



Thank you for auditioning for

PEACE OF CLAY

For THEATRE RALEIGH

ROLE: CLAY

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

**START**

## CLAY

So one Friday night we was all set. Had our popcorn and raisinets. He had a 40oz and a lazy boy and I had a grape Nehi and a bean bag. It was on. Our Friday night tradition. It was a movie called Tokyo Story. Ten minutes in though and no fighting, 20 minutes in and no fighting, an hour into this mufuckin movie, not a single fight scene and I'm pissed. When he asked me what I thought, I said, "I could have been playing Atari at Marv's." He just turned off the tv and said, you not ready yet son. I can still see the disappointment in his eyes. The next day he went to work and never came back. Five years later when I was fifteen, tower cinema downtown, you know where they show all the old black and white films and whatnot? They was showing an afternoon of films by a Japanese dude named Ozu. Again, I thought it might be some Karate or Kung Fu so I stepped inside just as Tokyo Story started to play. I sat down and watched this time, through my father's eyes. What Ozu would do in his films is tell stories about regular people wrestling with small decisions that largely impact their lives. The camera never told you who the main character was because everyone's lives were of equal importance. There are no villians in his films, no heroes either.

As CLAY illustrates what an Ozu film looks and feels like, the lights dim, keeping only him in special. Simultaneously lights rise in a small section of Dean's apartment. She is holding a framed picture of Leon while listening to Roberta Flack.

## CLAY

Just folks trying to do the best they can with what they have. The fear of change in all of us. How we push away the ones we want closest to us.

Lights rise on BUMBRY in his car. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out the new business card. He sighs deeply looking at it, then tosses it out the window.

## CLAY

Films that break your heart, and bind it together again.

Lights finally rise on MARVIN holding his mother on a park bench. She has fallen asleep in his arms.

## CLAY

Films about my block and my neighborhood. Those are the stories I want to tell. The stories that come out of these projects, out of this red brick and mortar.

From the corner grocery and the liquor store, because they're characters too. I regret my pops will never know the gift that he gave me. But understanding the futility of regret is Yasujiro Ozu. **STOP**

Lights back up to just CLAY and AISHA

AISHA

And you Clay. And you....

AISHA leans in and kisses CLAY as the lights lower.