

AEA general auditions for the 2010-2011 season

Daddy Long Legs is already cast

Civil War Christmas ~ all roles available

Please prepare a one-minute contemporary monologue OR one of the monologues from the play, attached. Actors who are auditioning for **Civil War Christmas**, may choose to sing 16 bars of a Christmas carol a cappella, as well.

Eclipsed, by Danai Gurira ~ all roles available, and all are African women:

The Girl, 15

Helena, mid 20s

Bessie, late teens

Maima, early twenties

Rita, forties

Please prepare a one-minute monologue from a Danai Gurira play (*Eclipsed* or *In the Continuum*). Some possible monologues from *Eclipsed* are attached.

Sense & Sensibility, adaptation by Jon Jory ~ all roles available

Please prepare a one-minute monologue from any play based on any Jane Austen novel or a selection from the novel.

Mariane: 19

Elinor: mid-20s

Mrs. Henry Dashwood: 45ish

Lucy Steele: 20s

Lady Middleton: 30

Mrs. Jennings: 50

Mrs. John Dashwood: 35

Edward Ferrars: mid 20s

Col. Brandon: 40

Willoughby: mid 20s

Sir John Middleton: 50

John Dashwood: 35

Robert Ferrars: 30+

The Outgoing Tide, by Bruce Graham is cast, except the role of Jack: 49-years old, in the midst of a divorce. He is described: "Nothing notable about him; a pleasant looking man who - at the moment - seems a bit resigned to whatever might be happening in his life." Also: "Although Jack is very polite we get the feeling he'd rather be somewhere else at the moment. His conversation seems perfunctory most of the time, as if going through the motions."

Please prepare one of Jack's monologues, attached.

MONOLOGUES FROM ECLIPSED:

Bessie: I tink she a witch oh. She go come in ere talking, “Hep me oh!” Den she go lay wit de CO, it not even grieve ha! And she askin whot number is she – she act like he not just jump on ha, and she neva know man before! De first time for me I was crying for two days, he not dere I crying, he come to get me, I cryin, he doin it, I crying, he stop, I crying, I go sleep, I crying, I was vex. She act like she got no problems. Like notin bad jus happen. No, she got sometin off. Maybe she goin off an she not showing it. I go watch ha close close.

Bessie: Tanks. I like ha. I did not tink I woz go like ha, but I do. She no look like him, she a small small me! How I no gon love ha? I look at ha, and she look at me wit dos eyes and all dat stuff coming out ha mout after she drink milk and I say, If any body do sometin to my chile, ever - dat de only ting dat gon mek me pick up de gun and fire you den I curse you, curse you to de devil. Dat when I gon go to de medicine man for true and get some o de juju dat go hurt someone, dey go wake up with no privates or sometin. Dey go fire *dey self* - dey be so vex. (*Beat*) I neva felt a love like dat, you know. I kill and curse for ha. And I tink God will be on my side. I sure of dat. How you? You should get beby, it feel good.

Helena: He acting like he got a spirit or sometin. He saying de food it taste funny and he tink someone or some spirit trying to kill him. He put a curse on *hisself*. How God gonna bless a man when he killing moda an chile and stealin and chopping. Den he wonda why he scared of spirits. He want me to make more food and to put dis in it (*she holds up small pouch*). He really scare coz o de people comin. He gettin more and more mad oh . He actin like bigga devil. And he teking juju den he keep saying stupid ting like, “oh, de monkey Charles Taylor, he got to die, I gon get him”. He don know who Charles Taylor is, wot he done or whot he gon do when he gone. Just talking a lot o notin. But I know why he like dis – he scare cos de women comin - dey gon mek him face hisself.

Rita: Well, we are a part of a large network of women peace makers, it is our mission to end dis war. Right now we are negotiating with the factions to immediately obey the ceasefire, to put down their guns. The only way to do that is to come to these different warlords and talk them down. (*Beat*) We have been doing this for a long time, we have quite a reputation in de country now, it allows us to come and go like how you see. They scare of us, maybe we can actually get them to the point where things change and dey not gon try to treat us like we village girls they rob from de bush, and stop acting like BEASTS.

Maima: I don know whot you talkin about. To me, dat is de ENEMY. Do you know dey harboring lots of Charles Taylor men ere? Do you know whot dey could do to you? Does are de monkeys who kill our mas and rape our grandmodas. LISTEN TO ME! Does are Charles Taylor’s monkeys! Dat who we fightin. We are fighting de monkey Charles Taylor. He eating and drinking and living like a king in a land of paupers. We drive him out. Once he gon, we stop. And we gon keep on putting on de pressure. He scare of us. He neva gon come out and fight like a man. We gon strip him of all a dat. We gon do him worse dan dey do Former President Samuel K. Doe. We gon catch him

and dress him like a woman before we kill him. We gon restore Liberia to it's rightful people. Understand, de enemy, de enemy is no longer human being. Okay?

