

AUDITION INFORMATION



FARCE OF NATURE

Written by Jessie Jones, Nicholas Hope, and
Jamie Wooten

Directed by Krystof Kage

Audition Dates: January 5 & 6, 2020
Performance Dates: Feb 20-Mar 8, 2020

CONTENTS

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| AUDITION PACKET | |
| WELCOME | 3 |
| ABOUT OUR AUDITIONS | 4 |
| THE PLAY | 5 |
| ABOUT THE DIRECTOR..... | 5 |
| IMPORTANT DATES | 6 |
| CHARACTERS | 7 |
| AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS..... | 8 |
| SIDE 1 | 9 |
| SIDE 2 | 11 |
| SIDE 3 | 13 |
| SIDE 4 | 15 |
| SIDE 5 | 17 |
| SIDE 6 | 19 |
| CREDITS..... | 22 |
| AUDITION FORM..... | 23 |

WELCOME

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for a Theatre Tallahassee production!

If you've auditioned for us before, welcome back!

If this is your first time auditioning at Theatre Tallahassee, we're thrilled to have you! We've been around now for 70 years, and we wouldn't have lasted so long without new people, new talent, and new voices.

Whether you're a veteran performer who just moved to town or you've never been on stage before but really want to try, we'd like to encourage you to audition for shows at Theatre Tallahassee.

We're aware that auditioning can be an overwhelming experience, even if you've done it a hundred times before. We've put this information booklet together for you to help you learn a little more about the play, the characters you will be reading for, and to give you some idea of what to expect during auditions.

Please read over the character list and director's comments, and pay attention to any specific audition requirements for this show. Then review any script sides provided. We've included a printable audition form at the back of this information booklet that you can fill out and bring with you. You may also bring a headshot and/or resume, if you have one, but they are not required.

Break a leg!

BECOME A PART OF OUR LEGACY...

We've been around for over 70 years, and produced more than 460 shows.

This season, we hope you'll become part of our Theatre Tallahassee family.



ABOUT OUR AUDITIONS

Theatre Tallahassee auditions are open — we try our best to discourage directors from pre-casting roles.

Know what you're auditioning for. Most directors provide script sides in this packet for you to study ahead of time. Do a little research online about the play. We also keep copies of the script at the theatre, so if you would like the opportunity to read it ahead of time, you can drop by during business hours and we'll let you peruse it at Theatre Tallahassee.

Audition requirements may vary from show to show. Some directors like cold readings. Some might ask for monologues. For musicals, you may be asked to bring music, or wear dance clothes. Read the audition notes in this booklet to be prepared.

Audition formats vary depending on director. Some directors prefer closed auditions, where you will wait in another room until you are called in. Others like having everyone in one room. During closed auditions, if you bring someone to support you they may be asked to wait in the other room (unless you are a minor).

We know that it can be disappointing not to get a part. We always have more people audition than we have roles for, and there are many factors that directors have to weigh when casting. We encourage you to audition often. Just because you weren't right for one role, doesn't mean that you won't be perfect for another.

We encourage you to get involved in other ways. Helping paint or build sets, costumes or props, working backstage, or volunteering to usher are great ways to meet people, network, and become part of our theatre family.

We look forward to seeing you on stage. Break a leg!

MAINSTAGE SEASON SHOWS

This production is part of Theatre Tallahassee's Mainstage season. If you've never performed on our Mainstage, here's a quick list of what you should know.

- Mainstage productions are performed in our main auditorium, which seats approximately 270 people.
- Rehearsals usually start about 5-6 weeks before the show opens.
- Opening night is usually held on a Thursday evening.
- Performances run for three weekends, on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The second Saturday is a double show day, with both a matinee and an evening performance. Sundays are matinees.

THE PLAY

So what if the television show "Ozark" and the film "The Irishman" got together for drinks one night in a hunting lodge run by the cast of "The Bob Newhart Show" and everyone was just a little tipsy? I mean...it's not a perfect analogy by any means, but it does kind of encapsulate the outlandish themes and situations our characters find themselves in with *Farce of Nature*.

Chaos abounds when the world of the mob clashes with distinct southern charm and etiquette in this cautionary tale about affairs and witness protection and wild animals and hypnosis. This wild cast of characters will challenge even the most seasoned actor and is sure to make the audience beg for more.

