

AUDITIONS

for the Winter Comedy

And Never Been Kissed

By Aurand Harris

Show Week: Feb. 21 - 27, 2022

This includes mid-winter break - Feb. 21 & 22 - & you **MUST** be able to fully commit to ALL show week dates in order to do this production.

Open Auditions: Monday, December 6, 2021

6:30 pm - 8:30 pm

CPA

Prepared Scenes - All Welcome

Prepare all scenes provided in this packet. Memorization not required but you should be **VERY** familiar with all scenes as you may read for multiple parts.

Final Cast List - Posted by 10:00 pm on 12/6/21

All Postings at www.mhsperformingarts.com

First Cast Meeting:

Tuesday, December 7, 2021

3:30 pm - 5:30 pm in Room 704

Week 1 Rehearsals (Full Table Reads):

Dec. 13th from 3:30-5:30 and Dec. 14th from 3:30-6:00

The Jan-Mar schedule will be finalized and handed out at the Dec. 13th rehearsal. Tentatively, rehearsals will involve two afternoons and two evenings but that could change. Some Fridays and weekends may be required due to inclement weather and other conflicts.



Millie + Flory



And Never Been Kissed

ACT ONE

The month of Charlie—April—1929.

The scene is the living room of the Patterson home. Its furnishings are typical of the average middle class home in 1929. Downstage Right is a big bay window with lace curtains and draperies. An open doorway leads into the vestibule upstage Right. The stairway is in the corner upstage Left, with one step of the landing facing the front. On the Left wall, upstage, is a door to a closet, and downstage is an open doorway leading into the dining room. There are heavy draperies pushed back at either side of this doorway. A library table is downstage at Left Center. Two straight chairs are against the Left wall on either side of the open doorway. A sofa is at the Right by the bay window. Between the window and the vestibule doorway is a console table and mirror. A bookcase is against the back wall between the stair landing and the Right wall. A hat-tree is by the landing. In front of the stair railing is a victrola with a crank.

It is late afternoon.

START

MILLIE MYERS enters up Right, wearing a coat and hat. She is 15 and pretty. She enters hurriedly, looks around, and calls loudly.

MILLIE. Flory! Flory, are you home?

FLORY. (*Answers from upstairs*) Is that you, Millie?

MILLIE. Who did you think it was?

FLORY. I was afraid it might be Mama.

MILLIE. What are you doing? Something you shouldn't?

FLORY. (*As if she were*) No.

MILLIE. (*Delighted*) I'll bet you are! I'm coming right up to see. (*Starts eagerly to stairs.*)

FLORY. No, you can't! I'll come down.

MILLIE. (*Stops, waiting anxiously*) I won't be surprised at anything. (*FLORY PATTERSON enters on the stairs. She is 15, pretty, and very romantic. At the moment she does not look her best. Her hair is tied in a towel and her face is covered thickly with cold cream. She is in the midst of giving herself a beauty treatment. She carries a movie magazine opened at the center. MILLIE gasps with amazement and backs away*) Gee Whiz! What happened to you?

FLORY. (*With head held proudly*) I'm just in the middle of taking my— (*Holds out the magazine so MILLIE can read for herself*) —"Complete Steps to True Beauty."

MILLIE. You look worse than Lon Chaney in "The Phantom of the Opera."

FLORY. This is how all the movie stars keep so beautiful. It says so—right here.

MILLIE. (*Looks at magazine, then at FLORY's face, and is impressed*) You mean—this is all you have to do—to look like Fay Wray?

FLORY. (*Adjusting the towel dramatically*) Or Gloria Swanson.

MILLIE. Gee, Flory, let me try it. I'll let you wear my black brassiere!

FLORY. (*Doubtful*) It's Mama's cold cream, and there isn't much left.

MILLIE. Flory Patterson, you just don't want me to be gorgeous!

FLORY. Mama never uses it. She never has time or any reason to look young or beautiful.

MILLIE. (*Quickly takes off her coat and hat and hangs them on the hat-tree*) What do you do next?

FLORY. (*Starts rubbing under her eyes*) You erase the crow's feet.

MILLIE. Huh?

FLORY. It says everybody's got them. But I can't see any.

MILLIE. Gee Whiz, maybe I haven't got any either! (*Rushes to mirror at Right and peers anxiously.*)

FLORY. Then you lie back in a hot tub, (*Reads*) "And let the water spray and the steam envelop you." (*Greatly worried*) That's what I'm worried about, Millie.

MILLIE. My gosh, yes! You don't want to be cooked!

FLORY. Our old bath tub only trickles, and the water is only luke warm.

