

## CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

**Janelle House: (30's-40's)** - trophy mistress of the founder of the opera company, Pooccini's owner

**Pooccini: Janelle's toy poodle** - (this will NOT be played by an actor)

**Deric Falconer: (30's-50's)** - a stocky baritone, divorced with kids. New to the group.

**Sergio Comini: (20's-30's)** - a dandyish tenor with a handsome face and hairy arms

**Brechtiana Lauanders: (20's-40's)** - a full-figured, opinionated (and hungry) soprano

**Bruce Bean: (50's-60's)** - an aging gay baritone with a bouffant hairdo

**Thomas Herringly: (20's-50's)** - a gay male diva.

**Claudia Mack: (30's-50's)** - an emotional and self involved diva, fired for lip-syncing during the show.

**Diana Hubbs: (20's)** - a college student, daughter of the founder. Skilled dancer.

**Marie Hyatt: (30's-40's)** - a vulgar, bitter, married woman. Worships Sergio.

**Monique Martens: (30's-40's)** - Marie's best friend. Sports a Princess Di haircut, has a crush on Sergio

**Cosmo Feder: (40's-70's)** – an overweight baritone with a heart condition

**Brice Peterson: (20's-40's)** - vain, in "lust" with Lola.

**Juanita Carmeron-Johnson: (20's-30's)** - a pregnant Latina, married to a mediocre music teacher

**Lola Guillotine: (20's)** - fabulous body, self-involved, but kind.

**Gianquino Borgia: (40's-60's)** - an alcoholic who is also an actor, a true artist

**Eduardo Wools: (40's-60's)** - a bore, overly but poorly educated

**Albert Pinkus: (20's-50's)** - a stressed, rather than overly overworked, stage manager

**Luigi Pindarelli: (50's or older)** - world-renowned basso profundo. No dialogue since he has laryngitis.

**SERGIO:**

I don't care. I don't. Union fucking rules, we're the best thing in this second rate production. We should have our curtain call. What kind of backwater town is this. Union rules, is it. In Budapest the chorus is like one of the principals, you know. Well, the chorus is the star of this production, anyway. At any rate. We should take a bow right along with the principals. It kills me. It does. Taking a bow, that's when I feel that I'm the singer that I am

**BRECHTIANA:**

I wish I'd also ordered some chicken wings. I'm really hungry. Oh, right, I was going to tell you about MacBeth. I got cast as both McDuff and his son, you know his son, the boy child who gets killed. I was fine as McDuff, I guess, because they strapped me down. I just played him fat, you know. But as his son, I mean, they put me on my knees (Gets down on her knees and adopts a whiney child's voice) "Was my father a traitor, mother" And, and "How wilt thou do for a husband" I got some big laughs, unintended, but I had a blast. (She assaults a chicken thigh) I'm making an exception tonight, I want everyone to know. You all know I never eat during a performance. But food is the enemy and I love the enemy

**BRUCE:**

But you know what's funnier? Him. He's all face. Below, honey, he wears a corset, I swear on a stack. Oh, he is beautiful alright. But it's only his face. Have you seen his belly. No one has, EXCEPT us. (Indicating Thomas and himself) Oh, dear, haven't you noticed he never undresses where we can see him. For one thing, his weenie's a micromini, it's sort of a swirly purplish thing, like a radish sitting on top of a tiny cow patty. His stomach looks like it's made out of pancake batter. A navel like a mouth cut out of the fat, with a sort of a twisty smile, I'm not lying. His belly button's shaped just like the Pillsbury doughboy's mouth, but it's not cute, oh, no, it's horrifying. Like this (He joins his hands so that thumbs and index fingers form a "cloaca" , of sorts, that he makes open and close) Scary, let me tell you

**CLAUDIA:**

Oh, Cosmo, I've just been unjustly fired. I haven't been singing the Don Carlo, I just can't. I faked it pretty well when I was reading the score during rehearsals, but I never really learned it, I couldn't. I really don't like this Verdi, I'm sorry, I don't feel it. Well, maybe the Ce jour heureux. Anyway, I've had toothache this week and insomnia and my fibromyalgia was acting up and on top of that I've had my pollen allergies for two weeks now... Every tree in town is shedding something that I'm allergic to. And, and, do you know what suffering from migraine, it's migranas, right, in Spanish, somebody told me the other day they're called migranas in Spanish. Anyway, do you know, how I suffer...

