



Thank you for auditioning for

PEACE OF CLAY

For THEATRE RALEIGH

ROLE: MARVIN

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

DEAN

Boy what I tell you about brushing your hair over my stove? And turn that damn music down, this ain't no South Bronx.

From the bathroom, MARVIN can be heard.

MARVIN

That's right! This "Fort Apache: Booker G Niggaaaah!"

A loud flush is heard.

DEAN

Who in the he-, Marvin?

MARVIN, Clay's best friend enters from the bathroom with a bit of a flourish.

MARVIN

Sup Mama Dee?

DEAN

Boy don't you got yo own house and yo own bathroom to funk up?

MARVIN

Like Luther say Ma Dee (sings) my house ain't no home.

DEAN

Dionne said it first and she was right, (sings her response) my house is *not* your home.

CLAY

(nodding over his shoulder to Marvin while flipping the frying bologna.)

Word.

MARVIN

Come on Mama Dee ya'll got Fruit Loops.

DEAN

(putting down her purse as Clay hands her a cup of tea.)

Sheila don't got no Fruit Loops?

MARVIN

Sheila ain't got shit, cept a box full'a "bobos".

DEAN

Watch ya mouth, she still ya mama. Errbody got they vice Marvin.

CLAY

Vice? Mama it ain't like she spoonin' too much whip cream on her pie.

CLAY quickly realizes he's crossed a line.

My bad yo.

DEAN

Just leave it Clay, hear? How ya sista doin' Marvin?

MARVIN

She aight. Started living with my gramamma since she need special help and all. Got her in a handicap school up on the North Side.

CLAY

Bet she ain't eatin' bobo, livin' up there.

MARVIN

Hell naw.

DEAN

And bobo means.....?

CLAY

Brand X.

MARVIN

Fruitie Oh's 'steada Fruit Loops.

CLAY

Weilers steada Kool Aide-

MARVIN

(Snickers)

"Gub-ment" cheese steada Kraft singles.

DEAN

(Dryly.)

Whatchu got against Government cheese?

CLAY

(Quickly chiming in turning to them now
with three plates holding three
sandwiches)

Bet not have nothin' against Government cheese.

MARVIN

C'mon my nigga?! It's a conspiracy.

CLAY

(Dismissing him)
Like aids in soda cans?

MARVIN

You feel me?

CLAY rolls his eyes.

DEAN

What I tell you bout using that word?

MARVIN

My bad Ma Dee.

DEAN

Mmmhmm.

MARVIN

But check it. Follow them "bennies". The government got millions invested in tellin' nig-
..*black folk* to drink that free canned milk, eat that free cheese, that free butter, that free
sugar. Meanwhile tellin white folks to "eat low fat and drink fat free?". Why? Because
they trying to slow us down. Iron Mike, Magic, LT, Flo Jo. We too fast for'em. The only
place left for white folks in sports *IS* coaching.

DEAN

(Dismisses him.)

Boy.

CLAY

White folks on food stamps too Marv.

MARVIN

What white folks? You show me one white family livin in Booker G on food stamps.

CLAY

Don't no white folk live in Booker Gardens!

MARVIN

I rest my case.

STOP

DEAN

Go down South East past Woodrow Wilson, you'll find plenty poor white folk and just as many. More maybe, especially when you get outside of town. And just about all of them is scratching and scraping as much as us.

CLAY hands MARVIN a plate with a sandwich on it.

MARVIN

What's on this?

CLAY

Nigga you watched me make it- bologna, egg and cheese.

MARVIN

You know I give up swine homes.

DEAN

What, you a "mooslum" now?

MARVIN

I'm a five percenter.

DEAN

A five per-who-ah?

CLAY

Man you ain't no Five Percenter.

MARVIN

Rakim a Five Percenter, I'm a Five Percenter, God.

DEAN

God? Sound like five percent of foolishness.

MARVIN

The black man is God.

DEAN

You ain't no man, and God damn sho got his own food.