It's boring.~~

~~MIMI You don't think I can understand it.~~

~~APRIL No. Academics just aren't your thing. It's about Edward Snowden.~~

~~MIMI *(surprised, not pleased)* Edward Snowden!
Do you even *know* him?
I mean, let's hear it.~~

~~APRIL They heard it already. If I read it again, that would be~~

~~MIMI boring.~~

~~APRIL Boring. Let's just *(looking around)* do the sad part.~~

~~MIMI *(to a specific audience member)* Was it like, so smart? What she wrote was amazing, right? *(maybe a short pause to let the audience member confirm, make them complicit)* April's gonna be the smartest person in grad school including the teachers.~~