

RELENTLESSLY PLEASANT AUDITION OVERVIEW & SIDES

We're looking forward to seeing you for auditions for *Relentlessly Pleasant*.

Please email info@tictheater.com to confirm your time & state any conflicts with the schedule.

The piece is a fast-moving ensemble comedy, so we're seeking actors with excellent availability.

Bring your headshot/resume with you to auditions & arrive 10 minutes before your time slot.

DATE & TIME assigning 5 min slots on Mon. Aug. 13 & Tue Aug. 14 from 5:45-8:45 PM

LOCATION Shetler Studios, 244 West 54th Street, 12th Floor

LINK TO SIDES <http://www.tictheater.com/auditions.html>

SCHEDULE

CALLBACKS Wed Aug. 22 from 5:45-8:45 PM – you'll hear at auditions if you're called back

REHEARSALS Sept. 5-Oct. 7: Tue/Wed/Thur from 6:30-9:30 PM and Sundays from 1-5 PM

TECH Mon. Oct. 8 from 6:30-10:30 PM (note: this is Columbus Day)

DRESS Tue. Oct. 9 from 6:30-10:30 PM

14 PERFORMANCES 3 weeks: Wed-Sat Oct. 10-27 @ 7:30 PM & 2 Sunday matinees @ 2:30 PM

This is an AEA showcase, approval pending, \$300 stipend if cast.

ABOUT TONGUE IN CHEEK THEATER PRODUCTIONS

Since 2006, Tongue in Cheek Theater Productions (Ms. Jake Lipman, Producing Artistic Director) has produced over 35 thought-provoking comedies in NYC, including the world premiere productions of *Buffalo Heights* and the adaptation of *The Inn at Lake Devine*.

RELENTLESSLY PLEASANT

Mary Sue Coleman, president of the Association of American Universities, said that at work, women have to be “relentlessly pleasant” to get ahead.

Over the last 8 months, *Relentlessly Pleasant* was created to examine how women work together and the ways in which power dynamics shape a person's experience at work. Set in an all-female co-working space, the staff grapples with issues of #MeToo, nepotism, and wrongful termination, alongside positive developments like women supporting each other, having fun and inside jokes at work, and pushing ahead with their feminist ideals.

Thanks for your interest in this project!

AUDITION. ALISON & GINA.

GINA leads potential clients, a MOM and DAUGHTER, who just toured the space, off left.

MOM. I hope it works out for you gals.

GINA. Why don't we peek in on Eleanor Roosevelt on your way out...

SCENE STARTS:

Tightly-wound co-founder ALISON is now alone in the Co-Lab (conf. room). A beat.

ALISON "I sure do hope this works out for you gals." (*Mutters, reliving recent comments.*)
"Studies show." "Synergies." "Does anyone even work here?"

Upbeat and woo-woo co-founder, GINA re-enters.

ALISON. Could that have gone any worse?

GINA. It wasn't terrible!

ALISON. We were late to meet them --

GINA. I had to pee!

ALISON. We couldn't get the media to work! You kept interrupting!

GINA. Maybe, though, we are exactly what they need right now!

ALISON. No, Gina, they're exactly what we need.

GINA. Same difference! I love their mission --

ALISON. If we don't meet projections this month, we're --

GINA. Have faith! We're gonna be... amazing!

ALISON. We're over-extended, Gina. If enrollment doesn't pick up --

GINA. You said, but --

ALISON. That fiasco with the plumbing, and the damage to the floor below --

GINA. You fixed it!

ALISON. I threw money at it!

GINA. And that fixed it!

ALISON. I borrowed from the twins' college fund to cover it! (*Did not mean to reveal this.*) Andres doesn't know about that.

GINA. He doesn't?!

ALISON. You cannot tell him, G! He'll lose his -- we're just both tapped out, on opposite schedules -- God only knows how long he's in London -- I've barely slept all week! I begged him, for us to hire a nanny or even a housekeeper, someone, but the cost of even that freaked him out --

GINA. Shhhh -- calm down. I'm not gonna tell him!

