



St. Dunstan's Theatre Guild of Cranbrook is pleased to announce Open Auditions for
CLYBOURNE PARK

By Bruce Norris

Directed by Alan Elias

AUDITION DATES:

Monday & Tuesday, December 11 & 12, 7:00 pm.

Auditionees need not attend both sessions but are welcome to if they would like. Out of respect for those auditioning, please refrain from bringing young children to the auditions.

Audition Monologues

Audition Monologues are consolidations of each character's lines from Clybourne Park.

Many thanks and credit for creation goes to the Department of Theatre & Dance, Columbian College of Arts & Sciences, George Washington University.

Auditionees are encouraged to prepare by reading the play and have a basic understanding of the characters. While it is important to be familiar with the monologues that are chosen, memorization is not required. *Auditionees may be asked to read additional ensemble scenes or to act/react to other auditionees during the reading of their monologues.*

Since actors in Act I of the play will play a different character in Act II, please prepare BOTH of the paired monologues as follows for each part you are auditioning for:

ACTOR 1 - Russ/Dan

ACTOR 2 - Bev/Kathy

ACTOR 3 - Francine/Lena

ACTOR 4 - Albert/Kevin

ACTOR 5 - Karl/Steve

ACTOR 6 - Betsy/Lindsey

ACTOR 7 - Jim/Tom

Character Descriptions (from Audition Notice):

ACTOR 1 - Russ (Act I)/ Dan (Act II): Caucasian male, 45-55. In Act I, a middle-management businessman selling his house to escape memories of a family tragedy. In Act II, a friendly but somewhat oblivious construction worker.

ACTOR 2 - Bev (Act I)/ Kathy (Act II): Caucasian female, 40s. Married to Russ, whose brooding is eroding her natural optimism. In Act II, a breezy real estate agent and lawyer.

ACTOR 3 - Francine (Act I)/ Lena (Act II): African-American female, 30s-40s. A stoic and polite domestic worker to Russ and Bev in Act I. In Act II, a no-nonsense professional woman invested in her neighborhood and fiercely opposed to white gentrification.

ACTOR 4 - Albert (Act I)/ Kevin (Act II): African American male, 30s-40s. As husband to Francine in Act I, he is accommodating but a shrewd judge of character. In Act II, an easy-going investment banker married to Lena.

ACTOR 5 - Karl (Act I)/ Steve (Act II): Caucasian male, late 30s-40s. In Act I, a character borrowed from "A Raisin in the Sun" who comes to persuade Russ and Bev not to sell their house to a "colored family." In Act II, a well-educated man, but not exactly a diplomatic one. He's seeking to purchase the home in the now-black neighborhood.

ACTOR 6 - Betsy (Act I)/ Lindsey (Act II): Caucasian female, late 20s-30s. Married to Karl and seven months pregnant in Act I. Betsy is deaf but does speak, although her speech is difficult to understand. She also signs. In Act II, a professional woman, also pregnant, who is married to Steve.

ACTOR 7 - Jim (Act I)/ Tom (Act II): Caucasian male, mid-20s – 30s. The well-intentioned minister at Russ and Bev's church in Act I. In Act II, a lawyer hired by Kevin and Lena to represent their community association in negotiations with Steve and Lindsey. Tom is smart and good at his job but in a hurry.

ACTOR 1

RUSS: You have a responsibility to the community? What “community” are you talking about, Karl? Ya mean the “community” where every time I go for a haircut, they all sit and stare like the goddamn grim reaper walked in the barber shop door? That community? Where Bev stops at Gelman’s for a quart of milk and they look at her like she’s got the goddamn plague? That the community I’m supposed to be looking out for when I sell my house? Well, you go right ahead and tell those colored folks whatever you want, Karl. And while you’re at it why don’t you go ahead and tell ‘em about everything the “community” did for my son. I mean Jesus Christ, Murray Gelman even goes and hires a goddamn retarded kid, but my boy? No work for you, bub. So here’s what I’m gonna do for you, Karl: make ya ten copies of Kenneth’s suicide note and you can hand ‘em out at Rotary. Or better yet. Put it in the newsletter. Rotary news: kid comes back from Korea, goes upstairs and wraps an extension cord around his neck. You go ahead and tell that colored family about that, about the kind of house they’re moving into and see if that stops ‘em, because I’ll tell you what, I don’t care if a hundred Ubangi tribesmen with a bone through the nose overrun this goddamn place, ‘cause I’m through with all of you, ya motherfucking sons of bitches. Every one of you.

