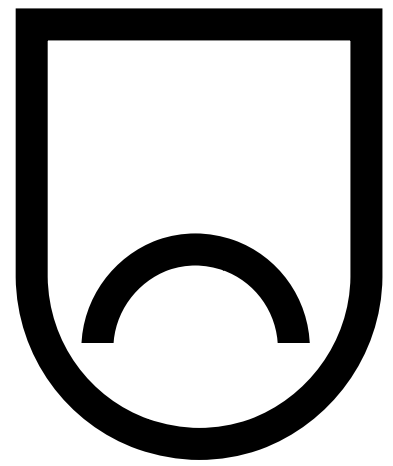
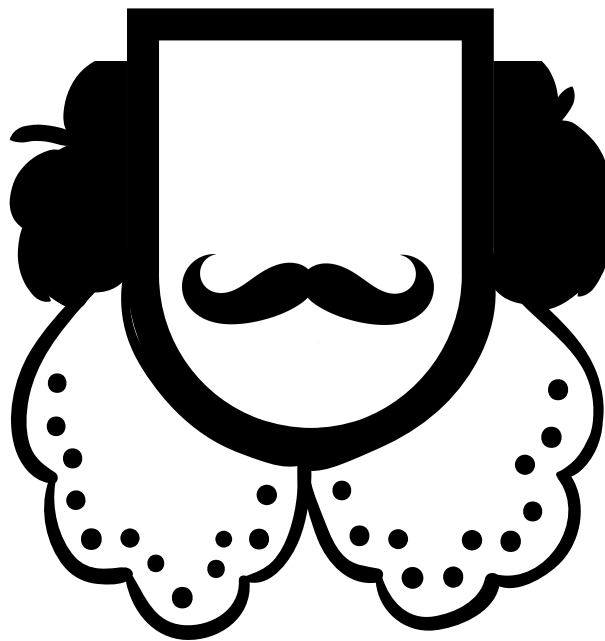
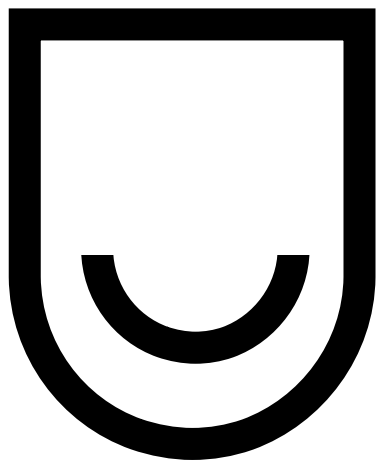


THE
LIVERY
P R E S E N T S



THE
FIRST TIME 4 EVERYTHING
FESTIVAL

THEATRE
MARKET
FOOD
BEVERAGE
FUN

A NON-TRADITIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL, AND
OUTDOOR MARKET. DEVELOPED BY NEWBIES FOR
NEWBIES (OF ALL SPECIFICATIONS).

FTFETHEATREFESTIVAL@GMAIL.COM

JULY 12, 13, 14, 15 @ 8 PM

TICKETS BY DONATION - FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED

A ONE-ACT THEATRE FESTIVAL WHERE NEWBIES RUN THE SHOW.

FTFE
2 0 2 3

Welcome friends, to The First Time For Everything Theater Festival.

If you're reading this package maybe you're taking a risk and doing something you've never done before.

Congratulations! You did the thing!

You are taking a risk, taking a chance, doing something new, and we're here to help you do it. The FTFE Festival came out of a desire to provide people with the opportunity to try something they've never done before. Maybe that "something new" is directing for the first time, like all of our new directors this year, or putting a stage together, or running lights, or memorizing lines and being on stage. Whatever it is, we're here to take that step with you. It is our hope at the FTFE Festival that we give folks the opportunity to challenge themselves, to learn something new about themselves, and to fall in love with theater the same way we all have. And next year, when you think you've learned all there is, try something new and do it all over again.

Welcome to the theater community. You're now one of us. Don't worry it only hurts for a little while.

We can't wait to play with you,

FTFE Committee

Please review the package, pick which plays that you would like to audition for, print & fill out the Audition Form to bring with you and voila you're ready for the audition! There is no need to memorize the audition pieces. Please audition for any or all of the plays!