The struggling family fishing lodge, the Reel 'Em Inn, becomes the backdrop for a motley collection of flawed characters stirring up a hilarious comedic stew. In the deliciously funny romp that ensues, they all hide, lie, disguise themselves, cross-dress, and slam doors, while trying to figure out the source of an increasingly awful stench. By then it's too late and the lodge is surrounded by vicious critters and hungry varmints that have followed the odor down from the hills. In the delightfully chaotic climax of this one outrageous day, love blossoms, truths are revealed, and the lives of all - family, guests and gangsters alike - change in incredible and surprising ways.

ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

KRYSTOF KAGE

Krystof Kage is a fixture in the local directing world, as he has directed for New Stage Theatreworks, Theatre Tallahassee and Theatre TCC multiple times over the last 14 years. This will be Krystof's second "farce", as he just finished directing *Noises Off* at Theatre TCC this fall. Some of his previous credits at Theatre Tallahassee include *The Wedding Singer*, *An Act of God*, *Rock of Ages*, *The Addams Family* and *Spamalot*. Krystof comes from an acting background and directs with both the actor and audience in mind. With over 30 directing credits to his name, he is looking forward to putting on this hilarious farce on the Theatre Tallahassee stage.

IMPORTANT DATES

AUDITIONS ●

Sun, Jan 5 & Mon, Jan 6 at 7pm
please arrive 10-20 min early for sign-in

Call Backs ○

Tues, Jan 7 at 7pm
By director invitation only.

REHEARSAL PERIOD ●

Jan 8-Feb 19

7-10pm, Mon-Fri

No rehearsal Jan 20

NOTE: See calendar for potential rehearsal dates. Subject to change after casting.

Tech Week ●

Feb 10-14

Crew integration, cue-to-cue, tech rehearsals. Please try to avoid schedule conflicts during this week

Dress Rehearsals ●

Feb 17-19

required attendance

PERFORMANCES ●

Feb 20-23

Feb 28-Mar 1

Mar 6-8

Weeknight and Saturday evening performances are at 8 pm, with a 6:30 pm call time.

Second Saturday and Sunday matinee performances are at 2 pm, with a 12:30 pm call time.

*Benefit performance likely

Pick Up Rehearsals ●

Feb 27

Held at director & stage manager's discretion. Keep dates open.

Closing & Strike ●

March 8

Cast & Crew are required to participate in show strike. Please keep this evening free of conflicts.

JANUARY

S M T W T F S

| | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|
| | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |

FEBRUARY

S M T W T F S

| | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|
| | | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | |

MARCH

S M T W T F S

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|--|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | |

actors must be able to commit to all performance dates & tech/dress rehearsals.

OTHER

CHARACTERS

D. GENE WILBURN - *Male - 50s - any ethnicity*

Part-owner of the Reel 'Em Inn. Lacking any puffery, he likes to fish and let everyone around him handle the work stuff. Oblivious that his wife is trying REALLY hard to be romantic. Drops his pants often.

WANELLE WILBURN - *Female - 50s - any ethnicity*

The other part-owner of the Reel 'Em Inn. Trying very hard to get D. Gene to see her in a romantic way again. Suspects that D. Gene is "fishing in a different pond" but doesn't see how that is possible.

TY WILBURN - *Male - 20s-30s - any ethnicity*

Son of the Washburns. He is an aspiring actor who has been trapped in a dinner theatre in Chicago. His girlfriend has been waiting for him to put a ring on it. Cross-dressing will happen.

JENNA SEALY - *Female - 20s-30s - any ethnicity*

Girlfriend of Ty and an artist who helps out at the Reel 'Em Inn. Her boyfriend has been gone for six months to pursue acting. She will do anything to make Ty jealous so he will come home and they can get married.

MAXIE WILBURN SUGGS - *Female - 50s - any ethnicity*

Wanelle's sister and a retired deputy. Eager to prove she still got the goods to be a cop. She is in charge of Carmine's temporary witness protection. Snarky to the core and full of great one-liners.

