

# AUDITIONS

## Jake's Women

**Sunday, February 8 2:00-5:00**

**Monday, February 9 6:00 – 9:00**

Auditions will be held in the downstairs rehearsal room at the Paradise Center for the Arts at 321 Central, Faribault. Actors of all backgrounds, genders, and ethnicities will be considered for every role.

### **CHARACTER LIST (For Reference)**

- **JAKE:** 40s-50s. A writer who struggles to distinguish reality from his imagined conversations.
- **MAGGIE:** 30s-40s. Jake's second wife; strong, independent, and grounded.
- **KAREN:** 40s. Jake's sister; tough, witty, and incredibly blunt.
- **MOLLY (Age 12):** Jake's daughter as a child (memory).
- **MOLLY (Age 21):** Jake's daughter as an adult (reality).
- **EDITH:** 40s-50s. Jake's therapist; pragmatic and direct.
- **JULIE:** 20s. Jake's first wife (memory); youthful and vibrant.
- **SHEILA:** 30s. A woman Jake dates; realistic and modern.

Rehearsals will begin February 16, 2026. Rehearsals will be held Monday – Thursdays from 6:30 – 9:00. Tech week begins April 13 with performances April 17, 18, 24, 25 at 7:30 and April 19 & 26 at 2:00. Auditioners will be asked to read from the enclosed pages. Scripts are available for 48 hour check out from the Paradise Center for the Arts. Please bring any conflict dates to the audition.

Questions – Director – Palmer Huff [andhuff@hotmail.com](mailto:andhuff@hotmail.com)

## AUDITION FORM: JAKE'S WOMEN

# \_\_\_\_\_

**Production:** Paradise Community Theater

**Director:** Palmer Huff

### PERSONAL INFORMATION

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Email:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Hair Color:** \_\_\_\_\_

### ROLE PREFERENCES

**Role(s) Auditioning For:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Will you accept any role?** [ ☐ ] Yes [ ☐ ] No

**Will you accept an understudy position?** [ ☐ ] Yes [ ☐ ] No

**Are you willing to cut/color your hair if required?** [ ☐ ] Yes [ ☐ ] No

### CONFLICTS

**Please list any standing conflicts (work, school, travel) between [Start Date] and [End Date]:**

### EXPERIENCE

*List your three most recent productions:*

1. **Show:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Role:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Year:** \_\_\_\_\_

2. **Show:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Role:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Year:** \_\_\_\_\_

3. **Show:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Role:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Year:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Any other information you care to share:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

### CHARACTER LIST (For Reference)

1st Scene

JAKE'S WOMEN

9

JAKE. No, no. I remember. I was just thinking about the first day we met.

MAGGIE. You love to play back that tape, don't you?

JAKE. Do it with me, Maggie. The way we met.

MAGGIE. You do it too much, Jake.

JAKE. I must need it. Come on, Maggie, do it.

MAGGIE. (*Looks at her watch.*) Well, I've got ten minutes before I get home. Why not? Okay ...

(*SHE pretends to pick up a glass. THEY stand on opposite sides of stage.*)

MAGGIE. East Hampton. Eight years ago. The July 4th party at the Tabacks ... A sunset.

JAKE. A beautiful sunset.

MAGGIE. A beautiful sunset. I'm wearing a light blue Laura Ashley dress that I borrowed from my friend, Laura Ashley, who unfortunately is *not* the designer, so it hangs a little ... I'm on my second Margarita, feeling a little nervous because this is the In crowd and I'm an Out girl and don't know a soul here including the guy who brought me ... Then I notice you noticing me so I pretend not to notice because you look kind of sexy and intelligent and I don't think I can handle sexy and intelligent on two Margaritas on an empty stomach.

JAKE. Will you just skip to the part when we meet?

MAGGIE. Hey, Jake. These words are coming out of your mind. You're the one who just made yourself sexy and intelligent.

JAKE. Okay okay okay ... So I notice you and you notice me. Then you turn to talk to this Yuppie couple.

