

Insignificance Auditions

Name: _____ Email: _____

Please select several times according to your availability and the roles you wish to read for. Return to andyflavoured@mail.com. Speeches are on the next page. All three audition nights will be held at the Small Hall at Kelvedon Institute.

Professor (Albert Einstein, 74): "White-haired and bright-eyed. Around 70 years old. He wears a shabby sweatshirt (Princeton) and a loose, dark suit. He thinks a great deal and speaks concisely." Calm and undemonstrative but harbours deep-seated guilt about his role in establishing the atom bomb. Accepts people on their merits - not judgemental or snobbish.

Senator (Senator Joe McCarthy 45) "A fat, red, sweaty man, wearing a large, pale, sweaty suit." Poorly educated; brutal self-deceptive reactionary who likes to maintain a façade of fairness, and who turns out to be a closet philosopher. No self-doubts but wants to be loved and trusted. Given to abrupt changes of mood between menacing, threatening & sympathetic. More loud and brash than quiet.

Actress (Marilyn Monroe, 27): "A stunning blonde carefully composed to look a little younger than she is. Listening to her one might guess at twenty years, at other times 40. She is dressed in a pleated white skirt, dark glasses and a well-worn fur coat". Yearns to be taken seriously and not seen just as a dumb blonde.

Ballplayer (Joe DiMaggio, 39): "All-American boy turned 40. He resembles a retired astronaut." Athletic, jealous, stubborn and obdurate, proudly dumb-witted, yet loyal and devoted to Marilyn. Prepared to change to keep her and to father a son.

	Actress (F)	Ball Player (M)	Professor (M)	Senator (M)
10 Feb	Read-through open to all			
6 pm				
11 Feb	Individual auditions			
8pm				
8:15				
8:30				
8:45				
9pm				
9:15				
9:30				
9:45				
12 Feb	Individual auditions			
8pm				
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9pm				
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9:45				

Actress

I play this girl. She's a what, not a who. She has no name; she's just a figment of this guy's imagination. He just imagines having me around the place, you know? I spend the entire movie in the tub or in the kitchen or having my skirt blown up around my ears. They fixed up a wind machine beneath a grating out on fifty-third; I've been out there since before midnight having my skirt blown up around my goddam ears. I know now why umbrellas give up. So it got to three-thirty and there were about a thousand people cheering each time the fan went wham and the police finally made us pack up at three so's the milk trucks could get through the crowd. And I knew my last chance to see you before you left New York or I died of intimate exposure would be to wake you up in the middle of the night and I told myself, 'Go ahead, because if he doesn't understand how you have to wake people up in the middle of the night sometimes, nobody will.' I mean if he doesn't give a damn about it then he's the sort of person worth meeting enough to take the chance he might be grouchy and tell you to get lost, and anyway, I figured I'd been making such a dodo of myself all night I couldn't make a bigger dodo of myself if I came, so I came. I thought, 'What the hell.' Have you ever noticed how 'What the hell' is always the right decision? What did you do tonight?

Ball Player

I got it all figured out. I had a long walk. You want a kid. I want a kid. We get on most of the time but the problem is most of the time you can't stand me, right? And why can't you stand me? Because I'm stupid, I admit it. I'm proud of it but it drives you nuts. Well let me reveal you a secret: I am not genuinely stupid. I just enjoy being stupid. I have always enjoyed being stupid. From an early age I have revelled in stupidity. Let me tell you another thing: I am also as stubborn as a mule, which explains why when you told me so often to smarten up and left books on the TV accidentally, I'd even read the ones that looked kinda interesting. But I took a walk and I had a long think. I've been thinking and what I decided was that if you still want me to smarten up, well I reckon you're worth it. *(pause)* So what I reckon is while you finish your movies I'll sit right down and read a few good books. And I'll get rid of the TV so there's no more TV and no more TV dinners. If you like, no more ball games. You come home, I'll smarted up. We'll have a couple of kids. No more gum.

Professor

In my lifetime I have been accused by the Swiss of being a German Fascist, by the Germans of being a Zionist conspirator, and by the Americans of being a German Fascist, a Zionist conspirator and now a Soviet Communist. I have been both an internationalist and a die-hard patriot. By two magazines in the same week I was called a conscientious objector and a war-monger; both were reviewing a speech I made to the Mozart Appreciation Society of New England. Now I am asked to stand and say Yes or No to a question that belongs in a fourth-grade Latin examination paper so that you can decide if I deserve to be called an American. I tell you, on or off the record, I don't care. I never chose America, to my shame I was avoiding Dachau.

I am seventy years old. I wouldn't survive the publicity. I want to die quietly where I can just slip off the edge of this dreary, painful world. Like Columbus never did. Unfortunately. What was it your husband said? If Columbus had slipped up, we would all have been Indians. Cherokee. Instead, what are we? Americans. And listen to us. 'I am a Texan'; 'I am a New Yorker'; 'I am a Democrat'; 'I own three automobiles'. All pathetic little beliefs fuelled by fear of being nothing at all. And what is worse, their property, their nations, are not enough. And so they erect false gods at some supposed centre from which to measure their own position in this madman's scheme of things. She is the most beautiful, I am this beautiful. He is the most knowledgeable, I am this much knowledgeable. He is the most powerful, I am hardly powerful at all. They will not take responsibility for their world. They would load it on to the shoulders of a few. And the weight of so many people's worlds, I tell you, it's too heavy!

Senator

SENATOR Now the first thing you have to remember is that you ain't on trial. You're not accused of anything. You're not here to be accused. If you feel accused then I'm an unhappy man. Are you feeling accused?

PROFESSOR No, I am feeling persecuted.

SENATOR Are you now?

PROFESSOR Or have I ever been?

SENATOR That ain't an accusation, it's an enquiry. Entirely off the record, would you like to tell me what your answer to that question might be? There's only two answers, yes or no. Those few citizens who have decided not to use either of those words, I'll tell you, they have turned these hearings into one royal pain. You know the most times one man has cited the Fifth Amendment? Seventy nine times. He got awfully tired. He got to yelling it then he got to muttering it, then he got to repeating it so hoarse we had to ask him to speak up four times so's we could hear what he was saying. Fourth time he just said, 'Yes I was.' He'd meant yes all along. Now I'm not here to persuade you to one testimony or another, all I ask is that you give us a straight answer to a straight question so we can all fly home and get a long weekend. Last time I bought a ticket south I had to spend two extra sessions trying that jumped-up nigger Robeson for contempt and missed the damn plane. Try one of those little words, Yes or No, by way of experiment.