***Sweat***

Audition Sides – Oscar

*Absolutely no expectation for you to have this memorized. Give it all you’ve got and don’t be afraid! – Cleopatra*

Why are you coming at me that way? I’m not disrespectin’ you. I’m just trying to get paid, that’s all. For three years I’ve been carrying nothing but crates. I’ve got twenty-dollar bills taped to my wall, and a drawer full of motivational tapes. Got a jar of buena suerte from the botanica, and a candle that I keep lit 24/7. I keep asking for some good fortune. That’s it. A little bit of money. That’s it. A little bit of money. That’s it. My father, he swept up the floor in a factory like Olstead’s⎯those fuckas wouldn’t even give him a union card. But he woke up every morning at four A.M. because he wanted a job in the steel factory, it was the American way, so he swept fucking floors thinking, “One day they’ll let me in.” I know how he feels, people come in here every day. They brush by me without seeing me. No: “Hello, Oscar.” If they don’t see me, I don’t need to see them.