

AUDITION NOTICE



MONDAY, JANUARY 29TH AT 6 PM

CAMPUS BLACK BOX THEATRE

PERFORMANCE DATES: APRIL 3-6

PLEASE PREPARE A 45 SECOND TO 1 MINUTE MONOLOGUE.

CALLBACKS

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30TH AT 6 PM

CAMPUS BLACK BOX THEATRE



[HTTP://TINYURL.COM/THEEASTFORM](http://tinyurl.com/theeastform)

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OR MIA PHILLIPS MNPILLIPS691@GMAIL.COM (STAGE MANAGER)

THE FEAST CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

MATT - A TALENTED YET PARANOID ARTIST. STRUGGLES TO GRAPPLE WITH HIS OWN REALITY (ANY GENDER)

ANNA - MATT'S SMART, CAPABLE, AND EMPATHETIC PARTNER. TRIES TO RECREATE THE LIFE SHE ONCE LOVED (ANY GENDER)

THE MAN - A MULTIFACETED BEING WHO SERVES AS THE PLUMBER, THERAPIST, AGENT, AND SECRET BOYFRIEND TO ANNA. CONFIDENT AND KNOWLEDGEABLE IN EVERY ASPECT THAT MATT IS NOT NOT (ANY GENDER)

CALLBACK SIDES

FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH THE CALLBACK MATERIAL AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE

CALLBACK MATERIALS & SCRIPT ARE AVAILABLE AT CAMPUS THEATRE 204

CALLBACK #1 - MATT AND ANNA

- PAGES 9-10

CALLBACK #2 - MATT AND ANNA

- PAGES 20-21

CALLBACK #3 - MATT AND THE MAN

- PAGES 17-18

CALLBACK #4 - MATT AND THE MAN

- PAGES 37-38

2.

After a moment, Matt collects himself and walks into the bathroom.

Lights change. It's that night. Anna is there next to him in the bathroom in pajamas with his-and-hers electric toothbrushes.

They brush in silence for a moment.

START

ANNA. *(Toothbrush in mouth.)* Do you think I'm brusque?

MATT. *(Toothbrush in mouth.)* Do I think you're what?

Anna removes the toothbrush so she can enunciate.

ANNA. "Brusque."

MATT. I don't even know that word.

ANNA. "Abrupt and curt in manner of speech." I looked it up.

MATT. You're not abrupt and curt in manner of speech. Why?

ANNA. They said that in my performance review today.

MATT. That you're brusque?

ANNA. Yeah.

MATT. You're not brusque.

ANNA. Thanks. But *you're* kind of brusque.

MATT. I am?

ANNA. Yeah. So maybe you don't notice my brusqueness. It's just natural to you.

MATT. That's a ridiculous thing to tell someone. To tell your employee. How do they expect you to act on that?

ANNA. I suppose they want me to become less abrupt. Less curt.

MATT. Like just, use long sentences?

ANNA. Maybe.

MATT. Talk slower?

ANNA. Maybe.

MATT. Who wants a slow-talking consultant? Or like a really

long-winded consultant? I'd want my consultants to be as brusque as possible.

ANNA. Don't brush so long, babe.

MATT. I haven't gotten to all the teeth yet.

ANNA. You're gonna make your gums bleed.

MATT. Yeah, yeah.

Matt spits, rinses his mouth.

ANNA. And you know how I hate it when I kiss you and your gums have been bleeding. All that iron. It's like I'm making out with a rake.

Anna tries to kiss Matt.

He pulls away.

No?

MATT. You've still got that stuff all over your mouth.

ANNA. I know, I'm minty fresh.

She tries to kiss him again.

MATT. Spit your thing first.

ANNA. Nope.

MATT. Spit your thing!

She keeps trying

Horrible. Horrible.

ANNA. You love it.

MATT. Horrible.

ANNA. I just can't help myself when you're wearing this.

MATT. Is that so?

ANNA. You look like a wizard.

