Spotlight Studios Auditions – Parents Just Don't Understand

Audition Scene 1: Father and Daughter – Driving Lesson

FATHER: Okay...we're in the car. (Already nervous.) Whew. Okay. Deep breaths. (HE breathes in and out.)

DAUGHTER: Dad, calm down. Everything's cool. I got an 'A' in driver's ed. I'm ready for this.

FATHER: That was a class based solely on a book. I can pass a class on how to drive a space shuttle, but it would be completely different once I got behind the steering wheel.

DAUGHTER: Do space shuttles have steering wheels?

FATHER: (Stumped.) ...I don't know. (Beat.) That's not the point. The point is—

DAUGHTER: (Cutting him off.) I know. This is the real deal. Everything's going to be fine, Dad. You taught me how to ride my bike, you taught me how to cook scrambled eggs, you're a great teacher. This is going to be fine.

FATHER: (Let's out a deep sigh.) You're right. Thank you. I feel much calmer. (Beat.) Let's start again. What is the first thing you do once you've entered the vehicle?

DAUGHTER: (Suddenly flips down the mirror.) Am I getting a zit?

FATHER: NO! You do not check for zits! (Losing it.) That is NOT the first thing you DO when entering the VEHICLE! (Stares at daughter and then softens.) Actually...you do look a little red right between your eyebrows.

DAUGHTER: (Flips down the mirror and investigates in a panic.) I knew it And yearbook pictures are in like three days!

FATHER: STOP! (Regaining control.) Just... stop. (DAUGHTER looks straight forward. Silence.) Flip the mirror back up. Now... what is the first thing you do once you are inside the vehicle?

(DAUGHTER hesitates. She starts to reach for the key in the ignition but father lets out a very unsettling sound.)

FATHER: (Cont'd.) Eeeeeeep!

(DAUGHTER snaps her hand back from the key. Daughter thinks for a moment and turns on the radio. SFX. Music plays at a reasonable level. FATHER covers his head with both hands and lets out another unsettling sound.)

FATHER: (Cont'd) Arghhhhhhh!

(DAUGHTER switches off the radio and sits in silence.

FATHER: Uckle Bay your Eat Say Elt Bay.

DAUGHTER: Are you okay, Dad?

FATHER: (Completely losing it.) UCKLE BAY... YOUR.... EAT SAY...ELT BAY!!

DAUGHTER: (SHE jumps in her seat, acts like she's rolling down the window, and sticks her head out to call towards the house.) Mom! Come quick! Dad's having a stroke!

FATHER: I'm not having a stroke! I'm speaking Pig Latin!

DAUGHTER: You know I'm taking Spanish, right? Not Latin.

FATHER: I'm trying to give you a hint!

DAUGHTER: By speaking in gibberish?

(There is a moment of silence as THEY stare at each other)

FATHER: BUCKLE YOUR SEATBELT!

DAUGHTER: (Smacks herself lightly on the forehead.) Duh! Of course. (SHE simply buckles her belt and looks back at father.) What's next?

Audition Scene 2: Mother and Son – Clothing Shopping

MOTHER: Alrighty then, my little man, let's get you some new school clothes!

SON: (Monotone and dour.) I've got plenty of clothes.

MOTHER: And don't you worry, everything is on me today. Whatever you want!

SON: We must fight consumerism or we'll be taken over by "the man."

MOTHER: (Stares blankly at SON.) I...don't know what that means. (Something catches her eye on the rack.) Ohhhhh! (Holding up a brightly colored sweater.) Wouldn't that just be perfect for you! (SHE holds it up to HIS chest.)

SON: It's pink.

MOTHER: No, no, no honey, this sweater is salmon.

SON: I'm allergic to fish.

MOTHER: You're not allergic; you just don't like the taste.

SON: Yeah, whenever my head swells up to the size of a small Eastern European country, it's because I don't like the taste

MOTHER: Oh hush. It's just called Salmon. And besides, it brings out your eyes

SON: You make me wear it, and I will gouge out my eyes.

MOTHER: Okay then... we'll put this in the maybe pile. (SHE places the sweater back on the rack.). Let's just see here... (Searching for something he might like.)

SON: Mom, you're wasting your time and your money. There's nothing here that I will wear. It's just going to get shoved in the back of my closet and you'll never see it again.

