

Schoolcraft Theatre

Audition Information -- A Night of One-Act Plays, directed by Paul Beer

Audition Dates: December 3 & 4, 7 pm, LA500

THE PLAYS

MAKING PURPLE, by Michael Alan Herman

Cassidy and Anderson are 20-something artists competing for the same gallery space. They clash in artistic style, personality, and life circumstances and go to extraordinary lengths to win.

A VERY STAR WARS CHRISTMAS by Joseph Zettelmaier

David, Max, and Carter are 20-something long-time friends with a holiday tradition which is significantly disrupted by the introduction of a new member of their group, Kendra.

CRAZY EIGHTS by David Lindsay-Abaire

Connie, her parole officer Benny, and her friend Cliff, all a bit rough, meet under strange circumstances late one night in her apartment where romance leads to confusion.

THE CHARACTERS

There are five men's roles (Anderson, David, Max, Carter, Benny, and Cliff, as well as an offstage neighbor in CRAZY EIGHTS) and four women (Cassidy, David's Mom, Kendra, and Connie).

New York City accents are required for all characters in CRAZY EIGHTS; no other accents are required.

THE REHEARSAL PLAN

We will begin rehearsals the week after auditions, but will then take a holiday break and resume in January. January rehearsals will be a combination of Tuesday/Wednesday/Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon rehearsals. Not everyone will attend every rehearsal in the first half of the rehearsal period, but all will be required for tech & dress rehearsals.

KEY DATES

- Auditions: December 3 & 4, 7 pm (plan for two hours; only one night required)
- Cast list posted: December 6, latest
- Rehearsals: December 10-14; January 7-30 – Tues-Thursday 7 – 10 pm; Saturday 1-4 pm
- Tech rehearsal: February 1, 11 am – 4 pm
- Dress rehearsals: February 4-6, 6 – 10 pm
- Performances: February 7 & 8, 7:30 pm (call at 6 pm)

For the audition: Prepare the attached monologue (either men's or women's) and sides.

Prepare (memorize, if possible) either the women's or men's monologue:

WOMEN'S MONOLOGUE (from MAKING PURPLE, by Michael Alan Herman):

CASSIDY

(ASIDE) The color blue is...suffocating. I mean, it's everywhere. The sky is blue, water is blue, my car...I didn't want it to be blue, but it was the only one I could afford. 71 percent of our planet is blue. 71. And, you know the funny thing is, blue was the hardest color for ancient artists to capture. Reds, blacks, even ochres, fine. But the blue dye was the last to come along in the primary spectrum. Isn't that weird? They actually used to describe the ocean as wine colored because they didn't have the word blue yet. So...when I see it on a canvas. It's almost overwhelming. It has this mood. I think it has something to do with my Synesthesia. I don't actually know if I have Synesthesia. It's this...it's not like a disorder or anything...it's just this mind thing where, some people associate numbers with different colors. So like the color, the number two in their mind is red, or nine is...pink. And this allows them to memorize things really fast. Like a whole license plate or phone number...because to them it's just like a barcode of colors. Red, blue, green, green, black, yellow, orange. I love that. It feels so...connected, I guess. I do the same thing with people. So like, when I meet someone...hi...I associate them with a color. It's usually a combination of their personality and their aesthetic, kinda. It's hard to explain. But like you would be a yellow. And um...you, oh you're like a, like this, deep burgundy color. And, uh, oh! You're like a vibrant tangerine color. See everyone gets a color. I'm a red and I've met some other nice reds so that's generally a safe color. We're kinda courageous and outgoing, that sorta thing. I like to think of us as the Gryffindors of the color wheel. Then...there are greens. I dated a green, once. Once was enough. They're really mellow. The kinda guys that are really into reggae music, like really into it. But the worst are the blues. Unpredictable, arrogant, and vain. Mind-numbingly vain.