MATT. Yeah?

Anna grabs him and pushes him up against the wall. He laughs.

ANNA. I just wanna put a big gray tangled beard on you. And like a hat.

END

MATT. So...*you know about them?*

THERAPIST. Of course.

MATT. Oh my God! Wait. We're talking about the same thing?

THERAPIST. Yes, Matt.

MATT. Sorry. This is just a lot at once.

THERAPIST. It's good. Let it out.

MATT. They're...they're ancient, aren't they? They've lived down there forever. Lifetimes and lifetimes.

THERAPIST. Long enough to listen to empires rising and crumbling far above.

MATT. I knew it! They're beautiful!

THERAPIST. Yes.

MATT. I was frightened at first. But they're *beautiful*.

THERAPIST. Yes.

MATT. It was so intimate! Being a part of their—It almost felt like something I shouldn't even have *seen*, it / was so—

THERAPIST. Maybe you shouldn't have.

Beat.

MATT. Oh. You think so?

Silence.

OK. I won't do it again.

THERAPIST. Mm.

Matt is scared.

MATT. Really, if I offended them by going down there, I—I hope I didn't offend them. Did I offend them?

Beat.

START

The therapist looks up, confused.

THERAPIST. I'm sorry, Matt. I think you've lost me.

MATT. ...I've lost you?

THERAPIST. (*Looking through notes.*) You mention not wanting to offend someone. Being worried you offended someone. But I'm not sure who you're talking about.

MATT. ...Really?

The therapist just stares.

But we were—

THERAPIST. Yes?

MATT. What were we just talking about?

THERAPIST. What do you recall us talking about?

MATT. No, no. Don't play games with me now. What were we *just* talking about? Seconds ago?

THERAPIST. Why do you think you're getting upset with me?

Matt collects himself.

MATT. Anna's parents. That's who I was talking about. I worry I offended Anna's parents. When I forgot to bring them a gift at their Christmas party / last year.

THERAPIST. Well I'm sorry to say we're all out of time. We'll pick this up again next week.

Matt gets up.

MATT. Thank you, Mark.

THERAPIST. My pleasure, Matt. Take care.

Matt goes.

The therapist's voice stops him at the door.

(Looking down at his notes.) You know tonight is the feast. You can't miss the feast.

MATT. What?

THERAPIST. ...I'm sorry?

MATT. What did you just say?

THERAPIST. I didn't say anything, Matt.

END

ANNA. I did.

Beat.

MATT. Who?

ANNA. A coworker. You don't know him.

MATT. What's his name?

ANNA. It doesn't matter.

MATT. What's his name?

ANNA. Connor.

Beat.

MATT. (*As though this is the most vile and foolish name in the world.*) Connor?

ANNA. I ended it today. He'd bought me a ticket to Venice.

MATT. Wow.

ANNA. He wanted us to take the weekend there.

MATT. There was never any trip to Philly.

ANNA. Pittsburgh.

MATT. There was never any trip to Pittsburgh.

ANNA. Right.

MATT. There was never any struggling company in Pittsburgh.

ANNA. I gave him back the ticket. I told him it's over. That we're done and never speaking about it again. I want you. I want to be with you. But I knew I had to tell you, so that we could figure out what happens next together.

Beat.

Matt brightens.

START

MATT. Nope. Nope, you didn't have to tell me.

ANNA. ...Of course I did.

MATT. Nope. I don't understand why we're having this talk at all. This is silly.

ANNA. How is it *silly*?

MATT. It's dramatic! People have their secrets. Everyone has secrets. I have my secrets.

ANNA. Are you sleeping with someone?

MATT. I have my secrets!

ANNA. So tell me. Let's lay it all on the table.

MATT. I don't want to lay it all on the table! Having secrets is healthy, it's part of being an adult. We could have just gone right on living our own normal, adult private lives, and being happy.

ANNA. But it wasn't working.

