

**HENRY and HELEN**

*Please prepare with a standard American accent*

Side 1 of 1

HENRY. Do you want another drink?

HELEN. I haven't finished this one yet.

HENRY. Promise me one thing, Helen?

HELEN. What?

HENRY. That you'll never become a professional decorator.

HELEN. Why?

HENRY. I've never met one yet that wasn't hard as nails, and, my God, I've met hundreds!

HELEN. Do you think Gilda's hard?

HENRY. Hard! Look at her eyes. Look at the way she's piloting old Grace round the apartment. Look at the way she snapped me up over Dad's picture!

HELEN. You were rather awful about it.

HENRY. So I should think! Eleven thousand bucks for that daub! I've only found three people who could tell me what it was supposed to be, and they all told me different.

HELEN. Art's not in your line, Henry.

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HENRY. You bet your sweet life it isn't—not at that price!

HELEN. I like modern painting. I think it's thrilling.

HENRY. Bunk.

HELEN. [*with superiority*] That's what everybody always says about new things.  
Look at Wagner.

HENRY. What's Wagner got to do with it?

HELEN. When his first music came out everyone said it was terrible.

HENRY. That's jake with me!

HELEN. [*laughing patronizingly*] It's silly to laugh at things just because you  
don't understand them.

HENRY. You've been around too much lately, Helen; you ought to stay home  
more.

HELEN. If it hadn't been for Gilda, I don't know what I'd have done all winter.

HENRY. If it hadn't been for us, I don't know what she'd have done all winter!  
You could have fixed our apartment just as well as she did. What do we want  
with all that Spanish junk?

HELEN. It isn't junk; it's beautiful! She's got the most wonderful taste,  
everybody knows she has.

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HENRY. It's a racket, Helen! The whole thing is a racket.

HELEN. I don't know what's the matter with you tonight.

HENRY. The evening's been a flop. The opera was lousy, and now we've been dragged up here instead of going to the Casino. Just because Gilda's sniffed a bit of business.

HELEN. Do you really think she only got Grace up here to sell her something?

HENRY. I do.

HELEN. Oh, Henry!

HENRY. Don't you?

HELEN. No, of course I don't. They've got a lot of money; they don't need to go on like that.

HENRY. That's how they made the money. Ernest's been palming off pictures on people for years.

HELEN. I don't see why he shouldn't, if they're willing to buy them. After all, everybody sells something.