

**Maurer Productions OnStage, Inc.  
Presents the Comedy that Won a  
Pulitzer Prize**



# Audition Information Kit

## **Audition Dates**

November 10th 12:00 AM – 6:00 PM

November 11<sup>th</sup> 12:00PM – 6:00 PM

## **To Schedule an Audition**

Visit us at [www.mponstage.com/auditions](http://www.mponstage.com/auditions)

Email us at [audition@mponstage.com](mailto:audition@mponstage.com), or

Call us at (609) 882-2292

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# *Driving Miss Daisy*

Written by Alfred Uhry    Directed by Dan Maurer

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## OnStage Announces Open Auditions for the Beloved Comedy that Won a Pulitzer Prize

Maurer Productions OnStage, the company that brought you *It's a Wonderful Life* and *The Foreigner*, is holding open auditions for its upcoming production of Alfred Uhry's award-winning play *Driving Miss Daisy*.

This 90 minute comedy-drama is a rare opportunity for three actors looking to bring fascinating, multi-dimensional characters to life while exploring themes of race, prejudice, friendship and aging. It will be presented on stage at the Kelsey Theatre on the West Windsor campus of Mercer County Community College.

Winner of the 1988 Pulitzer Prize and the Outer Critics Circle Award for Best Off-Broadway Play, *Driving Miss Daisy* is a warm-hearted, humorous and affecting study of the unlikely relationship between an aging, crotchety white Southern lady, and a proud, soft-spoken black man. The NY Post called it "...a perfectly poised and shaped miniature on the odd-couple theme." In 1989, the play was turned into a movie starring Jessica Tandy, Morgan Freeman and Dan Aykroyd, and has become widely recognized and appreciated (if not loved) by the general public. In fact, the movie version of *Driving Miss Daisy* was nominated for nine Academy Awards and won four Oscars including Best Picture, Best Actress (Jessica Tandy), and best screenplay (playwright Alfred Uhry).



Coming off the success of its hit productions of *Winnie the Pooh* and *It's a Wonderful Life*, OnStage is eager to get back to its roots in comedy-drama such as its first production, Larry Shue's *The Foreigner*. We hope you'll come out and audition for *Driving Miss Daisy*, or tell a fellow actor who may be interested.

If you have questions, please contact us at [auditions@mponstage.com](mailto:auditions@mponstage.com)

# AUDITION INFORMATION

**Date & Time:** November 10, 2007 - 12:00am - 6:00pm  
November 11, 2007 - 12:00pm - 6:00pm

**Location:** Mercer County Community College West Windsor Campus  
1200 Old Trenton Road  
West Windsor, NJ 08550

## CREATIVE TEAM

<b>Director:</b> Dan Maurer	<b>Executive Producer &amp; Set Designer:</b> John Maurer
<b>Producer &amp; Stage Manager:</b> Diana Maurer	<b>Producer &amp; Marketing Director:</b> Dan Maurer
<b>Master Carpenter:</b> Jeff Cantor	<b>Lighting Designer:</b> Kitty Getlik
<b>Props:</b> Alycia Bauch-Cantor	

## WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW FOR THE AUDITION

1. You can now use our online audition sign-up sheet. Go to [www.mponstage.com/auditions](http://www.mponstage.com/auditions) and sign up for an available slot. If you don't have access to a computer or if you have any problems you can still call (609) 882-2292 or email [audition@mponstage.com](mailto:audition@mponstage.com) to schedule an audition time. If all the audition slots are full and you wish to audition for the show please call and we will try to set up another time.
2. **Actors auditioning for the role of Boolie must audition with one of the audition monologues provided. Actors auditioning for the parts of Daisy or Hoke are required to audition with two of the monologues provide in the audition packet (and posted online). These monologues have been specifically chosen to show different sides of these multi-faceted characters. We are asking that you present two monologues to in order to demonstrate that you can reveal the character's different sides.**

