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Cast of Characters

MR. TORRANCE
STAGE MANAGER
CARRIE
SOLEIL
ELIZABETH
ALISON
SARAH
TOMMY
YUMA
GINA
ELIZABETH’S MOTHER
ALISON’S FATHER
CARRIE’S MOTHER

There is also a chorus of ACTORS, who are auditioning for the play. They may be double cast in many different parts as necessary. The chorus may be expanded.

Character Notes

The roles of Stage Manager and Mr. Torrance may be cast as female if necessary.

The roles of Gina, Yuma, Elizabeth, Elizabeth’s Mother, and Carrie’s Mother may be cast as male if necessary.

Setting

A high school auditorium. The present.
Acknowledgments

The Audition was originally performed by North Oaks Middle School on April 12th, 2008. The original cast was as follows:

MS. TORRANCE .................................................... Kayli Stark
STAGE MANAGER ........................................... Brady Loomer
ACTOR 1 ......................................................... Lauren Cutting
ACTOR 2 ....................................................... Jacquelyn Moore
ACTOR 3 ...................................................... Amber Irrababon
ACTOR 4 ........................................................ Michele Tidwell
ACTOR 5 ........................................................ Jordan Row
ACTOR 6 ......................................................... Josh McLaren
ACTOR 7 ........................................................ Hannah Cook
GINA ............................................................. Amber Irrababon
YUMA ............................................................ Alex DiBenedetto
ELIZABETH ................................................... Adrienne Vigil
ELIZABETH’S MOTHER ......................... Jacquelyn Moore
SOLEIL ............................................................ Bethany Ivey
CARRIE ......................................................... Nicole Oglesby
CARRIE’S MOTHER ..................................... Hannah Cook
SARAH ............................................................ Haley Carson
TOMMY ............................................................. Matthew Bogan
ALISON ............................................................ Jessica Roper
ALISON’S MOTHER ......................................... Jordan Row
THE AUDITION
by Don Zolidis

(A high school auditorium. A bare stage.)
(The STAGE MANAGER runs on with a stack of sides.)

STAGE MANAGER. Where do you want these?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off-stage:) Put them downstage right.

(STAGE MANAGER heads stage left.)

STAGE MANAGER. Here?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off-stage:) Is that stage right?

(STAGE MANAGER thinks.)

STAGE MANAGER. Whoops. I’m nervous.

(STAGE MANAGER heads stage right.)

On the edge of the stage?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off-stage:) Yep. All right, bring ‘em in.

STAGE MANAGER. (Shouting off:) Okay people! Come on in!

(The ACTORS enter from all sides of the stage.)

MR. TORRANCE. (Off-stage:) All right stop right there! First off, thank you for coming out today. If you don’t know me, my name is Mr. Torrance and—

(ACTOR 1 raises his hand.)

Yes?

ACTOR 1. Can I go to the bathroom?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Just hold on.

ACTOR 2. My Mom needs to pick me up in half an hour so I need to go first—

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Okay, just—
STAGE MANAGER. Quiet please.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I know that I’m new here but I want to talk to you a little bit about this theatre program. You might go to some other high schools around here and see some pretty good shows. They do a fine job. We don’t do a fine job here. We do an amazing job. And if you’re going to be in this show, you are going to be amazing. So what I am looking for today are the best of the best. Do you understand?

ACTOR 1. So I can’t go to the bathroom?

STAGE MANAGER. No.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) This is Carmen. She’s our stage manager. It goes from God to me to Carmen to you. You will listen to her as if she were me. If you are going to be late, you will call her, if you have a problem with scheduling you talk to her—

(Actor 2 approaches Carmen.)

Later. This is the first audition. I’m going to call back a few of you. From those, the best will be in the show. You have three minutes to prepare yourselves.

(The actors relax and begin walking around, stretching.)

CARRIE. (A vocal warm-up:) Me me me me me me me me me me

ALISON. (A lip trill:) Bbbbbbbbbbbbb—

SOLEIL. To sit in solemn silence on a dull dark dock—

ELIZABETH. Guh guh guh kuk kuh kuh kuh


ACTOR 4. I hope I get this part. I hope I get this part.

ACTOR 5. Just a little one, I don’t really need anything big—

ACTOR 6. Is anyone else here auditioning for the first time? Anyone? Anyone at all?


ACTOR 4. I hope I get it.
**ACTOR 7.** I’m going to get it. I know I’m going to get something, I don’t know what.

**ACTOR 5.** I want a line.

**ACTOR 4.** I want a solo.

**ACTOR 5.** I don’t want a solo. Just a line.

**ACTOR 1.** I want to go the bathroom—

**ACTOR 2.** Can I just go early?

**ACTOR 3.** Please God let me get this part.

**ACTOR 4.** Who’s that girl?

**ACTOR 5.** I’ve never seen her before.

**ACTOR 4.** Is she better than me?

**ACTOR 5.** What is he looking for?

**ACTOR 6.** I’ve never been in a show before—

**ACTOR 2.** Please let me get this—

**ACTOR 3.** Please—

**ALISON.** I’m going to get the lead. No one can stop me.

**SOLEIL.** I need to get something, anything—

**TOMMY.** Is this the right place?

**SARAH.** Hi there I’m Sarah.

**ACTOR 4.** I want to get something—

**SOLEIL.** I need something—

**ACTOR 5.** I just want to be an extra. Maybe one line. I could say good morning or something, and that’s it. And then I could wave at my parents in the back and then I could say that I was in the show.

