

OZARK ACTORS THEATRE
2012 Summer Season: Audition Sides
THE DIVINERS

CC SHOWERS (male, 20s-30s)
BUDDY LAYMAN (male, teens-20s)

CC: Bud, this is Wildroot Creamoil. You got your Daddy's hair tonic, pal.

BUDDY: Well, he's itchin.

CC: Bud, this isn't going to help.

BUDDY: Well it smells good.

CC: You think maybe you'll get back to sleep if I dab a little on you?

BUDDY: Rub it around his backbones.

CC: Your back's itchin, huh?

BUDDY: His backbones, his elbones. Itchin like he can't sleep for nothing, C.C.

CC: Yeah, I know the feelin.

BUDDY: Hey, C.C.? You got one a these? You got a belly buttoner?

CC: Last time I looked I did.

BUDDY: What's it for?

CC: As far as I know you're born with it, pal. It's part a the package.

BUDDY: When he's a baby, C.C.? Babies got belly buttoners?

CC: You're born with all kinds of amazing things.

BUDDY: Wheres babies come from?

CC: Well... their Mamas have em.

BUDDY: How come?

CC: Cause Mamas like having babies, I guess.

BUDDY: Hey, C.C.?

CC: Yeah?

BUDDY: How come she's with Jesus?

CC: Cause your Mama's in Heaven.

BUDDY: How come he won't give her back?

CC: Aw, Bud, it just doesn't work that way, is all...

CC SHOWERS (male, 20s-30s)
JENNIE MAE LAYMAN (female, teens-20s)

JENNIE: What'd you worry about?

CC: Everything.

JENNIE: Oh...

CC: You name it, I worried over it. Like I'd see a family loadin down and taking off for California—they'd say, "Pastor, we ain't got no room for the dog." We'll, I'd worry a while, then I'd take the dog. Must had near to a dozen old hounds at once for a while. Good dogs, though. I'd line em all up in the front room and practice my preachin on em. Dogs kinds like bein talked at.

JENNIE: Well you talk real nice.

CC: I talk too damn much, Jennie Mae.

JENNIE: It's not your fault, C.C. It's the river. My Mama used to say people sit by the water they can't help but be talking. River's kind a magic like that.

CC: Your Mama was right.

JENNIE: I don't think she ever liked any place so much as the river. Be down here every other day through the summer. And come fall—well you never been here in the fall, but when the leaves start to changing and the air's getting cooler...

CC: Won't be too long now...

JENNIE: And as long as you're here you might as well stay on through winter. Everythin's nice in the spring.

CC: Sounds like I might have to stay.

JENNIE: Less you're missin Kentucky.

CC: Naw. I tell you what I do miss, though, is them dogs.

BASIL BENNETT (male, 40s+)
DEWEY MAPLES (male, 20s)

BASIL: How'd he look when he said it?

DEWEY: Well. He was scratchin his feet something awful.

BASIL: Seemed pretty sure did he?

DEWEY: I come walkin up the garage, I says, "How you doin, Bud?" He says, "It's gonna rain."

BASIL: Well... the alfalfa's in at least.

DEWEY: Yeah.

BASIL: But the rutabaga's not near.

DEWEY: It ain't even close.

BASIL: Figure you boys can get that highland turned?

DEWEY: S'awful rocky.

BASIL: I know.

DEWEY: Full a rocks.

BASIL: Get her turned before the rain comes, give you eighty cents a day.

DEWEY: Damn.

BASIL: A little rain'll be nice, huh?

DEWEY: I guess.

BASIL: Yeah.

DEWEY: Hey, Basil. Look at the sky, will you?

BASIL: Pretty.

DEWEY: There's no clouds for miles.

BASIL: It'll rain soon enough, Dew. The boy knows.

DEWEY: How you figure that is?

BASIL: What's that?

DEWEY: I mean, you done your fair share a doctoring, Basil.