CARMINE DELUCA - *Male - 30s - any ethnicity*

Chicago mobster turned snitch, he is in the witness protection program and doesn't fit in with the south or the outdoors so well. Horrible at faking accents. Nervous as can be about being snuffed out.

LOLA BARBOSA - *Female - 30s-40s - any ethnicity*

Sexy and flashy owner of Barbosa's Prime Rib Tickler Dinner Theatre - where Ty has been. Chicago native through and through and married to Sonny Barbosa, a Chicago mobster. Constantly chasing Ty.

SONNY BARBOSA - *Male - 40s-50s - any ethnicity*

Big city mobster from Chicago. Very big personality and a tough guy. Suspicious of why the hell his wife is driving down to Arkansas and definitely on the lookout for Carmine.

ROXANNE THORNE - *Female - Any age - any ethnicity*

Smaller role with fewer lines. She is the real estate developer who D. Gene has been on the phone with - and who Wanelle suspects is her husband's mistress.

AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS

Sides are provided as a part of this audition packet and will also be available in print form at the auditions. Additional sides may be used in the audition process - especially if there are callbacks - and not all sides will necessarily be used during the initial auditions. You are encouraged to get familiar with all the sides - but please do not attempt to memorize, as you may be asked to read for roles for which you may not be considered. The director reserves the right to make you do silly things at auditions if he feels it will help him with casting decisions.

SIDE 1
MAXIE
JENNA
CARMINE

MAXIE. Freeze! (*Jenna screams.*)

JENNA. Miss Maxie! Scare me to death!

MAXIE. Sorry, Little Darlin'. Just practicin' my moves.

JENNA. Why? They retired you last year.

MAXIE. Yep, but once the dim-wit Police Chief finally took a look at the ratio of bad guys to good, he came crawlin' back. They can't do without me.

JENNA. Huh. You sure it wasn't because they needed a sub when half the officers were taken out by the E. coli from their spaghetti supper?

MAXIE. That might've been a small part of it, and it's only 'til the boys get well, but still, they realize they need a sharp professional such as myself. By the way, if you see a box of bullets, give me a holler. I know they're around here somewhere.

JENNA. Oh, okay. And congratulations on the job. When do you start?

MAXIE. Just did. Witness protection. One Mr. Carmine DeLuca. Feller needed a safe house and I'm thinkin' there's not a safer place than my brother's fishing lodge in Mayhew, Arkansas. I just have to keep this guy alive through the weekend when they're gonna pick him up and take him wherever he's goin' next. Once that's done, it'll get me back on the force permanent. So, let me introduce you to — (*Turns around, nobody's there.*) Huh! He was right behind me. (*Goes to window, looks out.*) You seen him? Oddball, real nervous type? (*Carmine DeLuca, 40s, jittery, wise-guy from Chicago's West Side, bursts through upstage center door, wild-eyed, horrified. He wears a leather sports jacket, slacks, loafers.*)

CARMINE. What, I turn around, you're gone? I coulda been killed out there! The place is covered with those green — bushy — with the — sticks and little fluttery —

MAXIE. (*Dry.*) Trees?

CARMINE. Yeah! Those! Don't be walkin' off, leavin' me out there in all that —

MAXIE. (*Dry.*) Nature?

CARMINE. Yeah! I hate nature. It's outside. I don't like outside.

MAXIE. Huh. So, what do you like?

CARMINE. Tall buildings, asphalt, civilization!

JENNA. Maybe this will be a nice change for you, Mr. DeLuca. I'm Jenna Sealy.

CARMINE. (*Exasperated, to Maxie.*) You told her my name?! What part of

“Witness Protection” don’t you understand, Mammy Yokum?

MAXIE. I believe, instead of disparagin’ remarks, what I should be hearin’ is, “Thank you, Officer Suggs, for puttin’ your life on the line, starin’ down death and mayhem to protect me and keep me safe.”

CARMINE. Yeah?! Well, what I should be hearing is, “They’ll have to shoot me first to get to you, Mr. DeLuca!”

MAXIE. You know, I don’t believe a Yankee feller who’s spent the last five years hidin’ out shouldn’t be so quick to get up on his high horse.

CARMINE. What can I say, I got good reflexes.