**ACTOR 6.** (Overlapping:) I’ll do anything—

**ACTOR 7.** (Overlapping:) I can do a Hungarian accent. Do you need anything with a Hungarian accent?
**ACTOR 5.** (Overlapping:) I just need one line—

**ACTOR 1.** (Overlapping:) Please!

**ACTOR 7.** (Overlapping:) I can burp on command—

**ACTORS 1 and 2.** (Overlapping:) Please!

**ACTOR 5.** (Overlapping:) One line is all I ask!

**ACTORS 1, 2 and 3.** (Overlapping:) Please!

**ACTOR 7.** I’m left-handed. Does that help?

**ACTORS 1-6.** (Overlapping:) Please!

**SOLEIL.** I need this—you don’t understand—I need this.

**ALL ACTORS.** I need it—I’ll be great, I’ll be wonderful, I’ll be the best thing you’ve ever seen—please please please please PLEASE!

**ACTOR 1.** Can I go to the bathroom now?

(All of the ACTORS exit.)

**MR. TORRANCE.** (Off:) Who’s first?

**STAGE MANAGER.** We have Cassie.

(ACTOR 2 enters.)

**ACTOR 2.** Hi. I’m Cassie. My Mom’s waiting in the parking lot.

**MR. TORRANCE.** (Off:) Great. What are you going to sing?

**ACTOR 2.** I have to sing?

**MR. TORRANCE.** (Off:) This is a musical.

**ACTOR 2.** This is a musical?

**STAGE MANAGER.** It said so on the posters.

**ACTOR 2.** There were posters?

**STAGE MANAGER.** Didn’t you listen to the announcements?

**ACTOR 2.** I can’t ever hear the announcements. No one ever shuts up for them.

**MR. TORRANCE.** (Off:) So you don’t have a song prepared?
ACTOR 2. We’re supposed to have—?

MR. TORRANCE and STAGE MANAGER. Yes!

ACTOR 2. Oh. Um. No. I don’t have a song.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) How about happy birthday?

ACTOR 2. Are you sure I have to sing?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Can you sing happy birthday?

ACTOR 2. Are there any non-singing parts?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I need to hear you sing first before I can put you in a non-singing part.

ACTOR 2. That doesn’t make any sense.

STAGE MANAGER. He needs to make sure that you can’t sing.

ACTOR 2. Okay, um… Happy Birthday, right?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Sure.

ACTOR 2. I forgot the words.

STAGE MANAGER. It starts with Happy Birthday.

ACTOR 2. Okay.

   (ACTOR 2’s cell phone rings. She answers it.)

Hi. Oh. Okay. I gotta go.

   (She runs off. She runs back on in a minute.)

When are call-backs?

   (She leaves.)

   (YUMA enters immediately.)

YUMA. Hi!!! I’m Yuma!

STAGE MANAGER. This is—

YUMA. And I just gotta dance! Kick it!

   (Nothing happens. YUMA approaches the STAGE MANAGER.)
When I say kick it, you hit the music okay?

(Without waiting for a response, YUMA crosses to centerstage)

And I just gotta dance! Kick it!

(YUMA does one half of one dance more before realizing that no music is happening.)

Hold on one second.

(Shes approaches the STAGE MANAGER again.)

Did you understand me when I said kick it that was your cue to start the music? You got that?

STAGE MANAGER. You didn’t bring any music.

YUMA. You think that’s gonna stop me? I’m determined to get this role, I don’t care if I didn’t bring music, when I say kick it, you play it.

STAGE MANAGER. But there is no—

YUMA. Don’t give me problems. Give me solutions.

STAGE MANAGER. I could hum something.

YUMA. Can you do more of a beat box thing?

(STAGE MANAGER tries a beat box.)

I’m not feeling you. I’m really not feeling you. But it’s gonna have to work.

(YUMA approaches center again.)

AND I JUST GOTTA DANCE!!! Kick it!

(STAGE MANAGER starts a rather pathetic beat box. STAGE MANAGER begins to beat box more and more intensely, really getting into it. YUMA dances. She’s wild, she’s unpredictable and full of insane energy. She also provides her own sound effects.)

Uh huh. Yeah. Yeah. Y-iaao! Uh huh. Wa wa wa wa wa! Zoog! And I’m over here you can’t stop me! Yeah! Uh huh. Yeah! Uh huh. Yeah! Uh huh. And stop.
(YUMA stares forward, breathing hard.)

What now?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I don’t know that that’s really the style of dance we’re looking for.

YUMA. I can do anything. Watch this. Ballet? Check it.

(YUMA does a wild, insane ballet. Once again she provides her own sound effects to the ballet.)


(She stops.)

How about that? How about that, son? That’s how I roll in the ballet.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Um…

(YUMA grabs the STAGE MANAGER.)

YUMA. You want tango?

(She begins a tango with the STAGE MANAGER.)

I’m leading. Just go with me and give me a beat.

STAGE MANAGER. (Trying to provide a tango beat:) Dun dun dun dun da dun! Dun dun dun dun da dun! Dun dun dun dun dun da dun! Dun dun dun dun dun da dun!

YUMA. (Simultaneously:) Tango tango tango yeah! Uh huh! Arm up head back rose in teeth tango! Yeah! Uh huh! Zoom! Spin! Work it! And yeah. Stop.

(YUMA stops and releases the STAGE MANAGER.)

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Call-backs will be posted tonight.

YUMA. That’s what I’m talking about!

(She leaves, taking the STAGE MANAGER with her.)

You did good out there. You did good.
(YUMA slaps the STAGE MANAGER on the butt [or hi-fives her].)

(GINA enters timidly.)

