



AUDITION PACKET

The Great Nursing Home Escape

By Nathan Hartswick
Directed by Joel & Jenn Soukkala

INFORMATION:
218-878-0071 theater
countyseatgm@aol.com

AUDITIONS: Sunday, December 16 at 6:00 pm

***Please note casting may take 1-2 weeks. Those not cast - may or may not receive an individual phone call.
Feel free to contact the theater for cast list or further questions.*

WHAT DO I NEED FOR AUDITIONS?: Auditions will consist of a cold read from the script. Some audition pages are attached, and full scripts can be loaned from the theater. Bring your completed audition form and a calendar reflecting any conflicts with you.

REHEARSAL & PERFORMANCE INFORMATION:

Rehearsals will begin January 2, 2019 (Rehearsals will run approx. 4-5 days per week)
Local Performances will be held: February 7-17

ABOUT THE SHOW:

From a locked-down nursing home in the dead of night, they attempt the greatest escape ever. Join this misfit band of “inmates” as they hatch a master plan to escape their dreary nursing home and find something far more important than a baseball game – they find their youth. Watch as their best-laid plans go awry with hilarious results! This group of characters will charm you as the ringleader, the gossip, the grouch, the airhead, the Casanova, and the shy old gal with a surprising amount of moxie put their talents to the test. Funny and heart-warming, this single-set, easy-to-produce play is sure to entertain – and to remind audiences of the importance of a youthful sense of adventure.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN: 5 women, 3 men
(All Ages Welcome to Audition - this will be an inter-generational piece)

- * **ALBERT** - Charismatic leader. New at the nursing home. Retired military.
- * **LIBBY** - WGrouchy old lady who likes to complain. Used to work at the Department of Motor Vehicles.
- * **EDWINA** - Talkative gossip. Enjoys meddling in others’ affairs and knitting.
- * **STELLA** - Dimwitted and naive. Former cheerleader who thinks she’s still “got it.”
- * **GINO** - Large, jolly man. Theatrical. Fancies himself an educated, sophisticated Cassanova. Former limo driver.
- * **MARGE** - Shy, sweet old gal who enjoys painting.
- * **MS. FLETCHER** - Prim and proper, caring nurse. Runs the day-to-day operations of the nursing home.
- * **GUARD** - Young, idealistic man who works nights guarding the nursing home. Has no idea what he’s in for.

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Audition Form - The Great Nursing Home Escape

Please bring this completed form with you to the audition with calendar and conflicts
(acting resume and headshots are optional).

Name _____

Address _____

Home phone _____

Cell phone _____ (Do you text message? Yes / No)

E-mail _____

Occupation _____ Age _____ Height _____

Work or school hours _____

If you are familiar with this play, are there any part that interests you?

Would you accept another part if not offered any listed above? _____

Would you consider working on the crew or technical team? _____

Do you, sing, dance, play an instrument or have other special talents? If so, please explain level of skill:

Experience: Although not required, please list some of your theater background. *Some of this information may be used in the playbill for the show.*

This role will require makeup and wigs.

Do you have ANY conflicts with the rehearsal/performance schedule? _____

Please list ALL conflicts below (be as specific as possible to dates, times). Additional conflicts after being cast may not be accepted?

Casting Agreement:

By accepting a role, I agree to play the role assigned to me to the best of my ability, trusting the judgement of the director and staff. In doing so, I also agree to wear the costumes, makeup and wig or hairstyle of the director's and/or designer's choosing. Initial _____

Attendance Agreement:

By accepting a role, I agree to attend all rehearsals and performances as defined by the rehearsal schedule. I agree to arrive in a timely matter and be prepared to start when directed to do so. Initial _____

Thank you so much for auditioning for the show! We appreciate your time and interest in the County Seat Theater Company!

SCENE 1

AT RISE:

Lights come up on the activity room of a nursing home. Downstage center is a card table where an elderly woman (LIBBY, the grouch) sits playing solitaire. There is an empty chair at the table across from her.

Upstage right on a slight angle is a wall with a large set of French door-style windows that open in toward the stage, with a wide, sturdy windowsill a few inches off the floor. The windows are closed, and a black curtain hangs behind them. (Optional: a landscape scene can be placed in front of this curtain for Scenes 1, 2 & 4.) GINO, an ascot-wearing intellectual, gazes out the windows, leaning on a walker with tennis balls on the legs.

Upstage left is a cot, in which the dimwitted STELLA is propped up reading a romance novel. Downstage left is an easel with a half-finished painting of a landscape on it, which MARGE, the shy one, dabs away at. Downstage right, EDWINA, the gossip, sits in a rocking chair knitting a scarf.