DAN: *(calling out)* Okay. Show ya whatcha got. *(He drags a large trunk covered with mold and dirt into the middle of the room.)* So that’s your problem right there. *(coughs a couple of times)* S’cuse me. And I tell ya one thing: yank this up from down there, take a look at it, you know the first thing I’m thinking to myself? You know what I’m thinking? *Buried treasure.* Like Spanish doubloons or something and I know you’re thinking Dan ya crazy bastard but I tell ya what. I know a guy. *(coughs again)* ‘Scuse me. This guy. Last summer he’s taking out a septic system— this house out in Mudelein. He’s sitting on top of his backhoe. All of a sudden clang. And this guy’s not exactly the sharpest tool in the box, if ya know what I mean, but he goes down in there about five, six feet with a chain and a winch—swear to god—ya know what he pulls out from down there? He stands back. He takes a look—You’re in the middle of something.

ACTOR 2

BEV (from end of play to her son;): Kenneth? What are you doing down here? Did your father leave already? What time is it? I overslept. I don't know why I was up so late. I was up half the night and the house was so quiet and your father was sound asleep but for some reason my mind was just racing and it took forever to fall asleep. Why, look how you're dressed up! Is it a job interview? That's wonderful, Kenneth, wonderful! Well, you know, I think things are about to change. I really do, I know it's been a hard couple of years for all of us, I know they have been, but I really believe things are about to change for the better. I firmly believe that. You have enough light there to write? Well, I won't read over your shoulder. I'll go back to bed. Good luck with your interview. I know you'll do well. I love you.

KATHY: We were in Spain last year. Me, my husband. Spain, Morocco. Spain's fantastic. We did four days in Barcelona. Saw the what's-it---called? The cathedral? Big, crazy-----? Which I loved. Likewise the food. The, uh, whaddycallit, kinda like chunky soup with the fish, the seafood . . . Which I would happily eat every day for the rest of my life. Then Morocco. To whatsit. To Marrakech. Which—I don't know how you feel about *heat*? But oh my god. And they keep giving you *hot tea*. Like, how refreshing. And some theory about how you're supposed to sweat in order to feel cool, which you'll have to explain to me sometime. And, To topi it off. I don't want to bore you with the whole ugly saga but: when they tell you not to eat the produce? Take heed. Because if you ever need to know where to find a doctor at two in the morning in the capital of Morocco when your husband is doubled over with *dysentery*----? Gimme a call.

ACTOR 3

FRANCINE: What in God's name is wrong with alla you people? Talkin' about chafing dishes, and tambourines, and downhill skiin', and Gelman's hot dogs, and squirrels, and your lily white community. And, Albert, you stay outta this! You hear me? Don't you go makin' a fool outta yourself the way these white people are outta themselves. They're all a bunch of idiots. And who's the biggest idiot of all to let yourself be dragged into the middle of it? Whatcha gonna be now? The big peacemaker come to save the day? Let 'em knock each other's *brains* out for all *I* care. I'm done workin' for these people two days from now, and you never worked for 'em at all, so what the hell do you care *what* they do? And now I'm going to the goddamn car!

