

Audition Side #1

1: I heard if you lick a lobster you get good luck

beat

2: What, you want me to lick that?

1: I'm just saying.

2: Well, are *you* going to lick it.

1: No. You?

2: No.

1: What, do you have a problem with it?

2: No, I don't have problem with it.

1: Then what's the issue

2: There's no issue, it just doesn't seem necessary.

1: I don't know, it sounds like you're against lobster licking.

2: I'm not pro or against. I really don't have an opinion about this situation. I didn't know this situation existed.

1: So are you going to do it.

2: You really want me to lick it?

1: I'm just saying that if you wanted to get good luck you could, you know, lick a lobster.

2: It sounds like you want me to lick this live lobster

1: I don't want you to do anything

2: then why would you say that.

1: I was just saying

2: but why would you say that if you didn't want me to lick the lobster.

1: I was just presenting it as a option.

2: as opposed to what? Kissing it?

1: You could do that too.

2: What's that supposed to mean?!

1: Nothing.

2: Do you want me to kiss the lobster now?

1: Like, I'm not saying you shouldn't

2: So I should?

1: You can keep that option open

2: but why would you imply that I should. I don't have to do anything to this lobster.

1: but you could if you wanted to.

2: I don't want to.

1: No one's forcing you

2: Exactly!

1: but you could give the lobster an itty bitty lick or kiss.

Audition Side #2

DAN: Anything (*Tristan shuffles through papers*)....Look, my family was really proud that I managed to get this internship. I'll just tell them it was really taxing and leave it at that. I don't want to ruin anything—

TRISTAN: Ruin anything!—

DAN: Did you find anything yet.

TRISTAN: I don't know, tell her that sharks can't sleep, who gives a fuck!

DAN: *(typing)* Sharks... can't...– Done.

TRISTAN: What! You sent that!

DAN: Yep.

Tristan slaps Dan across the face.

TRISTAN: Snap out of it man! What's gotten into you!

DAN: What's gotten into you?!

TRISTAN: Do you realize what you just did!

DAN: What?

TRISTAN: I wasn't even that sure about that!

DAN: So?

TRISTAN: You just told her a falsehood! Do you think she's gonna cross reference that with the guys at Bing. I don't think so! You're a smart guy right? You know what this means–

DAN: We just altered her truth.

TRISTAN: Exactly!

DAN: That's kind of dope.

TRISTAN: What? That's not dope!

Ping

DAN: Call maps. David M. wants to know the distance between San Francisco and Walnut Creek.

Tristan honks a horn.

TRISTAN: I don't think you quite understand the gravity of this.

DAN: It's not that big of a deal–

TRISTAN: What!

DAN: –So what if this lady goes around thinking sharks can't sleep? That's kind of funny.

Audition Side #3

TONY: No no no. I don't want to hear it. I run into people like you all the time. The kind of person who only cares about themselves and their own problems. You know what? I got a problem too. I got 50 cases of fruit about to go bad and no one to sell them to. Talk about problems.

GUY: Um, Why don't you go sell your fruit out in broad daylight like a normal fruit...entrepreneur?

TONY: Don't get smart with me, khaki slacks. My father's been manning this streetlight for fifty years before I took over and he didn't have any problems. Back in the good ol days people used to go out at night in search of a nectarine, apricots, grapes–

GUY: I get it. Lots of variety

TONY: People wanted fruit! They came to the streets to find my pa under this street lamp. They seeked him out. Just like they did with my father's father and his father's father father. Now I'm ova here begging some guy with his shirt tucked in to buy a stupid bananer.

GUY: Sorry, I didn't realize you were upholding such a rich tradition.

TONY: Yeah, well the tradition won't be continuing for much longer. We're outta cash. Generations of dealing fruit is ova.

GUY: Well maybe this is good, you could go into a more lucrative business, like real estate or accounting.

TONY: You don't understand, there is nothing but selling fruit. I was raised to sell fruit. I remember back when I was just the size of a hefty watermelon, my pa brought me out here to sell my first piece of fruit. I remember it like it was yesterday: there was a man out for a run in the dark he says to me "Hey kid you got any water?" and I says back to him "I don't got any water, but I do got a bag of loose pomegranate seeds." And ever since that night my fate was sealed. Selling fruit is in my blood.