



AUDITION PACKET

Everybody Loves Opal

By John Patrick
Directed by Nicole Markey

Information:
Theater
(989) 739-3586
newsletter@shorelineplayers.org

AUDITIONS: Jan. 12, 13 and 14 at 5:00 pm (with possible call backs)

WHAT DO I NEED FOR AUDITIONS?: Auditions will consist of a cold read from the script. Sample 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 may begin as soon as Jan. 16

Performances will be held: March 4, 5, 10, 11 & 12

ABOUT THE SHOW:

Opal Kronkie, a middle-aged recluse, lives in a tumbledown mansion at the edge of the municipal dump. The general disarray of her establishment is aggravated by the fact that Opal collects things—anything that can be toted home in her little red wagon. Opal is also an optimist, for no matter how mean her lot—or her "friends"—Opal responds with unfailing kindness and an abiding faith in the goodness of human nature. Into her rather strange world comes Gloria, Bradford, and Solomon, three purveyors of bogus perfume on the lam from the authorities. Opal's menage is the perfect hideout—and Opal, herself, might be the remedy for their shattered finances. They decide that what she needs is plenty of insurance, a rapid demise, and three beneficiaries named Gloria, Bradford, and Solomon. Attempted murder wouldn't seem to be funny, but in Mr. Patrick's magic hands it is uproarious. The unsavory trio concoct an elaborate scheme to drop the ceiling on Opal's unsuspecting head—but she is in the cellar at the time; they try to drug her and set the house on fire—but Opal's state trooper friend arrives at the wrong (or right) moment; a plan for a "hit and run" accident backfires. Through it all, Opal radiates kindness, affection and, strangely enough, gratitude. But the real clincher comes at the end. It seems that there was plenty of money around all the time; bags, barrels, and mooseheads full of it, in fact, and any friend of Opal's is welcome to as much as he wants. All they had to do was ask.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN: 4 men, 2 women

Opal - *A middle-aged recluse living in a tumbledown mansion at the edge of the municipal dump. She is an optimist full of unfailing kindness and an abiding faith in the goodness of human nature.*

Gloria Gulock - *Age 19. On the lam from the authorities, she has designer-like wardrobe, and Hollywood dreams makes her the perfect naive front woman. She has a brashness that compensates for her insecurity. She seems hardened.*

Bradford Winter "Professor" - *In his Thirties. On the lam from the authorities, the real brains behind the operation, with his high-end vocabulary, college professor ensemble, and smart-ass sense of humor. He is a bit threadbare but lean and handsome.*

Solomon Bozo - *On the lam from the authorities, the big boss man in his fancy fur and authoritative air who talks a big, mob-boss-like game, but there's something hiding beneath the boisterousness. He is shabby, fat, bald and bug-eyed. He is in an extreme state of agitation.*

Doctor - *Middle-aged. Rather cantankerous.*

Officer Joe Jankie - *A handsome young policeman.*

Audition Form - Everybody Loves Opal

Please bring this completed form with you to the audition.

Name _____

Address _____

Home phone _____

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

Email _____

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 piano 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.*

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?

Thank you so much for auditioning for the show! We appreciate your time and interest in Shoreline Players!

Everybody Loves Opal

ACT I

SCENE 1

SCENE: *The living room of Opal's house at the edge of the municipal dump. The area in which the house still stands had once been an estate. The architecture is Victorian and remains a "Monument to the Scroll Saw." The action takes place in what was originally the drawing room. The wallpaper hangs torn and faded. The ceiling sags and is propped up with a weathered beam jammed upright at a leaning angle to support the weight above. Many of the rungs in the banister leading to the second floor are missing or broken.*

The room is almost bare of furniture. There is a lumpy couch, a wobbly wooden table with kitchen chairs and a battered kerosene stove. Otherwise it is a junkyard under shelter. There are barrels, boxes and assorted cartons of empty bottles. Bundles of newspaper are stacked almost ceiling high. Pieces of broken statuary and the discarded collection of an inept taxidermist give the room an air of gleeful idiocy.

An alcove to the right leads to the entrance and there is a door to the left that leads to the rear of the house.