GINA. What exactly are you looking for? I think I would do a better job of auditioning if I knew exactly what it was you were after, you know? Cause I can do anything. I mean, not anything. But pretty close. Like if you wanted flirty and funny, I can do that. Or if you wanted me to be like all mean and everything, I can do that too. Or if it’s like a really sad role I cry just about every day. Not for any real reason, just for practice. I practice crying. In case it comes in handy sometime. You never know when you might need to cry. I’ll stand in front of my mirror at home and then I’ll try to imagine my Mom dying. That usually doesn’t work. But then I think about all those starving kids in Africa, and that doesn’t make me cry either, and then I think about puppies and they make me cry. Not like hurting the puppies or anything. Just puppies. I hate puppies. They’re always looking at you like look at me I’m so cute, well you’re not cute, you’re just a baby dog, that doesn’t automatically make you cute. And personally, I think puppies are sell-outs. I mean, try and turn on the TV and not see a puppy selling something. So I think about puppies. And then I cry. I can also burp on command.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Next.

(Lights change. ELIZABETH enters.)

ELIZABETH. My life: by Elizabeth.

(ELIZABETH’S MOTHER enters right behind her.)

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. You better hurry up.

ELIZABETH. I’m fine.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. You’re wearing that?

ELIZABETH. No I’m changing in the car on the way there.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. You need to make a good impression. Holes in your jeans scream community college.

ELIZABETH. I am who I am.
ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Well that’s not good enough.

(She freezes.)

ELIZABETH. (To the audience:) Growing up that’s all I heard.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Sit up straight. Smile.

ELIZABETH. I was supposed to be—

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Perfect.

ELIZABETH. I was going to be—

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Perfect.

ELIZABETH. I was in every activity she could find: gymnastics, swimming, piano, tuba, soccer, softball, choir, debate, junior French honor society—

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Hurry up, we’re going to be late.

ELIZABETH. I didn’t even speak French and I was in junior French honor society.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. We can fit in girl scouts tonight after karate—

ELIZABETH. I especially hated karate.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Sensei Lee was disappointed with your effort today, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. And what did I want to do?

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. If you didn’t have me you’d sit on your butt all day long.

ELIZABETH. That’s exactly what I’d do. Nothing.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. How would that look on your college applications?

ELIZABETH. I don’t care, Mom.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. You’d never get into Yale without extracurriculars.

ELIZABETH. I don’t care, Mom.
ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. And then where would you be? Without college?

ELIZABETH. I don’t care, Mom.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Grades aren’t enough. You need to be well-rounded.

ELIZABETH. My Mom has spent so much time rounding me I feel like a circle. What part of I don’t care Mom don’t you understand! I don’t want to be in the show, I don’t want to go to Yale, I don’t want to be the manager for the water polo squad! I just want to do—

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Nothing.

ELIZABETH. Yeah. But I never said that to her. Instead I said—okay Mom—

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Good.

ELIZABETH. Whatever you say. I’ll go to Yale. I’ll marry a doctor.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Who cares about marrying a doctor? Be a doctor.

ELIZABETH. Okay I’ll be a doctor.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Be a dermatologist. They never get sued and they don’t have to do anything disgusting.

ELIZABETH. Fine I’ll go to Yale. I’ll be a doctor. For you. I’ll live in a great big house—

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Four thousand square foot minimum.

ELIZABETH. And have a great big life.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Two kids or three?

ELIZABETH. For you. Because I’m—

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. Perfect.

ELIZABETH. And when my kids are growing up you know what I’m going to make them do? Nothing.
ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. We don’t have time for that. We need to go.

ELIZABETH. Yes, Mom.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. You’re going to have a wonderful audition.

ELIZABETH. I know.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. You need a lead part if you’re going to impress the admissions people.

ELIZABETH. I know.

ELIZABETH’S MOTHER. You know you could stand to be a little more independent. That’s what they’re looking for.

(They leave.)

(ALISON enters.)

ALISON. Hi there. I’m Alison Bass. Of course you know that. Let’s see…experience…last year I was Anna in Anna and the King. The year before that I was Belle in Beauty and the Beast. The year before that I was the Crucible in the Crucible. Well okay I wasn’t the crucible, that’s not really a role, but if there was a role for the crucible, that would be me. And when I was a little kid I played Annie. In Annie.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) That’s pretty impressive, Alison.

ALISON. I know, isn’t it? That was a joke. Look um…do I really have to audition? I mean who are we trying to fool here, right? I know when everyone’s here you can’t make it look like you’re going to give a part to a certain person, but…come on, we both know what’s going to happen.

(Short pause.)

Does that make me sound conceited?

(She exits. SARAH enters.)

SARAH. Can I audition with somebody else? Is that possible?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I’m going to need to hear you sing—
SARAH. Okay, but for the acting, can I bring in a partner?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I guess.

SARAH. Can my partner be Tommy?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Sure.

SARAH. You don’t know how much that means to me.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Carmen, can you get Tommy?

(The STAGE MANAGER exits.)

SARAH. Can I tell you something? Tommy doesn’t know he’s going to do a duet with me.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Oh.

SARAH. And is it okay if we do this scene I wrote?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Well—

(The STAGE MANAGER brings in TOMMY.)

TOMMY. I thought my audition time wasn’t for another fifteen minutes.

SARAH. Hi.

TOMMY. Hey Sarah.

SARAH. Hi. What’s up?

TOMMY. I’m auditioning for the show.

SARAH. I know. Me too. Isn’t that awesome?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I don’t have all day people.

(SARAH pulls TOMMY aside.)

TOMMY. What’s going on?

