

Hallelujah Girls

Audition Materials

Auditions April 18th at 1:00 and April 21st at 6:00

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for the HALLELUJAH GIRLS. I hope you will find the following information helpful.

You are only required to come to one of the auditions but are welcome to come to both.

This classic Jones Hope Wooten southern comedy centers around a group of women. After the untimely death of one of their friends, they decide to quit delaying what they want in life instead of waiting for whatever is distracting them to get eliminated.

There are parts for 6 women and 2 men. Five of the women and both men need to be able to appear as roughly the same age. The sixth woman can be a bit older (she has been married for 43 years).

For auditions, you will be asked to do the monologue for at least one of the characters and read with others for various parts. The monologues will be selections of longer passages from the scripts. They do not need to be memorized but you should have read it several times and be familiar with it. One of the characters sings a little, but you do not need to prepare anything. All are set to Christmas Carol tunes.

The play takes place in Georgia, so southern accents are appropriate but not required.

Rehearsals will begin on May 4 – with 4 rehearsals each week – Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday most weeks. I plan to have 2 table reads April 27 and 28.

Performances will be June 11th through the 27th.

MONOLOGUE - CARLENE

Getting lucky ceased to be my area of expertise after I killed off all three of my husbands.

The fact remains, I've struck out three times in the game of love, been branded the Black Widow of Eden Falls, Georgia and I accept it. My romantic life is history.

I admit I get lonely sometimes. And I did give it a shot once. I put an ad on the match-up website that said, "Husband Wanted." I got seventy-three messages back and every single one was the same: "You can have mine." I don't really think I'm up for it girls. Besides, there's not a sane man within a hundred-mile radius who'd want to date the Black Widow.

Oh my! This is so bad! That's *the* Bobby Dwayne! *Sugar Lee's* Bobby Dwayne!

You remember the story. They dated all the way through high school and were planning a June wedding. But the morning of graduation day Sugar Lee went over to trashy Madelyn Marlowe's to help touch up her roots and guess who was drunk on his butt in Madelyn's bed? Sugar Lee threw her engagement ring in his face and told Bobby Dwayne she never wanted to see him again and I don't think she ever has. And there's the problem. We've got no way of knowing how Sugar Lee's going to react to this.

MONOLOGUE – NITA

Note - *Too Deep in the Heart's River* – is a romance novel of which Nita is very fond.

Oh, Carlene, I'm beggin' you to say yes. This is just like *Too Deep in the Heart's River*. Countess Rowena LeFrance, the grief-stricken but noble widow who thought she would never love again, finally gave her heart to the flaxen-haired falconer only to discover he was actually the long-lost son of the deposed and fabulously wealthy Duke of Milan. They lived happily ever after up until she plunged to her death from the second-highest peak in the Carpathian Mountains. It gives me chills.

On the Phone at the spa

Hello? Oh. Officer SparksWhy, I'm home right now, drinkin' ice tea on the porch. Why do you ask?,,,,,,

Ronnie cancelled his job interview this morning!

Oh,,,,,well, of course I knew.....

Now don't be say' that. Ronnie takes his probation very seriously.....

Oh, you're on the way over to see him right now? Just give me five minutes to straighten up the living room.

Bye-bye

MONOLOGUE MAVIS

Mavis is the queen of one-liners. She does not ever have more than 2 sentences in a row. So here are a few – Your mission is to give them with lots of heart.

Shug, that place already exists. It's called divorce court.

Yeah, that much woman and that much wood could've killed those eight pallbearers if they hadn't hollered out for reinforcements.

Why didn't someone tell me forty-six years ago that marriage is this difficult? I spend half my time thinking: How can I ever live without him? And the other half wondering: How can I fake my own death?

Here's your answer: She liked you just as much as the rest of us do.

I can't think of one reason why that woman deserves to suck wind.

Let me ask you something Bobby Wayne: Why are you still here?

Bad news is, Bunny's locked herself in the laundry room and I can't get to her. The good news is, I think I just discovered the cure for a hangover.

That's mighty generous of you Porter, cause nothin' says Christmas quite like discount Mexican food.

MONOLOGUE CRYSTAL

July 4th goes by too fast with the parade and the fireworks and all and then it's just over. So, I think it's absolutely necessary to wear your costume on the Third and the Fourth. And I would've worn it to the funeral, but I didn't want my torch to block anyone's view of the casket.

Remember how we all used to come here for Vacation Bible School? I'd still have my glitter macaroni prayin' hands if the weevils hadn't got to 'em. Ooh! I gonna find our old classroom!

On the phone:

Spa-Dee – DahOh, you heard our radio spot?....Why thank you...I'm glad you like it. Wanna hear it again?

(To the tune of Joy to the World)

COME SPEND THE DAY AT SPA-DEE-DAH

AND SET YOUR WORRIES FREE

IT'S TIME TO PAMPER YOU A BIT

YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE DESERVIN' IT.

