



Thank you for auditioning for

GOD OF CARNAGE

at THEATRE ASPEN

ROLE: ANNETTE

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

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ANNETTE -
Side 1

~~VERONICA. I just steam-rollered her about my catalogue, I can't believe I did that.~~

~~MICHAEL. Turn the page. Stretch it out, stretch it out all the way.~~

~~ALAN. You're going to tear it.~~

~~VERONICA. You're right ... He's right, Michael. That's enough, Michael, it's dry. Objects can become ridiculously important, half the time you can't even remember why. *(Michael shuts the catalogue and they both cover it with a little corn of heavy books. Michael finishes drying the Foujita, The People of the Tundra, etc. ...)*~~

~~MICHAEL. There we are. Good as new. Where does Woof-woof come from?~~

~~ALAN. How much is that doggie in the window.~~

~~MICHAEL. I know it! I know the one! *(He burns.)* Woof-woof! Ha, ha! ... Cars comes from our honeymoon in India. It's idiotic, really!~~

~~VERONICA. Shouldn't I go and see how she is?~~

~~MICHAEL. Off you go, Darjeeling.~~

START VERONICA. ~~CLUB (4 ...) ALAN ...~~

~~... Are you feeling better?~~

ANNETTE. I think so.

ALAN. If you're not sure, stay away from the coffee table.

ANNETTE. I left the towel in the bathtub, I wasn't sure where to put it.

VERONICA. Perfect.

ANNETTE. You've cleaned it all up. I'm so sorry.

MICHAEL. Everything's great. Everything's in order.

VERONICA. Annette, forgive me, I've hardly paid any attention to you. I've been obsessed with my Kokoschka.

ANNETTE. Don't worry about it.

VERONICA. The way I reacted, very bad of me.

ANNETTE. Not at all ... *(After an embarrassed pause.)* Something occurred to me in the bathroom ...

VERONICA. Yes?

ANNETTE. Perhaps we skated too hastily over ... I mean, what I mean is ...

MICHAEL. Say it, Annette, say it.

ANNETTE. An insult is also a kind of assault.

MICHAEL. Of course it is.

VERONICA. Well, that depends, Michael.

MICHAEL. Yes, it depends.

ANNETTE. Benjamin's never shown any signs of violence. He

wouldn't have done that without a reason.

ALAN. He got called a snitch! (*His cell phone vibrates.*) ... I'm sorry! ... (*He moves to one side, making elaborately apologetic signs to Annette.*) Yes ... As long as there aren't any statements from victims. We don't want any victims. I don't want you being quoted alongside victims! ... A blanket denial and if necessary attack the newspaper ... They'll fax you the draft of the press release, Murray. (*He hangs up.*) If anyone calls me a snitch, I'm liable to get annoyed.

MICHAEL. Unless it's true.

ALAN. What did you say?

MICHAEL. I mean, suppose it's justified?

ANNETTE. My son is a snitch?

MICHAEL. 'Course not, I was joking.

ANNETTE. Yours is as well, if that's how it's going to be.

MICHAEL. What do you mean, ours is as well?

ANNETTE. Well, he did identify Benjamin.

MICHAEL. Because we insisted!

VERONICA. Michael, this is completely beside the point.

ANNETTE. What's the difference? Whether you insisted or not, he gave you the name.

ALAN. Annette.

ANNETTE. Annette what? (*To Michael.*) You think my son is a snitch?

MICHAEL. I don't think anything.

ANNETTE. Well, if you don't think anything, don't say anything. Stop making these insinuations.

VERONICA. Let's stay calm, Annette. Michael and I are making an effort to be reasonable and moderate ...

ANNETTE. Not that moderate.

VERONICA. Oh, really? What do you mean?

ANNETTE. Moderate on the surface.

ALAN. I really have to go, Woof-woof ...

ANNETTE. All right, go on, be a coward.

ALAN. Annette, right now I'm risking my most important client, so this responsible parent routine ...

VERONICA. My son has lost two teeth. Two incisors.

ALAN. Yes, yes, I think we all got that.

VERONICA. One of them for good.

ALAN. He'll have new ones, we'll give him new ones! Better ones! It's not as if he's burst an eardrum!

ANNETTE. We're making a mistake not to take into account the origin of the problem.

VERONICA. There's no origin. There's just an eleven-year-old child hitting someone. With a stick.

ALAN. Armed with a stick.

MICHAEL. We withdrew that word.

ALAN. You withdrew it because we objected to it.

MICHAEL. We withdrew it without any protest.

ALAN. A word deliberately changed to rule out error or clumsiness, to rule out childhood.

VERONICA. I'm not sure I'm able to take much more of this tone of voice.

ALAN. You and I have had trouble seeing eye-to-eye right from the start.

VERONICA. There's nothing more infuriating than to be attacked for something you yourself consider a mistake. The word armed was inappropriate, so we changed it. Although, if you stick to the strict definition of the word, its use is far from inaccurate.

ANNETTE. Benjamin was insulted and he reacted. If I'm attacked, I defend myself, especially if I find myself alone, confronted by a gang.

MICHAEL. Puking seems to have perked you up.