SARAH. Looks like they’re pairing us up for a duet scene. Are you ready?

TOMMY. What duet scene?

SARAH. Oh here’s the script.
(She hands him a copy of the script.)

**TOMMY.** Is this even in the play?

**SARAH.** They’re thinking about adding it. And I overheard them talking earlier: they want passion.

**TOMMY.** Passion?

**SARAH.** Right. Passion.

**TOMMY.** Okay.

**SARAH.** You can do it. Are you ready?

**TOMMY.** I haven’t even read the—

**SARAH.** Let’s go.

(She pulls TOMMY back to center stage.)

Hi my name is Sarah Arlen and this is Tommy Hartley and we’re going to be auditioning for you now.

(She gets into character. TOMMY reads from the script. SARAH has it memorized.)

**TOMMY.** I don’t know if I love Anne any more.

**SARAH.** How can you say that?

**TOMMY.** I think there’s somebody else that I love more.

**SARAH.** Gregory, don’t. Please. You can’t mean me.

**TOMMY.** I do. You see, Anne is... fat and ugly and wears too much makeup around her eyes. It makes her look like a pig ran through a department store. Also I hate her high, whiny voice. It’s like when she talks all the dogs in the neighborhood come running. And she smells like bacon all the time. I don’t know why. Why did I ever start going out with her?

**SARAH.** You were crazy.

**TOMMY.** I was, but now I see you.

**SARAH.** You do?
TOMMY. Yes, compared to you, my current girlfriend is a bloated dead octopus washing up on the shore punctured with thirty hypodermic needles left over by the mafia. But you—

SARAH. Yes?

TOMMY. You are the most beautiful girl in the world. You are a star, a diamond, a diamond star, you are the cherry on top of my sundae, you are the whipped cream in my hot chocolate, you are the teeth in my mouth. I want to kiss you. And not just a regular kiss, a super kiss, the kind of kiss where you it’s like you’ve been hit in the head with the brick of love and you’re bleeding out the side of your head where you got hit with that brick, and even the blood that’s oozing down your hair is beautiful. Like that.

SARAH. Kiss me then you sad wonderful fool.

(TOMMY stops. SARAH whispers to him loudly.)

It says you’re supposed to kiss me.

TOMMY. I know, I’m just—

SARAH. You need to kiss me to get the part. He wants passion.

TOMMY. Okay, um…

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) That’s enough, thank you.

TOMMY. Thank you. I need to go.

(He leaves, relieved.)

SARAH. So is there like a romantic duo we could be cast as? Did you see that chemistry?

(Lights change.)

STAGE MANAGER. Break for the day!

(The actors appear, each headed home in different directions. CARRIE settles downstage.)

CARRIE. My life: by Carrie.

(CARRIE’S MOTHER enters wearily and sits.)

CARRIE’S MOTHER. What are you doing this time?
CARRIE. I’m practicing.

CARRIE’S MOTHER. For what?

CARRIE. There’s a musical at school.

CARRIE’S MOTHER. Oh.

CARRIE. I’m auditioning for it.

CARRIE’S MOTHER. Can you practice somewhere else? I’m trying to watch T.V.

CARRIE. Don’t you want to know what the show is?

CARRIE’S MOTHER. I’m sure it’s fine.

(Short pause.)

Fine. What’s the show?

CARRIE. A Chorus Line.

CARRIE’S MOTHER. Okay.

CARRIE. It won the Pulitzer Prize.

CARRIE’S MOTHER. I’m sure it did.

(CARRIE’S MOTHER sighs heavily.)

CARRIE. Are you feeling okay?

CARRIE’S MOTHER. No I’m tired because I had a long day. I just want to sit here and relax. Is that all right with you?

CARRIE. Do you want something to eat? I could make dinner.

CARRIE’S MOTHER. No.

CARRIE. Can I make myself some dinner?

CARRIE’S MOTHER. Do whatever you want just quit bothering me.

CARRIE. Okay.

(CARRIE approaches the audience again.)

My life: by Carrie. My life is the most wonderful thing.
(She stops.)

My life is the...when I was ten years old I got cast in the school play. We were doing this play our teacher wrote about Winnie the Pooh. I was Tigger. Probably because I was pretty hyper. I even got to sing a song about Tiggers. I was so excited I stayed after school every day, and I learned my lines in the first week, and every night at home I’d sing my song about Tiggers and how they were made out of rubber and everything. Our school didn’t have a lot of money, but my friend’s Mom made me a costume and we had a lot of fun. And I felt really good about it. I mean, I felt...amazing. It was like my whole life I was looking for something I was good at, and then all of a sudden here it was, I was good at being Tigger. I couldn’t run fast, I wasn’t good at math, I couldn’t even spell, but when I sang that Tigger song, I was proud. So the day of the show came, and I was backstage in my Tigger costume, and I was really nervous, I had to pee like every five minutes, and then I went out there on the stage, and the lights were really bright, and I could see the outline of all these heads out there, and I could hear them, and I did my song—and I just put everything I had into it, and I wasn’t nervous any more, I was happy, and when I finished...the whole audience applauded for me. For me. I had never been applauded for anything my whole life. And then after the show, all the parents were coming up and hugging their kids, even the kids who played trees, I remember this Dad came up and he was like, “you were the most realistic tree of all of them” and everyone was there. And everyone was getting hugged. And there were all these flowers. And I looked around for my Mom...and I kept looking around for her...and I kept looking. And then everyone started to go home. And I was still there. And I was still in that stupid Tigger costume. I asked her later why she didn’t come to my show, and she said, “what show?”

(Pause.)