JUST SIT BACK AND RELAX

WE'LL PLUCK AND TWEEZE AND WAX

THIRTY BUCKS BUYS A FACIAL,

NOT INCLUDING TAX

MONOLOGUE SUGAR LEE

You are flat-out wrong, Carlene. I, for one, am not *done* yet. I refuse to believe my life is *set*. Don't forget what happened here near the end of that traffic year, 1864..

It's very inspirational. The women of this town knew Tecumseh Sherman was a fool for Eden Falls' famous peach brandy, so when he and his goons marched into town ready to burn it to the ground, the women told him they'd hidden the still and if ever wanted another drop of his favorite beverage, he better keep moving. And the old firebug left town without so much as striking a match. So, if those women could change their fate, I can, too.

When I saw Vonda Joyce lying there at the visitation, wedged into that casket with her hair lookin' far better than it ever did when she was alive, I leaned down and whispered in her ear, "I'm going for it, Vonda Joyce. I'm doing this for me *and* for you."

...Bunny Sutherland, I've put up with your spitefulness, jealousy and egotism for fifty years and I'm not taking it another second. I should lay you out for doing something that broke my heart and completely changed the course of my life, but that would make me just like you: common as kudzu. And I can't change any of that now, anyway. But there is something I *can* do. Here at Spa-Dee-Dah! We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone. So

Bunny

Mavis Flowers, you cut up. When I came in, I meant to compliment your appearance. You've just got one of those figures that always looks so good in cheap clothes. And I'm glad I caught you here because I want to ask you something about Vonda Joyce.

Listen, I know Vonda Joyce was a fool for local history and had a sizeable collection of documents, diaries and other historical papers and it's fallen to you to sort through all that junk. I'm hoping you'll donate her priceless collection to my museum – I mean, *the* museum.

This museum will be for people who desperately need culture and education, like yourself. When I go, I want to leave the world a better place. And I find philanthropy is good for the soul.

I'm sure that's completely unnecessary. From what I've seen, Sugar Lee's in dire need of your services. Besides, she's not a person who's hangs on to an old grudge. Why the repercussions that kind of vindictiveness would have in a town like this could ruin her little business. I mean, should the word get out.

Bobby Dwayne

Oh, I've been living down in Milledgeville doing the "couple thing": couple of failed marriages, couple of failed businesses, couple of knee operations, couple of willful emus left over from one of the couple of failed businesses, which led to one of the couple of failed marriages....It's just been a vortex of unspeakable grief.

You never gave me a chance! You never let me apologize; you never let me make it up to you. I had dreams for us, too, you know.

This makes me so mad! I knew I shouldn't have taken this job; I should've listened to that little voice inside me saying "don't do this!" Just like I should've listened when it told me not to invest in that truckload of do-it-yourself tattoo removal kits.

There's just no communicating with you, is there? I've worked my butt off these last two months, have you said "thank you"? N-o-o-o. I've tried to tell you about the problems in the cellar but are you interested? No-o-o. Do I ever plan on speaking to you after this? Hell NO. But I am going to get one last thing off my conscience. The foundation of this building is laid on top of an old cellar and it's falling apart! You have to get it fixed or the entire structure's gonna collapse! And my name's not gonna be attached to this disaster-waiting-to-happen, 'cause if the building inspector sees it, he's gonna condemn the place!

Porter

Any room for a rooster in this coop?

I came by 'cause I got a real good deal on a case of frozen chalupas. I thought you all might like some, it being the holidays and all.

I'm just pleased to do what I can for the Hallelujah Girls. Folks are calling y'all that 'cause you get together in this old church and have such a good time.

(beat) Okay. I'm the one who calls you that, but I think it's really startin' to catch on. Oh! One more thing. Just a little pre-Christmas gift for you Carlene.

Don't be deceived by my looks. This isn't a beer gut, you know. It's protective covering for my sturdy heart and rock-hard abs. Well, sorry to spoil the fun, but I've got to pick mama up from her tai chi class. Carlene, how about a Christmas kiss under them mistletoe?

Okay. See. I was at the post office, sorting the priority packages and our song came on the radio. Now, I've heard Johnny Cash sing it a thousand times, but when I heard it today, I felt that *Ring of Fire* right here.

And by the time ol' Johnny go to the chorus, I felt a flush come over me and I realized then and there that I need you by my side forever. I guess what I'm trying to say is, Carlene, I want you to be my June Carter. Carlene Hart, Waldrep, Mukewater, Travis – will you marry me?

I can't believe my good luck! I'll finally see if Mama's right. She's always said marriage is a three-ring circus: engagement ring, wedding ring and suffer-ring.

Listen, I say the sooner we get married, the better. How about Valentine's Day!

Now, if you'll excuse me. I need to run go make sure it's okay with Mama.