ANNETTE. Do you have any idea how crude that sounds? **STOP**

MICHAEL. We all mean well. All four of us, I'm sure. Why let these minor irritants, these pointless aggravations push us over the edge? ...

VERONICA. Oh, Michael, that's enough! Let's stop beating around the bush. If all we are is moderate on the surface, let's forget it.

MICHAEL. No, no. I refuse to allow myself to slide down that slope.

ALAN. What slope?

MICHAEL. The shitty slope those two little bastards have perched us on! There, I've said it!

ALAN. I'm not sure Ronnie has quite the same outlook.

VERONICA. Veronica!

ALAN. Sorry.

VERONICA. So now Henry's a little bastard, is he? That is the last straw!

ALAN. Right, well, I really do have to go.

ANNETTE. Me too.

VERONICA. Go on, go, I give up. *(The telephone rings.)*

MICHAEL. Hello? ... Oh, Mom ... No, no, we're with some

ANNETTE -
Side 2

ALAN. Everything's in there, my whole life ...

ANNETTE. His whole life! ...

MICHAEL. *(Still fighting the noise.)* Hang on, we might be able to fix it ...

ALAN. Forget it! It's fucked! ...

MICHAEL. We'll take out the battery and the SIM card. Can you open it? *(Alan tries to open it with no conviction.)*

ALAN. I don't know how, I just got it.

MICHAEL. Give it to me.

ALAN. It's fucked ... And they think it's funny, they think it's funny! ...

MICHAEL. *(Opening it easily.)* There we are. *(He goes back on the offensive with the hair dryer, having laid out the various parts.)* You,

Veronica, you at least could have the manners not to laugh at this!
VERONICA. *(Laughing heartily.)* My husband will have spent his entire afternoon blow-drying!

ANNETTE. Ha, ha, ha. *(Annette makes no bones about helping herself to more rum. Michael, immune to finding any of this amusing, keeps busy, concentrating intently. For a moment, there's only the sound of the hair dryer. Alan has slumped.)*

ALAN. Leave it, pal. Leave it. There's nothing you can do. *(Michael finally switches off the hair dryer.)*

MICHAEL. We'll have to wait a minute ... *(Pause.)* You want to use our phone? *(Alan gestures that he doesn't and that he couldn't care less.)* I have to say ...

ANNETTE. Yes, what is it you have to say, Michael?

MICHAEL. No ... I really can't think what to say.

START ANNETTE. Well, if you ask me, everyone's feeling fine. If you ask me, everyone's feeling better. *(Pause.)* ... Everyone's much calmer, don't you think? ... Men are so wedded to their gadgets ... It belittles them ... It takes away all their authority ... A man needs to keep his hands free ... if you ask me. Even an attaché case is enough to put me off. There was a man, once, I found really attractive, then I saw him with a square shoulder-bag, a man's shoulder-bag, but that was it. There's nothing worse than a shoulder bag. Although there's also nothing worse than a cell phone. A man ought to give the impression that he's alone ... if you ask me. I mean, that he's capable of being alone...! I also have a John Wayne-ish idea of virility. And what was it he had? A Colt .45. A device for creating a vacuum ... A man who can't give the impression that he's a loner has no texture ...

So, Michael, are you happy? It is somewhat fractured, our little ...
What was it you said? ... I've forgotten the word ... but in the end
... everyone's feeling more or less all right ... if you ask me. **STOP**

MICHAEL. I should probably warn you, rum drives you crazy.

ANNETTE. I've never felt more normal.

MICHAEL. Right.

ANNETTE. I'm starting to feel rather pleasantly serene.

VERONICA. Ha, ha! That's wonderful! ... Rather pleasantly serene.

MICHAEL. As for you, Darjeeling, I don't see what's to be gained by getting publicly smashed.

VERONICA. Kiss my ass. *(Michael goes to fetch the cigar box.)*

MICHAEL. Take one, Alan. Relax.

VERONICA. Cigars are not smoked in this house!

MICHAEL. These are Cuban, Cohiba, Monte Cristo number three and number four.

VERONICA. You don't smoke in a house with an asthmatic child!

ANNETTE. Who's asthmatic?

VERONICA. Our son.

MICHAEL. Didn't stop you buying a fucking hamster.

ANNETTE. It's true, if somebody has asthma, keeping animals isn't recommended.

MICHAEL. Completely unrecommended!

ANNETTE. Even a goldfish can be risky.

VERONICA. Do I have to listen to this fatuous nonsense? *(She snatches the cigar box out of Michael's hands and slams it shut brutally.)*

I'm sorry, no doubt I'm the only one of us not feeling rather pleasantly serene. In fact, I've never been so unhappy. I think this is the unhappiest day of my life.

MICHAEL. Drinking always makes you unhappy.

VERONICA. Michael, every word that comes out of your mouth is destroying me. I don't drink. I drank a mouthful of this shitty rum you're waffling about as if you were showing the congregation the Shroud of Turin, I don't drink and I bitterly regret it, it'd be a relief to be able to take refuge in a little drop at every minor setback.

ANNETTE. My husband's unhappy as well. Look at him. Slumped. He looks as if someone's left him by the side of the road. I think it's the unhappiest day of his life too.

ALAN. Yes.

ANNETTE. I'm so sorry, Woof-woof. *(Michael starts up the hamster.)*