



**MilkMilkLemonade**  
**by Joshua Conkel**  
**Directed by: Spencer Beyerlein**

**Auditions: Monday, May 13 and Tuesday, May 14 @ 6:30 PM**

**Pit & Balcony Community Theatre | 805 N. Hamilton St,  
Saginaw, MI 48602**

*Pit & Balcony Community Theatre is committed to providing a nurturing environment in which to share diverse experiences and ideas. In employment, volunteer recruitment, and casting we do not discriminate on the basis of race, ethnicity, religion, gender, age, disability, sexual orientation, or military status. We are committed to providing an inclusive and welcoming environment for all members of our community.*

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for The Pit and Balcony Production of MilkMilkLemonade! This is such an absolutely ridiculous script, and I mean that in the absolute best way. My favorite type of scripts are those that take hard to swallow, real-world issues and put them into a perspective that the audience doesn't ever see coming, and this script does just that.

Emory is an effeminate 11-year-old boy who lives on a farm with his chain smoking Nanna and his only friend, a depressed chicken about to be processed. Nanna wishes Emory would get his head out of the clouds, stop choreographing ribbon stick dance numbers, and be more like Elliot, the boy down the road with a penchant for burning things. But Emory and Elliot have a relationship -- just not one Nanna would expect or approve of. With absurd, poignant dialog and brutal characterizations, *MilkMilkLemonade* is a bitterly funny exploration of gender, sexuality, life, death, and the human body.

At its core, MilkMilkLemonade is about sexuality and gender identity and expression, two ideas that, unfortunately, not everyone fully understands and accepts. Joshua Conkel has done an excellent job of writing a show that will surely leave the audience questioning what the hell they just watched, but that's the whole goal isn't it, to start these conversations and get folks questioning everything they base their ideals on?

I'm so excited to see how you all interpret these characters and this script! I want to see you let loose and have FUN! See you on the farm!

-Spencer Beyerlein, Director

**Please note before auditioning:** MilkMilkLemonade includes very strong language at times, including slurs against the LGBTQIA+ Community and racially insensitive comments. These are all important to telling the story, however, and out of respect of the playwright, these *will not be changed or omitted*. There are also moments of sexual coercion and implied underage sex. *(To be abundantly clear, there will NOT be staging of this occurring, but it is discussed in the moments immediately after.)* Please make sure you are aware of this and fully consider your comfortability of the nature of the show prior to auditioning.

## **Cast**

We are considering actors of all races, ethnicities, genders, and abilities for all roles. **We are specifically looking for a non-cisgender actor for the role of Emory.** *Due to the nature of the show, all auditionees must be at least 18 years old by the start of rehearsals (May 20th, 2024).*

**EMORY**, an effeminate 11-year-old boy.

**ELLIOT**, the little boy from down the road. Has a parasitic twin living in his enormous thigh.

**NANNA**, an elderly cancer patient and Emory's grandmother. Bald, with an oxygen tank.

**LINDA**, a depressed chicken with a Brooklyn accent. Emory's best friend and confidante.

**LADY IN A LEOTARD**, narrator in a black leotard. Suffers from performance anxiety.

(Please make note on your audition form if there are ANY roles you would like to specifically *not* be considered for. We will be casting the show “blindly”, meaning anyone can be cast in any role, regardless of the character’s gender or age, within actor comfortability.)

## **Audition Expectations**

Please complete the online audition form: <https://forms.gle/YuPZUyTgKd3oUuDf7>

**What to Expect:** Auditions will be broken down into three parts. We will start with monologue auditions, followed by a short improv game, concluding with warm and cold reads from the script.

**What to Prepare:** Please come prepared with a *one-minute, contemporary monologue* of your choosing. **Do NOT worry about having one memorized!** It is absolutely okay to have it with you! All we are looking for is your ability to make choices within it. We have included a few to choose from, at the end of this packet, if you would prefer to use one of those, but that is not required! We may ask you to perform your monologue more than once if there is something else we’d like to see from it.