ALISON. Promise me.

GINA. I promise! It's all good. (*Reassuringly.*) He told me things are crazy.

ALISON. How'd you mean?

GINA. I just meant, you both need to take it down a notch. Seriously! You're gonna have an aneurism!

ALISON. When did you speak to him last?

GINA. This morning. I like the beard. (*This detail is news to ALISON.*) ...Deep breath in.

ALISON. I can't do your airy-fairy breathing right now!

GINA. Fine, then. Just calm down! (*Laughs.*) We just had a perfectly... productive... tour, we have that big interview later today, and we're nearly at capacity for Launch Day!

ALISON. Launch Day is a free event! Our conversion numbers are pitiful --

GINA. Enough money talk! Look, Ali... I know, I truly believe, that we never get more than we can handle. (*Re: pregnancy.*) I wanted this more than anything. (*She gets emotional.*) And you wanted this (*Re: HER(E) SHE*) more than anything. And we're working hard. It's all building to this!

ALISON. ...What if they were right about me?

GINA ...Not making partner?

ALISON nods.

GINA. Just look what we've -- what you've accomplished in, what --

ALISON. Six months.

GINA. Six months! You're a boss! And! We're changing the way women work! We are gonna glean, grow, and go after our goals!

ALISON. ...Oh, God.

GINA. No one else could do this. It's ours!

ALISON ...Yeah.

GINA. (*Prompting their official cheer for the space.*) When I say, "HER(E)," you say...?

ALISON Gina...

GINA. When I say, "HER(E)," you say...?

ALISON ...She.

GINA. HER(E) --

ALISON. She.

GINA. Louder. HER(E) --

ALISON. She!

GINA. -- Like you believe it! HER(E) --

ALISON. SHE!

GINA & ALISON. HER(E)! SHE! GROWS!

GINA. We got this!

ALISON. O-K...

GINA. It's a mindset!

ALISON. No! ...It's hard work!

GINA. Yeah, well, they're not mutually exclusive!

AUDITION. BETH & EMILY.

Sincere and sweet Receptionist BETH leads MULTI-TRACK ACTOR F: MULTI-TASKING CANDIDATE into Co-Lab (conference room).

BETH (*To MULTI-TASKING CANDIDATE*). Can I get you a water, tea, coffee, or kombucha? We make our own.

CANDIDATE. Diet coke?

BETH. Oh, we're a no soda co-working space.

MULTI-TASKING CANDIDATE. Really?

BETH. The diet industry is fundamentally anti-women.

MULTI-TASKING CANDIDATE ...Coffee?

BETH. Great. Cow, soy, or almond?

MULTI-TASKING CANDIDATE. What?

BETH. Cow, soy, or almond milk. For your coffee?

CANDIDATE. Black.

BETH. Be right back!

BETH exits the Co-Lab, sees EMILY in the hallway.

BETH. Hey... You still sick? (*EMILY looks upset.*) What's wrong?

EMILY. That photographer guy?

BETH shrugs.

EMILY. Uh -- I know him, a little, from this bar I used to work at -- ? He just got. Uh...

BETH. What?

EMILY. Nothing. (*That's not true.*) He kissed me and I was not... into it.

BETH. This just happened?!

EMILY. I said no. And it got really ...weird. It felt like he... Threatened me.

BETH. He threatened you?!

EMILY. No, no! I mean, it was just... implied. I don't know. God.

BETH. Is he still here?

EMILY. No. He left. Down the freight.

BETH. We have to tell Alison!

EMILY. Definitely not! Alison hates me. (*Off BETH.*) It's over. Forget it.

BETH. But what if he comes back?

EMILY. I'll hide in the bathroom. I don't know!

BETH. This is really bad!

EMILY. It was just ...weird. It happens... (*Sighs.*) I'll be fine.

BETH. (*Thinks.*) We'll tell Gina.

EMILY. What's she gonna do?

BETH. She'll... ban him from HER(E) SHE!

EMILY. Why'd they have a fucking guy taking our pictures?

