

BUFFALO HEIGHTS AUDITION OVERVIEW & SIDES

DATE & TIME: Tue 4/18 @ or Wed @ PM – TBD by email with info@tictheater.com

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

LINK TO SIDES: <http://www.tictheater.com/audition-sides.html>

Please email info@tictheater.com to confirm your audition slot (put your name, date, time in subject line, please!).

If you cannot make this time, please email info@tictheater.com to provide alternate availability on Tue 4/18 or Wed 4/19 between 6:35-9:30 PM.

Also note ANY conflicts with the below schedule.

SCHEDULE

CALLBACKS Thur 4/20 from 6:35-9 PM – we'll let you know at auditions if called back

REHEARSAL Tue/Wed/Thur evenings 6:30-10 PM from 5/2-6/8 & two Sun 6/4 & 6/11 from 1-5 PM

TECH Tue 6/13 from 5-9 PM

6 PERFORMANCES: Thur 6/15 @ 7 PM | Sat 6/17 @ 1:15 PM | Mon 6/19 @ 9 PM | Sat 6/24 @ 3:30 PM | Sun 6/25 @ 9:30 PM | Fri 6/30 @ 7:15 PM

This is an AEA showcase, approval pending, \$250 stipend.

Prepare the following sides (Mike, Piper, and Jean have 2 sides from which to choose; please familiarize yourself with both). Please bring a headshot and resume with you to auditions and arrive 10 minutes ahead of your slot.

Thank you!

Ms. Jake Lipman, Producing Artistic Director, Tongue in Cheek Theater Productions

info@tictheater.com

www.tictheater.com

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ABOUT Tongue in Cheek Theater

Founded in 2006, TIC creates and produces thought-provoking comedies, including this revival of the company-created *Buffalo Heights*, which marks TIC's 34th production.

ABOUT Planet Connections Theatre Festival

Now in its 8th season, PCTF is NYC's premiere socially-conscious arts fest. This year's productions will be performed in mid-to-late June at the LaTea Theatre at the Clemente Center at 107 Suffolk Street.

ABOUT *Buffalo Heights*

In 2014, TIC received a Puffin Foundation Grant to devise (or create as an ensemble) a new comedic play, inspired by themes of outsider-ness and fear-mongering in *The Children's Hour* and *Rhinoceros*. But rather than the tragic endings of those scripts, our goal was to turn the scandals in those plays on their head, in a modern and happier-ending story.

The first production of *Buffalo Heights* ran in May 2014, midtown NYC to great reviews.

In preparation for this festival run, producing artistic director Jake Lipman worked closely with the playwright Adam Harrell to update and streamline the script, which now runs a zippy 90 minutes.

Side for CONNER SMITH (17, M, laid back stoner high school student)

FRAN. Look, I'm not here to judge, but how much weed do you smoke before you come to class? Some days your eyes are so red they stop traffic.

CONNER. As much as the next guy.

FRAN. Yeah, if the next guy is Tommy Chong.

CONNER. Who's that?

FRAN. You don't know Cheech and Chong? What kind of stoner are you?

CONNER. You seem to know more about it than I do --

FRAN. No, that's -- look, we're getting off-track. I want to talk straight with you.

CONNER. Straight talk? From the streets? Okay, hold on. I have to sit backwards in a chair for this.

FRAN. (*Snapping.*) Alright, go ahead. Go ahead and fart your life away in pot clouds.

CONNER. Something the matter, Madame Favre?

FRAN. None of the faculty or students here respect me. My boss, who used to be my best friend in college, is now a rabid Republican who tells me what to do and when to do it. Everyone in my new apartment building hates me because I accidentally mixed up the trash cans last week. People stare at me in town. I'm a terrible teacher. What am I doing here?

CONNER. (*Small pause.*) My dad is in the waste disposal business.

FRAN. Beg your pardon?

CONNER. Little something about me. Smith Sanitation, you see his trucks around town?

FRAN. That's you?

CONNER. Yep. Well, my dad. He's got a fleet of twelve trucks in Buffalo alone. "The one constant in time is that people are going to need their garbage hauled somewhere," is what he used to tell me growing up. So we're loaded. It's why Piper doesn't mess with me. He moved me into our pool house when I started high school so he could spend time with his new wife Crystal. Crystal's nice -- she's a personal trainer. Anyway, I'm set for life and I have no incentive to care. But I'm okay with that.

FRAN. Okay. That's actually fair. I'm sorry I lost it in front of you.

CONNER. It happens. Look. I do see your point. Really. And that's fair too. I'll try to do better in class. I mean I do have to leave here eventually, right?

FRAN. Right. Thanks, Conner.

CONNER. Hug on it?