1st Scene

MAGGIE. So I turn to talk to this Yuppie couple, both dressed in white slacks, white blazers and white buckskins, looking like two bandaged index fingers. (*To the imaginary couple, SHE laughs heartily.*) Oh, God, I haven't made up my mind *who* to vote for ... No, I understand the issues, I just don't know who's running.

JAKE. (*To imaginary friend.*) Frank! Hey, Frank. Who's the girl in the light blue dress? ... *That's* Laura Ashley? ... No, not the dress. The girl. Well, ask because I'd like to know.

MAGGIE. (*To couple.*) It's Maggie ... No, I don't think we have ... Oh, my God. You're *that* Ralph Lauren ... How nice. I thought you two were always on safari. (*SHE drinks.*)

JAKE. (*Pushing through crowd.*) Pardon me. Coming through ... Oh, hi, Barbara ... You *did* like the book? Oh, I'm so glad ... The *L.A. Times*? No, I didn't read it ... You *mailed* me a bad review? How thoughtful ... Excuse me.

MAGGIE. (*To a man.*) Oh, hello. Nice to meet you, Ed. (*SHE shakes his hand.*) You look so familiar. Are you an actor? ... What do you mean, sort of? ... Oh, God. You're Mayor Koch, aren't you?

JAKE. Excuse me. Coming through ... Oh, hi, Martha ... Of course I'll give. What's the charity? ... The Homeless of East Hampton? ... You mean the ones who couldn't rent a house this summer?

MAGGIE. Would you excuse me, Mr. Ed? Mr. Koch ... I see someone who knows where the bathroom is.

(*MAGGIE and JAKE turn and bump into each other. SHE spills her drink.*)

MAGGIE. Oh, God, I am *so* sorry.

JAKE. (*Looks at his crotch.*) That's okay ...

MAGGIE. Would you like my napkin?

JAKE. (*Looks at crotch again.*) Well, it's an awkward place to be rubbing.

MAGGIE. Well, *I* wasn't going to rub it. I thought *you* would.

JAKE. It'll dry. No one will notice if you stand in front of me for a while.

MAGGIE. Well, I'm not feeling all that well. There's Mayor Koch. He might want to stand in front of you.

(*SHE starts to go, HE blocks her.*)

JAKE. Are you — here with anyone?

MAGGIE. Yes, I'm with a date ... Charley something.

JAKE. That's odd. My date is Sybill something.

MAGGIE. Oh? Maybe they're married.

JAKE. Gee, I hope so ... Are you here for the summer?

MAGGIE. Nooo ... Are you?

JAKE. Nooo ... Amazing how many things we have in common ... Is your name Jake?

MAGGIE. No. It's Maggie. Do I look like a Jake?

JAKE. No. I do. I'm just looking for a hook in this conversation ... Could I er ... buy you dinner?

MAGGIE. Oh, that's very nice of you but I think the food here is free ... Well, it was nice meeting you, Jake.

JAKE. This can't be goodbye.

MAGGIE. It won't be. We'll meet again.

JAKE. When?

MAGGIE. (*Looks at her watch.*) Well, I'll be home for dinner in ten minutes. Go back to work, Jake. Living out

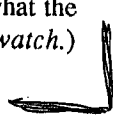
the past is not going to get us through the future. (*SHE puts down the glass and starts out.*)

JAKE. Dammit, Maggie! Can't we just have ten good minutes together? Because I'm afraid tonight may not be so wonderful.

MAGGIE. Really? Well, I don't know what's going to happen tonight, Jake, do I? And that scares you. Because you can never control what I say when reality begins.