MILLIE. It'll be wet.

FLORY. (*Starts upstairs*) But it has to be hot—boiling, steaming—and envelop you.

MILLIE. Why?

FLORY. (*Turns and speaks each word distinctly*) To open up your pores! (*She exits upstairs.*)

MILLIE. (*Squeals with excitement and rushes to stairs*) I'm coming right up, Flory! (*The DOORBELL rings, and MILLIE stops on the landing. She calls upstairs*) Somebody's at the door.

FLORY. (*Off-stage*) Oh, good-night! Don't answer it, Millie. Don't go near the door. Who is it?

MILLIE. I don't know.

FLORY. If it's Charlie, and he sees me looking like this, I'll just die.

MILLIE. I thought you didn't like him.

FLORY. You know I hate and despise the very ground he walks on. But Mama did order groceries, and this is his afternoon on the truck. Oh—and I just look awful!

MILLIE. (*Going to the window*) I can take the groceries.

FLORY. Oh, no, Millie. I have to take them. You can let him in, but I'll be right down.

STOP

~~MILLIE. (*Looking out the window*) Don't break a leg.~~

START

MR. PEABODY. (*Looks at the two studying and is pleased. He walks to Right, speaking to himself*) "Improve your time, and time will improve you."

GILMORE. What?

MR. PEABODY. (*Surprised they overheard, turns quickly*) Nothing—nothing at all. Just talking to myself. A little habit you get when you live alone. (GILMORE looks questioningly at MILLIE) I have a son—about your age, too.

GILMORE. I'm fifteen. (*He looks at MILLIE*) Well, almost.

MILLIE. (*To GILMORE*) Aren't you through yet so you can go?

GILMORE. I don't know how to sign it.

MILLIE. With your name, silly.

GILMORE. I mean—"yours truly," or (*Fondly*) "truly yours."

MR. PEABODY. (*Eager to be friendly*) Perhaps I can help you. (*Starts to table.*)

MILLIE. (*Quickly to stop him*) Oh, no, this is algebra, and Gilmore is the smartest one in the class.

MR. PEABODY. Going to be a great mathematician, eh?

GILMORE. No. Chemistry is what I'm really good at. You know, H_2O , CO_2 , H_2SO_4 —

MR. PEABODY. (*Laughs*) That wasn't the way I learned the alphabet.

GILMORE. (*Seriously*) That's the formulas for water, and carbon dioxide, and—

MR. PEABODY. (*Laughs*) I know, I know. But I was having a little joke. Don't you like to laugh? It's good for the system.

GILMORE. (*Nods*) Certain digestive juices are stimulated by laughing, that's very true.

MR. PEABODY. (*Sobered*) Oh, you know about that, too?

GILMORE. Yes, sir.

MILLIE. Goodbye, Gilmore. (*Rises*) I'll give her what you've written.

GILMORE. (*Rises*) Well—I hope she can read it. I'm not very good at writing.

MR. PEABODY. You aren't! Well, now son, that's where I shine. I got a certificate in the eighth grade for perfect penmanship.

MRS. PATTERSON. (*Enters from Left with wrapped package*) Here they are. And I do appreciate your helping me home. Hasn't Flory come down yet?

GILMORE. No. (*Looks at stairs*) And I'm beginning to worry.

MRS. PATTERSON. What about?

GILMORE. It has never been proven that milk is a scientific cleanser.

MRS. PATTERSON. What are you talking about?

MILLIE. (*Guides GILMORE towards the vestibule at Right*) He's just going. I'll see you at school.

GILMORE. You'll give her this?

(*MILLIE takes the paper.*)

MRS. PATTERSON. Do you have to leave?

GILMORE. Well, no, I—

MILLIE. Yes, he does.

MRS. PATTERSON. You must come back soon.

GILMORE. (*Eagerly*) How soon?

MILLIE. (*Firmly*) Goodbye, Gilmore.

GILMORE. Goodbye. (*He turns and starts Right.*)

(*MILLIE goes to stairs.*)

MRS. PATTERSON. (*To MR. PEABODY*) Won't you sit down?

MR. PEABODY. No, I can't stay.

GILMORE. (*Stops at doorway and turns suddenly*) There is one thing I *would* like to know. It's about Flory. (*ALL turn and look at him surprised. He looks at stairs*) If she *has* all that milk, how does she keep it from souring?

(MILLIE starts towards him. He ducks and exits quickly at Right. MILLIE turns and rushes to the stairs.)

MILLIE. I've got to see Flory. (*She exits upstairs.*)

MRS. PATTERSON. (*Shakes her head*) Sometimes I don't understand them at all.