TIME: *The Present.*

AT RISE: *Opal Kronkie, a birdlike little woman in her late fifties enters from the front of the house, banging the door shut behind her with a backward thrust of her heel. She comes in pulling a toy wagon laden with bottles, boxes and discarded clothing. OPAL. (Singing tunelessly.) Dum-de-dum-dum-driftwood, Do-de-do-driftwood. Her face is hidden by a despondent hat that obscures her vision. She is bundled up in several large patched overcoats that drag on the floor. Opal puts liver*

package on table, crosses to coat rack, takes off two coats. Then she pulls the cart to the bottom of the stairs and hooks the handle to a rope. Boards have been nailed to the stairs. By means of this arrangement she is able to pull the cart out of sight to the second floor landing. Hooking the rope to a peg in the wall, she divests herself of her last overcoat.

When not chuckling to herself, at some secret joke, Opal's meaningless song drifts into a tuneless whistle. Humming happily to herself, she crosses to a basin on a box beside a potted plant, U. L. C. in front of window.

OPAL. (To plant.) Hello, dear. Thirsty? Well, wait jus' a minute. (She rinses her hands in the basin and pats her face dry with a towel. She pours the water onto the plant.) That oughta keep you quiet. (She then crosses to a clothesline, stretched under the landing to just above kitchen door D. L. Clipped to this line with clothespins there hangs her collection of used tea bags. Opal selects one and puts it into a chipped cup, and takes from shelves U. L. a single paper napkin. She pours hot water from the dented tea-kettle steaming on top of the kerosene stove into the cup. Crosses to table R., to chair several feet away.) Now, how'd you get over there? I guess you're gettin' so old you run away from bein' sat on. (Brings chair to table and takes tea bag back to dry on the clothesline for future use. Takes off sweater, leaves on coat rack. Changing her bum to a high, lighthearted whistle, she crosses to table and sits down to sip her tea. Hearing a noise offstage, she listens intently.) Is that you, Mister Tanner? (Pauses.) Mister Tanner? (She crosses to the front door, opening it, and picks up a cat. She returns with it in her arms, stroking it fondly.) Well, Mister Tanner! Where you been all night? Why don't you stay home, you bad boy? We got plenty nice right here. (She bugs the cat, crosses to table.) Judas! Your little paws are ice-cold. Well, we'll just give you a nice fresh slice of stale liver the butcher give me. And I got a smidgin' of cream left. (Crosses to kitchen.) The city dump's no place to raise a cat—and that's the truth. (Whistling gaily to herself again, she disappears into the kitchen with the cat under her arm, closing the door behind her. There is a knock on the front door. When no one answers, a Man and a Girl enter. The Girl is Gloria

Gulock, over-dressed, and over-made-up, with a brashness that compensates for her insecurity. She seems hardened even at 19. With her is Bradford Winter—the "Professor." He is in his thirties, a bit threadbare but lean and handsome. He is a man of superior intellect who uses it maliciously. He looks around with distaste as Gloria crosses to stairs.)

GLORIA. (Calls upstairs.) Opal! Opal! You here?

BRAD. (Shudders.) Somebody lives here?

GLORIA. (Crosses to table. Puts bag and purse on L. side of table.) Her—and a cat.

BRAD. I'm amazed. I always thought cats were fastidious.

GLORIA. Now look—don't start off sarcastic. We can use her. (Crosses c.)

BRAD. How did you find this gem?

GLORIA. Oh, I seen her pullin' her little wagon along the street.

(Crosses to Brad.) I started talking to her. She likes to talk.

(Crosses to stairs, calls up the stairs.) Anybody here!

BRAD. (Crosses to table.) Medea? Medusa? Lizzie Borden? (Crosses to table D. R.)

GLORIA. I know she's home. (Starts upstairs and points.) Her wagon's there.

BRAD. (Picks up cup.) This cup has just been used—it's warm.

(Puts it down.) Probably blood.

GLORIA. Opal! (They turn as Opal re-enters, from kitchen, stopping with a gasp of surprise to discover visitors.)

OPAL. (Crosses to c.) Jumpin' Judas! I never heard no one come in. (Recognizes Gloria, who comes down the stairs to meet her.)

Well, if it ain't that pretty girl that bought all them bottles from me. (Tries to recall.) Gloria—Gloria—don't tell me.

GLORIA. Gulock. (Turns to Brad.) Opal, shake hands with my fren' Bradford Winter. (Opal crosses below Gloria to Brad. Gloria follows.)

OPAL. (Wipes her hand on her sweater.) Excuse me—I just been cutting up liver.

BRAD. Really? Whose?