(*SHE leaves. JAKE faces audience.*)

JAKE. (*To audience.*) She's right, you know. Reality is a bummer. God, how much better writing is. (*HE points to his office.*) That little room up there is eight by ten feet but to me it's the world. The universe! You don't get to play God, you get to *be* God! ... Push time backwards or forwards or put it on hold. Bend it, twist it, tie it in knots or tie it in ribbons, the choice is yours. And oh, what choices ... The downside? You get to be a slave to the thing you love. Eight hours go by up there in ten minutes and that ten minutes is captured forever on paper ... but the eight hours of your life is gone and you'll never see those again, brother ... How much living have I missed these last thirty years? ... And is creative pleasure better than real pleasure? ... We're all writers in a sense, aren't we? ... You're driving in your car to work, having an imaginary conversation with your wife. She says this, you say that, she says that, you say this. She's so damn stubborn and intractable — only she's not saying it. You wrote it! You're bright, witty and clever and she's a pain in the ass. You win the argument and she's not even there, what the hell kind of victory is that? (*HE looks at his watch.*)



## 2nd Scene

26

### JAKE'S WOMEN

MAGGIE. No ... It doesn't really matter. Exchanging  
guilts isn't exactly going to save the day.

*(SHE turns, goes upstairs and is gone. JAKE turns to the  
audience.)*

JAKE. I didn't even get the opportunity to lie ... which  
I don't think I would have ... Of all the imaginary  
conversations I have, ten, twenty, fifty a day, why did this  
have to be a real one? *(HE points upstairs.)* Up there I  
could have fixed all this. Turn on the machine and rewrite  
it ... "No, Jake. There was no affair and I never slept with  
anyone. Michael Jaffe is a twerp ... Don't you know  
you've spoiled me so, I could never let another man ever  
touch me" ... Click! Turn off the processor, get a beer and  
turn on the Knicks-Laker game.

*(MOLLY, a twelve year old girl, appears and stands there.  
HE doesn't see her but senses her.)*

JAKE. Molly? Is that you?

MOLLY. Yes, Daddy.

JAKE. *(Turns, looks at her.)* You're so young. Eleven,  
twelve? Why am I thinking of you now?

MOLLY. You need someone to tell you they love you.

JAKE. That doesn't count. All little girls love their  
daddies.

MOLLY. Sandra Gerstein *hates* hers.

JAKE. Why?

MOLLY. I don't know. I made it up. I thought it would  
make you feel better.

JAKE. No, honey. *I* made it up. Not you.

## 2nd Scene

MOLLY. I know. Did it make you feel better?

JAKE. Yes.

MOLLY. You fool yourself a lot, don't you?

JAKE. You got it.

MOLLY. Why are you and Maggie breaking up?

JAKE. I don't know, Molly.

MOLLY. Is it because you both had an affair?

JAKE. Jesus, I'm not going to discuss this with a twelve year old.

MOLLY. Then when?

JAKE. When you come back like you are today. All grown up.

MOLLY. Alright. I will.

*(YOUNG MOLLY moves out as OLDER MOLLY, at twenty-one, appears from the opposite side.)*

OLDER MOLLY. So tell me, Dad.

JAKE. *(To audience.)* Gee, time flies when you're neurotic.

OLDER MOLLY. I know what's wrong with you and Maggie. It's not about Michael Jaffe *or* your actress friend.

JAKE. It's not? Then what *is* it about?

OLDER MOLLY. It's about Mom.

JAKE. Your mother's been dead for ten years.

OLDER MOLLY. I know. Ghosts are a bummer; aren't they?

JAKE. *(Nods.)* *Life's* a bummer, kiddo.

OLDER MOLLY. I thought self-pity was a no-no.

JAKE. Only on the stage. In life it's very comforting.

OLDER MOLLY. Boy, do you need help, Dad.

JAKE. I didn't have to think *you* up to tell me that.



OLDER MOLLY. Why don't you talk to Edith? Come on, talk to her.

JAKE. Analysts don't work nights. That's when they have their *own* breakdowns.

OLDER MOLLY. I don't mean *really* talk to her. Make *up* that you talk to her.

JAKE. Some session. I make up Edith, the questions *and* the answers. What's the point?

OLDER MOLLY. Complete control. Your favorite thing in life.