MR. PEABODY. I know just how you feel. I thought when I got to be my age I'd know all the answers, but now I'm afraid that they know more than I do.

MRS. PATTERSON. I want to bring Flory up the right way, and I try. But there are times when I feel *she's* bringing up *me*.

MR. PEABODY. Girls or boys, it's a problem—and a pleasure. Since my wife died, Phillip is all I've got. I don't want to spoil him, but I want to give him all the advantages I missed.

MRS. PATTERSON. You have a son?

MR. PEABODY. He's eighteen. It's his last year at boarding school.

MRS. PATTERSON. Then he's not with you?

MR. PEABODY. No.

MRS. PATTERSON. Oh, I couldn't give up my girls.

MR. PEABODY. It wasn't easy. But when there isn't a mother, there isn't much of a home. (*Brightens*) And they've done fine things for him at school.

MRS. PATTERSON. I'm trying to go on just like Mr. Patterson and I planned. It's hard some times making all ends meet, but as long as I have my job, and my home, and my girls—I'm satisfied.

MR. PEABODY. I've often thought how different it would have been if Phillip's mother had of lived, because for me there can never be another.

MRS. PATTERSON. Yes. I know. There will be only one Mr. Patterson.

MILLIE. (*Appears on stairs and is surprised*) Oh, I didn't know you were still in here. (*Exits upstairs quickly.*)

MR. PEABODY. (*Calls cheerfully*) I'm just leaving.

B-4
MRS. PATTERSON. Thank you again for bringing me—and the plants—home safely. I'm very fond of flowers.

MR. PEABODY. (*Eagerly*) You are?

MRS. PATTERSON. You must be proud the way you have built up the garden department at the store.

MR. PEABODY. (*With enjoyment*) I like to see things sprout and grow.

MRS. PATTERSON. As if they were glad to be alive.

MR. PEABODY. That's it! (*Suddenly*) Do you like roses?

MRS. PATTERSON. Of course.

MR. PEABODY. I've got some just beginning to bloom. They are going to be beauties.

MRS. PATTERSON. They were my husband's favorite flower.

MR. PEABODY. Mine, too. It's good to find some one who likes to talk about plants. I never know when to stop. (*Suddenly becomes serious, afraid he has talked too much*) But I should—right now. It's getting late. (*Starts up Right*) And as they say, "No bees, no honey; no work, no money."

MRS. PATTERSON. (*Laughs*) Goodbye.

MR. PEABODY. Or did Benjamin Franklin say that?
(*He laughs and exits up Right.*)

STOP

~~(MRS. PATTERSON goes to vestibule and watches him leave, waves pleasantly, then turns and sighs from a day's work on her feet. She quickly slips off both shoes. Holds them, and sighs again in comfort.)~~

~~MRS. PATTERSON. (*Calls*) Any mail, Flory? (*Looks and with her free hand picks up a magazine from the top of the bookcase*) Oh, the new copy of "Lovely Homes"! (*Starts to Center, turning the pages, pleased with what she sees*) Um—that's nice—no!—(*Her face lights up at the next picture*) Oh! I wonder—(*Looks towards the stairs*) Yes—I can! (*Starts eagerly to Left, carrying the magazine and shoes, and calling*)~~

Mavy, Betty, & Mrs. P

C-1

46

AND NEVER BEEN KISSED

ACT II

~~quickly upstairs. MRS. PATTERSON turns, surprised at the noise.)~~

~~MRS. PATTERSON. Flory, is that you?~~

START

(From off Right, MAVY is heard. She enters wearing coat and hat, up Right, and carrying books and a paper sack. She is followed by BETTY FERGUSON. BETTY is MAVY's age, serious, awkward, and comically untidy in appearance. She carries a sack, too.)

MAVY. (She is in the middle of telling a dramatic story. She talks as they come down to the table and deposit their books and sacks) —and then while Bertram was locked up in the tower, pounding the door to get out, they lead the beautiful Gwendolyn down the cold dark stairs into the dungeon. But she wasn't afraid. She knew— (Sees MRS. PATTERSON at Right) Hi, Mama. (MRS. PATTERSON nods and smiles. MAVY continues dramatically with her story, going up to the hat-tree, taking off coat and hat, and putting them on the rack. BETTY follows, too absorbed in the story to be aware of the surroundings) She knew they would never get the secret map—no matter how they tortured her. First they led her into a secret room, where there were twenty-one coffins, all in a row, with a big candle at the head of each one. As the beautiful Gwendolyn passed the first coffin— (Sees BETTY just standing) Take your coat off, silly. We're in the house. (BETTY takes coat and hat off, and hangs them on rack. Then follows MAVY back to table, listening intently) The last coffin was empty and just her size. The leader of the bad men pointed to it and said, "This is yours, unless you give me the secret map." "No," she said, shaking her long golden hair. The bad men laughed, "Ha! Ha! You will eat those words." Then the beautiful Gwendolyn chewed and swallowed hard. "No," she said, "for I have eaten the secret map!" (The story

is ended, but BETTY shows no reaction) She swallowed the map, don't you see? And they never could get it.