### ALL ACTORS MAY BE ASKED TO DO A COLD READING FROM THE SCRIPT.

3. Actors must sign up for a specific 15 minute audition appointment and arrive at least 5 minutes before the start of their audition time. PLEASE DO NOT BE LATE! If you discover on the day of your audition that you can't make your scheduled time, please call 609-213-6582 to schedule a new time.
4. Please download the audition packet from our website print out the forms, complete them at home and bring them with you to the audition(forms will also be available at the audition).
5. Bring a copy of your theatre resume and a recent photo, neither will be returned. Please note: these are important. Complete and update resumes are appreciated.
6. If you don't fill out the audition form before arriving be prepared to list all scheduling conflicts from August November 25<sup>th</sup> through February 10<sup>th</sup>. (You should include holidays, work, family commitments, & etc.) As we try to create rehearsal schedules are based on cast availability, it is important that you be honest and thorough! This is a play with 3 actors. If you miss a rehearsal because of a conflict you did not tell us about, we will be forced to cancel the rehearsal. Don't be the reason your fellow actors are denied a chance to work!
7. You should expect up to three rehearsals (two evenings and one weekend afternoon) per week. Call sheets will be made available to the cast to tell you which rehearsals you will need to attend. All cast members should plan to be available for daily rehearsals during tech week.
8. We expect to have the show cast no later than November 14. The first read-through (depending on cast availability) is tentatively scheduled for Sunday, November 25.
9. All cast members will be required to assist with load in and load out.

# AVAILABLE ROLES

**Important:** There are three roles available. As the play opens, the three actors play ages 72, 60 and 40. 25 years passes during the story, so ideally we are looking for actors in or near their 60's for roles of Daisy and Hoke, and an actor in his 40's for the role of Boolie. However, we are definitely open to casting younger and employing make-up to simulate the ages.

<p><b>Daisy Werthan</b></p>	<p><b><i>Adult Caucasian Female</i></b>  <i>(Must play ages 72 to 97)</i>            Daisy is a seventy-two-year-old widow living alone when the play opens. She is independent and stubborn, but her son Boolie insists on hiring a driver for her after she crashes her car while backing out of the garage. Daisy deeply resents Hoke and the implication that she is no longer able to control her own life. However, Hoke's mild manner eventually wins her over, and she finally allows him to drive her to the market. He serves as her driver for the next twenty-five years. Through her friendship with Hoke, Daisy loses some of her deep-rooted prejudice against African Americans and even comes to consider herself a supporter of civil rights. Although she becomes unable to care for herself as she gets older, eventually moving to a nursing home, she never loses her determination or her sense of self. Some of the characteristics that identified her at the beginning of the play, such as her bossiness or her sense of humor, are with her as strongly at the end of the play.</p>
<p><b>Hoke Coleburn</b></p>	<p><b><i>Adult African American Male</i></b>  <i>(Must play ages 60 to 85)</i>            Hoke is sixty-years-old when the play begins. He is an unemployed, uneducated African American. He has worked as a driver and deliveryman previously. He is pleased when Boolie hires him, both for the job and because he likes to work for Jews. He is extremely patient with Daisy and tolerant of her barely disguised prejudices. He also is not afraid to speak up to her, always, however, in a quiet, respectful manner. When his dignity is at stake, he speaks up for his rights. His integrity teaches Daisy how to be a more humane person. Hoke also develops as a result of their friendship, for instance, Daisy teaches him to read. Perhaps most importantly, the financial security Hoke obtains over the twenty-five years brings him greater self-confidence and self-respect.</p>
<p><b>Boolie Werthan</b></p>	<p><b><i>Adult Caucasian Male</i></b>  <i>(Must play ages 40 to 65)</i>            Boolie is Daisy's son. He is forty-years-old when the play begins. He has taken over his father's printing company and, over the course of the play, he develops into one of the city's leading business figures. As the years pass, he becomes more conscious of how he will be perceived by society and, consequently, does not want to attend the United Jewish Appeal banquet for Martin Luther King, Jr. Boolie takes good care of his mother, but he sometimes neglects her feelings. When her opinion disagrees with his, he generally overrides her without thinking about what she really wants or why she wants it. However, he humors his mother's stubbornness rather than try to understand it.</p>

## Driving Miss Daisy Audition Form

### PERSONAL

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

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Work Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Cell Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address #1: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address #2: \_\_\_\_\_

Gender \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_ Age Range: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Photo is Attached: Yes  No

### ROLE

What Role(s) are You Auditioning For? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

### Background

My Resume is Attached: Yes  No  (If no resume see below)

My Acting, Singing and Dancing Experience Includes (List Shows, roles, dates, etc.): \_\_\_\_\_

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# CONFLICTS CALENDAR

Please list all your scheduling conflicts on the following calendars for November 24 through February 10th. (This should include holidays, work, family commitments, & etc.) We try our best to create rehearsal schedules based on cast availability, so it is important that you be thorough and accurate!