**DIANA:**

My stepmom and the women in her club called just about everybody in the whole tri-state area. We got people coming from as far away as Loomis and Sectorville. Though I hate opera (then under her breath) I really do, and this one is particularly stinky, odious, even, if you ask me, I mean that really fat lady faints, I mean that's just wrong, but don't tell daddy, and don't tell the singers. I'm pretending I love what they do, but if you ask me, it's a lot of wasted time for them waiting to go on just to sing some really lousy songs

**MARIE (also use for MONIQUE):**

I didn't tell on her. He knew it already. I just forced his hand a little. He wanted to do it at the end of the season. Well, I couldn't wait that long. I can't stand her. I hate lazy people, and I hate arrogance. What, haven't you been paying attention. Her life was already messed up before I ever came along. Besides, she pulled this on Carmina Burana last year. Oh, because she didn't feel it, or maybe she didn't like the conductor, or because she's a Wagnerian soprano having to sing Rossini, because she only really loves her Bartock. All stupid, un-thought-out nonsense. She gets paid more than we do, the almighty soprano. Hell, if I'm going to have to learn the score and be here on time, so should she. She has no respect for the art. I'm a professional. I manage a house, a husband and two kids. I got a great life. An organized life. She's got nothing. Well, she thinks she's got something: talent. Hah. She's the one who's miserable. She should learn her part next time. Slacker

**COSMO:**

Did you hear that. Who hired those singers. Way past their primes. With Metropolitan credentials, no doubt. We should insist on them hiring local talent, and not just for the chorus, hell, I could sing the Grand Inquisitor, I am the pope. Oh, damn, damn, damn (He clutches at his chest and pounds it, hard, HARD) Damn (Coughs and coughs. Pounds and pounds on his chest) There it goes. Yes. There it goes again, like clockwork. I'm not worried about the frequency, I'm worried one of these days my cure won't work

**BRICE:**

(to Thomas) Ah, why do I bother telling, saying anything, to anyone. Nobody listens. It wasn't about you. The question wasn't addressed to you. Wasn't for you. Not for you to comment. Not for you to hear even. For once we're talking and it's not about what you want to talk about. I was trying to say something, and not to you. (to Eduardo) That. What just happened. That. I'm afraid I'll get into a fight, someday, maybe here, like just now, you know, or at a bar, let's say, or here, imagine. I could make someone angry enough to make them want to hit me or me then, hit, and kill, I'm afraid of that. (re Thomas) Him? He can't be taken seriously. In general fags can't be taken seriously, they're just for fun, for laughs, if you're in the mood, and that's it, much like you large gals

**JUANITA:**

(On cell phone) Ah, I finally got you. No, on both lines. What chu doing. Oh, you're still downloading that stuff for Lola. Why don't you do the laundry while you're at it. At the same time, yes. What. What. Hell. The reception's really bad down here (Moving around) Can you hear me now. You can hear me ok. Yes, cut up, chopped up. No matter. No, don't go. What. During intermission I'm going upstairs, you can hear me better upstairs. I can... What was that... Oh, damn, no, listen... I'll call you from Dinah's Chicken Shack. What