OPAL. (Blinks uncertainly and then claps her hands with a delighted squeal of laughter.) It's a joke! Say now—you got a real

comical sense of humor, Mister! (To Gloria.) Gloria, handsome men ain't usually funny. (Back to Brad.) Any fren' of this young

lady is a feren' of mine. (*Shakes hands as if it were an exercise in calisthenics.*)

BRAD. (*Frees fingers from her friendly grip.*) Charming place. Did you do it yourself? (*Opal nods proudly.*)

GLORIA. (*With affected impotence.*) Brad's the chemist in our firm. He used to be a professor. Taught chemistry in one of the biggest colleges in the U. S. A. of America. He knows how to make perfume—salt—soap—you name it, he can make it.

OPAL. (*Properly impressed.*) It sure pays to have a trade, don't it?

BRAD. (*Smiling with charming malice.*) Feel free to call on me if you ever need soap.

OPAL. (*Incapable of being offended.*) Well, ain't you nice. Thank you. (*Then warmly to Gloria.*) How about a nice cup of tea, honey? (*To barrel u. r. Return to table with another cup.*)

GLORIA. (*Takes off gloves.*) Well, frankly, we just come to see about more of them perfume bottles, thank you.

OPAL. That's the trouble with the world today. Everybody runs around like they're fifteen minutes late. Now you sit down. (*Goes to select tea bags from her line l.*) How you like your tea?

BRAD. Strong. (*Brings chair to table r.*) Weakness is only attractive in women.

OPAL. (*Shrieks with laughter as she puts bags in cups.*) Honey, did you hear that? You got yourself a real comical fella. Good thing I ain't around him much—I'd be on the floor. (*Filled cups.*)

GLORIA. An' it wouldn't surprise me.

OPAL. (*Crosses to table, gives Brad his tea.*) How you like your tea, honey?

GLORIA. (*Crosses and sits table l.*) Frankly, it's immaterial.

OPAL. (*Crosses back to tea bag line.*) If you'd shown up before the cat—you coulda had cream.

GLORIA. (*Takes off jacket.*) Sugar's all I want.

OPAL. Just look over in that barrel, honey. You'll find a can that says Prince Albert tobacco. That's sugar. (*Gloria crosses to barrel u. r.*) I'm gettin' so blind lately I can't tell salt from sugar. So I put everything in cans with big letters.

BRAD. Wouldn't glasses simplify your problem?

OPAL. (*Crosses to table with 1 tea bag for Gloria.*) Oh, I intend to get glasses—just as soon as somebody throws away a pair that fits me.

GLORIA. (*Returns holding out can.*) Is this it?

OPAL. (*Holds it away to read it.*) Well, one of two things got to happen pretty soon. Either my eyes got to get better or my arms gotta get longer. (*Hands it back.*) That's sugar. Salt's in a moth-ball can. (*Gloria sits l. at table.*) Shake out what you want, honey—I left my spoon upstairs. (*Laughs, places napkins and tea on table.*) I was usin' it to get my shoes on. (*Takes tea bag back to line.*) Professor, I been mighty curious to know what you do with all them empty French perfume bottles.

BRAD. Well—you see— (*He begins to cough violently.*)

OPAL. (*Crosses to l. of Brad.*) Say, you're about to catch yourself a cold, professor. Had that cough long?

BRAD. Not long. Ten years.

GLORIA. (*Indifferently.*) It ain't a cold. It's his lung.

OPAL. Don't move! (*Hurries to barrel u. r.*) It just so happens I got something guaranteed to stop coughing or your money back no questions. (*Comes back with a bottle. Holds it out to Gloria.*)

What does this say, honey?

GLORIA. Hair tonic.

OPAL. That's it—cough medicine. (*Shoves it at Brad.*) Take a swig.

BRAD. (*Pushes bottle away.*) Thank you—no. I'll just strangle—if you don't mind.

OPAL. (*Indulgently.*) It ain't hair tonic—honest. I switched bottles. It's wonderful stuff—sorta paralyzes your throat. (*Brad waves it away. Opal sits at table c.*)

GLORIA. (*To Brad.*) Drink your tea before you choke. (*To Opal elaborately.*) Well, I'll explain, Opal. You see Paris France give my boss, Mr. Solomon Bozo, their exclusive recipe to make all their Paris France perfumes which I sell from door to door at half the price. Only we run out of genuine Paris France bottles so we gotta use used ones, see? I mean that's the fact of the matter. (*This explanation sends Brad coughing again.*)

OPAL. (*Rises, crosses to trap door.*) Oh, Well, now I know the kind you want, I been diggin' 'em out of my bargain basement. I'll fetch 'em up while the tea cools. (*Lifts a trap door in the floor—c. stage.*) If you want some soda crackers with your tea—you'll find 'em in that barrel that says "Roofing Tar." (*Starts down the steps into the basement.*) They're in a box marked "Soap Flakes." (*She disappears from sight.*)

GLORIA. (*Looks down trap door, then picks up bag, gets out mirror.*) I told you she was a real creep.