LENA: (finally having had enough): I'm sorry, and I don't mean to keep interrupting but can somebody please explain to me what it is we're doing here? I mean, I know I'm not the only person who takes the situation seriously and I don't like having to be this way but I have been sitting here for the last fifteen mintues waiting for a turn to speak. I try not to intrude on other people's conversations when they're in the middle of them. I'm not trying to be unfriendly now, but I'd really appreciate the chance to say something. Anyway. All right. Well . . . I have no way of knowing what sort of connection you all have to where you grew up. And some of our concerns have to do with a particular period in history and the things that people experienced here in this community *during* that period—both good and bad, and on a personal level. I just have a lot of respect for the people who went through those experiences and still managed to carve out a life for themselves and create a community despite a whole lot of obstacles? Some of which still exist. That's just a part of my history and my parents' history—and honoring the connection to that history—and, no one, myself included, likes having to dictate what you can or can't do with your own home, but there's just a lot of pride, and a lot of memories in these houses, and for some of us that connection still has value, if that makes any sense? And respecting that memory; that has value, too. At least, that's what I believe. And that's what I've been wanting to say.

ACTOR 4

ALBERT: [*Picking up the overturned floor lamp.*] Not broken, ma'am. It's fine. Might need a new bulb, but, otherwise, fine. [*BEV, embarrassed, reaches into her purse, pulls out a dollar bill, and hands it to ALBERT.*] Oh, no, ma'am, no. That's alright. You keep your dollar. [*BEV takes out a second dollar.*] No, ma'am, really, happy to help. It's very kind of you, but, really, I didn't do much of anything. [*BEV reaches for the chafing dish to hand to him.*] Ma'am, we've got plenty of dishes. It's very kind of you, but we don't need it, ma'am. [*Raising his voice.*] Really, we don't want your things. Please. We got our own things. [*A beat.*] Ma'am, everybody's sorry for your loss. Evening, ma'am. [*He leaves.*]

KEVIN: Lena and I went to Prague last April. Very pretty. The architecture? That bridge? And then from there to Zurich. Year before we were in Spain. Ah, paella! Could eat it everyday. And those tapas bars? From one to another all night long. Most Spaniards don't come out until really late in the evening—the heat. Oh, yea, hot! [laughing] We felt right at home! Anyway, Zurich. Ever been to Switzerland? Amazing skiing! If you golf you go to Scotland. If you ski-----? Well, we do and we did—go to Switzerland that is. And don't even get me started on the chocolate!

ACTOR 5

KARL: Now, Russ, Bev tells me you're indisposed, and normally I'd hate to commandeer your Saturday afternoon here, intrude upon the sanctity of your "castle." You are the "king." But, a matter of some sensitivity has reared its head, so to speak. So, if you don't mind I will proceed directly to, dare I say, the crux. I take it, Russ, you're aware that the Community Association meets the first Tuesday of each month? And as I'm sure you know, Don Skinner is part of the steering committee. And somehow it came to Don's attention at this late juncture that Ted Driscoll had found a buyer for this house and I have to say it did come as something of a shock when Don told us what sort of people they were. That they're colored. The family. It's a colored family. From Hamilton Park. I've taken the liberty of speaking to them because I don't think any of us have forgotten what happened with the family that moved onto Kostner Avenue last year. Now, Kostner Avenue is one thing, but *Clybourne* Street, well . . . I don't know how much time you have spent in Hamilton Park, but Betsy was waiting in the car and I can tell you, there are some unsavory characters. Some would say change is inevitable, and I can accept that inevitability, even support change, if it's change for the better. But, I'll tell you what I *can't* support, and that's disregarding the needs of the people who *live* in a community. Who shall we invite next, the *Red Chinese*?

STEVE: No. Okay. I'm going to fly in the face of political correctness and tell the joke because I'm sick of it. Every single word we say is scrutinized for some kind of latent—Meanwhile you guys run around saying n---word this and n---word that and whatever. We all know why there's a double standard but I can't even so much as repeat a fucking joke that the one black guy I know told me? No. I'm telling it. Okay. So there's – Look, it's not even my joke, okay?!! It was told to me by Kyle Hendrickson, who, for what it's worth, happens to be Black. So, the white man goes to jail for . . . you know. Embezzlement. Something. Little white guy. And he's put in a jail cell with this big black guy. I am repeating, verbatim, a joke in the precise manner in which it was told to me by *a black man*. So, they slam the cell door behind him, I guess, and the black guy turns to the white guy, black guy goes, "Okay, I'm gonna give you a choice. While you're in here with me, you can either be the mommy, or you can be the daddy." And the white guy thinks for a second and he goes, "Uh, well, um, I guess, if it's up to me, then, I guess I'd have to say I'd prefer to be the daddy." And, the black guy goes, "Okay, well then bend over 'cause Mommy's gonna fuck you I the ass." [*A beat. Academically.*] So, is that offensive?

