**How to Audition:**

* Complete the audition form at the bottom of this document and attach to your email with your video submission (this form can be printed and scanned or completed electronically).
  + ***\*\*\*No submissions will be accepted without a matching audition form\*\*\****
* Choose one of the monologues below for your video submission - if you would like to read more than one, please give a brief pause and introduce the next piece before speaking.
* Start your video by giving your name and which pieces you will be reading (ex. ‘My name is A and I’ll be reading Daisy #3’)
* Any background or outfit is okay as long as it does not distract from your performance.
* We ask that you record in a quiet area so that we are able to hear you clearly.

Please email your video submission to [c.amanda.gibson@gmail.com](mailto:c.amanda.gibson@gmail.com) by **Saturday, January 21st @ 2:00pm** (this reflects the end time of in-person auditions).

Our creative team will meet at this time to discuss casting decisions and to decide if callbacks are needed. We hope to post the cast list either on Sunday or Monday the following week. Please contact the director at the email above or On Stage directly at [info@onstagewalton.org](mailto:info@onstagewalton.org) with any question that you might have.

**DAISY**

**1)**  He’s stealing from me! I don’t make empty accusations. I have proof! This! (*She triumphantly pulls an empty can of salmon from her robe pocket.)* I caught him red-handed! I found this hidden in the garbage pail under some coffee grounds. Yes, a can of salmon! Here it is! Oh I knew. I knew something was funny. They all take things, you know. So I counted. The silverware first and the linen dinner napkins and then I went into the pantry. I turned on the light and the first thing that caught my eye was a hole behind the corned beef. And I knew right away. There were only eight cans of salmon. I had nine. Three for a dollar on sale. (*Seeing that her son is offering to pay for the salmon.)*No, no, I don’t want money. I want my things! I don’t care if it was just one can of salmon. I bought it and I put it there and he went into my pantry and took it and he never said a word. I leave him plenty of food every day and I always tell him exactly what it is/ They are like having little children in the house. They want something so they just take it. Not a smidgen of manners. No conscience. He’ll never admit this. ‘Nome,’ he’ll say, ‘I doan know nothin’ bout that’. And I don’t like it! I don’t like living this way! I have no privacy.

**2)** I was thinking about the first time I ever went to Mobile. It was Walter’s wedding. 1888. I was twelve. We went on a train. And I was so excited. I’d never been on a train. I’d never been in a wedding party and I’d never seen the ocean. Papa said it was the Gulf of Mexico and not the ocean, but it was all the same to me. I remember we were at a picnic somewhere, somebody must have taken us all bathing, and I asked Papa if it was all right to dip my hand in the water. He laughed because I was so timid. And then I tasted the salt water on my fingers. Isn’t it silly to remember that?

**3)** Hoke?! Hoke?! Where are my papers? My papers! I had them all corrected last night and I put them in the front so I wouldn’t forget them on my way to school. What did you do with them? The children will be so disappointed if I don’t give them their homework back. I always give it back the next day. That’s why they like me. Why aren’t you helping me? Give me the papers. I told you. It’s alright if you moved them I won’t be mad with you. But I’ve got to get to school now. I’ll be late and who will take care of my class? They’ll be all alone. Oh God! Oh Goddy! I do everything wrong. It doesn’t matter. I’m sorry. It’s all my fault. I didn’t do right. It’s so awful! Oh God! I’m so sorry. It’s all my fault I can’t find the papers and the children are waiting. Oh, it doesn’t make any difference. Go on. Just go on. I can’t! I can’t snap out of it. No. No! It’s all a mess now. And I can’t do anything about it! I’m being trouble. Oh God, I don’t want to be trouble to anybody. Oh God. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Those poor children in my class. (*A moment of clarity.)* Hoke, do you still have that Oldsmobile? You do? Well, you ought not to be driving anything, the way you see. (beat) Hoke? You’re my best friend. No. Really. You are. You are.

**HOKE**

**1)**  Yassah, my name’s Hoke Coleburn. Yessah, been outta work since back before last November. Yessah, Mista Werthan, dat is a long time. But you try bein’ me and looking for work. They hirin’ young if they hirin’ colored, an’ they ain’t even hirin’ much young, seems like. Mista Werthan, Ya’ll people Jewish, ain’t you? Good, ‘cause I druthur drive for Jews. People always talkin’ bout they stingy and they cheap, but don’ say none of that ‘roun’ me. No suh, ya see, one time I workin’ for this woman over near Little Five Points. What was that woman’s name?I forget. Anyway, she president of the Ladies Auxillary over yonder to the Ponce de Leon Baptist Church and seem like she always bringing up God and Jesus and do unto others. You know what I’m talkin’ about? (*beat)* Well, one day, Mista Werthan, one day that woman say to me, she say, ‘Hoke, come on back in the back wid me, I got something for you.’ And we go on back yonder and, Lawd have mercy, she have all these old shirts and collars be on the bed, yellow, you know, and nasty like they been stuck off in a chiffarobe and forgot about. Thass’ right. And she say ‘Ain’t they nice? They belong to my daddy befo’ he pass and we fixin’ to sell ‘em to you for twenty five cent a piece’. Now, what was that woman’s name? Any way, as I was goin’ on to say, any fool see the whole bunch of them collars and shirts together ain’ worth a nickel! Them’s the people das callin’ Jews cheap! So I say, ‘Yassam, I think about it’ and I get me another job fas’ as I can.

