



Thank you for auditioning for

PEACE OF CLAY

For THEATRE RALEIGH

ROLE: CONNIE

Present in the room will be director, producing team & casting.

For this audition please prepare:

- The FULL MATERIAL in this packet. You may or may not be asked to read ALL of this at this appointment, but please have it prepared.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Be sure to bring your picture and resume, otherwise we will not have one in the room!

Thanks so much!

W | S Casting

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CONNIE SIDE

SCENE ONE

Parking lot of the Donnel's Diner. DEAN sits behind the wheel of her green Ford LTD affectionately known as Lucille. CONNIE sits next to her. Dean attempts to start the car two times to no avail.

START

Shit.

CONNIE

DEAN

Don't swear. You'll upset her, you gotta be sweet to her.

CONNIE

Sweet? I been on my feet for twelve damn hours. Whatever sweet I had I gave to my last cheap, no tipping ass, customer. I ain't got none left for no car, specially one that act like it ain't gon start.

DEAN

Don't listen to her Lucille.

DEAN attempts to start the car again. It sputters.

DEAN

(to car)

Come on baby girl.

CONNIE rolls her eyes. DEAN attempts to start car again, the car sputters, and CONNIE slaps the dashboard.

CONNIE

Start bitch!

The car starts.

DEAN

That ain't why she started.

CONNIE

Chile please, a good slap will correct a whole bunch of bullshit.

They both chuckle.

DEAN

I'm a let her warm up for a while. I think I need a new battery.

CONNIE

You need a new car.

CONNIE gives DEAN a hard stare.

DEAN

You know you could have rode home with Musa. He got a brand new truck.

CONNIE

How many kinds of fool I look like to you? That sleepy eyed bastard is off, chile. I put in an order for a customer, for two over easy. Musa fried them eggs hard as a brick. I said, "That ain't what the customer ordered." He took the eggs over to the customer himself, and said,

(imitates a big, burly man)

Don't get yourself fucked up behind no eggs.

DEAN

Oh my God. What the customer do?

CONNIE

He did the same thing you would do, if a 6'5 nigga with tattoos on his throat, looking like he ain't never known a mother's love a day in his life was standing over you wild eyed and crazy. He ate them goddamn eggs.

DEAN shakes her head.

DEAN

(chuckling)

Girl you crazy, but you ain't hardly wrong.

(talking to car)

You ready Lucille?

DEAN puts the car in drive and pulls out of the parking lot.

CONNIE

I don't know why Donnell won't hire nobody less they look like they just got out of prison tow days ago.

DEAN

Wondering why Donnell do what he do is the quickest road to crazy.

CONNIE

Every night it seem like I come home pissed about something. It ain't good for me, for Bill, our marriage, but I cain't afford to quit. I thought things would get better when Bill got promoted to foreman but all it's meant is Bill working more hours, more money coming out of his check, and he can't get over time. I wish he had never become foreman, but I'm the one that encouraged him to apply for the job. Seem like the more we try to move forward, the more we just running in place, wearing ourselves out but not going no damn where.

CONNIE lets out a big sigh.

STOP

DEAN

I'm sorry Connie.

CONNIE

Let's talk about something else. You excited about Clay graduating?

DEAN

I'm scared to death.

CONNIE

Why?

DEAN

I got him this far which I wasn't a hundred percent I'd be able to do after Leon died. And now...I just don't want nothing to happen before he walk across that stage.

CONNIE

Like what?

DEAN

Like anything. He's a seventeen-year-old black boy in America.

CONNIE

He's Clay.... And he's smart, like his mama. You've done a great job Dean. So stop worrying.

DEAN

But he's not focused. When he does graduate, you know what he told me he want to do?

CONNIE

What?