Prepare (memorize, if possible) either the women's or men's monologue:

MEN'S MONOLOGUE (from MAKING PURPLE by Michael Alan Herman):

ANDERSON

(On phone) God it was like misery incarnate. Everything was red. It was one of those avant garde exhibitions with yarn and twigs everywhere. Something about the transcendental expression of aquatic animals, I don't know, man. And I was standing there among the high lifes of Chicago, staring out at this series of scraggly jellyfish and...I came to the conclusion. We are living in an apocalypse. Yeah. That's the only way I can justify my reality right now. Because...we have gone from Kandinsky to jellyfish in seventy years? Honest to God, fear for the sanctity of our temporary existence. Yeah. (Beat) I just...am looking for something bold, you know? Something daring, something so unabashedly bold it destroys my mind for a minute. Like a new Zodiac symbol or a new color on the color wheel. Who do I call to order something like that? There's just, there's too much order, you know?

Anyway...we're still on for drinks this weekend, yes? The only projects I want to finish this weekend will be bottle shaped...what? No yeah, there's lots to celebrate. The gallery. Oh, I thought you'd heard. Big news. The Blackbird. One second, I think I still have the letter here someplace. Yeah, yeah.

Dear Mr. Anderson Beckett, We are pleased to inform you that your exhibition has been accepted for display at the Blackbird North Hall for our 35th anniversary event this February. As this is our most prestigious hall, your work will, by itself, represent the face of our glorious tradition.

SIDE 1 – from MAKING PURPLE by Michael Alan Herman

Both Anderson and Cassidy have been invited to have an exclusive showing at the same gallery. Cassidy arrives to put up her exhibit just as Anderson is putting the finishing touches on his.

CASSIDY steps into a sterile looking gallery room holding her canvases. The walls are large and white but not empty. They are already covered with large expressionistic paintings. Splatter paint in various colors. Very Jackson Pollock. Toward the back of the studio ANDERSON stands on a ladder, putting the last of his work up for his display.

CASSIDY

Um, hello. (Beat) Oh. Excuse me. Hi. Are you a docent?

ANDERSON

No. I'm an artist.

ANDERSON backs up to look at the aesthetic of the room. Then he moves forward to adjust his art again.

CASSIDY

Oh. Sorry, could you point me in the direction of...

ANDERSON turns around. CASSIDY recognizes him instantly.

CASSIDY (cont'd) Oh my God. You're Anderson Beckett.

ANDERSON smiles at her.

ANDERSON

You're familiar with me?

CASSIDY

Yeah, of course.

ANDERSON

I'm flattered.

CASSIDY

Yeah, I, I...uh...I graduated from the fine arts division at DePaul.

CASSIDY shares an incredulous look with the audience.

ANDERSON

DePaul. Oh, God, that school feels like a fog. What year?

CASSIDY

Did I graduate? Oh, just last year. It took me a little while to get to grad school.

ANDERSON

Sure. Is Marcy Evans still there?

CASSIDY

Ms. Evans? Yes. Yes, I had her for Studio 3. I loved her.

ANDERSON

Really?

CASSIDY

I mean, she was okay.

ANDERSON

She used to play this terrible music...it was classical.

CASSIDY

Vivaldi's seasons.

ANDERSON

Yes! Vivaldi. The quintessential Baroque droning on and on.

CASSIDY

That's debatable, but yes.

ANDERSON

No he droned.

CASSIDY

Oh, he droned, but I wouldn't call him the quintessential Baroque. Handel fathered Baroque.

Vivaldi pushed it further, but...I wouldn't call him the official parent.

ANDERSON

Art and music.

A look.

ANDERSON

I was just finishing putting up this gallery but I'm predicting in an hour I'll be hungry.

Are you going to...

CASSIDY

You're putting up this gallery?

ANDERSON

Yeah. I mean, it's not much but it's...

CASSIDY

You're not taking it down?

ANDERSON

No, that's usually what putting it up means. Just for the month.

CASSIDY

For the whole month?

ANDERSON

Yeah.

CASSIDY

Really ?

