

THE LAST AUDITION

by Jon Jory

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ISBN: 978-1-64479-110-3

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SYNOPSIS: Imagine spending years being scorned after never receiving a role—or even a call-back. This is a comedic last ditch effort to finally be cast.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male)

NARRATOR (m)

DO NOT COPY

NARRATOR: Hi, my name is _____ and I'll be doing Feste from *Twelfth Night*, which was listed as gender neutral which is cool. Ummm. Listen, ummm, I'm a senior here, in case you don't remember, so this is the final play of my senior year—go seniors!—so if I recollect rightly we do five plays a year including the musical, so this is the twentieth production I've auditioned for without even getting a callback, which must be some kind of record, right? I mean, even supposing I have the talent of a garden slug or an elm tree, one would think I could have snagged a walk-on in *Les Mis*. Mr. Tewksbury, the drama teacher even gave, Yelyzaveta Ponomarenko, who is Ukrainian and can only say, "I would like asparagus please," in English and has a roving left eye a chance to be in three plays. And I would like to say that I am not entirely without talent and my impression of Marcel Proust is widely admired on Facebook. I should mention that I have some special talents which might sway you in my favor. I can do an impression of a red Swedish Fish which makes my sister laugh heartily. I can play a Zadar sea organ which plays music by way of sea waves and tubes located underwater, which I would be glad to demonstrate if you want to drive over to the beach. I can also recite the traffic rules of Duluth, Minnesota, which are pretty hilarious.

A moment.

No? Well dudes, you are missing out. Anyway, ummm, I'll get on with this because I know you are extremely busy separating us into winners and losers which is very useful to us as we go out into the world. So. I will be doing Feste in Shakespeare's play, *Twelfth Night*, which was a real doozy in 1601. I'm sorry, I'm sorry I just have to bring this up because my father would say, "It just sticks in my craw." I have no idea what a craw is or what it does, or how my father happened to have one. I just know he says it whenever I bring my grades home. To wit: what "sticks in my craw" is how you theatre nerds don't realize you are completely over. Done. Kaput. And I'm sorry. I know it must have been fun while it lasted. I get that generational change is cruel and I don't want to participate in that cruelty, but what's up with you? Seriously? We go to your theatre and it's all about some salesman who doesn't sell enough mustache

wax. Or some king who abuses his daughters and then gets Alzheimer's. Why? That stuff is thematically over. Where in your theatre are the horror plays where we're all stuck in the school and get eaten by zombies? Where is your musical adaptation of *Texas Chainsaw Murders*? Where is the equivalent of the *Star Wars* series? Where, I may ask are your superheroes? Why aren't you animated? Where are your prosthetics? Where is the blood leaking from the ceiling and flowing into the audience? Get with it, ladies and gentlemen!

The last time I went to the theatre, the youngest person there was wearing a Korean War uniform. The hearing aids were buzzing so loudly people fled thinking they were attacked by wasps. I know, I know, everything has its moments. When I'm your age I'll be longing to see a stage adaptation of *Night of the Living Dead* by Tony Kushner. And there I'll be, huddled with six other octogenarians in a thousand seat theatre at the Saturday matinee trying to keep warm by burning old stage props. That's just the way it goes ladies and gentlemen, get used to it. There. Fine. I got that out of my craw and I am ready to audition with a full heart for the 25,000th production of *The Little Mermaid*. But as I sing like a dying crow I'm doing this piece from *Twelfth Night*. *Twelfth Night*, the unfunniest comedy I ever read. I fell asleep waiting for the first joke. At least it messes with gender.

Okay, here I go... just one thing... please do not break my heart again. In the end, no one will care who plays what in our high school production because they will be asleep. But I will care, because out of the forty or fifty kids that audition I will be the only one who desperately wants to be someone else. Seriously. It's matter of survival. I just can't stand to be myself anymore. I'm such a loser. And I have no mystery. I'm like Popeye when he says, "I yam what I yam." But Feste is kind of mysterious. Where did he come from? How did he become a clown? Who wrote his songs? What does he do when he goes home for the night? People wonder about Feste and I want to feel that just one time. To be absolutely sure people think about me when I'm gone?

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