## November, 2007

<b>Sun</b>	<b>Mon</b>	<b>Tues</b>	<b>Wed</b>	<b>Thur</b>	<b>Fri</b>	<b>Sat</b>
-	-	-		1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10 Auditions
11 Auditions	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	-

## December, 2007

<b>Sun</b>	<b>Mon</b>	<b>Tues</b>	<b>Wed</b>	<b>Thur</b>	<b>Fri</b>	<b>Sat</b>
-	-	-	-	-	-	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	-	-	-	-	-

**January, 2008**

<b>Sun</b>	<b>Mon</b>	<b>Tues</b>	<b>Wed</b>	<b>Thur</b>	<b>Fri</b>	<b>Sat</b>
-	-	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
<b>27</b> Tech Week & Load In	<b>28</b> Tech Week	<b>29</b> Tech Week	<b>30</b> Tech Week	<b>31</b> Tech Week	-	-

**February, 2008**

<b>Sun</b>	<b>Mon</b>	<b>Tues</b>	<b>Wed</b>	<b>Thur</b>	<b>Fri</b>	<b>Sat</b>
-	-	-	-	-	<b>1</b> Performance 8 PM	<b>2</b> Performance 8 PM
<b>3</b> Performance 2 PM	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b> Brush-Up Rehearsal	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b> Performance 8 PM	<b>9</b> Performance 8 PM
<b>10</b> Performance 2 PM and Load Out	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>



# PLOT SYNOPSIS

The play spans a period of twenty-five years in an unbroken series of segments. At the beginning of the play, Daisy Werthan, a seventy-two year old, southern Jewish widow, has just crashed her brand new car while backing it out of the garage. After the accident, her son Boolie insists that she is not capable of driving. Over her protests, he hires a driver — Hoke Coleburn, an uneducated African American who is sixty. At first, Daisy wants nothing to do with Hoke. She is afraid of giving herself the airs of a rich person, even though Boolie is paying Hoke's salary. She strongly values her independence, so she also resents having someone around her house.

For the first week or so of Hoke's employment, Daisy refuses to let him drive her anywhere. He spends his time sitting in the kitchen. One day, however, he points out that a lady such as herself should not be taking the bus. He also points out that he is taking her son's money for doing nothing. Daisy responds by reminding Hoke that she does not come from a wealthy background, but she relents and allows him to drive her to the grocery store. She insists on maintaining control, however, telling him where to turn and how fast to drive. On another outing, she gets upset when he parks in front of the temple to pick her up, afraid that people will think she is giving herself airs.

One morning Boolie comes over after Daisy calls him up, extremely upset. She has discovered that Hoke is stealing from her—a can of salmon. She wants Boolie to fire Hoke right away. Her words also show her prejudice against African Americans. Boolie, at last, gives up. When Hoke arrives, Boolie calls him aside for a talk. First, however, Hoke wants to give something to Daisy—a can of salmon to replace the one he ate the day before. Daisy, trying to regain her dignity, says goodbye to Boolie. Hoke continues to drive for Daisy. She also teaches him to read and write. When she gets a new car, he buys her old one from the dealer.

When Daisy is in her eighties, she makes a trip by car to Alabama for a family birthday party. She is upset that Boolie will not accompany her, but he and his wife are going to New York and already have theater tickets. On the trip, Daisy learns that this is Hoke's first time leaving Georgia. Suddenly, Daisy realizes that Hoke has taken a wrong turn. She gets frantic and wishes aloud that she had taken the train instead. The day is very long. It is after nightfall that they near Mobile. Hoke wants to stop to urinate, but Daisy forbids him from doing so as they are already late. At first Hoke obeys her, but then he pulls over to the side of the road. Daisy exclaims at his impertinence, but Hoke does not back down.

Hoke is exceedingly loyal to Daisy, but not so loyal that he does not use another job offer as leverage to get a pay raise. He tells Boolie how much he enjoys being fought over. One winter morning, there is an ice storm. The power has gone out and the roads are frozen over. On the telephone, Boolie tells Daisy he will be over as soon as the roads are clear. Right away, however, Hoke comes in. He has experience driving on icy roads from his days as a deliveryman. When Boolie calls back, Daisy tells him not to worry about coming over because Hoke is with her.