Please also *familiarize* yourself with the sides included at the end of this packet. No need to memorize at all. We may use all, we may use some. We may even use some not included in the packet (wink, wink). *Please note that some of the sides have very strong language. This language is included throughout the entire show.*

**Do you have any special skills? Well, it's your lucky day, we'd love to see 'em! Please indicate any of these on your audition form, and be prepared to show us once your monologue concludes.**

**Rehearsal Calendar**

**MAY**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13 Auditions	14 Auditions	15	16	17	18
19	20 Rehearsal 6:00-10	21 Rehearsal 6:00-10:00	22	23 Rehearsal 6:00-10:00	24 Memorial Day Weekend! No rehearsal!	25
26	27 Memorial Day Weekend! No rehearsal!	28 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	29 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	30 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	31 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	

# JUNE

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1
2	3 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	4 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	5 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	6 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	7 TENTATIVE Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	8
9	10 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	11 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	12 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	13 Rehearsal 6:30-9:30	14	15 TECH DAY 10am-8pm
16	17 Tech Rehearsal Call 6:00	18 Tech Rehearsal Call 6:00	19 Tech Rehearsal Call 6:00	20 Dress Rehearsal Call 7:00 Go 8:30	21 Dress Rehearsal Call 7:00 Go 8:30	22
23	24 Dress Rehearsal Call 7:00 Go 8:30	25 Dark Night	26 Dress Rehearsal Call 7:00 Go 8:30	27 SHOWDATE Call 7:00 Showtime 8:30	28 SHOWDATE Call 7:00 Showtime 8:30	29 SHOWDATE Call 7:00 Showtime 8:30
30						

## Sides

### Side 1 - Emory/Nanna

**NANNA.** Where was I? Oh, yes. I think it was Jesus or God who said, "Thou shalt not lie with another man as with a woman. It is an abomination." Now, that's in Leviticus. And that's why fags are nasty.

**EMORY.** I still don't see why I Can't keep Starlene.

**NANNA.** See, we've all got roles in Life, Emory. And it's these roles that keep order. Like you're my grandson and I'm your Nanna. That's how we know each other. Now, if people didn't play the roles that God gave 'em, then what would happen?

**EMORY.** I Don't know.

**NANNA.** What's that?

**EMORY.** I Said I Don't know, Nanna.

**NANNA.** We'd have chaos, is what.

**EMORY.** I guess.

**NANNA.** You guess? Let me ask you this: what would happen if we stopped farming chickens?

**EMORY.** I don't know. Somebody else would, I guess.

**NANNA.** But what if everybody stopped farming chickens?

**EMORY.** Then there'd be no chickens to eat.

**NANNA.** That's right. There'd be no chickens to eat. So "chicken farmer" is one of our roles, and an important one.

**EMORY.** But people could just eat cereal or strawberries or some- thing.

**NANNA.** Ah, but suppose people stopped showing up to work at the cereal factory? Suppose the Mexicans went back to Mexico? What then?

**EMORY.** Nanna?

**NANNA.** Mm-Hmm?

**EMORY.** Did you always wanna be a chicken farmer?

**NANNA.** I suppose I never thought about it much. I just always was one.

**EMORY.** I feel bad for them. The chickens.

**NANNA.** Don't feel bad, Emory. These chickens here, they have a nice life.

**EMORY.** But they get killed and eaten up.

**NANNA.** But that's their role, see? Chickens are born to be eaten. And besides, here on our farm, everything before then is pretty nice. Our chickens here, they get to stretch their legs and feel the sunlight on their backs. That's what you call your "free range". The end part, the frightening part, is quick. They don't feel a thing.

**EMORY.** How do you know?

**NANNA.** Because I've seen pain before, and plenty of it. On some farms the chickens are put in tiny little cages and stacked eight or nine high. The farmer gives e'm drugs so they get fat and stupid like. Oh, it's a terrible life for an animal.

**EMORY.** Gross.

**NANNA.** You better believe it. But still... That's better than a...

(Leaning in to whisper:)

**NANNA.** ...Boneless, skinless chicken farm.

**EMORY.** Are there really boneless, skinless chicken farms?

**NANNA.** I said there were, didn't ?

**EMORY.** I'm never eating a chicken again.

**NANNA.** Sure you will. Because chickens are delicious. And just like they were born to be eaten, we were born to eat 'em.

## Side 2 - Elliot/Emory

**ELLIOT.** (With appropriate gestures:) Chinese, Japanese, dirty knees, look at THESE.

(He finds himself hysterical and laughs.)