I was really good, too.

(Lights change.)

(ACTOR 5 enters.)

ACTOR 5. (Extremely quiet:) Hi my name is Marissa.
MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) What?

ACTOR 5. (Just as quiet:) Marissa Leon.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Can you be louder please?

ACTOR 5. What?

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Louder!

ACTOR 5. This is as loud as I get.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I can’t hear what you’re saying!

(The STAGE MANAGER enters.)

STAGE MANAGER. You need to project.

ACTOR 5. (Barely audible:) I am projecting.

STAGE MANAGER. No. Out there. To the director.

ACTOR 5. What?

STAGE MANAGER. Let me help you. HELLLLOOO. Did you hear that? Did you hear how it reverberated in the theatre? You try it.

ACTOR 5. What am I supposed to say?

STAGE MANAGER. HELLLLLOOOO.

ACTOR 5. (Barely audible:) Hello.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) Okay, thank you.

STAGE MANAGER. All right, you’re done.

(ACTOR 5 whispers in STAGE MANAGER’s ear.)

She wants to know if there are any non-speaking roles.

(Lights change.)

(SOLEIL enters.)

STAGE MANAGER. Okay, this is so-leel.

SOLEIL. So-lay.

STAGE MANAGER. Why is it spelled so-leel then?
SOLEIL. It’s French. It means the sun.

STAGE MANAGER. You were named after the French sun?

SOLEIL. Actually I was named after the girl who played Punky Brewster. Soleil Moon Frye.

STAGE MANAGER. What?

SOLEIL. Punky Brewster. You know that show?

STAGE MANAGER. No. You’re weird.

SOLEIL. That’s what people have been telling me.

(Various ACTORS begin to enter. These roles do not need to be played by the “auditioning” actors.)

ACTOR 1. Have you seen that girl?

ACTOR 2. What a freak.

ACTOR 3. Who wears that?

ACTOR 4. Does she do that to her clothes herself?

ACTOR 1. She’s like just sitting there reading a book.

ACTOR 2. What is wrong with her?

ACTOR 3. Do you think she’s on drugs?

ACTOR 4. She’s totally on drugs.

ACTOR 1. You think you’re special or something?

ACTOR 2. Why do you look like that?

ACTOR 3. (Overlapping:) Why do you talk like that?

ACTOR 4. (Overlapping:) Why do you think like that?

ACTOR 1. No one likes you.

(The ACTORS speak to the audience as SOLEIL sits in the middle of them.)

ACTOR 1. All the time we see these girls.
The Audition

**ACTOR 2.** (Overlapping on “see”:) Walking in here like they own everything.

**ACTOR 3.** (Overlapping on “own”:) Like nothing applies to them.

**ACTOR 4.** (Overlapping on “nothing”:) So weird.

(They surround SOLEIL and speak at her.)

**ACTOR 1.** Head in your book.

**ACTOR 2.** Eyes down.

**ACTOR 3.** Don’t you care what people think of you?

**ACTOR 4.** Did you take a shower this morning?

**ACTOR 1.** You’re nothing.

**ACTOR 2.** (Overlapping:) You’re nothing.

**ACTOR 3.** (Overlapping:) You’re nothing.

**ACTOR 4.** (Overlapping:) You’re nothing.

**SOLEIL.** I can do this. I can be here.

**ACTORS 1.** The world takes people like you and chews them up—

**ACTORS 2-4.** (Overlapping with ACTOR 1:) You can’t. You can’t. You can’t.

**ACTOR 1.** You’re probably going to bring a gun to school.

**SOLEIL.** I can be in the show.

**ACTOR 1.** You’re a shadow—

**ACTOR 2.** You’re a nightmare—

**ACTOR 3.** You’re the thing we left behind—

**ACTOR 4.** I wish I could be like you.

**ACTORS 1-3.** Shhhh!

**ACTOR 1.** Don’t you know the world belongs to us?

**ACTOR 2.** To the pretty.

**ACTOR 3.** The popular.
ACTOR 4. The rich.
ACTOR 1. Don’t you know we’re happier than you?
ACTOR 4. I’m not happy.
ACTORS 1-3. Shhhh!
SOLEIL. I’m plenty happy.
ACTOR 1. You’re a freak.
ACTOR 2. Disease—
ACTOR 3. Emo—
ACTOR 4. You’re a depressed little doll in the corner.
SOLEIL. I’m not like you!
ACTORS 1-4. Of course you’re not!
SOLEIL. I’m not like you!
ACTORS 1-4. You wish you were. You wish you were.
SOLEIL. No I don’t!
ACTORS 1-4. You wish you were.
SOLEIL. I wish I was. Like you.
ACTORS 1-4. That’s all we wanted to hear.
(The ACTORS retreat to the shadows but remain visible.)
SOLEIL. I grew up alone. My Dad left us. My Mom didn’t make it. And I was alone.
ACTORS 1-4. (Whispering:) Ugly
SOLEIL. And I’d look at the girls who were pretty and the girls who were thin and the girls who seemed to know everything. They knew everything about clothes and money and music and what to say and how to laugh and they were so beautiful and I looked at myself in the mirror and I wasn’t like them. I wasn’t like them.
ACTORS 1-4. (Whispering:) No.
SOLEIL. I was something ugly, something diseased, something to be laughed at and destroyed and hated because I existed, just because I existed I was wrong and they were so easy, life was so easy for all of them as they got in their cars with their mothers on the way home and I was on the bus, I was alone on the bus and I’d always put my bag next to me on the seat and I’d sit up front next to the bus driver, and there was this boy who would sit behind me and he said I was the garbage can

ACTORS 1-4. (Whispering:) Hey there garbage can.