In the next segment, Daisy is on her way to Temple, but there is a bad traffic jam. Hoke tells her that the temple has been bombed. Daisy is shocked and distressed. She says the temple is Reformed and can't understand why it was bombed. Hoke tells his own story of seeing his friend's father hanging from a tree, when he was just a boy. Daisy doesn't see why Hoke tells the story—it has nothing to do with the temple—and she doesn't even believe that Hoke got the truth. She refuses to see Hoke's linkage of prejudice against Jews and African Americans. Though she is quite upset by what has happened, she tries to deny it.

Another ten years or so has passed. Daisy and Boolie get into an argument about a Jewish organization's banquet for Martin Luther King, Jr. Daisy assumes Boolie will go with her, but he doesn't want to. He says it will hurt his business. Daisy plans on going, nonetheless. Hoke drives her to the dinner. At the last minute, she offhandedly invites Hoke to the dinner, but he refuses because she didn't ask him beforehand, like she would anyone else.

As Daisy gets older, she begins to lose her reason. One day Hoke must call Boolie because Daisy is having a delusion. She thinks she is a schoolteacher and she is upset because she can't find her students' papers. Before Boolie's arrival, she has a moment of clarity, and she tells Hoke that he is her best friend.

In the play's final segment, Daisy is ninety-seven and Hoke is eighty-five. Hoke no longer drives; instead, he relies on his granddaughter to get around. Boolie is about to sell Daisy's house—she has been living in a nursing home for two years. Hoke and Boolie go to visit her on Thanksgiving. She doesn't say much to either of them, but when Boolie starts talking she asks him to leave, reminding him that Hoke came to see her. She tries to pick up her fork and eat her pie. Hoke takes the plate and the fork from her and feeds her a small bite of pie.

# AUDITION SCENES

All actors must audition with **two** of the following monologues.

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## **DAISY:** Monologue One

He's stealing from me! I don't make empty accusations. I have proof! This! *(She triumphantly pulls an empty can of salmon from her robe pocket.)* I caught him red handed! I found this hidden in the garbage pail under some coffee grounds. Yes, a can of salmon! Here it is! Oh I knew. I knew something was funny. They all take things, you know. So I counted. The silverware first and the linen dinner napkins and then I went into the pantry. I turned on the light and the first thing that caught my eye was a hole behind the corned beef. And I knew right away. There were only eight cans of salmon. I had nine. Three for a dollar on sale. *(Seeing that her son is offering to pay for the salmon.)* No, no, I don't want money. I want my things! I don't care if it was just one can of salmon. I bought it and I put it there and he went into my pantry and took it and he never said a word. I leave him plenty of food every day and I always tell him exactly what it is. They are like having little children in the house. They want something so they just take it. Not a smidgin of manners. No conscience. He'll never admit this. "Nome," he'll say, "I doan know nothin' bout that." And I don't like it! I don't like living this way! I have no privacy.

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## **DAISY:** Monologue Two

I was thinking about the first time I ever went to Mobile. It was Walter's wedding, 1888. I was twelve. We went on a train. And I was so excited. I'd never been on a train, I'd never been in a wedding party and I'd never seen the ocean. Papa said it was the Gulf of Mexico and not the ocean, but it was all the same to me. I remember we were at a picnic somewhere – somebody must have taken us all bathing – and I asked Papa if it was all right to dip my hand in the water. He laughed because I was so timid. And then I tasted the salt water on my fingers. Isn't it silly to remember that?

## DAISY: Monologue Three

Hoke!? Hoke!? Where are my papers? My Papers! I had them all corrected last night and I put them in the front so I wouldn't forget them on my way to school. What did you do with them? The children will be so disappointed if I don't give them their homework back. I always give it back the next day. That's why they like me. Why aren't you helping me? Give me the papers. I told you. It's alright if you moved them I won't be mad with you. But I've got to get to school now. I'll be late and who will take care of my class? They'll be all alone. Oh God! Oh Goddy! I do everything wrong. It doesn't matter. I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I didn't do right. It's so awful! Oh God! I'm so sorry. It's all my fault I can't find the papers and the children are waiting. Oh, it doesn't make any difference. Go on. Just go on now. I can't! I can't snap out of it. No! No! It's all a mess now. And I can't do anything about it! I'm being trouble. Oh God, I don't want to be trouble to anybody. Oh God. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Those poor children in my class. (*A moment of clarity.*) Hoke, do you still have that Oldsmobile? You do? Well, you ought not to be driving anything, the way you see. (*beat*) Hoke? You're my best friend. No. Really. You are. You are. (*She gently takes his hand and start to cry.*)

