

Recent Tragic Events: Audition Sides

Tongue in Cheek Theater Productions is holding auditions for AEA and non-union actors in its spring production of *Recent Tragic Events*, directed by Ms. Jake Lipman.

The play will receive an 8-show run, May 8-18 at The Bridge Theatre @ Shetler Studios.
Stipend: \$300 for the run of the show.

Auditions will take place on Tuesday, March 12 and Wednesday, March 13 from 6:30-9pm at Shetler Studios (244 West 54th Street, 12th Floor).

Please arrive 10 minutes before your time, with a headshot and resume.

Please note that due to the ensemble nature of this play, we are casting actors with excellent availability.

IMPORTANT DATES:

REHEARSALS: Tue/Wed/Thur nights and weekends: April 2-May 2 @ 7-10pm, Sun April 28 @ 1-5pm & Sun May 5 @ 6-10pm

TECH: Mon May 6 @ 6-11pm

FINAL DRESS: Tue May 7 @ 6-11pm

8 PERFORMANCES: Wed-Sat for two weeks, May 8-11 and May 15-18 @ 7:30pm

For more, visit www.tictheater.com

STORYLINE:

It's Wednesday, September 12, 2001, and Waverly is waiting for an important phone call when a blind date, Andrew, shows up. She invites him in, and then her next door neighbor Ron, and her famous aunt show up, making for an unexpected party. The group bonds over pizza, drinking games, and deep conversation about their life choices. A thought-provoking comedy about destiny versus free will.

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STAGE MANAGER MONOLOGUE

[THE STAGE MANAGER]

25 to 50 years old, female. The play's de facto narrator, The Stage Manager book ends the action of the play, and posits about the nature of free will versus destiny. She starts off all-business, with a sense of mischievousness underneath.

SM. Good evening. My name is [*say your full name*], and I am the Stage Manager for tonight's performance of *Recent Tragic Events*. They make me do this.

(Shows a coin to the audience.)

Could I have a volunteer from the audience, please? [*For auditions, pick an imaginary person.*]

Now, I am going to ask you in a moment to flip this coin. If it comes up heads, a certain set of variables will be set in motion during the course of the play. If it comes up tails, an alternate set of variables will be set in motion. As the play progresses, every time something occurs that was determined by the coin toss, a tone will be heard to alert you to that fact.

The actors will not stop performing when the tone is sounded; the characters in the play will continue in blissful ignorance without pause. But you in the audience will know that those particular moments could potentially have occurred differently, or been omitted altogether, with other moments in their place. So, now I ask you to flip the coin. It's – [*pick heads or tails.*]

Thank you, and enjoy the show.

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ANDREW & WAVERLY SIDE

[WAVERLY]

30 to 35 years old, female. A beautiful and smart advertising executive living in the Midwest, Waverly is waiting to hear back from her free-spirited sister in NYC. She wants to be a good host, but is on edge and emotional throughout the night.

[ANDREW]

32 to 38 years old, male. Manager of a bookstore in the Midwest, Andrew is struck by Waverly when she comes to the door for their blind date. Bookish yet charming, he wants to impress her.

It's the night of September 12, 2001, and ANDREW shows up at WAVERLY's apartment to pick her up for a blind date. She's still getting ready, so she invites him in, and they hit it off. But something seems to freak ANDREW out, so he gets nervous and leaves. But then he decides to come back, so he knocks on the door.

WAVERLY. *(Opening door)* Hi.

ANDREW. Hi.

WAVERLY. Hi, what're you doing out here?

ANDREW. This is gonna seem kinda weird, but you like Trollope.

WAVERLY. Yeah, I do, actually.

ANDREW. See, no one reads Trollope besides me.

WAVERLY. No, I do, I've read 'em all.

ANDREW. See, me too.

WAVERLY. Really? Don't you just love the way it's all so mundane?

ANDREW. Yeah... and you like Kerouac.

WAVERLY. Totally.

ANDREW. And Elizabeth Bishop and Marianne Moore... and Joyce Carol Oates.

WAVERLY. Oh, her. Kinda, she's my great aunt.

ANDREW. You're kidding me.

WAVERLY. Her publisher sends me all her books, but I've never read a single one of 'em.

ANDREW. You should. She's really good, she's like, my favorite author in the universe. This one I grabbed on my way out of the bookstore tonight, actually, is her new one.

WAVERLY. That's some coincidence.

ANDREW. That's nothing, your whole bookshelf looks exactly like my bookshelf.

WAVERLY. IKEA?

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ANDREW. No, you have the same books as me. The exact same books. Like, exactly.

WAVERLY. Really?

ANDREW. Really. It just kinda freaked me out.

WAVERLY. That we have the same books.

ANDREW. Yeah. That's why I left.

WAVERLY. I was wondering.

ANDREW. But then I thought, "That'll seem weird."

(WAVERLY. taps her nose, as in, "on the nose.")

ANDREW. So I tried to come back in, but then I couldn't, because, you know. So I knocked... which was probably a mistake, too, but now you're here... and I'm here, and uh... I'm sorry. It was dumb.

WAVERLY. No, shut up, this is good. This is good.

ANDREW. I can go now.

WAVERLY. When are you gonna meet another girl who's read Trollope? Or who is so cool?

ANDREW. OK.

WAVERLY. Excellent. So, look, I'm gonna go finish up getting ready.

ANDREW. I won't leave again --

WAVERLY. It, honestly, you know, it wasn't a problem? – but don't. *(After a beat.)* You do have to tell me one thing, though.

ANDREW. What?

WAVERLY. Are ya always like this?

ANDREW. Like how?

WAVERLY. Kinda goofy.

ANDREW. No, I don't think so. Maybe I am, but, uh, no, I think it's, uh, it's just today. And yesterday. These two days. I'm a little freaked out since the – thing?

WAVERLY. Me too. Me too. I think it's the new American way. I used to wake up every morning and think, "What am I gonna do?" Today I woke up and thought, "What's going to happen to me?" It's kinda different.

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RON SIDE

[RON] *35 to 50 years old, male. Waverly's next door neighbor, a musician, who looks in on Waverly like a big brother. He's both laid back and philosophical.*

ANDREW. How do you two know each other?

RON. Oh, just from the building.

ANDREW. Cool.

RON. Yeah, I was stranded in Eau Claire, Wisconsin one night, trying to get back to the Cities; and she had given me her cell phone number once when I took care of her cat – *(brief beat as ANDREW looks for the cat.)* – yeah, unfortunately, he's gone now, Topper, little Topper, God rest his soul – that was kinda my fault – anyway – I called her up and she drove all the way out to Eau Claire to get me, it was phenomenal. We've never had a certified thing or anything, so you know, you don't have to be suspicious.

ANDREW. I was starting to wonder.

RON. I know, That's why I said it. Dibbida dibbida dum.

ANDREW. Ron?

RON. Yeah, man?

ANDREW. Her sister.

RON. Wendy? What about her?

ANDREW. What does she look like?

RON. Why?

ANDREW. I'm just curious. *(A beat.)* I kinda feel like I've seen her before.

RON. Waverly?

ANDREW. Yeah, but that's impossible, so I thought... maybe I've seen her sister?

RON. Well, if you did, it was just like seeing Waverly, because they're twins.

ANDREW. Twins?

RON. Yeah, you didn't know that?

ANDREW. No. She hadn't mentioned it.

RON. Yeah, well, they're twins. Like, spooky twins. Like make-you-believe-in-God twins, or stop, whichever – to see them together. Waverly and Wendy. They're duplicates.

ANDREW. You know what, I'm just gonna go.

RON. Blind date? Cosmic shit?

ANDREW. Yeah.