BETTY. They could X-ray her stomach.

MAVY. They didn't have X-rays then. Come on, let's unload.

MRS. PATTERSON. What have you got there, Mavy?

MAVY. Samples.

BETTY. The new grocery is giving stuff away free.

MAVY. And Betty and me got in line.

MRS. PATTERSON. But you have so much.

MAVY. Well, I went through the line first—and all I got was soap. So I put it up my coat sleeve like I didn't have anything.

BETTY. I got pancake flour, and I just love pancakes.

MAVY. Then I got in line again—and this time I got soap *flakes*.

BETTY. And I got more pancake flour.

MAVY. I kept watching people get pickles and shredded wheat and everything good, and this man with the apron came up and said, "You can get in line, too, little girl." (*Brightly*) And what do you think I got that time? (*Triumphantly*). Sardines!

BETTY. (*Meekly*) And I got soap.

MRS. PATTERSON. Well, it looks like you have half the grocery store.

MAVY. I was going through again, but that same man kept standing there smiling at my sardines. But this will help, won't it, Mama? This will help with the grocery bill this week?

MRS. PATTERSON. Yes, dear. But you should have taken only one thing.

MAVY. And just come home with soap! Huh, all you can do with that is wash.

BETTY. I ate thirteen pancakes once and wasn't even sick.

MRS. PATTERSON. (*Starts to stairs*) I'm going to get dressed now. You and Flory can finish up your own dinner.

C-2

BETTY. Jimmy Marshall can only eat ten pancakes, then he gets sick—and does—you know what.

(MRS. PATTERSON *stops and looks at BETTY.*)

MAVY. Aw, he's a stinker.

MRS. PATTERSON. Mavy, I don't like that word.

MAVY. Well, he is. How would you like it, Mama, if I wrote in great big letters in all my books, (*Spells*) "B-O-R-E-D." (*Pronounces it*) "Bored of education."

MRS. PATTERSON. I think I'd better get dressed. (*Exits upstairs.*)

MAVY. Want to play "Victrola, one-two-three"?

BETTY. You already know all my secrets.

MAVY. Let's write backwards and read it with a mirror and spelling don't count. (*FLORY and MILLIE are heard giggling and laughing upstairs. MAVY looks towards stairs, disgustedly*) She's home.

BETTY. Who?

MAVY. My sister—Minnie Ha Ha.

BETTY. What's she laughing at?

MAVY. Boys.

BETTY. Why?

MAVY. Don't ask me! Boys are funny—sure, but not *that* funny. (*More GIGGLES are heard*) Listen at that. (*Imitates them*) It goes on day and night. You're lucky that you've only got a dog at your house. First it was Charlie, and now it's Douglas, and neither of them even knows *she's* alive. She just faints over anything in pants. (*Louder GIGGLES. MAVY strides to stairs and shouts*) Quiet! Silence in the courtroom, the judge wants to spit!

~~FLORY. Go away, Mavy. We're busy.~~

~~MAVY. (*Crosses to BETTY*) She cuts out movie stars and puts them all over her wall.~~

~~BETTY. What for?~~

~~MAVY. Don't ask me! I'm ashamed that she and me have got the same last name.~~

D-1

Millie
Flory
Douglas
Mrs P

MILLIE. Oh, that's just like the movie I saw Sunday
—I mean, Saturday.

STAGE DOUGLAS. (*Looks around*) We seem to be all alone.
MILLIE. I don't mind, do you?

FLORY. (*Off-stage*) Gilmore! Gilmore—stop! (*MILLIE and DOUGLAS look towards Left*) Eat your cookies!

DOUGLAS. (*To MILLIE*) You know, I've seen you and Flory on the corner, when we'd meet, but I never thought you'd be interested in—in wanting to talk like this.

MILLIE. Isn't that funny, because—because I never thought you'd be interested in talking to me. (*Laughs up the scale.*)

FLORY. (*Rushes in at Left*) Oh, Millie, Mama has some perfectly divine cookies. (*Looks back at Left*) Gilmore is eating them. And you and Douglas must have some, too.