Goderich Little Theatre (GLT)

35 South Street, Goderich ON N7A 3L4 | 519.524.6262 | livery@thelivery.ca

ftfetheatrefestival@gmail.com



The First Time for Everything Festival

This is a Play Written by Daniel MacIvor Directed by Leigh Anne Van Aaken

Final Play Written by William Lang Directed by Brian Makcrow

Ruby of Elsinore Written by Bruce Kane Directed by Jesse Gill

Audition Date: _____

NAME: _____ PHONE: _____

EMAIL: _____

List which plays you are auditioning for today (Write all if you are interested in any one of our plays)

List any past plays that you would like us to know about:

Other skills: (singing, dancing, musical instrument(s), etc.)

Are you interested in becoming a volunteer in other aspects of the festival or with the GLT?

Please list areas that you are interested in learning about.

Rehearsals will be **Sundays 2-4, Mondays & Wednesdays 7-9** (please let us know if you have any conflicts with these days)

Performance dates are WED July 12, THURS July 13, FRI July 14 and SAT July 15 of 2023

This is a Play

By Daniel MacIvor

OLDER FEMALE ACTOR

OFA : (to audience) Confused by the moody lighting and the empty stage? Nervous because you were expecting a comedy? “Oh no” you think “it’s experimental!”

You know me! I’m the Older, but still attractive Female Actor, wise and gruff and charming, rough around the edges but soft on the inside. In actuality, I am a mother image for the playwright but a more perfect a mother, not like his own who never understood his delicate artistic sensibilities. And now I deliver my first monologue, it is a story about three heads of lettuce which were separated and how they ended up, three lonely heads of lettuce: one in a kitchen, one in a market and one in the back of a produce truck, a story that asks the question: Will they ever meet again? You worry again wondering if this might be children’s theatre. It should be. You look at your watch and shift in your seat and I’m out of here.

OLDER FEMALE ACTOR exits.

MALE ACTOR

MA : (to audience) I take up a position stage right. I am sick with embarrassment, not only did I trip on my big cross but now I am not in my light. I find my light. I look out at the audience but just over your heads so as not to destroy your tentatively suspended disbelief, and wonder – what to do with my hands. I think about a Dora and begin a speech about LETTUCE and every time I say the word LETTUCE I say it with great emphasis because the director told me to. My story rambles on about one lonely lettuce in a kitchen, then to my recently dead brother, then to this mysterious mission type thing I'm on. I don't understand this speech but I manage to fake it. Then I move my arms in a strange way because the director has a dance background. Then once again I mention lettuce. Then. Silence. I exit!

MALE ACTOR exits.

FEMALE ACTOR

FA : (to audience) Tentatively I enter, gracefully moving my arms in a strange way. Immediately and professionally I scan the audience quickly out of the corner of my eye and wonder if my mother is here. I think about art and begin my monologue. It is a story about lettuce, one lonely lettuce in a market, a monologue which would be a total embarrassment if it weren't for the brilliant emotional motivations given me by the director, my mentor. I go on, once again mentioning lettuce and then leap to noting my relationship to the Older Female Actor, who is presently chain-smoking in the NON-SMOKING Green Room. Now I take up a strong position centre and wait for the entrance for my leading man, the empty-headed monster.

Audition piece for 'Stranger Among Us' - Southern, soap opera accent:

MA - WHAT KIND OF QUESTIONS DON'T HAVE ANSWERS?

FA- THE QUESTIONS FROM OUR HEARTS.

MA- IF ONLY I HAD A HEART.

FA- EVERYBODY'S GOT A HEART.

MA- DO THEY? WHAT'S YOUR NAME? I'M JOEY.

FA- I'M SISSY.

**MA- SISSY. I BET YOU'VE GOT A HEART THOUGHT, (touching her arm)
DON'T YA SISSY.**

**FA- DON'T TOUCH ME, DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH ME! YOU CAN'T
TOUCH ME. I'M MADE OF GLASS AND YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE.
AUNTIE! AUNTIE! AUNTIE!**

OLDER FEMALE ACTOR enters.