JENNA. *(Idea!)* That’s it! Don’t worry Mr. DeLuca, your secret’s safe with us. We’ll just tell people you’re a ... a ... reflex-ologist!

MAXIE. Wow, good thinkin’! Don’t know what that is, but I like it! Reflexologist. I’ll try to remember that ... and where I put them bullets.

CARMINE. Wait! Your gun’s not even loaded?!

MAXIE. Of course it is! *(Looks down the gun barrel.)* I know there’s at least one of them suckers in there.

CARMINE. May I remind you there’s somebody out there who’d like to kill me!

MAXIE. Yep, and I’m startin’ to understand why!

SIDE 2
JENNA
CARMINE
TY

JENNA. *(Nervous.)* Okay, what do you think? Am I pretty? Do I look all right? *(Grabs him by the collar, frantic.)* Tell me! I really, really need to know!

CARMINE. Uh ... no, you look fine! As a matter of fact, you look fantastic!

JENNA. You're not just saying that? Because I haven't seen my boyfriend in six months and I have to look beautiful! *(Shakes him.)* And I mean beautiful!!

CARMINE. *(Eases her away.)* Okay, okay! You are beautiful.

JENNA. *(Calms down.)* That's so nice of you to say. How can I ever thank you?

CARMINE. Well ... if you really want to thank me ... how about checking all the locks in my room. Call me crazy, but they don't look so secure.

JENNA. Don't worry. It's very safe here. It's not like some thug's going to burst through the door or anything. *(Just then, Ty Wilburn, 30, handsome, normally easy-going, bursts through upstage center door, wears jeans, motorcycle jacket, and helmet.)*

TY. *(Shouts.)* **JENNA!!** *(Carmine freaks, drops to the floor.)*

JENNA. *(Delighted, throws open her arms.)* Ty!

TY. *(Raves, storms toward Jenna, oblivious of Carmine.)* Okay, Jenna! Where's the guy who's been hitting on you? I'll tear him apart! *(Unnoticed, Carmine quickly crawls to the window, hides behind a drapery panel.)*

JENNA. *(To Ty.)* That's it?! You haven't seen me in six months and you come in screaming at me?

TY. Maxie says you have a boyfriend. What do you expect me to do?

JENNA. *(Plays it cool.)* Well ... now that we've both started new lives, I guess it would hardly be right for me to expect anything of you, Ty.

TY. We didn't agree to start new lives. You're still my girl! Nothing changes that.

JENNA. Your girl?! Kinda like your wallet, your footstool, your doormat?! I'll tell you what changes everything, Tyler Wilburn — six long months of me waiting for you while you're living it up being a hotshot actor in Chicago. *(Carmine inches out from behind the drapery, tiptoes toward stage right door.)*

TY. Listen, I've driven eleven butt-numbing hours to get here, not even stopping to eat, and I'm not going to waste my time waiting to get to the bottom of this. Tell me where he is and tell me now.

JENNA. *(Steamed.)* Yes, how horrible it would be to waste any of your precious time waiting! So let me introduce you to my sweetheart, Carmine DeLuca. *(Carmine freezes, slowly turns around. Jenna hurries to him.)* Carmine's a ... reflexologist from ... far away and he thinks I'm beautiful. *(Lays a massive kiss on Carmine. Freaked, he stares wild-eyed at Ty. Jenna pulls back.)*

CARMINE. *(Sheepish, to Ty.)* Uh ... how ya doin'?

TY. *(Stunned.)* What? Uh ... I ... I –

JENNA. *(Defiant, gets into her ruse. Then, to Carmine.)* Hey, Baby, how about you give me one of your super-duper foot rubs I like so much? *(Sits in stage left armchair, kicks off her shoe, holds up her foot. Carmine, uncertain, gives in.)*

CARMINE. Uh ... yeah, okay. *(To Ty.)* I'm just gonna ... do ... this. *(Gets down on one knee, takes Jenna's foot, massages it.)*

TY. So, I'm just supposed to stand here and take this?! *(Surprised at Carmine's touch, Jenna gives in to the bliss of the massage.)*

SIDE 3
D. GENE
WANELLE
TY

Lights up on lobby of the Reel 'Em Inn, one hour later. D. Gene feverishly dusts furniture, mutters to himself.