BETH. Most of the trades people were guys? I don't know. All the more reason to tell them --

EMILY. What if they ask if I was flirting with him? (*Insistent.*) ...I wasn't! He's like, forty! (*Remembers.*) And he drinks too much. And gets really. I dunno. In your space.

BETH. Tell Gina that.

EMILY. It'll just make me look bad.

BETH. How'dya mean?

EMILY. Alison thinks I dress slutty. I'm on her shit list.

BETH. (*Unconvincingly.*) No.

EMILY. C'mon.

AUDITION. CARLA & DEDE.

A Co-Lab (conference room); BETH (Sweet, sincere), CARLA (Social Media, stylish), and DEDE (confident, questions everything) enter; they're setting up a green room for HER(E) SHE (said "Here She")'s Launch Day tomorrow.

DEDE. Don't you find all this gray and glass depressing?

CARLA. The table cloth and flowers will... brighten it up.

DEDE. Who's our keynote now?

CARLA. The Borough of Manhattan President.

DEDE. Who?

CARLA. Exactly.

DEDE. What about Huma? *(To BETH.)* Huma Abiden.

CARLA. *(Also explains to BETH.)* She's in my mom's book club. But Alison said the optics weren't good.

DEDE. Optics?

CARLA. I am this close to getting -- *(stops herself.)* Well, it's a long shot, but my sister is doing her masters at Oxford, and... I don't want to jinx it!

DEDE. Who?

CARLA. Can you keep a secret?

BETH & DEDE. Yes!

CARLA. Malala!

DEDE. The girl in India with the acid?

CARLA. Pakistan. She survived an assassination attempt by the Taliban!

DEDE. What about a queer or trans advocate of some kind.

CARLA. I'm working on it. I asked Rachel's people.

DEDE. *(To BETH.)* She interned at MSNBC.

CARLA. But her team's too busy with that summit for international relations for women thingy, Women United, Women Uplifted.

DEDE. *(Saying the Acronym.)* Woo-woo? Oh, God, that's bad.

CARLA. Well, HER(E) SHE's not so great, either.

BETH. We get a lot of prank callers. "Is this the office of Hussy?"

CARLA. How 'bout "HER-o-SHE-ma?"

DEDE. Who says that? (*Laughs.*)

CARLA. My boyfriend does. (*Laughs.*) We better not blow up. (*Sees something on her phone.*) Oh, fuck.

DEDE (*Teasing.*) Uh, uh, uh! No cursing!

CARLA reads aloud from her phone, BETH and DEDE read along as she scrolls.

CARLA. "A new ladies-only social club and workplace opens next month in SoHo. 'Above & Beyond.' Above & Beyond -- where women rise above and beyond the glass ceiling. The space, with original art, high ceilings, and the airy feel of a boutique hotel in Paris, was designed by the female-led architecture firm of Solov and Jordan." (*Keeps reading.*) ...Massages...

DEDE. Made-to-order salads...

CARLA. Michelle Obama!

DEDE. Damn. Michelle Obama!

CARLA. Shhhhh! Look at their Instagram story!

DEDE. Oh shit.

CARLA. What do I do?!

DEDE. You gotta show Gina and Alison!

CARLA. When Gina interviewed me, I pitched all these great ideas, like Rose All Day Fridays, a dry bar station, or like, my friend Z could teach her hip hop class at lunchtime on Wednesdays. But Alison nixed it. We can't compete with this!

DEDE. I dunno about all that. I just kind of want to work someplace nice.

CARLA. Nice isn't good enough. Not anymore. God, what do I say? Alison'll flip when she finds out!

DEDE. What, are you afraid of her? (*Confesses.*) I kinda like how no bullshit she is. It's...

CARLA. What if she blames me for not knowing?

DEDE. Take a page out of her book and tell her like you're a man!

AUDITION. MARCUS & EMILY.

EMILY (pre-occupied, one of two Reception/Facilities staff), enters Co-Lab (conference room) with a container of wipes Aggressively wipes down the table, sings to herself.