ANDERSON

(Beat)Yeah. It was actually a last minute booking. They were going to give the hall to a half baked artist, but when they heard I was interested in showing a collection, they switched us immediately. I mean, it couldn't have been too difficult of a decision.

CASSIDY

You think?

ANDERSON

No. Although, in all honesty, this isn't even my best stuff. But they absolutely insisted I take the hall. When it rains there's no sense staying inside, you know?

CASSIDY

I'm sorry, I have to make a phone call.

ANDERSON

Okay.

CRAZY EIGHTS

A dark apartment. Benny naps in a chair. He's fallen asleep waiting. After a couple beats, we hear a key turn in the lock, and the apartment door opens. Connie enters, tosses her purse onto a counter and walks across the dark room, unaware that Benny is there. Eventually she clicks on the light, revealing Benny. She lets out a terrified scream. Benny bolts up, and looks around, not sure where he is at first.

CONNIE. (*Realizing who it is.*) Jesus Christ, Benny. What are you tryin' to do to me?

BENNY. (*Still waking up.*) Where you been?

CONNIE. I was out. Shit. You can't be waitin' up like that, sittin' in the dark. There's heart disease in my family.

BENNY. (*Tries to make out his watch.*) You know what time it is?

CONNIE. I could've dropped dead. I get spooked real easy.

BENNY. It's ten past twelve.

CONNIE. And I got a clock, Benny. I don't need you tellin' me what time it is.

BENNY. You were supposed to be home at midnight.

CONNIE. My train got stuck. We had to wait for the signal to change.

BENNY. Ah, that ol' chestnut.

CONNIE. You think I'm lyin'?

BENNY. Wouldn't be the first time.

CONNIE. Ten minutes. Cut me some slack. (*She takes off her jacket — catches her breath.*) How'd you get in here anyway?

BENNY. You left the window unlocked.

CONNIE. What window? I live on the sixth floor.

BENNY. I came up the fire escape.

CONNIE. What are you retarded? What if you fell?

BENNY. Nah, baby, I'm like a cat.

CONNIE. This ain't legit, Benny.

BENNY. What ain't?

CONNIE. The way you do things. All the time you doin' shit like this. It ain't on the level.

BENNY. Sure it is.

CONNIE. None of my other parole officers ever did this.

BENNY. Did what?

CONNIE. Break into my apartment!

BENNY. Come on —

CONNIE. It's creepy. You climbin' in my window. Waitin' in here with all the lights off. What if I didn't realize it was you? What if I freaked out and maced you or stuck a knife in your gut or something?

BENNY. Well, for one thing, that'd probably qualify as a parole violation.

CONNIE. You wanna check up on me, wait on my doorstep. I don't wanna come home and find you layin' all over my furniture. I don't even know you hardly. *(Beat.)* Besides, don't you need a warrant or something to come in here like that?

BENNY. Whoa whoa, let's not get all hung up on warrants and legalities, okay? We're talking about your curfew right now and your blatant disregard of it.

CONNIE. My train. Got. Stuck.

BENNY. You need to allow for setbacks then. 'Cause trains get stuck all the time. And if you're late, then I am obligated to report that to the parole board. Ya understand? I'm their conduit.

CONNIE. *(He's full of shit.)* Uh-huh, right, conduit, that's terrific.

BENNY. I'm sorry, but late is late. Midnight is midnight. You gotta hop in your pumpkin and get your ass home, otherwise you're goin' back to jail, Connie. And I know you don't wanna go back to jail. *(Connie finds a torte on the kitchen table.)*

CONNIE. What's that?

BENNY. Oh, that's a ... It's a torte.

CONNIE. A what?

BENNY. A torte. A tomato-basil torte. It's a little like a quiche.

CONNIE. What's it doin' here?

BENNY. I made it. In case you were hungry when you got home.

CONNIE. You made a torte? In my kitchen?

BENNY. Yeah.

CONNIE. And you carried all the ingredients up the fire escape?

BENNY. That's right.

CONNIE. And nobody stopped you?