DOUGLAS. (*Rises*) That sounds good to me.

MILLIE. Me, too. (*Rises*) Let's go get some— (*Takes his arm, and looks up at him sweetly*) —Douglas.

FLORY. Oh, no. I couldn't let Douglas go into the kitchen! You get them and bring some out.

MILLIE. Why didn't you bring them?

FLORY. (*Sweetly*) Because I knew you'd want the honor of serving Douglas.

MILLIE. Well—

DOUGLAS. (*Smiles at MILLIE*) I'll appreciate it.

MILLIE. (*Who for such a smile would gladly cut off her right arm*) I'll get some— (*Fondly*) —right away. (*Starts Left.*)

FLORY. Bring plenty.

MILLIE. (*Turns and waves to DOUGLAS*) I won't be a minute. (*Exits Left.*)

FLORY. (*Calls*) And give Gilmore some more. (*Goes to DOUGLAS*) I hope you don't think our house is always like this. Usually it's so quiet—like a church. I told Mama just yesterday, I did wish we had stained glass windows.

DOUGLAS. Have you seen the new window in our baptistry?

FLORY. No.

DOUGLAS. (*Smiles*) I think you would like them.

FLORY. (*Visualizing him in each window*) I know I would. Oh, I'm so happy you came over, because I'm awfully interested in the Christian Endeavor—but—but I don't know anyone to go with.

DOUGLAS. Well, you know me now.

FLORY. Oh, would you!

DOUGLAS. Sure, I'll introduce you around.

FLORY. Oh, that would simply be heavenly! I'm so desperately interested in church work. In fact I've about decided to be a Missionary. Do you think that's silly?

DOUGLAS. (*Shakes his head*) If I wasn't going to be a minister, I'd probably be a missionary myself.

FLORY. Of course, I never could be a minister—only (*Lowers her eyes*) a minister's wife. (*Laughs embarrassed*) Oh, you must think I'm very silly.

DOUGLAS. Quite the contrary. I think you are very nice.

FLORY. (*Pleasantly surprised, she turns and looks at him*) You do? (*Then she becomes sincerely shy*) I—I could say likewise.

MRS. PATTERSON. (*Hurries down the stairs in her coat, carrying a handkerchief and purse*) I can't find my scarf anywhere. Have you been dressing up in it again, Flory?

FLORY. No, Mama.

MRS. PATTERSON. (*Looking everywhere*) It's not upstairs, and it's not— (*To DOUGLAS*) You'll have to excuse me. I'm late.

FLORY. This is Douglas, Mama.

MRS. PATTERSON. (*Still searching*) How do you do? (*Stops*) Oh! Douglas! How do you do? Flory has spoken so often of you.

FLORY. (*Quickly*) Maybe it's in the kitchen, Mama.

MRS. PATTERSON. Oh, heavens! Yes—Mavy was using it for a tablecloth! (*Exits Left quickly.*)

FLORY. (*So embarrassed, she says anything*) It's red—like your sweater.

DOUGLAS. Blue is my favorite color.

FLORY. (*Looks at her blue dress*) It is? (*Smiles and comes closer*) It's mine, too! In fact, from now on I'm never going to wear any other color.

DOUGLAS. The ocean and the sky—I'm sure blue must be God's favorite color, too.

FLORY. I wrote a poem in English all about what blue can mean. Would you like to read it?

DOUGLAS. Sure.

FLORY. (*Rushes to closet*) Of course it isn't great poetry, but Mrs. Evans liked it, and it rhymes. It's here in the closet. (*She remembers the Love Drops*) Do you get cloistraphobia shut up in a closet?

DOUGLAS. No.

FLORY. Because—because it is on the very top shelf in a black notebook, and I'm afraid I can't reach it.

DOUGLAS. (*Goes to closet*) Let me help you.

FLORY. Oh, would you? You don't know how much this means to me.

DOUGLAS. I'll get it. (*Goes into closet.*)

FLORY. You can step on that box of books, and it's under that stack of magazines—on the top. (*She looks to see no one is around, then suddenly steps inside the closet, and pulls the door shut.*)

MILLIE. (*Enters with cookies at Left. GILMORE follows*) Here you are, Douglas. Here they— (*Looks around*) Where is he?

FLORY. (*In closet*) Be careful!

MILLIE. He is in the closet—and Flory is with him!

GILMORE. What are they doing in there?

MILLIE. (*Goes to closet*) That's what I'm going to find out.

STOP (*MILLIE opens the door. There is a loud CRASH of falling boxes, and cries for help. DOUGLAS falls*)