We watch the tedium of the old folks' day for a long 10 seconds. Someone coughs. Finally EDWINA speaks, without looking up from her knitting.

EDWINA: How's yer bunions today, Libby?

LIBBY: Awful. It's these darn slippers they give us. How's yer indigestion?

EDWINA: Terrible. When are they gonna learn you can't feed old people fried chicken? It don't agree with my delicate system.

GINO: Speak for yourself. I adore fried chicken.

LIBBY: Oh, Gino, you'd eat fried cardboard if it came with tartar sauce.

GINO: I most certainly would not. (*Dreamily.*) But cardboard in a nice béarnaise sauce...

STELLA: (*Dimly.*) Oh, is that the special today? Delicious. I hope there's pie as well. I do love blueberry pie.

BY NATHAN HARTSWICK

LIBBY: The food here is for the birds.

EDWINA: And there's no entertainment. They should bring in a crooner once in awhile.

STELLA: Or the circus! I adore the circus.

GINO: They lack the financial wherewithal here. Some might even call them cheapskates.

EDWINA: Some?

GINO: I include myself in that company.

LIBBY: Anyone else freezing? It's always cold in here.

MARGE: I'm actually quite warm.

GINO: *(Eager to agree with MARGE.)* It is quite toasty, isn't it, Marjorie? Shall we get a breeze going? I'll open a window.

He tugs on the window, which is locked.

EDWINA: Gino, you know they lock the windows here.

LIBBY: It's freezing. It's like an ice box.

EDWINA: It is. I'm knitting this scarf just to keep from turning into a popsicle.

LIBBY: *(To herself, playing solitaire.)* Now where am I gonna put this one?

MARGE: *(To EDWINA, re: the scarf.)* That scarf is turning out very nicely, Edwina.

LIBBY: Oh, that goes here. Now I just need a four.

EDWINA: *(To MARGE.)* Thank you, dear. You're always so complimentary. You really do think everything's nice, don't you?

MARGE: I suppose.

GINO: *(Trying too hard.)* Well I think that's nice.

EDWINA: *(To MARGE.)* And how's the painting coming?

MARGE: *(A beat; she studies it.)* Nice.

LIBBY: This is a bore. I wish people would visit us more often.

STELLA: A lot of good that would do. I don't recognize them when they do.

LIBBY: It's too cold, there's no entertainment, nobody visits...why, they're just letting us sit here and wither away.

GINO: It's a travesty!

EDWINA: It's a tragedy!

LIBBY: It's the truth! This place is like a prison.

THE GREAT NURSING HOME ESCAPE

MS. FLETCHER, a poised, middle-age nurse, enters briskly.

MS. FLETCHER: Hello, folks! How are we all doing today?

With no trace of their former griping, they are immediately as nice as pie.

ALL PATIENTS: *(Ad lib.)* Oh fine, wonderful, quite well, thank you, beautiful day, isn't it? etc.

MS. FLETCHER: Well, that's lovely to hear.

MS. FLETCHER places a small paper cup on the card table, then bustles around the room as she talks, tucking in bed sheets, adjusting the patients' lap blankets, wiping a smudge off the window, etc.

MS. FLETCHER: Here are your vitamins, everyone. Don't forget to take them so you'll have nice strong bones. And Gino, don't you go stealing them all again before other people can have any.

GINO: I wouldn't dream of it, Ms. Fletcher. And have I told you how lovely you look today? A vision in white. Did you change your hairstyle? It's ravishing.

MS. FLETCHER: *(Dismissing the compliment.)* Thank you, Gino.

MS FLETCHER's back is turned as ALBERT, the charismatic new resident, enters. He is dressed in a robe and slippers but also wears a fedora. He sets down his suitcase and gives a little salute.

ALBERT: Officer on deck! Reporting for duty, ma'am.

MS. FLETCHER: Oh hello there! You must be Mr. Dickinson.
(Shakes his hand.) Let me take your suitcase for you, sir.

ALBERT: No, no – I can handle it myself, thank you. And please, do call me Albert.

MS. FLETCHER: All righty. Welcome to our little family. Everyone, this is Albert, our newest resident.

ALBERT: *(Warmly.)* Howdy, folks!

ALL BUT MS. FLETCHER AND ALBERT: *(Politely, ad lib.)* Hello, welcome, nice to meet you, etc.

BY NATHAN HARTSWICK

MS. FLETCHER: Why don't I introduce you to the whole gang? This is Miss Stella, former Miss North Carolina. 19...what year was it, Stella?

STELLA: I don't recall. I think Cary Grant was president.

