**BRACK AUDITION TEXT**

HEDDA: It’s been a long time. Since we talked.

BRACK: Alone?

HEDDA: … I suppose.

BRACK: I was here every day, wishing you’d come back.

HEDDA: I felt the same.

BRACK: I thought you were ecstatic in your new life?

HEDDA: Why?

BRACK: Tesman wrote with such tales of joy.

HEDDA: Well *he* was ecstatic. Nothing excites him more than an old bookshop; the thrill of ancient scribble on a dusty parchment.

BRACK: It’s his calling. In part.

HEDDA: There was no one there, no one from *our* world. Not a soul to talk to for six months.

BRACK: I can imagine your frustration.

HEDDA: But what is unendurable… is to be stuck with one person. Always and eternally.

BRACK: Day and night.

HEDDA: I meant ‘always and eternally’.

BRACK: I see.

*She nods.*

BRACK: He’s a perfectly decent man. You’ll find a way to live with him.

HEDDA: He’s an academic.

BRACK: As you knew.

HEDDA: Academics are no fun. Not to travel with, not for the *journey.*

BRACK: But if you love him?

HEDDA: Don’t be wet.

BRACK: Hedda…

HEDDA: Try living with it. He lectures and bores on; historical this, anthropological that. I’m not interested in the trug-makers of the Middle Ages! And I don’t want to know anyone who is!

BRACK: Then…

HEDDA: Yes?

BRACK: Well, it’s obvious, why did you marry him?

*Pause.*

HEDDA: It was time. I felt old, burnt out. I was tired of my chaotic life. I needed to settle. I settled for him. *(Pause.)* I’m terrible.

BRACK: True. But you’re not a spent force. That’s not what I see.

HEDDA: And he’s a fine man.

BRACK: Consistent, reliable, honest. A rarity.

HEDDA: There’s nothing wrong with him.

BRACK: No.

HEDDA: And perhaps one day he’ll be successful.

BRACK: He has great promise.

HEDDA: He’s so movingly determined to provide and care for me. It’s hard to resist.

BRACK: There it is.

HEDDA: None of my other suitors cared a fig for me.

BRACK: I did.

HEDDA: You weren’t a suitor. You’re a confirmed bachelor.

BRACK: But one who regards the institution of marriage as sacred.

HEDDA: I’m sure.

BRACK: I adore my circle of married friends with whom I can be of use and counsel. I love to visit. To come and go as a trusted guest.

HEDDA: Of the man of the house?

BRACK: Generally, I prefer the wives. And then the husband, if need be. These ‘triangular associations’ often reward handsomely. All parties can be nourished according to need.

HEDDA: I’d have been grateful for a third party on the honeymoon.

BRACK: Yes, well, it’s over now.

HEDDA: But the journey ahead is long.

BRACK: One can break a journey. Or end it. You simply jump off the train.

HEDDA: I won’t jump. I can’t.

BRACK: No?

HEDDA: I’d rather be safely seated in the carriage, with my reliable companion.

BRACK: But supposing another passenger came in…

HEDDA: Well… that would depend…

BRACK: Let’s say he was trusted…

HEDDA: Lively and entertaining…?

BRACK: He knows nothing of trug-makers.

HEDDA: Well… it might be a relief… were I on a train.