SOLEIL. And they’d throw garbage at me and he’d flick my ears and every day at recess I didn’t want to go outside, I prayed for rain every day and I never wanted to go outside because I had no one. No one at all near me.

ACTORS 1-4. (Whispering:) Garbage can.

SOLEIL. No one liked me. No one to talk to, and I just hoped the other kids would leave me alone and they wouldn’t say anything to me and they’d just let me read a book, and most days they just ignored me, but sometimes they’d take the kickball and they’d throw it at me, and they’d back me up into the wall and I’d stand there with my head against the wall and they’d throw the ball at me again and again and every once in a while a girl would come up and shove my head against the wall or kick me in the back of the legs or put mud in my hair. The teachers watched. They thought we were playing. And I went home alone and I cried on the way home and then I cried at night for my Mom who died when I six and after that I just wanted her to come back and they stared at me all the time they stared—

ACTORS 1-4.
You’re different—
You’re weird
You’re ugly
You’re poor
Sleep on dirt
Take a shower today?
Why don’t you just die?
SOLEIL. But I didn’t. Sorry to disappoint you. And I stopped caring what they said. And I stopped wishing I was like them.

ACTORS 1-4. You’re weird you’re ugly you’re poor you’re stupid—

SOLEIL. No I’m not. No I’m not. No I’m not. No I’m not. I’m going to be better than all of you. And when I got here—when I got to high school—I found this. And suddenly it wasn’t all that bad to be different. And suddenly it wasn’t all that awful to be weird. And I’m happy. And if someone asked me tomorrow if I’d trade it all to be average, to be just like them, to be pretty and simple and not think too much and have boys fall in love me and write me notes and go to the movies with my friends on weekends—if someone offered me that trade, you know what I’d say?

(Short pause.)

Yes. In a heartbeat.

(ELIZABETH enters.)

ELIZABETH. Hi. My name is Elizabeth Walker and I’ll be performing the role of Hamlet.

STAGE MANAGER. Isn’t that for a guy?

ELIZABETH. I think it was meant for a woman.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) That’s fine, Elizabeth.

(ELIZABETH performs the monologue. She’s very good.)

ELIZABETH. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o’er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth to me nothing but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action, how like an angel, in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.
And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me.

**MR. TORRANCE.** Thank you Elizabeth.

(CARRIE enters as ELIZABETH exits.)

**CARRIE.** Hi. I’m Carrie. Do you mind if I sing a song?

**MR. TORRANCE.** Please do. This is a musical people! You’re going to have to sing!

(ACTOR 3 enters.)

**ACTOR 3.** But there are non-singing roles, right?

**MR. TORRANCE.** A few.

**ACTOR 3.** Can I have one of the non-singing roles?

**MR. TORRANCE.** Please wait for your turn.

**ACTOR 3.** Oh.

(ACTOR 3 exits.)

**CARRIE.** Okay. Um...

(CARRIE presses an accompaniment CD in a boom box and presses play. She sings.)

(Productions may choose whichever audition song they would like. CARRIE should be an excellent singer and performer.)

(Lights down on her. The STAGE MANAGER enters.)

**STAGE MANAGER.** Call-backs are up. Call-backs are up.

(The ACTORS stream onto the stage. Some are delighted. Some are sad.)

**YUMA.** YES! YES! YES! YES!

**ACTOR 1.** Why don’t they love me? Why don’t they love me?

**ACTOR 6.** I made it! Oh my gosh!

**ACTOR 5.** My life is complete!

**SARAH.** Did you make it? Did you make it?
TOMMY. They want to see me again.

SARAH. They want to see us again. I have a whole new scene for us—I think you should come over to my house and rehearse it.

TOMMY. I’m sorry, I’m grounded.

SARAH. I’ll come over to your house then.

ACTOR 3. How many people made it?

ACTOR 4. How many parts are there?

ELIZABETH. Oh darn it.

CARRIE. Did you make it?

ALISON. There must be some kind of mistake here.

ACTOR 6. They LOVE ME! I knew it! They LOVE ME!

ALISON. Wait a minute. Hold on.

ACTOR 3. It’s only call-backs, it’s only call-backs.

ACTOR 2. I’m so getting a part in this show—

ALISON. Wait! Hold on! Wait! SHUT UP EVERYONE!

(Everyone stops.)

Um... Why isn’t my name on the list?

(Everyone slinks off.)

This is a mistake, right? Right?

(She exits. STAGE MANAGER enters.)

STAGE MANAGER. Come back tomorrow everyone.

(ALISON’S FATHER enters as the STAGE MANAGER leaves.)

ALISON’S FATHER. Is Mr. Torrance here? IS MR. TORRANCE HERE?!

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I’ll be right there.

ALISON’S FATHER. What is the meaning of this?!

(MR. TORRANCE enters.)
MR. TORRANCE. I’m not sure I know what you’re talking about.

ALISON’S FATHER. I’m Alison’s father.

MR. TORRANCE. Oh. Nice to meet you.

ALISON’S FATHER. I realize you’re new this year and you’re trying to change things—

MR. TORRANCE. Well Alison didn’t even really give an audition—

ALISON’S FATHER. Can I finish? That girl sings like an angel. All right? All these other kids sound like monkeys being shot. My girl is beautiful, she’s talented, and she’s amazing.

MR. TORRANCE. I’m sure she is, but—

ALISON’S FATHER. Can I finish? That girl has more talent in her freaking foot than you’ve ever seen in your life. When she did Belle, the audience was weeping for joy. Weeping. An old woman had a heart attack she was so good. And she kept watching the show, okay? This woman is dying and she’s happy because she’s watching my girl on stage.