**OFA- FOR THE LOVE OF GOD AND ALL THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN AND
EARTH WHAT IS IT GIRL?**

FA- OH AUNTIE THERE'S A STRANGER AMONG US!

**OFA- WHERE? WHO IS HE? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO
MY NIECE?**

OFA & FA- Blackout!

Black

MA- Blackout!

Audition piece with ALL 3 actors:

OFA - Fascinatingly, the scene begins in the middle of an argument.

MA - I say something I don't understand.

FA - I say something he doesn't understand.

OFA - I say something that makes sense of what they said and is funny, though lame.

MA - And now

FA - a bit

OFA - of Mamet-

MA - -esque

FA - dia-

OFA - -logue,

MA - clipped

FA - and frac-

OFA - -tured

MA - and

FA- highly

OFA - enter-

MA - tain-

FA - -ing

Final Play

By William Lang

Directed by Brian Makcrow

Synopsis:

This chilling, provocative play is concerned with sophisticated brainwashing and the effect of stress and confinement on three flyers shot down in an unnamed war and held in a prisoner-of-war camp where they are undergoing a desperate struggle against an unseen captor.

This authoritarian captor, heard but not seen, uses techniques of brainwashing to destroy them.

3 people that can play captives aged 20 - 50

Ruby of Elsinore

Written by Bruce Kane

RUBY AUDITION #1

OPHELIA: Hamlet is just not too happy with his mother these days.

RUBY: What's his problem?

OPHELIA: He thinks she married his uncle too soon after his father's death.

RUBY: Oh really? He thinks the next day was too soon?

OPHELIA: Don't make jokes Ruby.

RUBY: Who's making jokes? They used the leftovers from the funeral to cater the wedding.

OPHELIA: Hamlet thinks there may have been something going on between Claudius and Gertrude even before.

RUBY: He thinks? He thinks? Hell, everybody in Elsinore knew Gertrude was steamin' up the sheets with Claudius.

OPHELIA: Well, I didn't know it.

RUBY: Are you blind, child? Even at the funeral, Claudius had his hand firmly planted on her royal ass. Have you thought of suggesting to the prince, that maybe he seek a little professional help. I mean... "I see dead people." Give me a friggin' break here.

OPHELIA: Ruby, what do you think I should do?

RUBY: What does your father say?

OPHELIA: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

RUBY: Why, does your old man think you're going into business with Prince Hamlet?

OPHELIA: No, that's just the way my father talks. "To thine own self be true and it follows as the night the day" ... yadada, yadada, yadada. *(Ruby holds up a mirror in front of Ophelia)* Oh Ruby, you're a dream.

RUBY: We are all such stuff as dreams are made on. And you can quote me on that .

OPHELIA: Ruby, if Hamlet doesn't ask me to marry him, I swear I'll kill myself.

RUBY: Now, now child... You mustn't talk that way. You listen to Ruby. Men are like ferry boats. If you miss one, there'll be another one along in an hour. Now, run along...

(Ophelia gives Ruby a hug and runs off.)

OPHELIA: Wish me luck.

RUBY AUDITION #2

RUBY: Ruby... My name is Ruby, highness. Not Rosie.

GERTRUDE: Are you contradicting your queen?

RUBY: No, ma'am. I was merely pointing out...

GERTRUDE: One does not "point out" to their queen.

RUBY: Yes, your haughtiness. (*Gertrude sits in the chair. Ruby drapes the smock over her.*) Well, what'll it be today?

GERTRUDE: Just a touch up.

RUBY: Want me to do something with those roots?

GERTRUDE: I am the Queen. I do not have roots. I have transitions.

RUBY: Whatever you say. (*she begins working on Gertrude*) So, how are you your majesty? I haven't seen you in here since just before your wedding.. I suppose congrats are in order.

GERTRUDE: Thank you, Rita.

RUBY: As well as condolences.

GERTRUDE: Condolences? What are you talking about?

RUBY: Condolences on the death of your husband.

GERTRUDE: Claudius is not dead. He is alive... Very much alive. In fact, we only just had....

RUBY: I meant your first husband, highness. The late king. The one before this one.

GERTRUDE: Oh... Him... Yes... The late king... Yes, of course... He is dead... And buried.

RUBY: Although still active from what I hear.