MOTHER: But you need to wear some color. I don't like all this black.

SON: Black is the absence of color.

MOTHER: That's what I'm talking about, it's so depressing.

SON: "Life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

MOTHER: (Not sure what to do with this.) Ahhhh... hmmmmm.

SON: William Shakespeare.

MOTHER: (Thinks for a moment and then smiles when she comes up with a rebuttal.) "For every one of us that succeeds, it's because there's somebody there to show you the way out."

(SON stares blankly at MOTHER.)

MOTHER: (Contd.) Oprah Winfrey.

SON: (Sarcastic.) Yeah, totally in the same stratosphere as Willy.

MOTHER: Don't call Shakespeare "Willy"

SON: (Sarcastic.) Oh. you're right, sorry, he might hear me and get offended...it his body hadn't already been eaten by maggots 400 years ago

MOTHER: (Taken aback by his creepiness.) I just think a little color would perk you up

SON: I'm perky (Very quickly flashes a Cheshire smile and then back to dour.) See.

Audition Scene 3: Mother and Daughter – Exact Opposites

(AT RISE: MOTHER and DAUGHTER are in the middle of a heated argument)

DAUGHTER: You just don't understand me!

MOTHER: That's because you never want to talk to me.

DAUGHTER: Oh, I want to talk, you're just too busy lecturing.

MOTHER: That is not true!

DAUGHTER: And we have nothing in common. Sometimes I wonder if I'm adopted.
MOTHER: Believe me, you are mine, whether you like it or not. I had morning sickness for six months with you. It was miserable.

DAUGHTER: Oh, so now you're blaming that on me too? Like in the womb I was already trying to get on your nerves?

MOTHER: That's not what I said. (Softening.) How could you think you were adopted, we almost look like twins.

DAUGHTER: Just because you try to dress like you're still a teenager doesn't make us twins.

MOTHER: (Snapping.) I have a sense of style, young lady! (Trying to remain in control.) But that's not the point. We do look alike, we have the same ears.

DAUGHTER: Yeah, thanks a lot for that attribute. Giant, dumbo ears.

MOTHER: (Covering her own ears, gasping.) They are small and classically beautiful.

DAUGHTER: Great use of antonyms.

MOTHER: Don't get smart with me!

DAUGHTER: Would you rather I got dumb with you?

MOTHER: I'm serious, don't be such a Smart Alex!

DAUGHTER: My name is Brittany

MOTHER: I know your name is Brittany. I'm the one that named you!

DAUGHTER: (Picking at her.) Then why did you just call me Alex?

MOTHER: I called you a Smart Alex.

DAUGHTER: I'm a Smart Brittany. I think what you meant to say is (Over enunciating.) "Smart Aleck."

MOTHER: (Flustered, pointing her finger at her.) You are skating on thin ice, you have crossed the line, and you are just about to break the camel's back!

DAUGHTER: (Rolling her eyes.) Mixed metaphors.

MOTHER: Where did you get this attitude at?

DAUGHTER: And a dangling preposition.

MOTHER: You treat me like I'm the worst mother in the world!

DAUGHTER: Hyperbole.

MOTHER: I don't know what that means.

DAUGHTER: (Really sarcastic.) Big surprise.

MOTHER: You get an "A" in one English class, and suddenly you're Merriam Webster, walking around this house, correcting everyone's grammar. It's irritating and it's rude!

DAUGHTER: So you're saying you don't want me to get "A's"? (Mimes wiping brow.) Whew! That's a relief; I'll have a lot more time for my friends and Facebook now that I can focus on just passing the classes.

MOTHER: That's not what I said! You never listen!

DAUGHTER: With these ears, it's hard not to. (Yelling.) You're coming in loud and clear!

MOTHER: That is it! Go to your room!

DAUGHTER: (Snotty.) Oh, you mean the place where I have internet access, my cell phone, my iPad, and my TV and Switch? (Smiles and turns to exit.) Gladly

MOTHER: Stop! I changed my mind

DAUGHTER: (Deadpan.) l am shocked

MOTHER: Go to the basement

DAUGHTER: (A little scared.) What? Why?

MOTHER: You’re being punished. Go to the basement!