

**Hi! Here are some sides for auditions for *Stupid Fucking Bird*, organized by character. Pick one or two to perform in your audition - you need not have these memorized, but you should be familiar with whichever side(s) you choose. Break a leg!**

### TRIG

A wonderful phrase occurs to you, suddenly, fully formed, and you realize, you hope, that maybe no one else has ever put that idea together in quite that way before. That can be nice...Or you capture something... rare... and shining... just right. But genius -- if I have any at all—never feels like genius in the moment. On the day. More like...obsession. Compulsion. The inausuagable itch that rules your life... The need to create, to call something new into being is absurd. Arrogant. Insane, really...

I mean... why? Aren't there enough things already? Do we really need more? And yet on we go. More books. More plays. More painful poetry poured out in the small hours. And the songs! My God, the songs alone...! Sometimes I think there should be a moratorium on the creation of Art for 100 years. Let's just take a good look at everything we already have and then maybe decide what else we might need.

### DEV

I want a bottomless bowl of ice cream. A bowl the size of a bushel basket. And I want it to be brimming full of wonderful ice cream and it's all mine... but I can share it if I choose. And I have a little pouch with a variety of... *esoterically twisted long-handled metal spoons*... and I can let whoever I want use one of these marvelous spoons, and the ice cream is like... pear cardamom or cranberry & clove, or whatever weird-ass flavor I want it to be.

### MASH

To love with all your heart and know that it will never, ever be returned. [*In equal, painful balance*...] And to be loved by someone else whose love you cannot possibly return, even if he were the last man standing. What kind of a God needs a laugh that bad? [*Beat*] Fucker....What a fucker, you know? Things are so massively fucked down here, and he just seems to be kickin' back, laughing his ass off. I swear I can hear him sometimes, just chortling away, munching on some... celestial buttered popcorn or whatever, and watching us bounce around our pain-laced little lives as the world slips ever-closer to the cosmic crapper.

## SORN

I'm a doctor.

My job is to help people feel better.

Ironic. When I feel so entirely shitty myself most of the time. Not that they know that. Not my sister. Not my poor, screwed-up nephew... Not my patients or my friends or my ex-wives or... you know... anyone, really.

There is so much love in this house. Or what passes for love. "If only she..." or "Why won't he..." or "What can I do..." and the like. It matters so much to them. And I get that. It mattered to me, once, too. I had my dreams. Some came true, even. But they don't know that. They never ask. I have some memories, though. Some doozies. Remember-- if you take nothing else away from this... "play", or whatever it is, remember this-- when you see an old guy... *You Never Know*. Where he might have been. Or what he might have done. Or with whom.

Or with whoms...

You never know.

## EMMA

I was 18 when I got married. Eighteen fucking years old. Hardly out of diapers. To my first famous leading man. Dixon. Dixon McCready, remember him? No, me neither... Jesus, the way he said his own name should have tipped me off..."Dixon." "Dixon McCready. Rhymes with seedy." Oy...

"Sexual harassment that just worked out" we called it.

I thought that was so funny and charming at the time. Like we'd beat the system. What did all those "adults" who thought they knew better, that told us to wait, that told me I was too young, what did they know? I knew. It was true love! It was perfect. "What could possibly go wrong?" I asked my mother during one of our stupid, endless fights.

"What could possibly go wrong?"

Well, as it turned out... things. Many things could go wrong... And did. Wonderfully, impossibly wrong, and at 22 I had my first hit movie, my first tabloid scandal and I was a divorced mother of a two year old son. And the universe said... "Well, good luck with that..."

So, yes, that's right, my point is, indeed, don't judge. Don't you dare judge me.

## NINA

So, there's this story of his called THE TINY SACRED-- it's in his first collection, from when he was even younger than Conrad is now, I think-- and there's this little orphan girl in it. Her name is Annabelle, but they call her The Thimble. Isn't that great? And she has... consumption, or something, so she lives mostly in her tiny little room, mostly in bed, and she creates these imaginary worlds within worlds in the swirls on her bedspread and things like that...

But when things are particularly bleak... she does The Hope Dance.

On her bed. All alone. At night. The Hope Dance.

Don't you love that?

So when I was maybe 10 or 11, after one particularly terrible day-- you know, evil step-father, drunken rage, poor me, blah blah blah-- one night I just got up on my bed in the middle of the night and... I did it. I did The Hope Dance. And I instantly felt better. He gave that to me. He gave me that gift. And now he's right here. And... and he seems to like me. Me! While he was talking to me last night and I got weak in the knees. That's a thing that actually happened. My knees got weak... he touched my arm right here for, like, two seconds, and I swear it burnt me. I mean... What am I supposed to do with that?

## CON

I mean, this theatre, this one, where we're doing this show right now, this one is better than most, maybe (who knows anymore), but Christ what they're doing to Shakespeare these days to make him "accessible"... and the tiny, tepid, clever-y clever-y clever-y little plays that are being produced by terrified theatres just trying to keep ancient Jews and gay men and retired academics and a few random others who did plays in high school trickling in their doors... Do you know that six people is now a big play? Seven or eight, like this one [*instantly out to the audience*] (yes, of course I know I'm in a play, I'm right here and you're right there, and since you can see and hear me let's just assume I can see and hear you, too, and when you pick up your playbill, like you did earlier, sir, to see... I don't know... whether I've ever been in a a a play at Studio or if Rick's ever been on Broadway or where to eat after the show, I saw you. We all see damn near everything you ever do out there, all of you, just so you-- I'm not blaming, we're glad you're here, were totally grateful, actually-- but just so... you know, you know...), yeah, a play like this one with seven actors is practically un-producible. If we weren't a ... whatever... a a deconstruction... a rip off of a classic-- we probably wouldn't be here right now, you know? You know?