

DRINKING GAMES Audition Packet!

Drinking Games
By Gabrielle Poisson

A Senior Thesis in Acting for the TAPS major for Gabrielle Poisson

We are so excited that you are interested in auditioning for DRINKING GAMES!! Check out our audition materials below and sign up for an audition slot that works for you!



PLEASE NOTE: Per the Yale School of Public of Health's policies regarding COVID-19, all individuals must be fully vaccinated to participate in all in-person productions, including *Drinking Games*.

Drinking Games follows JOANNA as she reconnects with her alcoholic father after nearly five years without speaking only to find out he's dying of a brain tumor. It follows two parallel timelines, one stretching over the days following their reunion, approaching five years of the OLD MAN's sobriety. In the second, Joanna navigates a drunken one-night stand with a newly dumped and highly neurotic young man named CHARLIE.

As the play progresses, everyone gets drunker -- the characters, the structure, the lighting, the space -- forcing these characters to reckon with their inner demons as well as those they've inherited from the ones they've left behind.

Trigger Warning: Show includes discussions of addiction and alcoholism as well as allusions to violence and suicide.

Performance Dates:

November 7, 2021 - 8pm
November 9, 2021 - 8pm
November 11, 2021 - 8pm
November 13, 2021 - 8pm

Production Residency:

October 24th -- November 7th, 2021

Location: Theater and Performance Studies black box, 53 Wall Street

Audition Information:

We are casting two roles in this production:

OLD MAN (he/him, late 50s) - Father of Joanna, though estranged due to his alcoholism. Nearly five years sober when he is diagnosed with a brain tumor. Likeable, with a cruel streak.

CHARLIE (he/him, late 20s) - A male nurse who was recently dumped by his girlfriend of eight years. Neurotic, sweet to a fault, and always on time.

All audition slots are 15 minutes in length and we ask that you show up 5-10 minutes prior to your designated slot. Please select and prepare one of the attached monologues/scenes for your audition. You DO NOT need to memorize, but your first read of it should not ideally be in the audition room. You may be asked to cold read (read for the first time) another audition side after you have presented your monologue. We don't want auditions to be a super stressful process, so please reach out if you have any questions or concerns (email Vanessa at vanessa.copeland@yale.edu).

ATTN: We will be hosting a **joint audition workshop** with the GRIMLY HANDSOME team on **Saturday, September 4th at 1:00pm** in the Theater and Performance Studies Ballroom (220 York Street). Attendance is not mandatory, but it is a good opportunity to meet the team, ask any questions, and get some feedback on your audition! First time theatermakers are especially welcome!

PLEASE NOTE: In order to sign up for an audition slot you must be signed into your Yale College Arts account using your netID and your name. (Please make sure you set up your account to include your name so we actually know who you are!!)

We are also still looking for members of our prod team!

Positions we're looking for are listed below. You don't have to have any experience to fill a production role as we have an extensive network of mentors who can help you learn!

If you're interested in getting involved in one of these (or truly any) capacities please reach out to one of our producers! (naomi.goodheart@yale.edu or sophia.hall@yale.edu)

Set Designer

Costume Designer

Props Designer

Sound Designer

Hair/Makeup Artist

Assistant Producer

Assistant Stage Managers

Assistant Lighting Designer

Audition Sides begin on the following page!

OLD MAN SIDE 1

And the Old Man's standing there in a suit with a paper
corsage in his hands.

Joanna starts when she sees him.

OLD MAN

You never got to go to the prom.

JOANNA

I

What

I'm sorry

OLD MAN

You never got to go to the prom.

Because.

Well.

And I thought.

(holding out the corsage)

I made this for you.

Actually. Some girl scout the hospice sent to keep me company made it. But I think it's nice.

JOANNA

(taking it)

Thanks.

OLD MAN

Do you like it?

JOANNA

Yea. Yes. It's.

OLD MAN

Let me.

(He puts the corsage on her wrist. And she turns away
from him)

JOANNA

you should've warned me i could have worn something nicer--

OLD MAN

I wanted it to be a surprise.
Do you like it?

JOANNA
yes
thank you

(He holds out a hand to ask her to dance.
After a moment she takes it.)

OLD MAN
We used to do this when you were little.

JOANNA
you'd put me on your toes

OLD MAN
You'd wear your little pink tutu.

JOANNA
like the picture

OLD MAN
I'd keep that in my wallet.
I used to look at it whenever things got bad.
Like my guiding light.
My guiding light.

OLD MAN SIDE 2

I really raised you to be this pathetic? You're right. You are ugly. You are an ugly little girl. You can blame me. If you'd like, for all the deaths--for the disease dripping through your life. You can blame me for the acne, for the self-hatred, for the money you don't have, for the men that refuse to love you. Blame me. Because I wasn't there. I missed the recitals. I didn't come home with the pizza. But time's running out. Pretty soon I'll be gone, and what will you do? When there's no one left. Who will you keep crawling back to? You've built your whole life around the ways you think I've hurt you. You love it. You love hating me. You love hating the world. You were this little girl who wouldn't even look someone else in the eye you were so scared to be seen. Then you latched onto me and my disease and suddenly you had a cause. A joie de fucking vivre. Then we lost your sister and your mom, and you were this new person. This woman. With fire in her stomach, take no prisoner. All the things you say ruined you--baby they made you alive. So the next time someone decides they want to fall in love with you, you say thank you to your father for giving you the balls to have a personality.

