

BONNIE – Audition Piece – Stag and Doe (TCP)

I understand you all right. This part, I think I got down solid. But what I don't have, you know- what I want to know is- if you're so fucking real, Lydia, then what the hell are you doing here? I mean, if you're so much better than me, then why even bother? You could just wait it out and I'll drift away like a piece of paper, like nothing, right? 'Cause that's what I am. Nothing. Right? So why the fuck are you up here, taking me apart? What an amazing fucking now job you are all doing on the world. And I bought it! We all buy it. My family- they're like, suddenly, I'm Mary Tyler Moore or something. I mean, they live in hell, right, and they spend their whole lives just wishing they were somewhere else, wishing they were rich, or sober, or clean, living on a street with trees, being on some fucking TV show. And I did it. I moved to Boston. I work in a law office; I'm the big success story. And they have no idea what that means. It means I get to hang out with a bunch of lunatics. It means I get to read books that make no sense. It means that instead of getting harassed by jerks at the local bar, now I get harassed by guys in suits. Guys with glasses. Guys who talk nice. Guys in suits. Well, you know what I have to say to all of you? Shame on you. Shame on you for thinking you're better than the rest of us. And shame on you for being mean to me. Shame on you, Lydia.

## DEE - Audition Piece – Stag and Doe (TCP)

All my life, all I ever wanted to be... was a rock and roll star. I was this dorky seventh grader from the Valley when I had my first cool experience. My boyfriend, Johnny Miller, had his dad drive us to see Ike and Tina Turner at the Hollywood Bowl. Oh man... she scared the shit out of me! It was the most, bad-assed thing I'd ever seen a woman do. Suddenly, the idea of becoming a teacher or a nurse lost its edge. Heh, sorry mom. The second after I'd got my driver's license, I grabbed my fake ID, jumped into my Pinto, and headed straight over the hill for Hollywood. I saw the band X at The Whiskey and I fell in love with punk rock. I left that show knowing I had to have my own band. So, I got an electric guitar, learned three chords, and conned some chicks into starting a band with me. That was 20 years ago. Today, and God knows how many bands later, not much has changed. Not the gigs, not the clubs, not the money. Tonight we made 13.50 each. Not even enough to support my eyeliner habit.

MANDY - Audition Piece – Stag and Doe (TCP)

You're making me nervous, Frank! This is no time to make me nervous. I know you're sorry you didn't volunteer, Frank. I know you didn't volunteer because you're a married man. It's practically monogrammed on your shorts. And I know you can't leave your wife on account of the children. That and the fact that everything is in her name. Well, I'm a married man too, Frank... Married to the army. I don't want the future you offer... meeting behind garbage cans and behind laundry trucks. When the war's over... and nothing good lasts forever... you'll go home, home to your wife's bony arms. I'll still be in the service. I'm an army brat, Frank. My father was a colonel, and my mother was a nurse, and I was conceived on maneuvers. The army's in my blood. I need its discipline, its traditions. I thrill to the sight of a precise parade. I could faint from looking down at my own brass. That's why I volunteered, Frank... to serve the army I love. And don't you worry. I'm coming back... coming back to you for whatever time we have left together. Because I'm not just Major Margaret Houlihan, army nurse. I'm also Margaret Houlihan... frail, vulnerable, sensitive female. And if you touch one nurse while I'm gone, I'll cut your hands off!

BRAD - Audition Piece – Stag and Doe (TCP)

I didn't go to the moon; I went much further — for time is the longest distance between two places. Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoebox. I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire escape for a last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space. I traveled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly colored but torn away from the branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something. It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass. Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of colored glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colors, like bits of a shattered rainbow. Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes. Oh, Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be! I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into the movies or a bar, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger — anything that can blow your candles out! For nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blow out your candles, Laura — and so goodbye. . .

## ROB - Audition Piece – Stag and Doe (TCP)

And the bizarre thing is, is that I did it for my old man...I tortured this poor kid, because I wanted him to think that I was cool. He's always going off about, you know, when he was in school...all the wild things he used to do. And I got the feeling that he was disappointed that I never cut loose on anyone, right...So, I'm...I'm sitting in the locker room, and I'm taping up my knee. And Larry's undressing a couple lockers down from me. Yeah...he's kinda...he's kinda skinny, weak. And I started thinking about my father, and his attitude about weakness. And the next thing I knew, I uh, I jumped on top of him and started wailing on him...And my friends, they just laughed and cheered me on. And afterwards, when I was sittin' in Vernon's office, all I could think about was Larry's father. And Larry havin' to go home and...and explain what happened to him. And the humiliation...fucking humiliation he must've felt. It must've been unreal...I mean, I mean, how do you apologize for something like that? There's no way...

JAY - Audition Piece – Stag and Doe (TCP)

You always gotta let the last man go. It's honorable. He's the last guy to make it out of the bag. The warrior. He's the last samurai man.

You have to give it some thought and wonder, how did this little m & m do it? How was he skilled enough to be the last m & m in the bag, out of all the other M & M's in the bag? All the different colors. All the different sizes. I always let the last one go because he was the strongest, the swiftest, the smartest peanut out of the bunch. If you respect the candy, you gotta respect the nut.

Some people will call it science. Others will call it luck. I like to call it destiny. it was destiny combined with talent that made this little fella survive. Picture it. All these other peanuts, some bigger than you, some faster than you, some smarter than you...all fighting to stay in the back of the bag when you turn it upside down to eat one of them. This little fella beat the odds. He deserves to be set free, just on moral obligation alone. Call me crazy but no matter what you say, I'm always going to let the last man go.