

Sides for The Antipodes, by Annie Baker
Shakespeare 70
Directed by Janet Quartarone

NOTE: Please familiarize yourself with the characters that correspond to the gender as which you identify. We don't want to box in all of the characters in regards to age and other characteristics, but want to share the following guidance to point you generally in the right direction:

Sandy is 50/55+. Danny M1 is over 40. Brian and Josh are the "youngest" males, approximately mid 20s through early 30s. Adam is the only male character who is specifically referred to as being not Caucasian.

(We do not have specific sides for Brian; we will cast Brian based on readings of other sides.)

Anyone auditioning for the part of Sarah should be prepared to tell a joke.

**Please contact producer Michael Krahel with any questions:
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Sandy (M)

SANDY

The rest of the world might be going to hell, but stories are better than ever. And we've been given the opportunity to create something unprecedented.

So let's make an impact.

Let's make people feel shit they didn't know they were capable of feeling.

Let's fuck with everyone's heads and shift their relationship to space and time.

Let's make something wild and crazy but so fucking truthful that it gives everyone a new sense of empathy and commonality.

We can change the world.

He takes a couple of seconds to sip from a thermos.

What I need from you guys is total commitment when you're here. So I'm going to ask you to turn your phone off when you sit down at this table.

Eleanor stealthily reaches into her bag to turn off her phone.

I want you to give yourself over to what we're doing, creatively and spiritually. I want you to listen hard and brainstorm harder and I want you to give me your craziest wildest ideas and then we're gonna distill those ideas down to something incredibly rigorous and specific.

I repeat: *we can do anything.*

A pause.

SANDY

He was a drunk and a bigot but he never held that against anyone. I started working for him when I was nineteen. I kinda became the son he never had. He loved women but he didn't want them around when he was working. He was the funniest fucking fuck I'd ever met. I started by getting him coffee and then I started taking notes for him just like Brian does for me—

Brian beams.

—and then I became his editor and then his business partner. No one knew more about storytelling than Jerry. He could diagnose your problem in two seconds. I brought my first story to him and he took it apart like it was a broken watch and then put it back together again and it started ticking.

Sarah (F)

SARAH

Well. My dad remarried pretty quickly. And my stepmother and I didn't really get along. She was kind of this—well she was like this sort of makeup-y like—she came from a lot of inherited wealth and my mom was like—she was a social worker and she and my dad were always just trying to make ends meet. And then like six months after my mom dies my dad remarries and suddenly we're like living in this big house on the other side of town and I'm supposed to be really excited about it. But it just feels—I mean the house feels big and creepy and lonely. And my stepmother already has two daughters and one of them is in college but the other one is around my age and like...she's this like popular girl who goes to private school and she like clearly hates me and she and my stepmother are like super girly.

Anyway.

Wait you guys really want to hear this? This isn't boring?

SARAH

Okay well at one point my dad went on a business trip and I was alone with my stepmother and my stepsister for two weeks. And one night my stepmother was cooking dinner and she said that she didn't have any um rosemary for this lamb stew she was making. So she told me to walk down the street and go to the little blue house at the end of the cul-de-sac and to ask the old woman who lived there if she had any rosemary we could borrow.

But I was scared. Everyone at my school said the little blue house was haunted and that the old woman who lived there was a witch. So I'm standing in my bedroom trying to decide what to do when this doll my mom gave me right before she died starts talking to me. And the doll says: "Don't be afraid. Just do what you're told but don't forget to bring me with you." So I walk down the street and it's dark and kind of creepy and when I get to the little blue house I realize for the first time that the fence which has always just seemed like plain painted white wood to me is actually made out of bones and on the top of every post is a human skull.

Adam (M)

ADAM

You know what I think would be cool?

If we could—I mean science must be able to—there's got to be a way to just like attach electrodes to people's brains and stimulate the parts of the brain that respond to story and like specific story elements.

So you could make people feel all the things they would feel during a romance or an adventure or a happy ending and there would still be an art to it because you'd be figuring out which synapses to stimulate when and for exactly how long.

But the whole thing where we have to make up some fictional world or some fictional series of events or narrative concepts would be over.

And if you wanted to do something new it would just be coming up with a new um algorithm. A new sequence.

Which is really what it is anyway.

We all pretend there's something magic about it but actually it's just algorithms.

ADAM

And they fell upon him with their divine swords and they murdered him.

And out of his dead body they fashioned the world.

His veins became the rivers

His bulbous nose became the tallest mountain

They picked the dandruff off his scalp and threw it into the sky

And it became the stars.

And the two brothers and the sister frolicked in this world that was the corpse of their dead giant monster brother

And they built a golden palace where his belly used to be

But soon they were bored

So the sister fucked her older brother and then gave birth to a wolf

And then she fucked her younger brother and gave birth to a serpent

And then she fucked the great father, which no one even knew was possible

And from this fucking she was pregnant for a very long time. It was a difficult pregnancy, it was about a hundred years long, and during it she was cared for by her sons the wolf and the serpent.

And when it was finally time she gave birth to so many babies.