Side A for MIKE HOBBS (30s, M, hapless security guard at Buffalo Heights High)

MIKE. I am gonna need to see an ID before I let you in the building. (*Examines FRAN's passport. Butchering her name.*) Francoise Favre. I see why you go by Fran!

FRAN. Ha, yeah. It's actually Francoise Favre --

MIKE. You entered the country from France? How long were you there?

FRAN. Three years.

MIKE. Traveling the world, trying to find yourself. Like that lady from *Under the Tuscan Sun*.

FRAN. Tuscany is in Italy, and no, I was getting my Master's degree while teaching Linguistics in the bande lieu of Paris.

MIKE. Or that. That's cool too. Wow, you must have an imaginative mind.

FRAN. I'm sorry, but can I go?

MIKE. Just hold up for one second. As head of security and student relations, I am allowed to detain you and I am allowed search your bag and your person if you don't have proper ID.

FRAN. I know my rights in this situation.

MIKE. Yeah, well, my rights are more urgent to national security.

FRAN. "National security?"

MIKE. Look, Fran, I could have already searched your bag in the time you've been putting up a fuss. (*Starts his search*). First time in Buffalo?

FRAN. Yes.

MIKE. Been to Anchor Bar down on Chippewa yet? They invented Buffalo chicken wings and they are friggin' AWESOME. Do you like chicken wings?

FRAN. Is this line of questioning in any way related to my bag search?

MIKE. Hey, I may seem like Mister Take Charge-All Business, but I've got a softer side. A more sensitive side. Maybe if you're free this weekend --

FRAN. Actually I'm a lesbian, Mike. Know any good lesbian bars?

MIKE. I'm down for whatever. Pick you up Saturday?

FRAN. Alright, give it back --

MIKE. Let's not overreact here -- (*FRAN grabs the bag and they struggle for it.*) Fran -- Fran! Do not resist! Do not resist!

Side A for PIPER MATTHEWS & DIANE MATTHEWS

PIPER (17, F, privileged daughter of a congresswoman, running for class president)

DIANE (45-55+, F, Buffalo Heights Congresswoman, Republican)

DIANE. I swear to God your father owns more makeup than I do. He just left to host the Miss Buffalo Pageant, and he took longer to get ready than a damn contestant. Now everything is a mess. He leaves his sponges everywhere. What kind of man puts makeup on with sponges?

PIPER. Mom?

DIANE. If he's that serious about makeup he should buy his own vanity, with his own money. But no, that wouldn't look good to his cigar club friends --

PIPER. Mom?

DIANE. What! I'm sorry, Sandpiper. I'm running late.

PIPER. Do you really have to go back to Washington?

DIANE. Yes, honey. Mommy has to testify to the Ways and Means Committee. It's very important. I told you, I'll be back in time for your election. What's the matter?

PIPER. *(Breaks down crying.)* Someone's running against me for class president...

DIANE. Well this is the first I've heard of it! Who is it?

PIPER. Conner Smith. Some no-good do-nothing stoner!

DIANE. Okay, okay. Now is that something to cry about? You're not going to run unopposed your whole life, sweetie. Show them how it's done, live up to your name.

PIPER. You don't understand. His speech at the assembly blew mine out of the water!

DIANE. What did he say?

PIPER. Garbage!

DIANE. But what was his platform?

PIPER. It was literally garbage! He talked about his dad being a stupid garbage man, and how he runs a garbage company, and how he was gonna "clean the place up" and "get his hands dirty."

DIANE. *(Quick beat.)* That's not half-bad, actually.

PIPER. MOM! Help MEEE!

DIANE. Okay, okay, okay. You want to win an election, well you're looking at it all wrong. You're too worried about what the people think of you. The truth is, the people don't know what to think most of the time. Most of the time they're frightened, confused, and angry, like rabid raccoons. And you know what rabid raccoons love? Rooting around in the trash for meaty, dirty and salty things. Find the leaks, lead them to them, and they'll eat it up.

Side B for PIPER MATTHEWS & MIKE HOBBS

PIPER (17, F, privileged daughter of a congresswoman, running for class president)

MIKE (30s, M, hapless security guard at Buffalo Heights High)

(NOTE: *Stumpy is the school mascot, a Buffalo statue*)

MIKE. Piper? What are you doing here so late? *(Takes his jacket off and offers it to her.)*

PIPER. I had to talk with Stumpy. Sometimes I think he's the only one who really understands.

MIKE. What's on your mind, little lady?

PIPER. Nobody cares about me.

MIKE. That's not true. I care about you. I care about you a lot.

PIPER. That's creepy, why?

MIKE. Cause I'm a direct descendant of Major General Amos Hall. He commanded of the New York militia at the Battle of Black Rock in the War of 1812. He eventually lost that battle and Buffalo was burnt to the ground, but that's not important right now. What matters is, I would gladly take a bullet for you, your mother, or any other elected official in the state of New York. It's in my blood.