Maima: You have to have someone – it hep. *Den* you can start your business like me. Right now, I lovin on tree men. If I not lovin on no man I not gon have de tings I like. I just gotta mek sure I wit a man of high ranking. And one of dem he got high ranking. De oda one, he got good business but de third one, he de one I like, he de one got my heart. De one wit high rankin, he got many women, but *I* his favorite dough. He give me de most tings when he come home from war. But whot I really want, whot I looking for right now is a four wheel drive, one a my men teach me how to drive so now I go buy and sell and go back and forth to Monrovia. You need one. We will find you one. Okay.

The Girl: (*explosively*) I NO GON DO NO TING LIKE DAT!!! But if I soldier, I no have to stay ere no more! Look at ha! She gon have his beby! I NO WANT DAT!! I NO WANNA CHEW NO LEAF! I want him to leave me alone. And I don't care WHOT he *LOOK* like! I just want to get AWAY FROM HIM! Now she gettin big he gon jump on me all de time, he no want *you* no more, and I no want dat! If I have a gun, don nobody gonna fuck wit me no more. I wan *dat*.

Jack monologues from The Outgoing Tide:

Top of the show

Couple months ago I got a pinched nerve in my neck. (pointing) Number...seven, I think. Excruciating. You never realize how many times a day you turn your neck. Still hurts me once in a while. So I go to my doctor, who of course sends me to another doctor who in turn sends me to a specialist. I have very good insurance. And each time they asked me the same question: "How'd you do this?" And I told them: "I stood up." That's all. I got up from the table to take my dish to the sink and - wham. I-just-stood-up. And the specialist - who looked like he was about twelve - actually said, "Well, you're gonna' have to watch that in the future." I just wanted to grab him and scream, "I wasn't skydiving for Christ's sake I stood up!" I'm lying in a damn MRI because I had the audacity to stand up. Unbelievable... (he thinks a moment) I remember how strange it felt when I realized I was older than a Playboy centerfold. They used to put their birthdays in there. Now I'm older than doctors. Specialists."

Getting older is the most abstract concept in the world. You simply can not explain it to someone young. Forget it. It's the original "You had to be there" sort of thing. Especially, I think...with guys. Seriously. Women never go through the "I'm invincible" phase we do when we're young. (laughs softly) Maybe that's why they deal with this stuff better than we do.

From within Act One

The minute you become a parent you swear you will never - never! - do that stuff your parents did that you hated. And, of course, your kids get older and you find yourself doing exactly the same things you hated in your parents but it makes perfect sense *because your kids deserve it*. It's a very weird moment the first time you sound like your parents. Really

freaked me out. Okay, okay - so I screwed up on some of this stuff. But the one promise I made to myself that I kept - most of the time - was that I was never going to lie to my kids. Okay, we all have to lie a little. Santa Claus, Tooth Fairy..."Mom and I are not mad at each other." Little things.

From Act 2

I can not get this off. I tried soap. Moisturizer. Olive oil. Nothing. (he shrugs) Thirty-one years. Fingers put on some weight I guess. And the knuckles. Little arthritis. (he thinks a moment) I never took it off. Not once. My skin probably looks like...milk fed veal underneath here. Kind of scary. This white...ridge. Weird. Have to have it cut off, I guess. The ring, not my finger. (he stares at it for a moment) The thing I remember most about the day I got married was...my new title. Suddenly I was somebody's..."husband." I know, I know - it's no great revelation but...it just sort of hit me. "Husband." Then my son's born and I move on to "father." What's next? You start with - I mean, first I'm a...son. Student. Boyfriend. Husband. Employee. Father. Grandfather. (he thinks) Corpse. (shrugs) Father...parent - whatever - is the tough one. And the longest. And the most expensive. It's the one that ages you. Deja vu. The things you hear yourself saying...

From later in Act 2

I don't think anyone - unless you're like a total idiot or on a reality show or something - goes into marriage thinking that - you know...it'll end up...(a beat) I know Barb and I didn't. Twenty-nine years...statistically we were pretty much home free. Over the hump. You last that long the odds are in your favor. At that point I doubt it's love. People just get lazy. (a sigh) I have a theory about children. Unscientific, of course. I know biologically we're hard wired to reproduce. And since the actual act of - going through the motions - is the most fun thing you can do it's going to happen. People are going to reproduce. But...I don't know. Sometimes I think we have kids so that we have something to talk about in restaurants. Barb and I would go out to dinner and...the whole evening - that's all we talked about. That or silence. At home there's distractions. Not when you're out. Kids. The whole conversation.