She gave birth to the year, and then she gave birth to the month, and then she gave birth to the seasons, and then she gave birth to the minute, and then she gave birth to the second. Then she gave birth to the day, and the night, and the days of the week, and then she gave birth to dawn, and then twilight, and then she gave birth to Time, and Death, and finally she gave birth to Disease, and she gave all of these things her breasts to suck on.

And the wolf and the serpent grew jealous of all their new siblings, who were concepts and not animals, and they grew angry at their mother for not paying them enough attention, and so they cut off her head and threw it up into the sky and that became the moon.

Danny M1 (M)

DANNY M1

I once had this crazy thing.

Oh man.

This is a weird story.

I once had this crazy thing that uh...I don't know if it was like a male uh...UTI or whatever but uh...

Cone of silence.

DANNY M1

Okay this was in...I just want to say first of all that this was in the early years of marriage and I'm like the most loyal husband in the world now. But right after Sly was born things were kind of weird between me and Ellen and you know we weren't have that much sex.

But more than that we were just kind of disconnected and I felt like she hated me and okay right cutting to the chase I started sleeping with other people. That's not true. With this other woman. This woman I worked with. I'm going to say this again: Cone cone cone cone.

Anyway we were having this really hot affair but we were like, we were friends, and we were crazy attracted to each other, but we like both knew we weren't in love and we were both married, and we like...we like convinced ourselves that we weren't actually cheating on our spouses or like disrupting the sanctity of the marriage blah blah blah if we just, uh, fucked in the ass.

Danny M2 (M)

DANNY M2

Well. Uh. This one summer when I was a teenager I lived on a farm. And I had a lot of little jobs but one of them was putting the chickens to bed at night. There were a lot of foxes roaming around so it was important to get all the chickens in their little chicken house by sundown and lock the door behind them and then turn on the electric fence. And most of the chickens would be in the chicken house already by the time it got dark and they'd be sleeping or sleepy and I gotta tell you there's nothing cuter than a bunch of sleepy chickens nestled up together all plump with their eyes drooping shut. But uh...yeah. There would usually be a few stragglers still wandering around and the guy who gave me the job told me that I was supposed to pick those stragglers up and put them in the chicken house. But for some reason I was terrified of picking up a chicken. I loved them but the idea of grabbing them and...I don't know I pictured them pecking me and or clawing me or me accidentally hurting them...maybe part of it was that I actually wanted to pick the chickens up very badly...there was something about their chests, those fluffy alive chicken breasts, and I loved the idea of holding them firmly but lovingly in my hands but I just couldn't picture it going the right way...like how to do it...and I worried I would hurt the chickens or be hurt by the chickens so I actually would just wait until way after sundown, like 10:30, 11 P.M., and that's when I would go lock the chicken house door and turn on the electric fence and by that time all the chickens had gone in the house and fallen asleep on their own. But I was really playing with fire because the fox could have come around before then. I mean something really bad could have happened in that two-hour window. But I was so scared of picking up a chicken that I...I didn't tell anyone and I took that risk every night. Luckily no chickens died that summer. But they could have.

(pause)

So I guess my regret is that I didn't ask for a...that I didn't just ask someone to give me a tutorial on how to hold a chicken.

Josh (M)

JOSH

Imagine a world like ours.
With clocks and calendars.
But all the clocks tell a different kind of time.
You know how there are certain insects
And they only live a couple of days
But those days must go by so slowly, you know?
Because they're like literally a lifetime!

So imagine a world like ours but the time the clock is telling is...
Well so a day could actually be a century. Like the clock face is measuring years.
Or it could be the opposite and an hour on the clock or what looks like an hour on the clock is actually a second. Or a millisecond.
So it's a totally different world but it appears the same. But to them a millisecond is a lifetime. Or a hundred years is a minute.

Dave (M)

DAVE

My mom's mom shot herself in the face when my mom was seventeen and my mom was the one who found the body. Flash forward thirty years and I'm in high school and my mom wants to leave my dad because among other things he's schizophrenic although she knew that when she married him so I don't get what the big surprise is but anyway she wants to leave him after twenty years of marriage and he totally loses his shit and he makes this sick threat that if she leaves him he'll kill himself the exact same way her mom did. And she's like—long story short she doesn't take him seriously and she packs up all her shit and goes to a motel for the weekend. And then she comes back to the house to visit me but I'm staying at my uncle's and she walks into the living room and what do you know my dad has kept his word and shot himself in the fucking face and my mom relives the same trauma all over again and checks herself into an institution and meanwhile no one's thinking about me but again that's no surprise because no one was really thinking about me in the first place.

(to Danny M1)

Does it sound familiar now?

DAVE

No no no no no pity parties it made me who I am and it made me want to tell stories and I ended up living with my uncle and he was the one who introduced me to Stargazer and everything else Sandy did and that was what got me to move out of my shitty town and come here and find Sandy and it gave me the hunger and the bravery to do that and now I've got a great job and a decent apartment and a beautiful girlfriend who's like a normal really sweet person and I never have go back there again or talk to any of those people so ultimately as fucked up as it sounds I'm thankful.

(to Sandy)

So I guess maybe it's the worst thing and the best thing.

Dave puts his sock feet up on the table.