MR. TORRANCE. She’s welcome to audition next year—

ALISON’S FATHER. Are you not listening to me? Do you have some kind of brain problem? Put Alison in the show.

MR. TORRANCE. No.

ALISON’S FATHER. Put Alison in the show.

MR. TORRANCE. I can’t do that.

ALISON’S FATHER. YOU ARE A MORON AND I WILL DESTROY YOU!!!

MR. TORRANCE. You need to calm down sir!

ALISON’S FATHER. I WILL CALM DOWN WHEN YOU ARE DEAD OR ALISON IS IN THE SHOW!!

MR. TORRANCE. I’m not putting Alison in the show!

ALISON’S FATHER. Let’s go! Let’s go!
(ALISON’S FATHER raises his hands in fists.)

**MR. TORRANCE.** I think you’re taking this a little overboard.

**ALISON’S FATHER.** Come on! Let’s see what you got!

**MR. TORRANCE.** I’m not going to fight you.

**ALISON’S FATHER.** THEN YOU WILL BE DESTROYED!

(ALISON’S FATHER attacks. He does a few karate moves. MR. TORRANCE runs. Finally he turns around and pushes ALISON’S FATHER, who immediately collapses.)

Aaaarrghgghghgh!

**MR. TORRANCE.** What? I didn’t even—

**ALISON’S FATHER.** Ow my hip! My hip! You broke my hip!

**MR. TORRANCE.** I barely touched you.

**ALISON’S FATHER.** You assaulted me! I’ve been battered and assaulted! I’m barely alive! I need to go to the hospital. It’s going dark. Why? Why?! What did I ever did to you?!

**MR. TORRANCE.** You said you were going to destroy me.

**ALISON’S FATHER.** I didn’t mean it. Oh...this is the end... I’m dying... I’m not going to make it. Goodbye cruel world. I’m coming for ya Papa. I’m coming...

(ALISON’S FATHER passes out. MR. TORRANCE looks around.)

**MR. TORRANCE.** Um...help?

(ALISON’S FATHER wakes up slightly.)

**ALISON’S FATHER.** Please...I have to tell you...something... Come closer...

**MR. TORRANCE.** Um...

**ALISON’S FATHER.** Please...closer...

(MR. TORRANCE leans in close.)

**MR. TORRANCE.** What?
ALISON’S FATHER. I’m suing you.

MR. TORRANCE. I’m still not putting her in the show.

ALISON’S FATHER. Fine.

(He gets up and leaves. The STAGE MANAGER enters.)

STAGE MANAGER. Okay, everyone out here.

(The ACTORS emerge, ready for call-backs.)

I need you in two lines. We need to test your dancing ability—

YUMA. Yes!

(YUMA takes a center position.)


(The first row and second row switch.)


(The first row and second row switch.)

Kick kick step kick shuffle spin kick twirl twirl stomp kick step kick.

(YUMA steps forward.)

YUMA. Then we add: sashay sashay work it work it work it! Everybody!

STAGE MANAGER. Wait no—

YUMA. Sashay sashay work it work it work it! Then Shake it shake it shake it work it shake it work it shake it work it shake it! Yeah! Yeah! Everybody!

ACTORS. Sashay sashay work it work it work it! Shake it shake it shake it work it shake it work it shake it work it shake it! Yeah! Yeah!
STAGE MANAGER. Stop stop stop!

YUMA. (To SARAH:) Um...are you aware that you suck?

STAGE MANAGER. Yuma! You are not the dance captain!

YUMA. Oh really? Maybe it’s time for a dance-off.

STAGE MANAGER. It’s not time for a dance-off.

YUMA. That’s cause you can’t bring it.

ACTOR 4. Aw no you di’in!

(They look at her.)

What? I’m street, I can’t help it.


STAGE MANAGER. You want me to bring it?

YUMA. I want you to bring it like the pizza delivery man. Piping hot and fresh. In under thirty minutes. Or it’s free.

STAGE MANAGER. All right. Let’s go.

(The ACTORS form a circle.)

STAGE MANAGER. Kick kick step kick shuffle kick stomp twirl twirl hands us hands up kick step shuffle kick step!

YUMA. Oh yeah? Shake it shake it shake it thriller thriller thriller! Zombie thing zombie thing up down sprinkler sprinkler sprinkler

STAGE MANAGER. (Interrupting:) Kick shuffle kick step shuffle kick—

YUMA. (Overlapping:) Work it work it work it thriller thriller thriller sprinkler sprinkler sprinkler yeah yeah yeah YEAH!

(They stop. Pause. Then both begin simultaneously again.)

STAGE MANAGER. (Simultaneous:) Kick step kick step flare flare flare spin twirl kick!

YUMA. (Simultaneous:) Shake it shake it shake it in your face in your face in your face!
The Audition

(They stop again.)
Aw, you been served.
(YUMA walks away. The ACTORS begin a slow clap.)

STAGE MANAGER. Oh stop it.
ACTOR 4. Aw no you di’in!
(The ACTORS look at her.)
Is that not appropriate right now? I’m not sure. Should I have said, “aw snap”? I can never figure out the difference between the two.

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) The cast list is up.
(The ACTORS surge to the side of the stage.)

