



Thank you for auditioning for

GOD OF CARNAGE

at THEATRE ASPEN

ROLE: ALAN

Present in the room will be the director and casting.

Initial Call please prepare:

- Side 1
- Side 2 (in case you are asked.)

If you are called back please prepare:

- This entire packet.

INSTRUCTIONS:

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

Thanks so much!

W | S Casting

wojcik | seay casting, llc

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ANNETTE. We don't give a damn about their marriage. We're here to settle a problem to do with our children, we don't give a damn about their marriage.

ALAN. Yes, but ...

ANNETTE. But what? What do you mean?

ALAN. There's a connection.

MICHAEL. There's a connection! Of course there's a connection!

VERONICA. There's a connection between Henry having his teeth broken and our marriage?!

MICHAEL. Obviously.

ANNETTE. We don't get it.

MICHAEL. Children consume our lives and then destroy them. Children drag us towards disaster, it's unavoidable. When you see those laughing couples casting ~~it~~ into the sea of matrimony, you say to yourself, they have no idea, poor things, they just have no idea, they're happy. No one tells you anything when you start out. I have an old school buddy who's just about to have a child with his new girlfriend. I said to him, a child, at our age, are you insane? The ten or twelve good years we have left before cancer or a stroke, and you're going to screw yourself up with some brat?

ANNETTE. You don't really believe what you're saying.

VERONICA. He does.

MICHAEL. Of course I believe it. Worse, even.

VERONICA. Yes.

ANNETTE. You're demeaning yourself, Michael.

MICHAEL. Is that right? Ha, ha!

ANNETTE. Stop crying, Veronica, you can see it only encourages him.

MICHAEL. *(To Alan, who's refilling his empty glass.)* Help yourself, help yourself, exceptional, isn't it?

ALAN. Exceptional.

START MICHAEL. Could I offer you a cigar? ...

VERONICA. No, no cigars!

ALAN. Too bad.

ANNETTE. You're not intending to smoke a cigar, Alan!

ALAN. I'll do what I like, Annette, if I feel like accepting a cigar, I'll accept a cigar. If I'm not smoking, it's because I don't want to upset Veronica, who's already completely lost it. She's right, stop sniveling, when a woman cries, a man is immediately provoked to the worst excesses. Added to which, Michael's point of view is, I'm

sorry to say, entirely sound. *(His cell phone vibrates.)* ... Yes, Serge ... Go ahead ... Put New York, the date ... and the exact time ...

ANNETTE. This is obscene!

ALAN. *(Moving aside and muffling his voice to escape her fury.)* ... Whatever time you send it. It has to look piping-hot fresh out of the oven ... No, not we're surprised. We condemn. Surprised is feeble ...

ANNETTE. This goes on from morning to night, from morning to night he's glued to that cell! That cell phone makes mincemeat of our lives!

ALAN. Er ... Just a minute ... *(He covers the telephone.)* Annette, this is very important! ...

ANNETTE. It's always very important. Anything happening somewhere else is always more important.

ALAN. *(Resuming.)* ... Go ahead ... Yes ... Not procedure. Maneuver. A maneuver, timed for two weeks before the annual accounts, etc. ...

ANNETTE. In the street, at dinner, he doesn't care where ...

ALAN. ... A paper in quotes! Put the word paper in quotes ...

ANNETTE. I give up. Total surrender. I want to throw up again.

MICHAEL. Where's the dishpan?

VERONICA. I don't know.

ALAN. ... You just have to quote me: "This is simply a disgraceful attempt to manipulate share prices ..."

VERONICA. There it is. Please, help yourself.

MICHAEL. Ronnie.

VERONICA. Everything's all right. We're fully equipped.

ALAN. "... Share prices and to undermine my client," confirms Alan Raleigh, head counsel for the Verenz-Pharma company ... AP, Reuters, general press, medical press, the whole nine yards ... *(He hangs up.)*

VERONICA. She wants to throw up again.

ALAN. What's the matter with you?

ANNETTE. I'm touched by your concern.

ALAN. It's upsetting me!

ANNETTE. I am sorry. I must have misunderstood.

ALAN. Oh, Annette, please! Let's not us start now! Just because they're fighting, just because their marriage is fucked, doesn't mean we have to compete!

VERONICA. What right do you have to say our marriage is fucked? Who gave you permission? *(Alan's cell phone vibrates.)*

ALAN. ... They just read it to me. We're sending it to you, Murray ... Manipulation, manipulate share prices. It's on its way. *(He hangs up.)* ... Wasn't me who said it, it was Frank.

VERONICA. Michael.

ALAN. Michael, sorry.

VERONICA. I forbid you to stand in any kind of judgment over our relationship.

ALAN. Then don't stand in judgment over my son.

VERONICA. That's got nothing to do with it! Your son injured ours!

ALAN. They're young, they're kids, kids have always given each other a good beating during recess. It's a law of life.

VERONICA. No, no, it isn't!

ALAN. Of course it is. You have to go through a kind of apprenticeship before violence gives way to what's right. Originally, let me remind you, might was right.

VERONICA. Possibly in prehistoric times. Not in our society.

ALAN. Our society? Explain our society.