JAKE. It isn't really. It's being at the mercy of someone else that scares me. Been that way since I was a baby. My mother was always afraid I'd fall out of my high chair so she tied me in with a rope. Couldn't move my hands, couldn't push away the baby food I hated. I had to fight her off with my nose.

OLDER MOLLY. That's awful.

JAKE. I grew up thinking that's the way life was. First time she took me to a restaurant I couldn't eat because the waiter forgot to tie me up.

OLDER MOLLY. No wonder you're in analysis.

JAKE. That was a problem too. By now I had claustrophobia. For the first year in Edith's office, I wouldn't let her close the door. Everyone in the waiting room heard my life story. I'd walk out and someone sitting there would say, "You're sounding better today" ... Then it got worse. On airplanes I was always afraid of being locked in the john. So I kept testing the door, opening it and closing it. The sign above would light up, "Occupied, Vacant, Occupied, Vacant" ... I think maybe that's why I became a writer. I could write when I wanted, where I wanted and what I wanted.

OLDER MOLLY. Maybe Maggie doesn't want to be tied up either.

JAKE. Smart observation.

OLDER MOLLY. So maybe you better talk to Edith.

JAKE. For you, anything. See you later, babe.

OLDER MOLLY. Anytime ... You're on, Edith.

*(OLDER MOLLY goes off just as EDITH, a woman in her late forties, comes on.)*

EDITH. Just what I need. A session *he* makes up that I don't even get paid for ... So what is it this time, Mr. Creative?

*(SHE sits on chair. HE sits on sofa.)*

JAKE. Please, Edith, I'm shopping for a little compassion.

EDITH. *(Like a mother to an infant.)* Ahh, wassa mawa, baby?

JAKE. *(To audience.)* She actually does that in sessions. It's the New Age analysis. Make the patient look like a schmuck.

EDITH. Is that what I'm here for, Jake? To set up straight lines for you?

JAKE. I'm lost, Edith. Confused. I had an affair with someone but I don't want to leave Maggie. She *slept* with someone and she *does* want to leave.

EDITH. So what's your point? Your affair wasn't as good as the guy she slept with?

JAKE. Forget it, Edith. You're not an analyst. You're a mother with a diploma.

## 3rd Scene

30

### JAKE'S WOMEN

EDITH. And what are you? A martyr! A self-made sufferer! Don't you know you're better than that, Jake? You're a warm, loving, giving human being with incredible sensitivity. And Maggie doesn't even appreciate that.

JAKE. You really think so?

EDITH. I don't know. They're your words, I'm just moving my lips.

JAKE. (*To audience.*) See? I'm a schmuck again. (*To Edith.*) Edith, I need help. Real help. I'm giving you temporary freedom. Make up your own words.

EDITH. Alright. Why do you like to deprive yourself so much, Jake?

JAKE. Oh, Christ, Edith. We do that question every week. I hate that question. Don't you have another question?

EDITH. Yes. Here's one. Why don't you like me to ask you why you like to deprive yourself?

JAKE. This is my last session, Edith. Real or not. And then I'm going to find another analyst to help me understand why I went to you so long.

EDITH. Can I suggest someone? My son, Arthur, just started his own practice. It's in California, but he's worth the trip.

JAKE. God, you make me so furious. Do you know what I'd like to do to you right now, Edith?

EDITH. (*Infant talk again.*) Wha, baby? Tell mawa what Jakey wanna do?

JAKE. (*To audience.*) She could lose her license for this, you know. (*To Edith.*) I'd like to either punch your face out with my fist or rip your clothes off and hump the life out of you.

## 3rd Scene

EDITH. I know what *my* choice is ... Which do you prefer?

JAKE. Forget it. It's just wishful thinking.

EDITH. When you wish, you wish upon the child in you. Do you know who said that?

JAKE. Jiminy Cricket?

EDITH. No, Me! ... Didn't you read my book?

JAKE. *Love Yourself, Fuck Them?* Was that the title?