ACTOR 6

BETSY (*from Act I. Betsy is deaf and the clarity of her speech is greatly compromised by her deafness. For the audition, do LINDSEY's monologue below with BETSY's compromised speaking.*)

LINDSEY: Wait. Wait. He killed himself? In this house? Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god, that is just That is just—just—just—Nobody ever told us that. I mean, legally, don't you have to tell people that? [Freaking out.] I—I—I—I—No. No. I'm sorry, but that is wrong. That is just—No. To sell someone a -a -a house, where-----? No. There should be a law. And I don't care how, okay? I don't want to know how he did it or in what room—Because I'm sorry, but that is just something that, from a legal standpoint, you should have to tell people! Or it fucking should be! [An awkward silence.] I'm sorry. I'm sorry I lost my shit. No, I did. But I think we're both wound a little tight right now with the baby and the house and the money and everything—and then to top it all off, we get sent this petition in the mail, you know, and suddenly our entire lives are thrown into chaos at the very same moment that—I mean, the demolition was scheduled to start on Monday and unless we get this resolved which I want as much as anyone then what do people expect?

ACTOR 7

JIM: Francine, we've just been having a little conversation here, and I was wondering if maybe you could spare us a couple of minutes of your time? I want to pose a little hypothetical to you. What if we said this: Let's imagine you and your husband here-----Albert is it?-----let's say that the two of you had the opportunity to move from your current home into a different neighborhood, and let's say that neighborhood happened to be this one for the sake of argument. Say you had the wherewithal. Would this be the sort of neighborhood you'd find an attractive place in which to live? Would your family find this sort of place, bearing in mind that they, too, would stand to be affected by the move—and we want you to be honest, to say what you really think about such an opportunity, bearing in mind, of course, the different customs that obtain. For example, differences in modes of worship. If you take First Presbyterian. Now, that a church down in Hamilton Park where you live now, and I've taken fellowship there and I can tell you, the differences are notable. Not a value judgment. Apples and oranges. Just as how we have our organ here at Saint Thomas, for accompaniment, whereas at First Presbyterian, they prefer a piano and occasionally (Chuckles.) well, tambourines. Nothing wrong with that. I like tambourines as much as the next person, but it would be a change for your family. Would it be a positive change, do you think Francine?

TOM: Everybody good? So. Knowing as we do that the height continues to be the sticking point—and by the way, the reason the petition was drawn up this way in the first place—I mean, nobody want to be inflexible, but the idea was to set some basic guidelines whereby if, say, the height is the problem, lit it is here, then one option would be to reduce the total exterior volume, like your husband was saying. And that's the rationale behind the table at the bottom of the page. So what those figures mean, essentially, is that, with each additional foot of elevation beyond the maximum limit, there'd be a corresponding reduction in volume. Because the Owners Association has a vested interest—Levin and Lena call me up last month, they say, Tom, we've got this problem, these people are planning to build a house that's a full fifteen feet taller than all the adjacent structures—and I think we'd all agree that there's a mutual benefit to maintaining the integrity-----[Tom's phone rings]—the architectural integrity—[phone rings again]—of a historically significant— [phone rings again]—Neighborhood. [He answers.] Yeah? Yeah, okay, but don't call *me* with that in the middle of a Satur—Well, then, give it to Marla. Because it's Marla's *account*. Well, where the fuck is Mar-----? [to the others] Sorry. [*he goes to another part of the room to continue with the call.*]