VERONICA. You're exhausting me, these conversations are exhausting.

ALAN. You see, Veronica, I believe in the god of carnage. He has ruled, uninterruptedly, since the dawn of time. You're interested in Africa, aren't you? ... *(To Annette, who retches.)* Feeling bad?

ANNETTE. Don't worry about me.

ALAN. I am worried.

ANNETTE. Everything's fine.

ALAN. As a matter of fact, I just came back from the Congo. Over there, little boys are taught to kill when they're eight years old. During their childhood, they may kill hundreds of people, with a machete, with a Kalash, with a thump gun, so you'll understand that when my son picks up a bamboo rod, hits his playmate and breaks a tooth, or even two, in Cobble Hill Park, I'm likely to be less susceptible than you are to horror and indignation. **STOP**

VERONICA. You're wrong.

ANNETTE. *(Mocking.)* A thump gun! ...

ALAN. Yes, that's what they call a grenade launcher. *(Annette spits in the basin.)*

MICHAEL. Are you all right?

ANNETTE. ... Perfectly.

ALAN. What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?

**ALAN -
SIDE 2**

bullied and lectured on how to be a good citizen of the planet.
Oh, you did well to clout yours and I wipe my ass with your bill of rights.

MICHAEL. A mouthful of rum and bam, the real face appears.

VERONICA. I told you! Didn't I tell you?

ALAN. What did you tell him?

VERONICA. That she was a phony. This woman is a phony. I'm sorry.

ANNETTE. (*Upset.*) Ha, ha, ha! ...

ALAN. When did you tell him?

VERONICA. When you were in the bathroom.

ALAN. You'd known her for fifteen minutes, but you could tell she was a phony.

VERONICA. It's the kind of thing I pick up on right away.

MICHAEL. It's true.

VERONICA. I have an instinct for that kind of thing.

ALAN. And phony, what does that mean?

ANNETTE. I don't want to hear any more! Why are you putting me through this, Alan?

ALAN. Calm down, Woof-woof.

VERONICA. She's someone who tries to smooth the rough edges. Period. She doesn't care any more than you do. She's all front.

MICHAEL. It's true.

ALAN. It's true.

VERONICA. It's true! Are you saying it's true?

START MICHAEL. They don't give a fuck! They haven't given a fuck since the start, it's obvious! Her too, you're right!

ALAN. And you do, I suppose? (*To Annette.*) Let me say something, honey. Explain to me in what way you care, Michael. What does the word mean in the first place? You're far more authentic when you're showing yourself in a horrible light. To tell you the truth, no one in this room cares, except for Veronica, whose integrity, it has to be said, must be acknowledged.

VERONICA. Don't acknowledge me! Don't acknowledge me!

ANNETTE. I care. I absolutely care.

ALAN. We only care about our own feelings, Annette, we're not social crusaders. (*To Veronica.*) I saw your friend Jane Fonda on TV the other day, I was inches away from joining the KKK ...

VERONICA. What do you mean, "my friend"? What's Jane Fonda got to do with all this? ...

ALAN. You're the same breed. You're part of the same category of woman, committed, problem-solving, that's not what we like about women, what we like about women is sensuality, wildness, hormones. Women who make a song and dance about their intuition, women who are custodians of the world depress us, even him, poor Michael, your husband, he's depressed ... **STOP**

MICHAEL. Don't speak for me!

VERONICA. Who gives a flying fuck what you like about women? Where does this lecture come from? A man like you, who could begin to give a fuck for your opinion?

ALAN. She's yelling. She's yelling like a stuck pig.

VERONICA. What about her, doesn't she yell? When she said that little bastard had done well to clout our son?

ANNETTE. Yes, he did do well! At least he's not a shiveling little faggot!

VERONICA. Yours is a snitch, is that any better?

ANNETTE. Alan, let's go! What are we doing, staying in this dump? *(She makes to leave, then returns towards the tulips, which she lashes out at violently. Flowers fly, disintegrate and scatter all over the place.)* There, there, that's what I think of your pathetic flowers, your hideous tulips! ... Ha, ha, ha! *(She bursts into tears.)* ... It's the worst day of my life as well. *(Silence. A long stunned pause. Michael picks something up off the floor.)*

MICHAEL. *(To Annette.)* This yours? *(Annette takes a spectacle-case, opens it and takes out a pair of glasses.)*

ANNETTE. Thanks ...

MICHAEL. Not broken? ...

ANNETTE. No ... *(Pause.)*

MICHAEL. What I always say is ... *(Alan starts gathering up the stems and petals.)* Leave it.

ALAN. No ... *(The telephone rings. After some hesitation, Veronica picks up the receiver.)*

VERONICA. Yes, darling ... Oh, good ... Will you be able to do your homework at Annabelle's? ... No, no, darling we haven't found her ... Yes, I went all the way to the grocery store. But you know, my love, Nibbles is very resourceful, I think you have to have faith in her. You think she was happy in a cage? ... Daddy's very sad, he didn't mean to upset you ... Yes, you will, of course you'll speak to him again. Listen, darling, we're worried enough already about your brother ... She'll eat ... she'll eat leaves ...