Monologues from Civil War Christmas:

The top of the play~

Narration: Our story takes place in the bustling city of Washington DC, and along the Potomac River. The Potomac has as many twists and turns as our story tonight: but here's all you need to know. On the northern side of the river—Edwards Ferry, the District of Columbia and Point Lookout. On the southern side, anywhere you can row, a Presidential assassin might find safe harbor. Most winters, December is gentle on the land that borders the Potomac: you can smell the promise of tilled earth and the harvest to come. But not that blustery December of 1864. Four years of the most brutal harvesting of men has raged across both banks of this river. As if in wrath, the heavens have blasted the swift Potomac with ice from Edwards Ferry all the way to Washington, so thick with ice you could almost step across. On the Northern side of the Potomac, nurses at the Armory Hospital pile blankets on the rows of union soldiers in their beds. (The sound of wind howls) It's going to be a cold one tonight. Five hundred miles to the north of Armory Hospital, the same

blustery wind rattles a poet's windows in Massachusetts. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow paces in his Cambridge study; all day he'd had some strange feeling in his bones as he listened to the wind. And so Longfellow put another log on his fire, sat at his desk, picked up his pen and wrote:

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat
Of Peace on earth good-will to men!

(sings)

I THOUGHT HOW, AS THE DAY HAD COME
THE BELFRIES OF ALL CHRISTENDOM
HAD ROLLED ALONG
THE UNBROKEN SONG
OF PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL TO MEN!

Hannah:

It's not Home since they sold your father. It's not Home if you and I can't learn to read. It's not Home if we can't go up the road without a paper we couldn't be taught to read saying we got permission to go up the road! So! We're gonna find us a Home where I don't have to watch your back when you get older. Or worry about the Master selling you. Mr. Lincoln said we're free, and God gave us legs to walk. When we cross the next big river, we're going to be in the United States of America. And the President there, it's his job to feed people who don't have any food, and to find a roof for people who don't have any houses. So let's get moving! --But you listen up: if we get parted on this side or the other, you've got to be careful. Watch out for slave catchers. If some white man comes up to you and acts nice, and asks where you live, who your mama is, are you lost—you get away from him! Don't answer.

LINCOLN:

Oh Lord. What is tonight? ...Oh, no...I forgot...My Wife...I bought her something last summer...Ordered from Paris! Yes, sir, Mary thinks I don't pay attention, but I heard her talking with Mrs. Keckley, and bought her those imported kid gloves she prefers...only thing is, I hid them in the Summer Cottage, and just plumb forgot them there. I have to ride up to the Summer Cottage tonight and retrieve them. --A Christmas gift must come from my own hands to hers. I'll fetch it myself. (catching a look of disapproval from Hay) (beat) It's safe if no one knows I'll be out riding tonight—(he sees Hay is hiding something) What do you have there, Hay? (Reluctantly Hay hands it over) "I have it on good authority, sirs, that there is a den of traitors meeting in Widow Mary Surratt's boarding house on H Street in this very city—" (Lincoln crumples the letter and tosses it) There. I took care of it. By Executive Order there will be no more work today, December 24, 1864.

MARY TODD LINCOLN:

Ooooh, what lovely cloth! (Mrs. Keckley smiles a no, and the two continue) We have been relieved by Mr. Lincoln's reelection. Oh, Lizzie, I will scrimp until all the bills are paid....if he had lost, we would have gone from the White House to the Poor House! If Mr. Lincoln

found out how much I have charged on credit....! Oh, Lizzie, the storm! I will never buy another item of clothing or jewelry for....well, the next year, at least. I have seen the carriages of Washington matrons lined up at your door, ordering their gowns for the Inaugural Ball....and I will have to wear last year's fashion—your fashion, dear Lizzie, and the best to be had in 1863...but I do have to present a certain appearance as the wife of the Head of State—and it's actually your reputation at stake as well. The ladies of this town are unforgiving. And such a storm of criticism for my refitting the White House! The carpets were stained from the spittoons, and people had cut up the curtains for souvenirs! What would our foreign dignitaries say back home? —Oh—oh, look, Lizzie—a little uniform just like the one Willie used to wear! (Mrs. Keckley finds a handkerchief as Mary Todd weeps, and motions the merchant to withdraw) Oh Lizzie, how thoughtless of me. I still have Tad and Robert for my old age, and you have lost George, your only son! (a thought stops her weeping) --You don't think that perhaps one new outfit for me would please Mr. Lincoln tonight? Something to make me look softer, a bit younger, a bit more festive?