D. GENE. Of course it's hot and sunny outside! Fool weatherman said it would be cool and overcast. He's been wrong every day for the last three years. Wish I could get paid for knowin' nothin'. *(The phone rings; he races to answer it.)* Hello? ... That's not a problem, just gives me more time to get ready for you ... *(Wanelle enters upstage left door.)* Yeah, I'm excited, too! I've never done anything like this before, Roxanne ... *(Unnoticed, Wanelle quickly crosses to him.)* I'll be waiting. *(Hangs up, turns, is startled she's so close.)* Whoa!

WANELLE. *(Suspicious.)* Talking to that Roxanne again? So you're going to be waiting for what from this Avon lady?

D. GENE. *(Covers.)* I meant ... I'd be waitin' 'til hell froze over before I buy any of that body spray she's selling. That stuff's meant for teenage boys who refuse to bathe. And I think I smell sweet enough for my Honey Bun! *(Pecks her cheek.)*

WANELLE. *(Softens.)* You do, huh? *(Looks around.)* So ... where is everyone?

D. GENE. *(Fluffs the draperies.)* Search me.

WANELLE. *(Idea.)* You mean ... it's just us? *(Unbuttons her top buttons.)* Seems a pity to waste this alone time.

D. GENE. It sure does. In fact, I think you should vacuum while no one's here.

WANELLE. Oh, yeah? *(Pulls pink note out, glances at it.)* Well, I think you should shut up and — *(Ty bursts through stage left swinging door, startles her.)*

TY. Dad, have you seen Jenna? *(Wanelle quickly buttons up.)* I walked halfway around the lake and couldn't find her. And who is this Carmine guy, anyway?

D. GENE. The truth is, he's some guy Maxie's been hired to guard. He only got here this morning. If Jenna's fallen in love with him, she did it in record time.

TY. I knew it! She's just trying to make me jealous so I'll come home to stay.

WANELLE. Well, can you blame her? *(Absent-mindedly puts the pink note on registration desk.)* She's been stuck out here in the bojacks for six months and when you do call, you give her an earful about your thrilling life in Chicago.

TY. I tell her everything I'm doing to make her feel like she's involved in it.

D. GENE. But do you ever ask her what she's doing? Do you even know she's gotten to be a real good painter?

TY. *(Busted!)* Uh ... I kind of knew —

D. GENE. Buddy, if you ever intend to be a good husband to that girl one day, now's the time to start paying close attention to her and understand what she needs. It's how I've kept my wife happy and my marriage working like a clock all these years. *(Wanelle lets out a laugh, covers with a cough.)*

TY. You okay, Mom?

WANELLE. Just choked on something. Honey, being without you is getting to Jenna bad. She's running out of patience.

TY. I guess you're right. But it's weird she'd resort to such drastic measures.

WANELLE. You have no idea how far a lonely woman will go. *(Then.)* Y'all excuse me, I've got a date with a pound of fudge. *(Exits.)*

SIDE 4

LOLA
JENNA
TY

LOLA. Ty! Sweetheart! *(Shimmies into Ty's arms, wraps herself around him.)*

JENNA. *(Stunned, angry.)* This is your idea of being faithful?!

TY. No, no! Wait, Jenna! This isn't — *(Tries to pull away from Lola.)* See ... *(Tries again, then, to Lola.)* Excuse me. *(Peels her off.)* This is ... Lola. Lola, this is Jenna ... *(Pointedly.)* the one I told you about.

LOLA. *(Pleasant, to Jenna.)* Oh! You really exist. It's a pleasure.

TY. *(Scrambles.)* Yeah, uh ... Mrs. Barbosa is a ... a gallery owner from Chicago. I told her about your paintings and ... she's just been itching to come look at them.

LOLA. I am?! *(Gets it.)* I mean, I am! I love paintin's! I'm wild for art!

JENNA. A gallery owner! Oh, Ty, you brought her all the way down here to see my work?! That's so sweet! *(Kisses him. Then, to Lola.)* I'll run get a few of my paintings for you to look at. This is so great! *(Races out upstage left door.)*

TY. *(Calls after her.)* Take your time, Angel! Bring the best 'cause Mrs. Barbosa knows what she's doing! *(Wheels on Lola, hisses.)* What on earth are you doing?!