**2)**  Sorry I done take so long, but I couldn’t help it. Big mess up yonder. Looks like you cain’ go to Temple today, Miz Daisy. Somebody done bomb the Temple. (*She says something.)* Yassum. Dat why we stuck here in traffic so long. That what the policeman tell me up yonder. Say it happen about a half hour ago. Din say if anyone hurt. (*She says something.)* You know as good as me who done it. Always the same ones. It done matter to them people what kinda Jew people might be. A Jew is a Jew to them folks. Jes like light or dark we all the same nigger. I know jes’ how you feel, Miz Daisy. Back down there above Macon on the farm, I ‘bout ten or ‘leven years old and one day my frien’ Porter, his daddy hangin’ from a tree. And the day befo’, he laughin’ and pitchin’ horseshoes wid us. Talkin’ bout Porter and me gon’ have strong good right arms like him and den he hangin’ up yonder wid his hands tie behind his back an’ all the flies all over him. And I seed with my own eyes and I throw up right where I standin’. You go on and cry.

**HOKE (continued)**

**3)**  Nome. Ain’ nothin’ wrong wid the car. I got to bixcused. (*She says something.)* I got to make water. (*She says something.)* Yassum, we did stop already, Miz Daisy, but colored cain’ use the toilet at no Standard Oil, you know dat. (*She says something.)* Wait till we get to Mobile? Yessum. (*He drives on for a minute then stops the car again.)* Nome. Yassum. I hear you. How you think I feel havin’ to ax you when can I make my water like I some damn dog? I ain’ no dog and I ain’ no chile and I ain’ jes a back of the neck you look at while you goin’ wherever you want to go.I a man nearly seventy-two years old and I know when my bladder full and I gettin’ out dis care and goin’ off down de road like I got to do. And i’m takin’ de car keys dis time. And that’s de end of it.

**BOOLIE**

**1)**  Thank you, Red. And thank you all. I am deeply grateful to be chosen man of the year by the Atlanta Business Council, an honor I’ve seen bestowed on some mighty fine fellas and which I certainly never expected to come to me. I’m afraid the loss here, (*He touches his hair)* and the gain here (*He touches his belly)* have given me an air of competence I don’t possess. But i’ll tell you, I sure wish my father and grandfather could see this. Seventy-two years ago they opened a little hole-in-the-wall shop on Whitehall Street with one printing press. They managed to grow with Atlanta and to this day, the Werthan Printing Company believes we want what Atlanta wants. This award proves we must be right. Thank you. (*Applause.)* One more thing. If the Jackets whup the Dawgs up in Athens Saturday afternoon, I’ll be a completely happy man.

**2)**  Yes, Miss McClatchey gave me your message. It’s very kind of you to invite Florine and I to the United Jewish Associations Banquet for Dr. King. But we have to talk about the feasibility of all this. You know I believe Martin Luther King has done some mighty fine things. No, no, I want to go. You know how I feel about him. No, Florine has nothing to do with it. I still have to conduct business in this town. No, I will not go out of business if I attend the King dinner. Not exactly, anyway. But a lot of men I do business with wouldn’t like it. They wouldn’t come right out and say so. They’d just snicker and call me Martin Luther Werthan behind my back, or something like that. And I’d begin to notice that my banking business wasn’t being handled by the top dogs. Maybe I’d start to miss out on a few special favors, a few tips. I wouldn't hear about certain lunch meetings at the Commerce Club. Little things you can’t quite put your finger on. And Jack Raphael over at Ideal Press, he’s a New York Jew instead of a Georgia Jew and as long as you got to deal with Jews, the really smart ones come from New York, don’t they? So some of the boys might start throwing business to Jack instead of ole Martin Luther Werthan. I don’t know. Maybe it wouldn’t happen, but that’s the way it works. If we don’t use those seats, somebody else will and the good Doctor King will never know the difference, will he?

**ON STAGE AUDITIONS**

***Driving Miss Daisy***

**-ALL CAST & CREW MUST PRESENT PROOF OF COVID VACCINATION-**

### Name\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Address\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

City, State, zip\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Telephone\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Email\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Male/Female/Other \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Vocal Range (If required) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Part(s) Desired (Not required)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Race (or prefer not to say)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Age (or prefer not to say)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**\*** If auditioning with a family member, is it ok to cast only one of you? YES/NO

Please list any previous (recent) theatre, dance, singing, or other experience you feel is pertinent to your audition. NONE is required for the audition.

Please note ANY conflicts (dates and times) with rehearsals (activities, classes, work, school, etc.). Please use the other side, if necessary.

**CHECK YOUR CALENDAR THAT YOU ARE AVAILABLE FOR**

**ALL TECH REHEARSALS AND PERFORMANCES.**

**ABSENCES OF 3 OR MORE WILL IMPACT YOUR PARTICIPATION.**

**ON STAGE COVID-19 WAIVER**

**-ALL CAST & CREW MUST PRESENT PROOF OF COVID VACCINATION-**

**LOCATION  
On Stage Playhouse**

**215 High School Ave.**

**Monroe, GA 30655**

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

I understand that by entering these premises, I waive all civil liability against this premises owner and operator for any injuries caused by the inherent risk associated with contracting COVID-19 at public gatherings, except for gross negligence, willful and wanton misconduct, reckless infliction of harm, or intentional infliction of harm, by the individual or entity of the premises.

I have read and understand the above.

Actor/Crew Printed Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Actor/Crew Signature: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Parent/Guardian Signature: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

(If Actor/Crew is under age 18)