EDITH. You are so naughty ... How's your sex life, Jake?

JAKE. My sex life? You think Maggie and I are screwing eight hours a day while we discuss our breakup?

EDITH. Maybe if you did, you wouldn't be breaking up.

JAKE. Edith, I am so tired of your fortune cookie wisdom. I picture some patient coming to you with no arms, no legs, no eyes, no ears, no mouth and you asking him how his sex life is.

EDITH. Well, if he found a way to get to my office, why not?

JAKE. Edith, did you ever *actually* cure anyone?

EDITH. Analysis doesn't cure you, Jake. It just makes you feel better between sessions.

JAKE. You know, I should have married you instead of Maggie. Then I wouldn't be so unhappy about the marriage breaking up.

EDITH. You know what I think, Jake? And listen to this because I think I'm going to say something very profound.

JAKE. Oh, good. "60 Minutes" will be one hour late tonight in order to bring you this CBS Special, "Edith Reports." And now, Dr. Edith Hassenberg.

EDITH. (*Out front.*) Thank you, Don, and good evening. (*To Jake.*) I'll tell you what I think. I think you won't hit me so you can deprive yourself of anger and you won't hump me so you can deprive yourself of losing. And then you make fun of it so you can deprive yourself of feelings.

JAKE. How did you work that out?

EDITH. Easy. You're a Sagittarius.

JAKE. You'd better let me have your son's number ... You-are-ludicrous.

EDITH. You make Karen foolish and you make me ludicrous! Is this your way of getting back at women because Julie died and Maggie stands up to you?

JAKE. I'm handling this the best way I can ... I have one dead wife and one on the way out the door. What do you want, a tap dance?

EDITH. Why not? You're unhappy if you want to be. You're lonely if you want to be. It's your choice.

JAKE. My choice that Julie died? That Maggie's leaving?

EDITH. I didn't say your fault. I said your choice.

JAKE. I don't get it.

EDITH. If you want to suffer, you suffer. If you want to be fat, you're fat. We make our own destiny, Jake.

JAKE. Is that why you're still unmarried?

EDITH. No. Most men are shits.

(*HE walks away, throwing his hands up.*)

EDITH. Oh, this is pointless, Jake. Do you want the Comedy Store or do you want help? Don't mock me, use me.

4th  
~~3rd~~ Scene

38

JAKE'S WOMEN

MAGGIE. Maybe. But as bad as those two nights in the hospital were I thought that was the closest we've ever been to each other.

JAKE. We didn't get any breaks, did we?

MAGGIE. Will you be here tomorrow?

JAKE. To watch you pack? No, thanks. I'll spare myself that. I've always hated the sight of a wife leaving.

MAGGIE. Then there isn't much left to say, is there?

JAKE. I guess not.

MAGGIE. (*SHE starts up stairs, stops at the top.*) Jake! I know nothing in life ever hurt you as much as Julie dying ... Well, tonight is the worst thing that's ever happened to me. (*SHE leaves.*)

JAKE. (*To audience.*) I haven't hung on to Julie ... I swear to you, I have tried over and over and over to get Julie out of my mind. I *never* summon her up. She just bursts in on me.

(*JULIE, still at twenty-one, but dressed differently, bursts in on him.*)

JULIE. (*Angrily.*) Where were you?

JAKE. When?

JULIE. Last night. This morning. Right now. This minute. How could you not call me? How could you not want to know how I feel?

JAKE. About what?

JULIE. About *what*? About what happened to us?

JAKE. I don't know. What happened to us?

JULIE. Oh, my God. I don't believe this.

JAKE. Julie, I had a *very* busy day. People in and out of here. I'm sorry ... What happened to us?

4th  
~~3rd~~ Scene

JULIE. *WE MADE LOVE!!!*

JAKE. We did?

JULIE. "We did," he says. We slept together. For the first time, Jake. Not just *our* first time. It was *my* first time ... Ever!! And you don't remember it?