LOLA. Okay, I wouldn't ordinarily drive all the way to Mississippi on the spur of the moment —

TY. This isn't Mississippi, it's Arkansas.

LOLA. If you say so. *(Walks her fingers up his arm, he moves away. She follows.)* Anyway, it just didn't seem the same at work without you. When I read in your note you were coming here, I figured what the heck, I would, too! So, I jumped in the company van and hit the road! Glad to see me? *(Moves closer, he dodges her.)*

TY. Uh ... surprised is more like it. And don't think I'm not flattered with your attention lately, I am — which is completely understandable since the new busboy uniform really shows off my pecs. *(Moves her hands away.)* But you are the owner of Barbosa's Prime Rib Tickler Dinner Theatre, you are my boss ... and you are married to a gangster who is in prison.

LOLA. And you are a valuable employee in whom I've taken a very fond interest.

TY. But clearly not interesting enough for you to cast me in the next play.

LOLA. Oh, you actors and your distorted self-image. You're twenty years too young and far too attractive to play any part in *The Odd Couple*.

TY. A real actor can play any role!

LOLA. Oh, yeah? Well, the only roles I have left to cast are the Pigeon sisters, and there's no way you could pull that off. You see, being a successful businesswoman means having to make the tough decisions.

(Gets very close.) But sometimes I need to put the business of being a woman first.

TY. *(High strained voice.)* We all try to make the right choices, don't we? *(Pulls himself together.)* Hey, you must be thirsty after driving all the way from Chicago! I'll get you a drink before you have to turn around immediately and go back home.

LOLA. Oh, I don't think I'm leaving anytime soon, but it's adorable that you want to take care of me. Yeah, a drink would be awesome!

TY. *(Panicked.)* That's great! *(Heads for stage left swinging door, then, to himself:)* This is bad, this is bad, this is so, so bad.

LOLA. *(Calls after him.)* Pour me something clear and I don't mean water!

SIDE 5
D. GENE
TY
WANELLE
JENNA

D. GENE. *(Calls.)* So, turns out I'm not the only screw-up, am I? *(Rustles the draperies.)* This doesn't make any sense! *(Looks under the couch.)* It's the weirdest thing I've ever seen! *(Ty, in a dress, wig, heels, and makeup nervously enters stage right door. D. Gene stands, they lock eyes.)* I stand corrected.

TY. *(Panicked.)* Sooo ... we're alone in here, right, Dad?

D. GENE. Yes, we are. And Son, I just want you to know, I'm going to love you no matter what's been going on with you up there in Chicago.

TY. What? Oh. No, this really isn't what it looks like.

D. GENE. Well, it looks like you're wearing your mama's old dress and wig.

TY. Okay, it is what it looks like. See, I can't let Sonny Barbosa know who I am. He thinks I'm involved with his wife ... but it is good to know you're always on my side. *(Hugs D. Gene as Wanelle enters upstage left door, sees them.)*

WANELLE. You've got another woman?! *(Sobs, races out upstage left door.)*

D. GENE. Wait! This one isn't a woman, she's a man and — *(Realizes what he's said.)* Dang, I just made it worse! *(Calls.)* Wanelle! *(Flies out upstage left door.)*

TY. *(Sighs.)* There is no way things can get worse! *(Doesn't see Jenna enter stage right door, transformed in a skin-tight, revealing dress, high heels, heavy makeup, wild, sexy hairdo. A bottle of vodka in one hand, she strikes a pose.)*

JENNA. Hey, Sister, know any place around here a girl can go to find a strong, sweaty, hunka-hunka man? *(Ty whirls around, they see each other, scream.)*

TY AND JENNA. Why are you dressed like that?! *(Beat.)* I asked you first!

TY. Okay, I'm in disguise, hiding from Sonny Barbosa. That guy's dangerous!

JENNA. Yeah? Well, guess what? I'm dangerous, too. *(Unscrews bottle cap.)*

TY. Wait! You don't drink. You can't even smell the stuff without getting looped.