BASIL: I'm no doctor, son. Most things'll heal alone.

DEWEY: But how do you figure the boy knows like he does?

BASIL: He just feels, I guess.

LUELLA BENNETT (female, 40s+)
NORMA HENSHAW (female, 40s+)

LUELLA: I know why you're singin, Norma Henshaw. You're singin and cleanin the whole Dry-Goods top to bottom on account a that new slick-talkin preacher.

NORMA: Luella.

LUELLA: Now, Norma, for all we know this guy is a smooth-talkin con man. We don't know nothin about him.

NORMA: We know he's a preacher.

LUELLA: What Church is he with?

NORMAN: Why Luella, he's a Christian a course.

LUELLA: Well that doesn't mean you can trust him you know.

NORMA: I been prayin for this for ten years in a row. I don't ask the Lord much, I don't pester him, see? But I have made a few small requests. The Lord knows how the town needs a preacher, Luella.

LUELLA: But what kind a preacher'd work in a garage?

NORMA: Well we can't afford to be picky.

LUELLA: Be picky!

NORMA: We been ten solid years without singin or savin or baptizing, period. The lord's answered our prayers, don't you see?

LUELLA: Well I don't know, Norma.

NORMA: Don't be so darn doubtful, Luella. So down in the mouth. Why, just look at Goldie next door. She's been spickin and spannin for days in a row just to let that man know how he's welcome.

GOLDIE SHORT (female, 40s-50s)
FERRIS LAYMAN (male, 40s-50s)

GOLDIE: All that boy needs is a tub a hot water. I been sayin that much for years.
Fever weed, salts, and a hot tub a water.

FERRIS: Hell, I'm dirt head to toe and I'm fine.

GOLDIE: It ain't right not to wash.

FERRIS: Does he smell? Does he stink?

GOLDIE: That ain't the point, Ferris.

FERRIS: Half the world's made a dirt and it ain't hurtin nothing. The damn roads're all dirt, the fields're dirt. Even Hoover's got a mud pie for brains.

GOLDIE: Don't make fun a Mr. Hooever in my Diner, Ferris. Badmouthin the president's the same thing as cussin. Same exact thing to a T.

FERRIS: Kind a fond of him, are you?

GOLDIE: I couldn't care less if Herb Hoover got hit by a truck in his sleep. But he's still the president and I won't have him badmouthed.

FERRIS: Now what's I say that's so awful, Goldie?

GOLDIE: I'm not about to repeat it.

FERRIS: When I was Bud's age I cussed all the time.

GOLDIE: He's only 14.

FERRIS: And I'll tell you what else, I'm a better man for it.

GOLDIE: You are the most bull headed man in the world Ferris Layman.

FERRIS: A man can't cuss, he can't hardly talk.

GOLDIE: What would your wife say? The way you raise the boy, Ferris... it ain't right for him.

FERRIS: Well Sara ain't here no more, Goldie.

DARLENE HENSHAW (female, teens-20s)

Don't you guys read the Bible? I gotta learn the whole thing. Like, say I'm sittin at the table and I want seconds on dessert, Aunt Norma says, "Give me a verse first, Darlene." If I don't know the Bible I'd starve to death, see? But I been learnin who Adam and Eve are. You heard a them, ain't you? The first people. And they're livin in this great big old garden in Europe. And the thing about Eve is she's walkin around pickin berries and junk with no clothes on. She was naked, and they were like doin it all the time. All the time, Jennie Mae. That kind a stuff happens in Europe. But like I'm sayin, this snake comes strollin up, see? And he tells her how she's sittin there jaybird stark naked. And this business a bein naked really sets Godd off at the snake, see? Cause with Eve bein so dumb she didn't get in any trouble, but now it's like a whole nother ball game. And God wasn't just mad at this one snake either—he was made at all a the snakes and all a the worms in the world. So he tells em "From now on you guys're gonna crawl around in the dirt!" God says, "From now on nobody likes you."