MARCUS (40s, charismatic photographer), watches EMILY for a moment, struck by her.

MARCUS. Hey.

EMILY starts.

MARCUS. Sorry.

EMILY. Are you supposed to be here?

MARCUS. -- She. *(Laughs.)* I'm taking pictures.

MARCUS and EMILY recognize each other.

EMILY. Oh. Wait. I know you! You're -- Maker's Mark. Neat.

MARCUS *(Stammers, struck by EMILY.)* Right! Marcus.

EMILY. Emily. ...How are you?

MARCUS. Good, good, you?

EMILY. Fine. Yeah. I'm not bartending. Anymore. ...Obviously. *(Finishes cleaning, looks around.)*

MARCUS. Whatcha looking for?

EMILY. Trash can.

MARCUS hands EMILY a plastic bag.

EMILY. Thanks.

MARCUS. You sing, right?

EMILY. ...You remember that?

MARCUS. I shoot a lot of performers. And... I heard you earlier. *(EMILY laughs.)* Let me know if you have any performances coming up. *(Searches his pockets.)* I'm out of business cards --

EMILY. No worries -- I should finish wiping down the "Collaboration Spaces."

MARCUS. Catch you later!

EMILY. Thanks for the bag.

AUDITION. MULTI-TRACK ACTOR F & MULTI-TRACK ACTOR H.

At rise, MULTI-TRACK ACTOR F: DAUGHTER (20s, forward-thinking) and MULTI-TRACK ACTOR H: MOM (40s+, frank and folksy, unfamiliar with co-working concept) wait for a tour.

MOM. This is an office?

DAUGHTER. Co-working space, Mom.

MOM. Like a... library?

DAUGHTER. Sorta. There's coffee and snacks --

MOM. So, like a... Starbucks.

DAUGHTER. But quieter, and cleaner, and it's women-only --

MOM. So it's like a social club?

DAUGHTER. It's an office, Mom. For women.

MOM. Where are the desks?

DAUGHTER. You bring your laptop, and pick a seat.

MOM. Where would we do our events?

DAUGHTER. That big room.

ALISON (direct co-founder of HER(E) SHE) strides down hall, while GINA (the very pregnant, warm, and woo-woo co-founder), trails behind.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D). This is how we attract new women. And stay relevant.

MOM. Why we can't stay relevant from the Upper East Side is beyond me.

DAUGHTER. You just answered your own question.

GINA. Welcome to HER(E) SHE!

ALISON. Alison Lee Weber.

GINA. Hi, I'm Gina LoCoco. Here -- *(hands out folders.)* -- she!

MOM. Where is everybody?

DAUGHTER. She means the other co-workers.

GINA. It's early yet! And, uh, we're still new -- Our Collaborators come and go as they please --

MOM. Like a waiting room?

DAUGHTER. Mom!

ALISON. We've created a space for women to glean, grow, and go after their goals.

DAUGHTER. Could be good for smaller sessions?

MOM. Who are the women who work here?

GINA. -- She! (*Explains joke.*) HER(E)... SHE. Uh, all kinds of -- Entrepreneurs, independent contractors, and creatives.

MOM. Any other non-profits?

GINA. You would be our first!

MOM. (To GINA.) So, this is your space?

GINA. We run HER(E) SHE together.

MOM (*To GINA, re: pregnancy.*) Not a moment too soon for you.

GINA. I'm not due for a few months --

MOM. And then, what? (*Re: ALISON.*) She'll take over everything?

ALISON. We're partners.

MOM. But who's in charge?

GINA. We both are. I would love to hear more about what you are looking for.

DAUGHTER. (*Delicately.*) After recent... changes, in our... board --

MOM. Oh, Flora, we've been in the news... My daughter thinks now is the time to rethink... everything.

DAUGHTER. Well, we have an opportunity to look at new ways to meet and attract new kinds of women into public service!

MOM. Younger women, she means --

DAUGHTER. Yeah, and that's why we're here --

GINA. -- She! There are definite synergies!

MOM. What about the, the -- "Co-working"? Why would I need that?