JENNA. I'm trying a lot of different things. I'm done waiting and painting. I've changed since you've been gone, too. *(Looks at him.)* Maybe not as much as you have. But I'm living on the edge now. *(Takes a swig, gasps, struggles to speak.)* Yep, on-the-edge! If trashy women get all the men, I'm lining up for my share!

TY. They don't get all the men and I'm not attracted to Lola. She's just my boss.

JENNA. Right. Nothing's going on with you and your boss. Yet you're suddenly hit with an urge to dress up like a homely spinster in a cheap wig?!

TY. Homely spinster?! Excuse me, but I think I look good! (*Gets into it.*) The dress is a perfect fit, snug in all the right places, it shows off my calves just –

JENNA. Stop talking like that! I don't even know who you are anymore! But I do know you're so desperate to hide from your girlfriend's husband you'd stoop to wearing a world-class ridiculous disguise. (*Heads for upstage center door.*)

TY. It's a costume. It's not a ridiculous disguise!

SIDE 6
LOLA
SONNY
JENNA
WANELLE
D. GENE

LOLA. All right, so you found me.

SONNY. Found you?! You left every clue in the book — a note, a phone call. Heck, I was right behind you for twenty miles on Interstate 55.

LOLA. Who cares? You're here, let's clear the air.

SONNY. You want I should start with being cold-cocked when I walked in the door, or that you ran out on me and I drove a million miles tracking you down?

LOLA. I ran out on you?! You been outta the joint two days. Where you been? You haven't spent any time at home! That makes you the one who ran out on me!

SONNY. Look, me and the boys had some catching up to do. And I had to make it right with a pal who was checking up on you while I was wrongfully incarcerated.

LOLA. Yeah, I seen Jimmy Fingers and that loudmouth wife of his real regular. And I hope he reported back to you not only did I pay off your debts, but I also renovated and rebuilt Barbosa's Prime Rib from the ground up. We're a popular dinner theatre now, we're respectable, operating in the black.

SONNY. Okay, I'm proud of you, all right? But why The Odd Couple every freakin' season?! Other plays have been written in the last fifty years, you know.

LOLA. Look, I'm as tired of it as you are, but people still think they want to see it. And what say you focus less on what I should be doing and more on the fact you swore you'd go straight the minute you got out? 'Cause I won't be showing up at the big house on visitors' day ever again.

SONNY. Oh, yeah? Well, you know what I won't do? Stand by while you fool around with some guy and follow him all the way down here to Mississippi —

LOLA. Apparently, it's Arkansas.

SONNY. Where it smells like *(Sniffs, disgusted.)* ... like something died! What is that?! *(Shakes it off.)* Fine. I'll just hold my nose 'til I find that punk and kill him! And then I'll — *(Jenna, tipsy, weaves in stage left swinging door, beelines to Lola.)*

JENNA. Know what being nice has gotten me? Jack! All those years of minding my manners. *(Saccharine.)* Be sweet, Jenna. Be a good girl, Jenna. *(Snarls.)* Well, I'm done with "nice"! Here on out, I'm going to be rotten to the core! In fact, I'm going to find me a cigarette and teach myself how to smoke it! Yeah! I'm doing it! *(Races out upstage left door. Bewildered, they watch her exit. Beat.)*

LOLA. Anyway, for now let's just put a pin in your killing a guy and spell

out the reality of your situation. A: You have a chance to start fresh, make a new life, and B: Because you're such a hot-head, you're about to blow it. Think about it, Sonny!

SONNY. You forgot C: I gotta defend my honor. Hey, this is who I am, the passionate, exciting, ruggedly handsome man who's still madly in love with you.

LOLA. Yeah? Well, you've got a long way to go to prove it, Pal!

(Wanelle races in through stage right door, spots Lola.)

WANELLE. *(Shrieks, races to her.)* There you are, Homewrecker!

LOLA. *(To Wanelle.)* Do you mind?! We're in the middle of a fight here!

WANELLE. You bet we are! I've caught you with my husband twice and now you're throwing yourself at another man?! Well, I'm not having it! *(Grabs Lola by the hair, pulls her toward stage left swinging door. D. Gene races in upstage left door, spots Sonny, then is horrified to see Wanelle fighting Lola. He's paralyzed with indecision, uncertain what to do next.)*

LOLA. *(Struggles against Wanelle.)* Sonny, aren't you going to help me here?