BRAD. For future explanations, Miss Gulock—the word is not “recipe”—it’s “formula.” And while on the subject of selling from door to door, I suggest that you’d inspire more confidence if you didn’t wear that tight knee-length sweater. (*Gloria thrusts out her chest defiantly.*) No need to prove you’re a mammal.

GLORIA. (*Crosses to trap door.*) Frankly, I don’t know what a mammal is and in addition and further more I don’t care. You stick to your religion and I’ll stick to mine. (*Starts down steps.*) Opal, I’m coming down to help you. (*She flounces arrogantly down the steps out of sight. Brad sees Gloria’s purse on table. He riffles through it and finds a bill. He slips it into the pocket of his topcoat. There is a sharp knock at the entrance. Brad glances toward the trap door and decides to answer the knock himself.*) BRAD. Come in. (*Sol Bozo, shabby, fat, shaped like a pear, bald and bug-eyed, enters. He is in an extreme state of agitation. He hurries up to Brad and grabs him by the lapels. Crosses c. below trap.*) What are you doing here!

SOL. (*Panting.*) Where’s Gloria?

BRAD. (*Points.*) In the cellar with the cretin. What’s the matter?

SOL. (*Takes Brad away from trap door to whisper.*) We been raided.

BRAD. The police?

SOL. (*Nods.*) One of Gloria’s customers. When she found out our perfume was honey, she called the cops.

BRAD. How could a woman who bought bootleg perfume complain to the police?

SOL. She was a policewoman. (*Crosses to front door, peers out nervously.*) What a stinkin’ trick! (*Crosses above table c.*) I was takin’ a shower when the cops came to search the house. I opened the door naked as a grape, and there’s these gorillas. (*Sits.*)⁶ BRAD. What did you say?

SOL. I said, “Selling tickets to the policeman’s ball, pal?” He says, “Yeah, and I want the first dance with you.” Forty-one previous arrests and I’ve never been handcuffed naked.

BRAD. (*Sits L. of Sol.*) How did you get out of it?

SOL. I says, “Look, pal, I got a constitutional right to dry myself.” So this Eliot Ness shoves me into the john to get dressed and I get out through the little window. I hope they drown in

your god damned Chanel. What bugs me is small business ain’t got a chance.

BRAD. (*Rises, crosses to sofa.*) Don’t worry, you’ll bounce back with the resiliency of a rubber heel. (*Sits sofa c.*)

SOL. You insulting me?

BRAD. Am I?

SOL. I dunno. That’s what makes me sore. Next time you insult me, tell me.

BRAD. (*Rises, crosses u. behind sofa, then to Sol.*) What a shabby trio we are. The trouble is we’re all failures—so we deluded ourselves into believing we could succeed in crime. But we’ve overlooked the fact that it takes the same degree of ability to be successfully dishonest as it does to be honestly successful.

SOL. I ain’t no failure. I just ain’t a success.

BRAD. We’re doomed to mediocrity, and why not? A girl with a peapod brain, a man drained of decency, and a midget Machiavelli. (*Sits L. of table.*)

SOL. That’s right. Call me names. You was a crummy drunk in a cruddy bar when I picked you up and gave you a decent job makin’ the very best bootleg perfume. Top brands, genuine bottles. That’s gratitude.

BRAD. Forgive me if I wound you.

SOL. Just because I’m a bum don’t mean I ain’t sensitive.

BRAD. I’ll try to remember. You’re a bum. (*Rises. Crosses to L. of trap door.*)

SOL. That’s better. Get the idiot girl. We don’t need no perfume bottles now.

BRAD. (*Takes off overcoat, leaves it on sofa. Bending over to call.*) Gloria? (*Waits.*) Oh, Miss Gulock? (*With a nauseous look at Sol.*) Gulock. Sounds like a stew made of Zebra meat and flotsam. (*Starts down trap door steps.*)

SOL. (*Jumps up.*) Wait a minute. Who lives here? (*Crosses to Brad.*)

BRAD. The bride of Dracula.

SOL. You mean a dame?

BRAD. Not in the classic sense.

