

Audition Sides for *Locker Room Talk*

CAST

3 Women, 2 Men. A troupe of actors, able to play many parts, any and all ethnicities.

CHORUS—*Woman, older, any ethnicity*

ACTRESS—*forties, any ethnicity, plays Penelope, Cleopatra, Medea, Bracknell, Hera, Juno, potential rape victim in the manner of Christine Blasey Ford, Inanna, and an actress.*

YOUNG ACTRESS—*twenties, any ethnicity, plays Rosalind, Aphrodite, Semele, Io, Underworld Queen, and an actress.*

ACTOR—*forties, any ethnicity, plays Cleopatra, Medea, Bracknell, a Troll, Zeus, Jupiter, The Man, a Pal, and an actor.*

YOUNG ACTOR—*twenties, any ethnicity, plays Telemachus, Rosalind, Aphrodite, a Troll, Dionysus, Argos, Frat Boy, and an actor.*

They all play bonobos and chimpanzees; use several accents, dance and sing a little.

Side #1:

ACTOR: THE MAN: (*On stepladder*) Hell, we men did the best we could at the time. We're not fortune-tellers, how should we know we'd hammer humanity down a flushing black hole?

(*Switching tracks*) Anyway, I don't know why we're worrying about relations between men and women. If pandemics don't get us, climate change will. I can see the headline now: 'Mother Earth aborts herself of her insane child.'

(*Switching tracks*) Hell! Men like being on top, we don't want to share. We earned it! Why should we share? (*Nyah Nyah*) We got here first!

(*Switching again*) All right, no, we didn't. We stole it, we conned for it, muscled it, slanted the playing field. (*Enjoying*) Some people might say that's called smart.

But you just try for a minute being me. You ready? Imagine what it's like to joust continuously for power every moment of your life! A wild animal, always always on alert. One misstep and I'm a dead wild animal. I clamp emotion in the bottom of my belly where it can't move and little that's kind or gentle in me escapes—yet the brute in my belly always claws out.

I am the biggest and bad-est, because if I'm not, some other dumb-ass will decimate me, and I won't get the girl, the job, the money, the recognition. Always, there's the money. Don't forget the money. It has to keep coming in. Whether I have too much or not enough, money rules,

and I'm cornered. I'm banging my damn head on cement. Desperation knocks inside me so hard it comes out my fists. So I scare up someone to bully. And that someone is often you (to *ACTRESS*). (*To Audience*) And you. And you.

Side #2:

ACTRESS: (Real, triumphant, quietly elegant, NOT A VICTIM!)

I'm a woman you fucked up when I was a young girl, and you're the guy who grew up to be a Supreme Court Justice, so there's something I want to say to you.

I promise you; you're the last rapist who will ever be a Supreme Court Justice. After you, no rapist will dare, for the court of public opinion has changed—I trumpet this—the court of public opinion has changed, because of me and all the brave ladies taking the risk of stepping forward. The Me Too movement has opened society's eyes, never again to shut. It's out in the open now, not stinking and hidden.

It's quite an interesting situation you find yourself in, isn't it, Your Dis-Honor. You know what I said on the stand was true, you know you lied to reach your heights. You must be constantly worried about whether your companions believe you or think you're a liar. How do you live with this? I'd really like to know. What do you admit to your colleagues on the Supreme Court—'Well, I am a big beer drinker, I used to be a goof off, but I always knew I could make it to the top on family connections so I didn't—and don't—worry much. I'm entitled. Nobody will stop me.'

I imagine how you live now with the lies you've pushed down into your gut. Your stomach must be churning. In fact, I sometimes worry about your health.

Side #3

TELEMACHUS: (*Taking the stage, pacing Hamlet-like*) Mo—ther! Who dost thou think thou art? Who gave thee, the lesser-brained semi-human, the right to an opinion? This is, thou well knowest, a world made by and for Men. (*He breaks character.*) Wow! Nasty lines.

(*Back in character.*) This is, thou well knowest, a world made by and for Men. Women are vessels merely, vessels for the getting of more men into the world; necessary vessels, yes, but nothing more. Go back to your quarters and do what you're meant to, what the gods ordain you do—which is to take up your loom and distaff and weave me a cool new cloak!

(*Showing off his oratorical skills, on stepladder, addressing the audience.*) Speech is the business of men, all men, only men, and of me most of all; for mine is the power in this household whilst my father sojourns abroad!

Side 4:

CHORUS: (*She steps from group, jigs a step here and there, now and again.*) I am the Greek Chorus. This play needs one—the human hourglass is fast losing sand. (*An alarm blares, frightening and sad.*)

In ancient plays, The Chorus commented on the play's action while dancing and singing. Inner music always guides me, (*she dances a step*) and lately, a crazy zaniness has taken over—ya ta ta ta ta ta. Must be my response to the vagaries of our human civilization's teetering to oblivion. We muster up new dance steps, never having been quite so on edge before.

Ah, look. Here comes our protagonist, the Actress, after an important audition.

She didn't get the role.

Guess who got it.

(*Trumpeting*) Tum ta ta tum ta ta!

A man got it!

How did women and men fall into such a tangled mess? The answer lies back with the ancients who taught Homo sapiens sapiens to think—would they had taught us to think straight! It's hard to believe, but the sages—Homer, Ovid, Henry James and their ilk, indulged in common locker room talk, and the world has suffered for it ever since. But more importantly, how do we fix this before it's too late?

Side 5:

YOUNG ACTRESS: Wait a minute. This play might be sounding anti-male, and that's not our intention. Certainly not. We're better than that. When Homer goes low, we go high! And here's my chance, so I'm going to grab it. I think most women have been wanting to say this.. None of the men of my acquaintance rape or hit or abuse women. That's right! Not one.

Now I know such men are out there, I know how prevalent and monstrous it is. But most men wouldn't even consider it. Most men are pretty damn fabulous. Hurray for most men. We love you.

And another topic which needs addressing: flirting, that joyous flibbertigibbet, has become suddenly problematic. Hello! Flirting is allowed—encouraged, even; come on, everyone enjoys the tickle of a good, hard flirt.