

That's My Cousin

by Kurtz Gordon

Auditions for Kurtz Gordon's *That's My Cousin* will be in the Small Auditorium Tuesday, February 9th from 3:30-5:00. Please look over the monologues. It is not necessary to memorize the monologue, but I would highly suggest you know it well enough to be able to act it out for the audition. Bring a completed audition information sheet. Please write down **all** possible conflicts for rehearsals. Rehearsals will be scheduled for Monday-Thursdays 3:45-6:00. Performance dates are Thursday-Saturday, April 29th-May 1st. The cast list will be put up outside room 505 Thursday February 11th, with rehearsals starting Monday February 15th. See Mrs. Alling in room 505 with questions.

FEMALES

Kitty Drake: 22 years old, Ranch Manager, good-natured and bubbling with ideas that she firmly believes are constructive

Millie Fisher: 35 years old, Ranch cook, attractive in an ordinary way

Adele Warren: 21 years old, Kitty's cousin, eye-compelling figure that has everything

Lauren Hunter: 20 years old, Adele's friend, attractive, good-natured and has a wonderful sense of humor

Jane Arnold: 19 years old, Ranch guest, pretty and has the kind of curves that invoke the admiring whistles of the males

Mary Cooper: 18 years old, Ranch guest, very personable young lady and eager for excitement

Helen Kruger: 18 years old, Ranch guest, a bit repressed and with a tendency to be slightly snobbish

Harriet Baker: early 30s, Husband hunter, medium height and comfortably corpulent, her features are coarse and the heavy make-up she uses gives her a harsh look

Tullina LaGallimore: late 20s, TV actress, trying to look younger, there isn't a curve about her that is out of line

Starlight: 19 years old, Indian

MALES

Custer Henshaw: middle 30s, Sheriff, likes to use big words, loud of mouth and soft of heart

Clem Wagner: 23 years old, Ranch handyman, easy going, his face and build is that of a man who spends most of his time out-of-doors, sneezes when women deliberately touch him

Carleton Up de Graff: 23 years old, Local banker's son, indulgent, quite smitten with Kitty

Bramwell Up de Graff: middle 40s, Local banker, portly rather short and dresses neatly and conservatively, florid face that is the result of over indulgence of rich living

Kent Tyler: 25, TV Director, very attractive young man, tall, slender and with an air of the theatre about him

Burt Holbrook: early 20s, TV extra

Bob Granger: early 20s, TV extra

Big Wind: late 20s, Indian

AUDITION INFORMATION

Name _____ Grade _____

Phone _____

Height _____ Hair Color _____ Eye Color _____

Previous acting experience:

Role Preference (if any) _____

Please indicate any after school conflicts. Rehearsals are scheduled for Monday-Thursdays 3:45-6:00 with Friday rehearsals beginning in March.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY

FEMALE: I don't know what the problem is. I've been trying to write about the city, you know, my experiences here. Then I decided to write a love story, but that's not working out either. My hero sounds more like a clothing store dummy than a real live human being. I'm at my wit's end. I've bitten off nearly half of my fingernails—look—see? That's why I decided to wash my hair and come out here. Back home I taught school—and hated it. But I kept on teaching until I'd saved five hundred dollars. All the other girls teach until they've saved five hundred dollars—then they pack two suit-cases and go to Europe for the summer. But I saved my five hundred for New York. I've been here six months now, and the five hundred has shrunk to almost nothing, and if I don't break into the magazines pretty soon ... Then, I'll have to go back and teach thirty-seven young devils that six times five is thirty, that a rhetorical question requires no answer, and that the French are fond of dancing and light wines. But I'll scrimp on everything until I've saved up another five hundred, and then I'll try it all over again, because I—can—write. I'm going to make it! I'm going to make this town count me in as the four million and oneth!

Sometimes I get so tired of being nobody at all, with not even enough cleverness to earn a living from this big city that I want to stand out at the edge of the curb and just scream! “Hey, you four million self-absorbed, uncaring people, I'm Mary Louise Moss, from Escanaba , Michigan , and I like your town, and I want to stay here! Won't you please pay some attention to me! Just a little bit!” No one even knows I'm here, except ... well ... myself and the rent collector.

MALE: I looked in the mirror the other day and a horrifying thought came to mind, "I'm fat." Now, this started to worry me some so I thought on it throughout the day and then I went to lunch. I was kind of depressed so I didn't eat much. Then a revelation hit me, "Oh no, thinking you're fat is the first sign of anorexia." I could be starving to death and not even know it.

Maybe that is why I can't get a date; I'm so scrawny I scare the ladies away. And then I continued to consider this and I thought, "Oh no, what if I really am fat?" I could be seconds away from a heart attack. Maybe the girls think I'm a disgusting blob and that is why I'm single. I couldn't ask anyone because either I'd find out I'm anorexic or huge. So I began to think of a way solve this issue. Then I realized I must simply come to terms and look at the positives of one of these issues.

When I was young I was told I serve a big God. When I grew older I was told that the body is the temple of God's. So why not look at being fat as simply giving God more room. So I know I am on a daily quest to fight my battle with anorexia. This I promise will eat my way to victory. Please join me in the battle.