ALBERT: *(Kissing STELLA's hand.)* Charmed.

STELLA: *(Giggling.)* Oh, my.

MS FLETCHER: Over here we have Gino, former limousine driver and our resident intellectual.

GINO: *(Offering a limp hand to ALBERT.)* A pleasure, I'm sure.

ALBERT: *(Shaking it vigorously.)* Nice to meetcha, Gino.

MS. FLETCHER: Gino is something of a ladies' man, aren't you Gino?

GINO: Why, that's a ridiculous charge! And yet how can I take offense to it, coming as it does from such a stunningly gorgeous creature?

MS. FLETCHER: Over here with the knitting needles is Edwina, and if you want to know anything about anyone here, be sure to ask her.

EDWINA: Are you calling me a gossip? Ha! That's what the other nurse says. Susan. She says I'm a gossip, but no one believes her. *(Whispers loudly.)* She lies. *(Normal voice.)* Also, her daughter failed college. And her hair isn't really red. *(Whispers.)* She dyes it. Tsk tsk tsk.

MS. FLETCHER: This artist extraordinaire over here is Marjorie.

ALBERT: Hello, Marjorie.

MARGE: Hello.

EDWINA: She's the shy one.

ALBERT: What are you painting there, Marge?

MARGE: Oh, just...a field. A park, actually. Near my hometown in Indiana.

ALBERT: That's very nice.

GINO: Isn't it? That's what I said. It's very nice.

MS. FLETCHER: Last but not least, we have Libby here, who had a lengthy career at the Department of Motor Vehicles before she came to us.

EDWINA: Which explains why she's such a grouch.

LIBBY: Oh, shut your pie hole.

THE GREAT NURSING HOME ESCAPE

STELLA: Yes please. Blueberry, thank you. (*Confidentially, to ALBERT.*) I do love pie.

MS. FLETCHER: Well, I think that's everyone. I've got some things to attend to. I'll be back soon – everyone make Albert feel welcome, mm-kay?

MS. FLETCHER exits. ALBERT hangs his hat on the back of the chair opposite LIBBY, but remains standing.

ALBERT: So, Libby, whaddaya like? Gin rummy?

LIBBY: Pardon?

ALBERT: Up for a game?

LIBBY: I'm already playing.

ALBERT: Not for long. You have a two on the first pile and an ace on the fourth. Move 'em to the third stack and the game's over.

He has seen all this upside down, indicating it confidently, without pointing.

LIBBY: Listen, Mr...?

She looks down and realizes he's right. She places the final two cards and gathers up the deck.

ALBERT: Colonel Albert T. J. Dickinson, United States Navy, retired, at your service, ma'am. Stationed for the previous five years in my son Robert's basement. Given an honorable discharge this morning at oh-eight-hundred hours.

LIBBY places the deck in the center of the table and indicates the empty chair opposite.

LIBBY: At ease, Colonel.

ALBERT: Excellent. I'll deal.

He puts the suitcase down, sits in the chair, scoops up the deck and shuffles it.

BY NATHAN HARTSWICK

ALBERT: Don't worry, I'm an easy opponent, my memory is going. All you gotta do is tell me you won and I'll believe you. (He chuckles.)

EDWINA: So Albert, this your first time in the clink?

ALBERT: The clink?

GINO: You'll have to excuse Edwina's brusque approach. She is inquiring whether you have ever been in a home before.

ALBERT: Ah, I see, the brig! Nope, first time.

ALBERT deals the cards and begins playing a game of gin rummy with LIBBY.

EDWINA: You'll get used to it. How's your tolerance for boredom?

ALBERT: Why? You folks bored?

GINO: We could use a tad more intellectual stimulation.

STELLA: *(Excitedly.)* Last week we made scrapbooks.

LIBBY: What are we, kindergarteners? Anyone with scissors and glue can make a scrapbook.

STELLA: I can't even use scissors.

EDWINA: Why, arthritis?

STELLA: *(Innocently.)* Nope, just never learned.

LIBBY: Probably best not to have you using sharp objects.

ALBERT: Well, if you're all so bored, why don't we do something really exciting?

LIBBY: Such as?

GINO: They lock the doors and windows here, Colonel; we're a trifle limited in our options.

ALBERT: Well, I don't know. What's something you loved, something you never do anymore? What do you miss about your old life?

STELLA: Ooh, I miss cheese.

ALBERT: All right, not exactly an adventure, but it's a start. What else?

EDWINA: I miss my beagle, Sammy.

LIBBY: I once ran a marathon. Quite the experience. Wish I could do that again.

ALBERT: All nice ideas, but let's try to think of things we can do. Perhaps —