MATT. Of course it was working! Just the other night, you were calling me a wizard and it was so sexy and easy and fun!

ANNA. Because I was *performing*.

MATT. No you weren't!

ANNA. We were play-acting some moment in our relationship that passed a long time ago.

MATT. If you were performing then you were doing an awesome job—why do you have to stop performing? Life is performing!

ANNA. This is my fault. I'm owning that. But the problem is bigger than this.

MATT. No. You're not allowed to do that.

ANNA. Do / what?

MATT. You can't retroactively decide our relationship is a mess just because you went and fucked it up. We have a *model* relationship other than that.

ANNA. That's just not / true!

MATT. That, ah, your—your friend! She said we were proof that people from different walks of life can forge, like, / a happy life together!

ANNA. She said that *two years ago*! It was an offhand comment! I don't know how that got so *stuck* in your brain, you bring that up every time / we fight!

MATT. I've brought it up maybe *twice*! Because we never fight!

ANNA. Also, my "friend"? Her name is Sarah, you've met her at least / ten times,

MATT. I / know that.

ANNA. it's crazy that you don't remember her name.

END

Matt is ready for the impact, ready to strike back...

Connor pulls the punch and laughs.

CONNOR. HAAAAA! Bring it in. Bring it in.

He embraces Matt.

Man, I GOT you!

MATT. Yep. You sure / did.

CONNOR. You probably thought I was actually gonna do it!

MATT. *(Quiet.)* I / was hoping, man.

CONNOR. *(Not hearing.)* You see those ladies across the street? They were all ready to call the cops.

MATT. Oh yeah. Fun times.

CONNOR. *(Pointing at Matt)* You! You, sir, are one crazy bitch.

MATT. What can I say.

He grabs Matt around the shoulders.

CONNOR. I love it! One nutty fuckin' plumber, dude. I love this guy!

Some more manly fist-bumping and chest-punching.

Laughter subsides.

Connor checks his phone.

START

MATT. You keep checking your phone, man.

CONNOR. Yeah, that girl. That coworker. She was supposed to be here tonight.

MATT. *(With effort.)* ...Sounds like you're a little hung up on her.

Connor shows surprising vulnerability.

CONNOR. Well it's just confusing, dude, you know?

MATT. I *don't* know. Tell / me.

CONNOR. We were gonna go to *Venice*.

MATT. ...*Venice*?

CONNOR. Yeah, she's always wanted to go. She bought us tickets and everything. Then the day of the flight she canceled it. Gave me this long speech about how she was too in love with me and she needed to slow down.

MATT. ...That's...nuts.

CONNOR. *Women*, right? Like, if you're too in love, maybe you should listen to your heart, and just come ride a fuckin' gondola with me, you know? Figure out the details later.

MATT. Women.

CONNOR. She's a special one. I've never met someone like her. She's a rising star in the company—so smart, so kind, such sparkling wit—we just talk for hours. About business, about life, about kids... We just got lost in each other, you know?

Connor checks his phone again. Matt rubs his face, restrains himself.

MATT. So why isn't she here tonight?

CONNOR. So she's got a...sort of...boyfriend.

MATT. What's a sort of boyfriend? I've never heard of a sort of boyfriend.

CONNOR. Don't judge me.

MATT. I don't. If she's cheating, it's probably his own fucking fault.

CONNOR. Easy, man! I feel bad for the guy. He's like a *painter*?

MATT. A painter?

CONNOR. Yeah, he does paintings. Like in galleries.

MATT. I didn't even know they had those anymore.

CONNOR. I guess he's the last one. But anyway apparently he's this depressive mess and she feels guilty about—

He gets a text.

...Oh.

MATT. What.

CONNOR. Don't worry about it.

MATT. It's from her, isn't it.

CONNOR. It's nothing.

MATT. Come on—now I'm intrigued.

CONNOR. She says "sorry I can't come tonight. I'm taking care of the boyfriend."

Beat.

MATT. Huh.

END