SONNY. Hey, if you've been messing around with her man, rightfully she gets first crack at you. That's the rule. It's written down somewhere.

LOLA. Ow, ow, ow, ow — *(D. Gene hurries to Wanelle.)*

D. GENE. *(Low, with extreme urgency.)* Wanelle, you don't want to get involved with these people! *(Wanelle pulls Lola out stage left swinging door.)*

SONNY. Too late. She's involved. *(Holds D. Gene back.)*

D. GENE. *(Nervous, disingenuous.)* Good. You're up. Feeling better?

SONNY. No thanks to your maid. *(Sounds of the catfight come from offstage left.)* Don't worry, they're big girls. They can work it out. Lola can take care of herself.

D. GENE. *(Still wary.)* Yeah, but Wanelle is Southern born and bred, and that's a special kind of tough. Believe me, if the Civil War had been fought by the women, we'd all be singing "Dixie" before every Super Bowl. *(Sounds of the fight intensify. In tandem, he and Sonny back away from stage left swinging door.)*

SONNY. Yeah? So you know how confusing it is to be married to a headstrong broad. Half the time I can't figure out what she wants.

D. GENE. I share your pain. I've tried giving Wanelle gifts — a new skillet, a hairnet — she hated them. I did luck out a few years ago with that painting. *(Motions to abstract painting. Sonny's attention is caught.)* But lately I don't

know what to do to get back on her good side. (*Wanelle's head pokes out stage left swinging door, she yelps as she's pulled back into the kitchen.*)

SONNY. Yeah, yeah, I hear ya. Women, right? (*Crosses to picture.*) Uh ... you talking about this picture here? (*Takes the painting off the wall.*)

D. GENE. Yeah. I got it at a garage sale. Set me back fifteen bucks, worth every penny. (*Notices Sonny's interest in the painting.*)

SONNY. (*Examines the painting.*) Dames love a big spender all right. (*Lola struggles partially through stage left swinging door. She's pulled back inside, the men continue the conversation as if nothing unusual is happening.*) I did some business with an ... art dealer kind of a guy. He moved a lot of merchandise and I learned a couple things about pictures. (*Turns it over, his attention caught.*) Yeah, I'd say it's pretty good ... for a garage sale painting. (*Hands it to D. Gene who rehangs it. Sonny scrutinizes the painting, pulls out his gun, absent-mindedly scratches his head with it, sticks it in his jacket. D. Gene panics.*)

D. GENE. Uh ... listen, I know you and your wife have a few things to work out. Believe me I understand, but we're good people and we don't want any trouble. Besides, I've got a very important guest arriving, so if you wouldn't mind —

SONNY. (*Annoyed.*) Listen, Pal, we both got priorities. So I'm just going to do what I need to do and I'll try not to make a mess, all right? Now why don't you just go do what you do — whittle a pipe, hunt a moose or ... uh ... I don't care, just, uh ... shut up and fish?

CREDITS

FARCE OF NATURE

Written by Jessie Jones, Nicholas Hope, and Jamie Wooten

FARCE OF NATURE is presented through special arrangement with Samuel French

Director: Krystof Kage

Theatre Tallahassee
1861 Thomasville Road
Tallahassee, Florida 32303

Box Office: 850-224-8474
Admin: 850-224-4597

Theatre Tallahassee.org
Facebook.com/TheatreTallahassee
Twitter.com/TheatreTLH

THE THEATRE

AUDITION FORM

Please fill out this form and bring it with you to auditions. PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

Name: _____

Auditioning for the following roles: _____

Will you accept another role if offered: _____

Preferred Pronouns: she/her he/him they/them other: _____

Email: _____ Age: _____

Home Phone: _____ Height: _____

Cell Phone: _____ Are you willing to change your hair/facial hair? _____

I prefer to be contacted via: (check all that apply) phone call text message email

Schedule Conflicts: (please list ALL schedule conflicts: vacations, weddings, school, work, etc.)

Previous Experience: (you may attach a resume instead)

Other Skills (For this show in particular, please list any and all accents/dialects you can do that are applicable)

If not cast, would you be willing to assist backstage? Yes No

How did you hear about these auditions? _____