

The Only Fella At Auditions

Does this mean I got a part? If not, I will turn in my license to act tomorrow. Truthfully, I was the only male at tryouts. That is not to say that there were not other audition dates. In fact, this was the last one and the best time for me to go.

The play is entitled *You Have the Right to Remain Dead*. It is billed as an audience-participatory murder mystery comedy. The director describes the play in the play as Tennessee Williams on steroids. At least two character names made me think that (Fat Daddy and Blanche or Big Daddy from *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and Blanche from *Streetcar*...has anyone seen the Simpsons' episode in which Marge plays Blanche and Ned Flanders plays a bare-chested Stanley in a musical version).

The audition was almost too relaxed... but NOT complaining. We sat around a table in the community room adjacent to the stage. Being 90+ degrees outside did not help to cool off the room a whole lot. However, it sure beat the alternative of walking upstairs. I was up there last winter and noticed the warmth then. So, we just sat around the table chatting a bit, going over the plot and characters for those of us who were in the dark, and read some scenes from the script. I said too relaxed because there were times that I forgot that I was actually auditioning and almost cracked myself up just reading the lines.

In attendance were the directors, another female auditioner who I knew as the costume designer from *Meet Me in St. Louis*, [Mare](#) (who was there to give moral support and serve as an additional line reader since she is in WCCT's *Little Shop of Horrors* whenever that is going to get started), and myself. We waited for two hours for others to come, but... We were having so much fun that we just kept reading lines, changing characters, and allowing me to become acquainted with the show in general. After, we sat around the table becoming acquainted

with each other.

And I should be finding out tomorrow which if any part I get and the read-through is August 24th. Perfect, I hate long waits.

Krispy Kremes And Bean Surprise

The last week at the old grind has had a few surprises. Last Thursday with about 5 minutes to spare on my shift, two of my best friends and their two youngest happened into the store on their way to meet a prospective sitter for use when their normal sitter is not available. Apparently, there was confusion as to where the store is located since the old Super Value sign is still hanging but the Krispy Kreme sign hanging on the building struck a chord. At the time, I was putting some potato salad in the case which the customers turned down. After clocking out, they were at the register so I walked out with them.

Today, I was told that Saturday would be the last delivery day for Krispy Kreme at the store. Apparently, the location that delivers them is closing its doors... yet another victim of the rotten economy. The deliveryman who was the subject of a post a few months ago must not deliver to our store anymore... I haven't seen him since the incident.

I don't know how I got so luck today but I got the pleasure of stocking about every type of baked bean we carry: Bush's, store brand, regular, homestyle, with bourbon. The person working with me in the aisle cracked a few jokes before I got the chance... including Bart Simpson's famous axiom :

Beans, Beans

The musical fruit

The more ya eat

The more ya toot.

Ah, the wit and wisdom of the eternal ten year old eldest child of Homer and Marge. It also made me recall the campfire scene in Blazing Saddles. I have always though that it would be extremely dull to work in a place where you could not have some fun.