

# Asheville Community Theatre- Rabbit Hole Audition

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Hey, you know what I was thinking this morning? Remember that gourmet basket you and Howie got me for Mother's Day last year, with the biscotti and the fancy biscuits? And I put the chocolates out when you came over for dinner, and Danny ate the entire bowl of chocolates when no one was looking? And then Howie was like, "Where'd all the chocolates go?" And I said "Danny ate them. Leave him alone, kids like candy." And then Howie said, "But those were chocolates-covered espresso beans!" Remember? But Danny had eaten the whole bowl, so he was, you know really really wired. And running in circles and climbing up the walls, and putting things on his head, and he was up until like 3am. Remember that? I didn't know what the damn things were. I just thought they were candy. You get me these fancy baskets with all this crazy stuff in 'em – espresso beans. I tell that story to everyone. People get a kick out of it....

Do I think the he feeling ever goes away? No I don't think it does. Not for me, it hasn't. And that's going on 11 years. It changes though. The weight of it, I guess. At some point it becomes bearable. It turns into something you can crawl out from under. And carry around – like a brick in your pocket. And you forget it every once in a while, but then you reach in for whatever reason and there it is: "Oh right. *That.*" Which can be awful. But not all the time. Sometimes it's kinda...Not that you like it exactly, but it's what you have instead of your son, so you don't wanna let go of it either. So you carry it around. And it doesn't go away, which is ...fine actually.