CHARLIE SIDE 1

Hi. Hey. Hello. Hi.

(He hangs up. Waits. Calls again)

I know it's late. I know. I just had something to say to you. And I think it needed to be said. God you're pretty. No. That's not what I wanted to say. But it's true. Don't think I don't think that. You were always so pretty. What I wanted to tell you, and maybe I've always thought this or maybe I just realized. That doesn't matter. It's four in the morning and I don't know where I am, and I want to tell you that I think I believe in God.

(Beat)

You're probably gonna think I'm high. I promise you I'm not. Though I am a little hung over. Or maybe I'm still drunk. But. You always said I let life pull me by the ankles. And you're right. God you're so right. But I met a woman tonight. Which is a weird thing for me to be telling you. Somehow I think it won't bother you, though. I wish it would. Maybe it will. But I met a woman--or really a woman met me. And she was very pretty. And she asked me to come to her apartment, and we drank every type of alcohol. And she held me, and she danced with me, and I think we're in love. Just for tonight. And she made me think about you. Because she asked me this question. Just before she took me into her room, she asked me if I wanted to kiss her. Which was really funny. Because we'd been kissing for a while at this point, like kissing for hours, but she looked at me so serious, and she asked me if I wanted to kiss her. And that made me feel brave. And it made me feel like my heart was just breaking. Because here was this woman who was asking me to do something I'd already done. Asking me to kiss her for the first time all over again. And all of a sudden she looked like you. In the simplest way possible. And I started to think about the last thing you ever said to me. How you just looked at me with this beautiful smile--god you were so beautiful--and you just looked at me and you said "Charlie I'm tired." I just walked away. I don't know what I was supposed to do. Maybe I should have asked you to kiss me.

CHARLIE SIDE 2

Oh. Okay. Well. My mom started... this guy-- um. He was a teacher at school. And I didn't know, exactly. And then one day after sports practice I realized I left my notebook in chem class. And I go back for it. I walk into his classroom and my mom's there. And she's sitting on the lab table and she's got her legs around him like, like she's sixteen, and she's kissing him. And that's not my dad. My dad, well he's terrible. But this man isn't him. And I just walk into the room, and they're looking at me, and I say "Mom. Time to go." And she just gets up and leaves with me. And my chem teacher starts to follow us, and I don't even know what I'm doing. I turn around and I hit him in the face. And I'm hitting him and hitting him and he's not fighting back and my mom's just standing there. And I hit him until I can't feel it anymore. Like when you say a word so many times, and it starts to sound like nothing. I'm hitting this man forever, so long I forget who I am, forget my own name, we all die of old age and turn to dust and come back together and I'm still beating him. And my brain snaps back to focus, and I wonder how come I haven't killed him? How could he possibly still be alive. But I'm a weak little shit. Sorry. And he'll be fine. So I get up, and I grab my mom and my chemistry notebook, and I walk her out of there, and we get in the car. And I just look at her. And I say to her "if you ever touch him again, I'll kill you."

CHARLIE SIDE 3

JOANNA

What are you thinking about?

CHARLIE

What'd you finally run out of alcohol?

JOANNA

Never.

CHARLIE

(Lightly)

Woman you've got a problem.

JOANNA

Maybe.

CHARLIE

Really?

JOANNA

No.

CHARLIE

I actually don't believe in it.

JOANNA

Problems? That's an attractive sort of denial.

CHARLIE

Nah. I mean I had some bum uncle who went to all these AA meetings. Like that was his problem.

JOANNA

Wasn't it?

CHARLIE

No. I mean we're not talking about some guy who's shooting up meth—

JOANNA

You don't usually shoot up meth—

CHARLIE

Speaking from experience?

JOANNA

Maybe.

CHARLIE

(Beat)

But yeah. No. He wasn't like majorly addicted, you know? If you threw out all his six packs he wouldn't like convulse and puke his guts out. He was just a shitty--a bad guy with no ambition who would rather be drunk than do anything productive. He didn't need twelve steps. He just needed to get his life together.

JOANNA

You really think that?

CHARLIE

Yeah. You don't?

JOANNA

I don't know. It's in the diagnostic and statistic manual for mental disorders. Alcohol abuse plus alcohol dependence.

CHARLIE

I used to stay up all night taking personality quizzes. What mental illness do I have. And they'd come back saying I had depression, and anxiety, and mania, and paranoia, and quite possibly a few phobias, and honestly just cut my brain in half already. What you call abnormal, I call variation.

JOANNA

So it's a myth then? Alcoholics? That's a fun word right. Alcoholic. Ic. Ic. Ic. All the fun people are ics. Alcoholics. Workaholics. Hypochondriacs. Alcoholic. Rhyme that.

CHARLIE

Supersonic.

JOANNA

Melancholic.

CHARLIE

Diabolic.

JOANNA

Rageaholic.

CHARLIE
Rageaholic?

JOANNA
Your turn.

CHARLIE
I got nothing.

JOANNA
Drink.

CHARLIE
Fine. But water. I need water.
(He goes to leave)
What's a rageaholic?

JOANNA
A very angry person. A person addicted to rage.

CHARLIE
I think that's everyone. A little bit.