**EMORY.** That's so funny I forgot to laugh.

**ELLIOT.** What's going on, sissy?

**EMORY.** Elliot, leave me alone.

**ELLIOT.** No.

**EMORY.** Go away.

**ELLIOT.** No.

**EMORY.** Where'd you get that black eye?

**ELLIOT.** My brother Danny hit me.

**EMORY.** Why?

**ELLIOT.** Because he's a dick.

**EMORY.** Oh.

**ELLIOT.** No, I set his health book on fire.

**EMORY.** Why?

**ELLIOT.** Because I felt like it. I like setting stuff on fire. Fire is cool.

**EMORY.** Oh.

**ELLIOT.** You're a faggot.

**EMORY.** I'll tell you smoke.

**ELLIOT.** Go ahead.

**ELLIOT.** Tell her. She doesn't even know her ass from a hole in the ground.

**EMORY.** She's sick.

**ELLIOT.** You're sick. You're a faggot.

**EMORY.** Am not.

**ELLIOT.** Emory has a vagina! Emory has a vagina!

**EMORY.** Do not.

**ELLIOT.** Then take a puff of this Virginia Slim.

(EMORY doesn't move.)

**ELLIOT.** Pussy.

**EMORY.** I'll do it

(He does)



**ELLIOT.** You're a girl.

**EMORY.** Shut up.

**ELLIOT.** I wanna stick my dick in you.

**EMORY.** Leave me alone.

**ELLIOT.** I'm only teasing. Don't have a cow.

**EMORY.** Jerk.

**ELLIOT.** I said I Was only joking. Don't be such a faggot.

**EMORY.** If my Nanna hears you curse she'll skin you alive.

**ELLIOT.** I'm not afraid of your Nanna. if she tries anything I'll punch her in her front butt.

**EMORY.** Stop saying that stuff.

**ELLIOT.** Emory? I'm sorry.

**EMORY.** For what?

**ELLIOT.** I have a feeling. Here. (He points at his heart:) It feels bad.

**EMORY.** That's guilt.

(ELLIOT explodes into a rage out of nowhere)

**EMORY.** What is wrong with you?

**ELLIOT.** There's all this stuff inside of me, all these feelings, these things I want to say, but I don't know how to get them out of my skull. It's like they get stuck. I hate it.

**EMORY.** Use your words.

**ELLIOT.** I just wish that you didn't act like a girl all the time.

### Side 3 - Emory/Linda/Lady in Leotard/Elliot

**EMORY.** Linda, what happened?

**LINDA.** Bawk.bawk bawk cluck cluck cluck.

**LADY IN A LEOTARD.** Well...it started in my neck and then traveled into my left wing.

**LINDA.** Bawk bawk bawk bawk bawk bawk.

**LADY IN A LEOTARD.** And then it sort of eased on over to my breast. My heart is beating so fast, Emory. It's throbbing. Also, my legs are all tingly. Do I look all right?

**EMORY.** I have to be honest. You don't look so good.

**ELLIOT.** What is she saying?

**EMORY.** Nothing.

**ELLIOT.** She looks like she woke up in a flop house.

**EMORY.** Shut up.

**ELLIOT.** Well, she's dying, Emory. Just look at her!

**EMORY.** What happened to you, Linda?

**LINDA.** Bawk bawk P-KAW.

**LADY IN A LEOTARD.** I got bit by the spider. Right in the neck.

**EMORY.** I'm so sorry. Are you in pain?

**ELLIOT.** Of course she's in pain, just look at her!

**LINDA.** Cluck cluck cluck cluck.

**LADY IN A LEOTARD.** it doesn't hurt so bad. Is my beak foamy? It feels foamy and there's a funny taste.

**EMORY.** Yes. It's foamy.

**LINDA.** Bawk bawk bawk.

**LADY IN A LEOTARD.** I Think I'm dying, Emory.

(Beat.)