SARAH. I’m girl number seven! I’m girl number seven! I’ve always wanted to be girl number seven! What part are you?
TOMMY. I’m boy number seven.
SARAH. It’s fate.
TOMMY. I have to go.
(TOMMY escapes.)
ACTOR 3. I’m boy number two? But I’m a girl.
ACTOR 4. I didn’t get it.
ACTOR 5. I have one line! One line!
ELIZABETH. I’m the show! Darn it.
ACTOR 7. Was there something wrong with my audition?
SOLEIL. I got a part!
(Lights change. CARRIE is left on-stage alone.)
CARRIE. Mom!
(CARRIE’S MOTHER is sitting in the chair.)
CARRIE’S MOTHER. What?
CARRIE. I got the lead!
CARRIE’S MOTHER. In what?
CARRIE. In the musical.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. Oh. Good.
CARRIE. It’s so cool, I have two songs, and then I get to...
CARRIE’S MOTHER. Wait a minute, when are you rehearsing this thing?
CARRIE. After school.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. Which days after school?
CARRIE. Every day after school. It’s only about two hours a day, though.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. You’re going to be at the school an extra two hours a day?
CARRIE. Yeah, but it won’t be a problem.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. When are you going to do your homework?
CARRIE. At night.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. I thought you were going to get a job.
CARRIE. I never said I was getting a job.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. You were going to apply at the grocery store.
CARRIE. When was that going to happen?
CARRIE’S MOTHER. You need to get a job.
CARRIE. Why?
CARRIE’S MOTHER. I don’t know, Carrie. For fun. Why do you think people have jobs?
CARRIE. But when was—?
CARRIE’S MOTHER. You need to help out around here. I pay for your food, I pay for your insurance. It’s not cheap. Where do you think the money’s gonna come from for you to go to college?
CARRIE. I can work at night—
CARRIE’S MOTHER. That’s not enough.
CARRIE. I’ll get a job after the show’s over—
CARRIE’S MOTHER. I don’t think so—
CARRIE. And then I’ll get a job over the summer, I can work plenty—
CARRIE’S MOTHER. And what are we going to do for money until then?
CARRIE. What have we been doing for money before now?
CARRIE’S MOTHER. You want to see my credit card bill? You want to? I need you to work. I don’t need you to waste your time with this thing.
CARRIE. I’m the lead role.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. They’ll find somebody else. You weren’t the only one who auditioned, right?
CARRIE. No there were lots of people who auditioned and I got the part—
CARRIE’S MOTHER. Then they’ll put one of them in. End of discussion. Go in tomorrow and tell your teacher.

(She goes back to watching television. CARRIE waits there.)

CARRIE. (Under her breath:) You probably wouldn’t of come anyway.

CARRIE’S MOTHER. What?
CARRIE. I want to do this.
CARRIE’S MOTHER. I know you do and I’m sorry about that but there’s nothing I can do.

CARRIE. What do you mean there’s—
CARRIE’S MOTHER. I’m tired of talking about it.
CARRIE. I’m sorry am I taking up too much of your laying around time?

CARRIE’S MOTHER. I’m tired.

CARRIE. You’re always tired!

CARRIE’S MOTHER. Cause I work twelve hours a day, that’s why! And if you don’t want to be like me, you better work now so you can go to college.

CARRIE. Mom. I’ll make the money somehow but I’m going to do this show.

(Her MOTHER is about to say something.)

Just listen to me for a minute, okay? I’m going to go to college and I’m not going to be like you. You understand that? I’m not like you. And you know what that means? That means when I have a child I’m going to love them and support them and I’m going to take an interest in their life. And when my kid is in a show I’m going to be there every single night cheering for them. Do you understand that? I’ve stopped waiting for you to appreciate me. I appreciate myself. And maybe that’s not everything, but it’s enough.

(Pause.)

CARRIE’S MOTHER. (Getting up:) Maybe you should live on your own then.

CARRIE. That’s not what I want—

CARRIE’S MOTHER. Where’d you get those clothes? Where’d you get those shoes? What did you have to eat today? Do I charge you rent? I don’t really have anyone helping me out here, kid. Your father isn’t around to do it. And you got all that stuff from me. From me. So don’t sit there and say I didn’t give you anything. I gave you everything you own.

(CARRIE’S MOTHER leaves.)

CARRIE. Being a mother is about more than that.

(CARRIE sits. She sings a part of her audition song softly to herself.)

(She stops and cannot continue.)
(Lights change back to the auditorium. The STAGE MANAGER enters.)

STAGE MANAGER. All right! Let’s take it from the top!

(All the ACTORS cast in the show come marching out in two lines. There is a hole in the line where CARRIE should be.)

MR. TORRANCE. (Off:) I want smiles! Big smiles! Keep those heads up! Soleil. Doing great. And kick! Kick! Kick! I want to see you believe it! Everybody should have a big face! Big face! Sarah big face!

(SARAH creates a “big face.”)

Tommy get close to her! Act like you like her! Sarah...

(SARAH acts like she likes TOMMY.)

And the music is going, the music is going, we’re singing—

(YUMA begins to break out of the line.)

Yuma stay in the line! Don’t say anything just stay in the line! And big finish! Big finish! Sell it sell it Elizabeth sell it! And curtain. Everybody loves you.

STAGE MANAGER. Two minutes!

ACTORS. Thank you two.

(The ACTORS break out of character and wander off.)

MR. TORRANCE. (Entering:) Soleil. Hold up.

SOLEIL. Yeah?

MR. TORRANCE. If Carrie can’t make it, I want you to do her part.

SOLEIL. ...Okay.

MR. TORRANCE. Good.

(Short pause.)

By the way, you’re terrific.

(MR. TORRANCE walks off. SOLEIL remains for a moment, smiling. CARRIE enters in a rush.)
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