SOL. I noticed coming in here that there ain’t a house within miles.

BRAD. I can read your mind. It wouldn’t work.

SOL. Why not?

BRAD. This gem has a flaw. She's honest.

SOL. But is she smart?

BRAD. Well, she's not exactly retarded but I wouldn't bet on her against a chimpanzee.

SOL. Then she's perfect—stupid and honest. (Beams.) Get 'em up here. You think I ain't a big time operator? Well watch me operate! (Takes out cigar.)

BRAD. (As he descends into the cellar.) Another symbol of my downward progress. (He disappears from view. Sol crosses to kitchen door, looks in, then crosses to c. above trap. He sees Gloria's purse and a greedy gleam shines in his eyes. He quickly searches its contents. Disappointed, he throws it aside. His glance falls on Brad's topcoat. He goes thru the pockets and discovers the hidden bill. He quickly pockets it, crosses u. r. c., as Gloria, Brad and Opal come up thru trap door. Ad libs)

GLORIA. Sol—what are you doin' here!

SOL. Just checkin' up. (Indicates Opal, takes off hat.) Will someone introduce me to this charming lady?

GLORIA. (Takes Opal to Sol—Brad sits sofa.) Opal, this is my boss—Mister Solomon Bozo.

OPAL. Any fren' of Gloria's is a fren' of mine. (Shakes hands.)

SOL. I just been admirin' your house, Opal. You own it?

OPAL. It ain't much—but it's all mine now. In grandpa's time, it was full of Kronkies. (Explains.) That's my last name. Kronkie.

SOL. (Oozing gallantry.) And now you live alone?

OPAL. No. I live with Mister Tanner.

SOL. Oh?

OPAL. He's a cat. (Slaps him playfully.) I bet you thought something else, now didn't you!

SOL. (Piously.) There's one thing I ain't got, Opal, and that's a dirty mind where ladies is concerned. (Crosses, sits chair r. of table.) Since Gloria tole me so much about your place, Opal, I come over to see if you'd be interested in rentin' part of it.

OPAL. (Crosses to above table c.) Why—nobody'd live here! There ain't even runnin' water. Except what runs in the basement when it rains.

SOL. (Businesslike.) Well, it just so happens that this very day we been lookin' for a new place. (Look between Brad and Gloria.) We find we can't conduct our former business in our former location.

OPAL. (Sits table c.) Why not?

SOL. City Hall.

BRAD. (Crosses to table.) Zoning.

OPAL. Why, that's just terrible! (Back to Sol.) You know what they done to me? Made me get a license to pull my little wagon. Said it was a commercial vehicle.

SOL. (Gleefully.) Does that mean you'll rent?

OPAL. Well—I could clear out the third floor. I lived up there when I was a little girl. It's full of automobile tires, now.

SOL. How much rent would you want? Without the tires?

OPAL. (Frowns.) Would ten dollars a month be too much? I wouldn't wanna cheat you.

SOL. (Takes bill from pocket.) Miss Kronkie—we'll take it. (Hands her the bill he has stolen.) You got our rent—we got your word.

OPAL. (Takes the money.) Well, it's just like stealin' ten dollars from you! (Turns to Gloria.) You know what I'm gonna do, honey? You folks been so nice to me, I'm gonna do somethin' I never done before in my whole entire life. I'm gonna buy a bottle of real perfume from you. (Hands her the bill.) Pick out somethin' that suits me.

GLORIA. (Opens her sales bag.) Well now, let's see what goodies we got in this grab bag. (Takes out bottle.) This here's our latest French item—"Arpeggy's Mantrap."

OPAL. I'll take it. Won't Mr. Tanner be surprised. (Dabs perfume on her chest.) Well, you stay here—make yourselves some more tea while I go up and chase the bats outta your rooms. (Goes up the stairs.) If you was to see the mess up there now, you'd want your ten bucks back. Then I wouldn't have no perfume. (Disappears up the stairs.)

GLORIA. (Whirls on them.) All right! Don't nobody tell me. (Brad crosses to look up stairs.)

SOL. We got raided!

GLORIA. So! Big shots. (Crosses to Brad.) I tole you they'd smell us out in a bungalow court. (Crosses to Sol c. table.) An' you! You thought plantin' roses would fool 'em.

SOL. Shut up! I oughta hit you in the hooter. It was you done it.

GLORIA. Me!

BRAD. (Viciously sweet.) You rang the doorbell of a police-woman. (Crosses to L. of Gloria.)