**LOLA (also use for JANELLE):**

U2 now, but it's on random. I got 187,000 songs now. And I want more. I'll never live long enough to listen to them all, but I just like having them. It's a music library in the shape and size of a fat little credit card. I love the micro-macro-ness of it. My own modern day Library of Alexandria. Did you see the Simpson's episode where the Ipods take over the world. (looks down at her chicken plate) I hate the parts of the chicken that look like what it is that they are: tendons and skin, with the pores on, and sometimes this baby hair, uug, and cartilage, uuug. Why couldn't you have gotten us chicken strips, now that's what I call chicken. Disguised meat, pseudo chicken, that's what I like

**GIONQUINO:**

It was May the year 1868. I had been ordained into the priesthood 13 years before. I ministered to a parish outside Suzdol. I was but 28 years of age then. Looking to the stars, one night, as I was walking back from performing last rites on a child of eight, I lost my faith and said as much. Better to live illusion free, for me, you understand. I simply stopped believing, and voiced my new belief and, and this you must not do. But I did. I was declared a heretic and was condemned to 30 years imprisonment. Ten thousand, nine hundred and fifty nights. Because my cell had no window, the days were as dark as the nights. What is a man, but a biped brain. My mind shattered and my body as well. I am no longer a heretic nor an atheist even. I am now only afraid. For 30 years I was allowed to light the stove in my cell. Now I worship fire. Fire is my only friend. I was released in 1899, or so the papers I hold tell... The light in my mind has nearly gone out. I live in terror of all men, for is it not they, other men, who have done this to me. What I did was declare: I do not believe, that is all. I gave words to their secret doubts. The only position you can take, without harm to yourself, is to go along with your culture's delusions. That's the only law of the land. The only thing that enlivens me, is, a fire. My only joy, now, is to see a fire burn, to relish its flame in my eyes

**EDUARDO (also use for DERIC):**

(To Brice) ...No, it feels... that we are all speeded way up, that time is conflating. It's December again, already, but it was just January, don't you see. Where did those 10 months go. Time ate them up fast, boy, brother. Time eats itself up, and fast. I notice it more at the end of the year, don't you. Another year's gone, and so fast. It's December 17 already. How old am I. My brain can't tell how old I am. I feel young and ageless at once. Like a child or a bird, but not like a 37 year old man. Am I just a mind. No, I'm not all mind and do you know why. Because my bones ache and my stomach suffers from great periodic discomforts. When you are in pain, believe me, you can't be all expansive and think, oh, I'm only thoughts, I'm only a substanceless awareness... And, and, is it a collective experience. I'm firmly aware that time is speeding up, has speeded up. Is this awareness like our awareness about the weather. Have temperatures increased and decreased in the last ten years. I think they have. Is it both hotter when it is hot and colder when it gets cold. I'm subjectively convinced I'm right. It is colder and hotter. We have more extremes in temperature. I just know this is so

**ALBERT:**

I'm sorry, Miss Mack. You have a fine instrument. A bit unwieldy, but I love your tone, you know that's why I hired you. But I don't think I should be instructing someone I agonized over hiring, giving you such a chance, I don't think I should have to teach you the rudimentaries of professionalism, besides, it wasn't me, I'm just the messenger. So unprofessional I never did see. So immature I never knew. I'm so disappointed in you. The conductor was livid. He insisted you leave immediately and damn it, I agree. You think this is easy for me. Get out of your costume and leave

**THOMAS:**

That's just what they say to the backers: Don Carlo is a late masterpiece, a real puzzler. This is for the refined connoisseur, folks. You want opera, let's do a rarely seen masterpiece. This will be a real challenge. But we'll show the world we are the real thing by doing the real thing. Only the "intelligent" need apply. And what that does is put the backers on the defensive. If they say Don Carlo is a mess, well, then, they're not very smart, are they, and what hick with money in these parts would want to admit to that. Don Carlo is the smart opera goers' opera. What a crock. They sell Don Carlo to the sheep who pay big bucks to be subscribers. Just to be seen. Not because they love opera, or haven't you seen them sleeping through most of the whole damn thing

**LUIGI:**

(No audition monologue as he has laryngitis)