GERTRUDE: What are you talking about, Ruthie?

RUBY: Nothing, your grace. So everything is satisfactory with you and the new king?

GERTRUDE: Everything is very satisfactory, Rhonda.

RUBY: Happy to hear it.

GERTRUDE: Things couldn't be more satisfactory.

RUBY AUDITION #3

RUBY: At least. Is it true what they say, highness?

CLAUDIUS: What's that, Ruby?

RUBY: That it's good to be the king.

CLAUDIUS: It doesn't suck. I can tell you that. The power... The wealth... The respect. But, mostly the power. God, I love the power... People stand when you walk into a room. They don't sit until you sit. They do what you tell them to do. They laugh at all your jokes. Ruby, right now, back in the castle, there are actually people lining up just to kiss my.....ring.

RUBY: So that's what all the bowin' is about.

CLAUDIUS: And the women. Ruby, I can't turn around without some beautiful woman offering me... Well, what beautiful women have to offer. You get the picture.

RUBY: In a frame.

CLAUDIUS: But, of course, I am faithful to the Queen.

RUBY: Of course.

CLAUDIUS: Completely faithful.

RUBY: Completely.

CLAUDIUS: Totally and completely faithful.

RUBY: Totally and completely faithful.

CLAUDIUS: One hundred per cent. Without a...

RUBY: What's her name?

CLAUDIUS: Annabella. She's a lady in waiting.

RUBY: Obviously, she ain't waitin' no more.

RUBY AUDITION #4

RUBY: You need somethin' that says young, hip... now.

HAMLET: (*sarcastically*) How about big, thick sideburns down to here?

RUBY: I don't think so. You're a prince... Not "The King." (*does an Elvis move*)

HAMLET: What difference does it make what my hair looks like? A rogue and peasant slave am I.

RUBY: That may be, but your hair says rogue and peasant "slob." You're a prince. You should look like one. Besides, there's nothing like a new 'do' to lift the clouds of doom. Raise the spirits. Boost the confidence.

HAMLET: And what do you suggest, Ruby? What could ever lift the clouds of doom that hover o'er my troubled brow?

RUBY: Bangs.

HAMLET: (*incredulously*) Bangs???

RUBY: Bangs

HAMLET: Certainly, you jest.

RUBY: Bangs are all the rage in England. From what I hear, Prince Valiant is beatin' 'em off with a stick.

HAMLET: Really? With a stick? Mmmmmm. "To have bangs or not to have bangs, that is the question."

RUBY: You're not gonna start that again, are you?

HAMLET: "Whether tis nobler to wear one's hair in a ponytail or to..."

RUBY: You keep that up and I'm gonna shave you bald.

HAMLET: (*intimidated*) Bangs it is.

RUBY AUDITION #5

GHOST: (*drops into Ruby's chair*) What am I going to do Ruby?

RUBY: We could trim the front... Layer the back a little... Disguise the bald spot.

GHOST: I'm talking about my family. My brother murdered me. My wife took him into her bed before my body was even cold... My son won't avenge my death.

RUBY: What family doesn't have its problems?

GHOST: You think Gertrude and Claudius had something going on before he poured the poison in my ear?

RUBY: I wouldn't know your majesty.

GHOST: And if you did, you wouldn't tell me. Would you?

RUBY: What's said at Ruby's...

GHOST: Stays at Ruby's. I know... I could have used ministers like you Ruby. People who know how to keep their mouths shut. Unlike my son.

RUBY: Hamlet is young, highness.

GHOST: He's thirty two years old, Ruby... When I was thirty two I'd conquered half a dozen neighboring tribes, imprisoned two thousand warriors, killed God knows how many more and impregnated five hundred of their women.

RUBY: You were a doer, majesty.

GHOST: If my father's brother had killed my father and married my mother, I would've roasted the bastard over a spit. I'd've fed his innards to the pigs. I'd've ...

RUBY: Each generation has its own way of handlin' conflict.

GHOST: I'd've had his head on a pike. I'd've severed his limbs... And can you really disguise the bald spot?

RUBY: Oh sure... No problem.

GHOST: Give it a shot... (*Ruby goes to work*) So how are things with you, Ruby?