JAKE. Oh, *that* first time. Yes. I do. I just didn't realize you were going back twenty-nine years.

JULIE. I'm not going back twenty-nine years. I'm going back to last night.

JAKE. I know. I know.

JULIE. Well, aren't you going to ask me how I feel?

JAKE. Sure. How do you feel, Julie?

JULIE. (*Exasperated.*) Forget it. Never mind. It doesn't matter.

JAKE. No, it does, Julie. I swear. It's just that it comes at a bad time. Maggie's upstairs getting ready to leave me.

JULIE. Who's Maggie?

JAKE. My second wife.

JULIE. Well, she can be your first wife for all I care because I'm not sure you and I are ready for marriage.

JAKE. Julie, please don't mix up my time periods. It confuses me. I'm a writer, not a computer.

JULIE. You're a writer? You go to law school.

JAKE. Yes, *then*. But later I gave up law school and became a writer.

JULIE. Really? What did you write?

JAKE. Well, you wouldn't have heard of them because I didn't write them yet. I mean, I did write them but I just thought of you *now* and you're here before they would have been written. In other words, if you were here *later* —

JULIE. Alright. I get it. I got it. Okay. God!

JAKE. You *do* get it?

JULIE. I *said* I did. I get it.

JAKE. How old are you?

JULIE. Twenty-one.

JAKE. And how old am I?

JULIE. Twenty-four.

JAKE. No, you don't get it ... Look at me, Julie. Closely.

JULIE. (*SHE looks at him closer.*) Oh!

JAKE. See what I mean?

JULIE. You're in your mid-thirties.

JAKE. I wish ... Look closer, Julie. At the grey in my hair, at my skin, in my eyes.

JULIE. (*Looks him over.*) Oh, God, Jake. You're *old!* ... You're my father's age.

JAKE. (*Annoyed.*) No, I'm not. He was fifty-eight then. I'm only fifty-three.

JULIE. You're fifty-three? ... And I slept with you last night?

JAKE. It wasn't last night. It was twenty-nine years ago ... You see when I bring you back —

JULIE. Okay okay okay, I get it.

JAKE. Why? Do you think I look awful?

JULIE. No, not *awful* ... Mature! ... Look, it's okay. It happens.

JAKE. Am I that different?

JULIE. Well, you're a little — bulkier ... Is that the wrong word?

JAKE. You can't imagine.

JULIE. I do like the little wrinkles around your eyes ... and under them. It gives you — character. It's nice.

JAKE. Stick around, you'll love senility and arthritis.



JULIE. I don't care how old you are, Jake. Last night was still wonderful. God, I was scared. That I wouldn't like it. That *you* wouldn't like it. Did you know that out of all my girl friends, I'm the last one to do it? It's just that there was never a boy I wanted to get that close to. Never ... But when we walked home last night, I said to myself, if he tries, if he even puts a hand on my shoulder, he's going to know just how much love I have to give him ... And it was easier than I thought it would be, Jake ... It was *wonderful*. I am *so* glad we picked each other because I could never be with anyone else and neither could you. You know that, don't you?

JAKE. Julie, don't.

JULIE. Is that the wrong thing to say?

JAKE. Wrong? You make me want to hear more. To say more. To crawl in that place you're in now and stay there forever. But I can't do it. We're not *in* the same place, Julie.

JULIE. We're not? *Now* I'm confused ... Is this some sort of dream?

JAKE. Yes. For me ... It's a memory, Julie. You're the memory and I'm the present. And there's no future. Not a *real* future. Because we can never be together the way we once were. In life, I mean ... That life is gone ... Can you understand what I'm saying?

JULIE. Oh, God ... Oh, my God, Jake ... Are you dead?

JAKE. (*Exasperated.*) Jesus!

JULIE. Oh, Jake, I'm so sorry. When did it happen? Was it terrible? Well, of course, it would *have* to be terrible. No wonder you look older. They say your whole life flashes in front of you just before you die. That would age somebody, wouldn't it?