PIPER. That's sweet, but my life is already over anyway.

MIKE. Hey, don't say that. What's bothering you? You can tell me, this is a safe zone.

PIPER. Conner Smith. Everyone loves him now because he made a joke out of the election.

MIKE. Yeah, his speech was pretty good. Especially with the whole getting his hands dirty angle. Man, that was powerful. It worked because his dad is a garbage man --

PIPER. What do you know about it!

MIKE. Oh, well I didn't mean to insult --

PIPER. He can't do anything for this school! He doesn't know anything about the real world! I know about real politics! Ugh, I hate this school! I want to be in college already!

MIKE. Just so you know, there were never any official charges with that Jenny Parker settlement.

PIPER. Wh—Okay, Wh--okay, what made you want to share that?

MIKE. Just in case you were thinking I was... you know...

PIPER. Stop being gross and listen to me complain for a minute!

MIKE. Yes, of course. Go on.

PIPER. I'm gonna lose, unless I do something. The election's next week and we don't get anymore speeches. There's no time. I'm gonna lose to a dirty stoner! You're so stupid, Piper! Why are you so stupid! Stupid, stupid!

Side A for JEAN WASHINGTON (30s, F, old college friend, now principal of Buffalo Heights)

JEAN. I'm going to tell you this once: Tone your lesbian rhetoric way down.

FRAN. My "lesbian rhetoric"?

JEAN. A few years ago, before I took over, there was a scandal. Have you heard of sexting? It's when kids send pictures of their hoo-hahs and twig-and-berries to each other over the phone.

FRAN. Yeah?

JEAN. Well, there were a few male teachers sexting all over the place. One of them was sexting three girls at once! You should have seen how they splashed it all over the papers! People got fired, people got sued, people went to jail. Take my advice, don't bring up your sexuality anywhere around here, keep it to yourself.

FRAN. Are you telling me I shouldn't be a lesbian while I'm at work?

JEAN. No, shh! Of course not. Just tone it way down. Don't bring anything sexual into the workplace. Have a work persona and a home persona.

FRAN. Jean, I don't think you can legally ask me to do that --

JEAN Bup -bup -bup ! Who's holding the paddle?

FRAN. I think I just need to get some sleep. Give it a fresh start tomorrow. (*Goes to leave.*) Oh by the way, do you know a student, a junior named Piper Matthews?

JEAN. (*JEAN's eyes widen.*) Piper Matthews? What happened with Piper Matthews?

FRAN. She's in my first period. She was passing around some fake petition this morning.

JEAN. You didn't confront her about it, did you?

FRAN. Of course I did, and she gave me this beastly attitude.

JEAN. Oh no... oh no... Did she offer an apology sucker? Yes... ? Thank god! Did you accept it?

FRAN. Yeah, but... I don't eat processed food and I was in a hurry, carrying tons of crap, so I threw it away and she happened to see me do it.

JEAN. Oh dear lord... she personally has those made for her. I should have warned you.

FRAN. What is the deal with this girl? Who is she?

JEAN. It's not who she is, it's who her mother is. Diane Matthews, our local US Congresswoman who also happens to be a former Buffalo Heights valedictorian. She is the current chair of the Education and Workforce Committee and has been kind enough to stump for our school tax over the last three years in return for providing her daughter a worry-free public education. (*FRAN rolls her eyes.*) Do you like your new job? This city hasn't passed a school tax in eighteen years, Fran. We need this money desperately. We must keep Piper happy at all costs.

Side B for JEAN WASHINGTON (30s, F, old college friend, now principal of Buffalo Heights)

FRAN. Watch yer step, Frenchy? Where does she get off talking to a teacher like that? What a little--!

JEAN. (*Holds the paddle up.*) This is not a conversation to be having on campus.

FRAN. We're in the teacher's lounge, Jean.

JEAN. It's still an inappropriate conversation.

FRAN. Did she have something to do with Mrs. Danville leaving?

JEAN. (*Holds the paddle up.*) Shh! SHH!

FRAN. Did she? I have a right to know!

JEAN. (*Holds the paddle up.*) We are not going to discuss that topic ever again!

FRAN. Right, the paddle --

JEAN. How much simpler can I possibly make this? If Piper comes at you with a silly petition, you sign it and say thank you; she wants to set an absurd agenda for the French Club, you bake her croissants with extra butter; she gives you an apology sucker, you had better suck it! She's only here one more year.

FRAN. (*Dismayed:*) One more year!

JEAN. Guess what Fran, this school doesn't run on good vibes, it runs on public funding. It's time you stop floating around in the sky and got with the program that everyone else is on. You've always been such a rhinoceros, try being something fluffy, like a sheep or a rabbit for once. You like rabbits, don't you?