**ELLIOT.** I think we should break her neck, Emory.

**EMORY.** No!

**ELLIOT.** She's in pain!

**EMORY.** If you touch her I swear I'll never touch you again.

**ELLIOT.** Can't you see it's hurting her?

**EMORY.** YOU wanna hurt her. You're sick.

**ELLIOT.** Am not.

**EMORY.** Are too. You're always punching people and setting stuff on fire.

**ELLIOT.** I just get mad is all. You don't know how it is for me.

**EMORY.** Don't come near us.

**ELLIOT.** We have to put her out of her misery, Emory. I can't watch her like this. Let's put her in the machine.

**EMORY.** Why don't you go back to your filthy house and leave us alone?

**ELLIOT.** No. I hate it there. Everybody is ugly and mean.

**EMORY.** YOU'RE ugly and mean.

## Provided Monologues

### **LADY IN A LEOTARD**

*(Singing with gestures:)* Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes. Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes. Eyes and ears and mouth and nose. Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

*(Speaking, but nervously and flatly. She asks questions but doesn't wait for an answer.)*

Hooray. That was fun. That was a song about your body. This is my body here. Can you point to your body? Good work. Morrissey asked, does the body rule the mind or does the mind rule the body? He was super wise. And what is the body? Is it us? Are we our bodies? Or are we inside our bodies looking out as if through a window? Don't think too hard. Is your noodle warmed up? It is? Okay. Then follow me and we'll see a play, MilkMilkLemonade, and use our imaginations. Yay. You should know that when I'm not onstage playing a parasitic twin, giving voice to the inanimate, or translating chicken clucking into common English I will attempt to remain as neutral as possible. Neutral means boring. To that end, I've decided to wear this simple black leotard and these sensible flats. You're welcome. Follow me now, if you will, and the play will begin.

### **LINDA #1**

Sure is friggin' creepy here beneath the porch. I don't like all these spider webs. *(Beat.)* I wonder if I'm feeding into the stereotype of chickens being cowardly, or do you think it's simply normal to be frightened in a situation like the one I currently find myself in? I mean, the thing about being a chicken is that there's very little in the way of spontaneity. Mostly things just trudge on in the same way. No surprises. You kind of get used to it after some time, and you think, this is how my life will proceed. On a straight line, in measurable increments, until I die. Until I go into the machine, which is my manifest destiny. And then something happens, and it's like, "oh. there's all these other things I can do." And it's strange and sort of scary, but for the first time you feel sort of hopeful. For the first time you feel something that's not just sort of dull contentment. And it's nice. Scary and nice. *(Something comes over her and she clucks loudly. She reaches beneath her and pulls out an egg:)* I just laid an egg!

## **LINDA #2**

*(She is a terrible stand-up comedian. She's like a female Andrew Dice Clay except, you know, a chicken. She speaks perfect English, but with a thick Brooklyn accent.)*

Wow. Thank you. Thank you so much. That's really nice. You bitches are really beautiful. Oh! I know what you're thinking and the answer is yes. I am better than the chicken they serve in this joint. Seriously, what's that on your plate, it looks like chicken cor- don blech. Oh! No, but seriously... I just flew in from the heartland. On a plane, bitches! You were expecting the old "and boy are my arms tired" bit? Hell no! I took friggin' Jet Blue and my ass is tired. Oh! My liver's tired too. I had four rum and cokes before I came up here. Fine, you got me. Seven. Oh! No, I know chickens can't fly. Im' not delusional. Now some of you are probably thinking, not delu- sional? This chicken is doing stand-up instead of laying on my God damn plate. Who does she think she is, the friggin' Paula Poundstone of poultry? No, bitches! Im' not standing up here in some busted as Wranglers and a bolo tie talking about cats or my thighs or some shit. Although my thighs are delicious. Oh! I'm not the Elaine Boosler of Chickens, bitches. Im' the friggin' Andrew Dice Clay! Oh!

## **NANNA**

I know I should use this opportunity to teach you a thing ortwo. Now that I'm in my last days and all. I know should impart some kind of wisdom about the nature of life and death. I could use metaphors, farming metaphors, about harvests and the changing of seasons, and burning the crops to prepare for a rebirth. But I don't feel like it. I'm too sick. Emory, there might come a time when you feel so bad it's in every part of you. It's crawling inside of you like ants marching up a tree. That's how I feel today. Like ants are in my veins taking every good feeling I have and toting them off to some hidden place I can't see. This is what I wish some- body would have told me: that some days it hurts so bad to be alive you just wish it would end. People always say that one day you wake up old, wondering where all the years went. But I felt myself getting older. In increments large and small, I felt my body getting rickety. Stiff. My brain getting tired and confused. I wish it had happened in one moment. But it didn't. It took my whole life and it hurt like hell. Now bring me that chicken.