

AUDITION PROCEDURE FOR END DAYS

Choose a monologue that's age appropriate for you and bring it with you to auditions. No memorization is necessary, but practice it before your audition. Also, bring with you any dates that you would not be free to rehearse during May 24th-June 9th. Come to the Helgeson Learning Lab at GREAT Theatre headquarters between 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. Auditions will be done individually.

ARTHUR (father)

I don't know what kind of cereal my daughter likes. I can't picture her sitting down to breakfast. I never noticed what color box her cereal was in. I never noticed that she ate cereal. I was out of the house before she got up. I came home at 9. I don't know what she ate for dinner. I don't know what she packed for lunch. I don't know her. She doesn't want me to know her and I don't blame her. I used to be a Senior Vice President. I used to wear a suit and tie. Now I can't even get dressed. I used to tell sixty-five people what to do. All those people. All gone.

SYLVIA (mother)

So finally I say, (flirting) "Well, I would love it if you came with me, Mr. Jenks. We could sit together." And-boom. You know? But I thought, hey, if we can just get him there. (with growing passion and fury) It's so frustrating. I wanted to say, "Mr. Jenks, the world is a horrible, dangerous, terrifying place. At any moment you could be raped, or knifed or gunned down. Some tsunami could wipe out your village, or you could get mad cow disease, or a meteor could hit, or a bus could plow into you, or you could be poisoned by anthrax or some crazy foreign fanatic could try to blow you up." But, of course you can't say that. Can you? Anyway, he loved being at the mission so much, he said he's going to come every week. So, it all worked out. And can you imagine, we nearly lost him to the Unitarians!

NELSON (neighbor)

My name, Ma'am. It's Nelson. Nelson Steinberg? It used to be Nelson Wallen, but then my step mom remarried and we changed our names and now it's Steinberg. Which is so great because I get to sit behind Rachel in homeroom. Stein. Steinberg? I also sit behind her in calculus. She's really great in math. Really great. Which is so wonderful for a girl. Not that girls are inherently poor in math, of course not, but, you know, sociological pressures make it uncommon for girls to excel in Math or Science. Don't you think? Did I just talk too much? Sometimes I do that. I'm supposed to look to see if anyone's interested but sometimes I forget to look, and sometimes even if I look it's hard to tell. People are really hard to read, don't you find?

JESUS

Goodbye, Sylvia. I have to go to come back. Right? You don't need me with you every minute now, Sylvia. You're past that. You can carry me in your heart, now. You can do the good works in my name. You're a good person, and you're doing good in the world. You pray, and I'll listen. You dream, and I'll be in your dreams. I'll come back for you when I come back for all the saved. Have faith, Sylvia.

RACHEL (daughter)

Stephen Hawking! Oh, my God! I was just reading your book. How did you get here? Oh my God. I'm cracking up. I'm my mother. I'm a nut like my mother. Oh my God. Did you come here...did you...did you travel through a wormhole? How are you here? Am I crazy? I'm losing my mind, aren't I? They're going to lock down the school. I can't get my books. I can't open my locker. I don't know what to do.