

Please prepare the following for your audition:

- A song that shows off your range in any style. Please bring sheet music! If you have difficulty finding music, please contact [stagedoorfd@gmail.com](mailto:stagedoorfd@gmail.com).
- One or more of the following monologues.

***Memorization is recommended!***

### **SPARKY 1**

Good evening. We're Forever Plaid, and we're dead. And uh...we never got to do this show when we were – you know – alive, and now that we're not, we're hoping to do the show that we would've done if we could've when we were, which we're not, so we didn't and now we can. You see, it's because of all the astro0technical stuff, like the stars being in conjunction with the positions of the planets, and the sounds of our voices, combined with the expanding holes in the ozone layer, make it possible for us to do the show that we couldn't which we didn't and now we can. Anyway, we're here, you're there, and I'm Sparky.

### **SPARKY 2**

This is the story...

This is the story of The Golden Cardigan. One dusty day, Jinx was off getting his nose cauterized, so I was filling in for him at Smiley's Texaco Station. There I was, restacking the re-treads, when through the blazing horizon Perry Como's Cadillac Fleetwood Limo came a-sputtering into the station. I was numb with excitement. He was sitting right there in the front seat instead of in the back, behind the partition. That's the kind of guy he was. I mean is. Well I calmed down long enough to check out the car. I was just getting ready to dig down into that big ole engine, when I realized that I didn't know what I was doing. But I also realized that this could be a moment of destiny, of fate, in other words, a magic moment.

### **FRANCIS 1**

Those were our first two numbers. Tonight, I want to thank you for allowing us the opportunity to do the show we never got to do in life. You see, we saved up for these really boss Plaid Tuxedos, and we were on our way to pick them up the night we were kil...Well, - we were kil...

No, it's alright. I'm alright.

So for the full effect, if you squint, and think Plaid, we could all look like this.

### **FRANCIS 2**

Why not? We came back once, maybe we can do it again. We don't know what's going to happen. We can't be sure of anything except how we feel, that nothing on this, or any other

planet, compares to the feeling of being inside a good tight chord. Knowing that we're building an arrangement that will vibrate through eternity.

Picture this – we're coming into the release of "Splendored Thing." There we are, careening into that classic D-flat minor chord. I know that I gotta jump in and come around smooth on the inside of the harmony. I hear a cool A-flat building on my left, so I slip into an F-sharp. That sends you all cascading. You topple into a portomento of epic proportions. Now Smudge brings us around. He passes me the dominant. I pass it back. We volley. B, C-sharp, B, E, F, F0sharp. The coast is clear. Not a nosebleed in sight. Jinx heads out with his money notes. A, A-sharp, maybe B if he feels particularly hot, and he does. We change keys Shift it. Shift it. Into overdrive. We modulate to the stars! Vvrrroooooommm!

We sail over the melodies creating whole new galaxies as we go. We propel ourselves through the coda, then parachute off our snow-covered chord, cushioning down on a cloud of warm sound. We hold onto that last note. We don't want to say goodbye to the song. We're out of breath, but we keep singing longer and stronger. Then, as one, we cut off.

There is only silence. Quality silence. Sleek sweat runs down our collective necks. It's a good sweat. A perfect chord. One perfect moment. That's all anyone has the right to ask for. And we had more than our share. Rehearsing in the stockroom was our Madison Square Garden. Singing in the upholstered comfort of the Mercury was our Carnegie Hall. The opening of the Stroudsberg Sears was our Ed Sullivan Show. And it was good, dammit! Excuse me. But it was good. Real good. Did I leave anything out?

## **SMUDGE**

Uh...While Jinx is clotting, I'll forge ahead. You know that saying "You can't take it with you?" Well you can, you're allowed one suitcase. So we took our props and the bass charts, and I snuck in my record collection.

You see, when I was a little kid, my parents opened a diner with the insurance money that they got from this accident they had. They had to give the sitter Wednesdays off for beauty school, so I'd hang around the diner and wait for the jukebox lady to come to take out all the old records that no one was playing anymore. She'd give them to me. That's where we got "Perfidia". Well, I just loved these little guys. I'd sit there for hours just lookin' at the labels, readin' 'em, watchin' 'em drop down on the record changer and listenin' to 'em. I'd mouth the words –

And I'd make sock puppets and pretend they were the Ames Brothers, or The Four Aces. Well, then I graduated to LP's. What a feeling, getting a new record, slipping your thumbnail in the album jacket and breaking the cellophane. We, the guys and I, always dreamed of making an album. We even made these neat record covers ourselves – excuse me...

Although we never had any albums to sell during one of our shows, we would sell the empty record covers, and keep dreaming of the day when we could stuff them. It was a good dream.

## **JINX**

The Wilkes-Barre Chronicle, April 19<sup>th</sup>, 1959. “Bobby Darin sells out at the Crystal Room of the Sheraton. Don’t worry, there are plenty of seats across the street at the Swinglane Alleys, where the Ladies Championship Bowling League will be crooned by the local singing group, Forever Plaid. This group’s sound is to contemporary music as formica is to marble.”