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## HOKE: Monologue One

Yassah, my name's Hoke Coleburn. Yessah, been outta work since back befo' las' November. Yessah, Mist' Werthan, dat is a long time. But you try bein' me and looking for work. They hirin' young if they hirin' colored, an' they ain' even hirin' much young, seems like. Mist' Werthan? Ya'll people Jewish, ain' you? Good, 'cause I druther drive for Jews. People always talkin' bout they stingy and they cheap, but don' say none of that 'roun' me. No suh, ya see, one time I workin' for this woman over near Little Five Points. What was that woman's name? I forget. Anyway, she president of the Ladies Auxiliary over yonder to the Ponce De Leon Baptist Church and seem like she always bringing up God and Jesus and do unto others. You know what I'm talkin' about? (*beat*) Well, one day, Mist' Werthan, one day that woman say to me, she say "Hoke, come on back in the back wid me. I got something for you." And we go on back yonder and, Lawd have mercy, she have all these old shirts and collars be on the bed, yellow, you know, and nasty like they been stuck off in a chiffarobe and forgot about. Thass' right. And she say "Ain' they nice? They b'long to my daddy befo' he pas and we fixin' to sell 'em to you for twenty five cent a piece." Now what was that woman's name? Any way, as I was goin' on to say, any fool see the whole bunch of them collars and shirts together ain' worth a nickel! Them's the people das callin' Jews cheap! So I say "Yassam, I think about it" and I get me another job fas' as I can.

## HOKE: Monologue Two

*(Hoke climbs behind the wheel of the car. Daisy is in the back seat over his right shoulder.)* Sorry I done take so long, but I couldn't help it. Big mess up yonder. Looks like you cain' go to Temple today, Miz Daisy. Somebody done bomb the Temple. *(She says something.)* Yassum. Dat why we stuck here in traffic so long. That what the policeman tell me up yonder. Say it happen about a half hour ago. Din say if anyone hurt. *(She says something.)* You know as good as me who done it. Always the same ones. It done matter to them people what kinda Jew people might be. A Jew is a Jew to them folks. Jes like light or dark we all the same nigger. *(She says something.)* I know jes' how you feel, Miz Daisy. Back down there above Macon on the farm – I 'bout ten or 'leven years old and one day my frien' Porter, his Daddy hangin' from a tree. And the day befo', he laughin' and pitchin' horseshoes wd us. Talkin' bout Porter and me gon' have strong good right arms like him and den he hangin' up yonder wid his hands tie behind his back an' the fies all over him. And I seed it with my own eyes and I throw up right where I standin'. You go on and cry.

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## HOKE: Monologue Three

*(Hoke is behind the wheel of the car. Daisy is in the back seat over his right shoulder. A thought comes to Hoke and he pulls the car over.)* Nome. Ain' nothin' wrong wid the car. I got to bixcused. *(She says something.)* I got to make water. *(She says something.)* Yassum, we did stop already, Miz Daisy, but colored cain' use the toilet at no Standard Oil... you know dat. *(She says something.)* Wait till we get to Mobile? Yessum. *(He drives on for a minute then stops the car again.)* Nome. Yassum. I hear you. How you think I feel havin' to ax yo when can I make my water like I some damn dog? I ain' no dog and I ain' no chile and I ain' jes' a back of the neck you look at while you goin' wherever you want to go. I a man nearly seventy-two years old and I know when my bladder full and I gettin' out dis car and goin' off down de road like I got to do. And I'm takin' de car keys dis time. And that's de end of it.

## **BOOLIE: Monologue One**

*(Boolie delivers an acceptance speech. He holds a large silver bowl in his hands.)* Thank you, Red. And thank you all. I am deeply grateful to be chosen man of the year by the Atlanta Business Council, an honor I've seen bestowed on some mighty fine fellas and which I certainly never expected to come to me. I'm afraid the loss here, *(he touches his hair)* and the gain here, *(he touches his belly)* have given me an air of competence I don't possess. But I'll tell you, I sure wish my father and my grandfather could see this. Seventy-two years ago they opened a little hole-in-the-wall shop on Whitehall Street with one printing press. They managed to grow with Atlanta and to this day, the Werthan Company believes we want what Atlanta wants. This award proves we must be right. Thank you. *(Applause.)* One more thing. If the jackets whup the dawgs up in Athens Saturday afternoon, I'll be a completely happy man.

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## **BOOLIE: Monologue Two**

Yes, Miss McClatchey gave me your message. It's very kind to invite Florine and I to the United Jewish Associations Banquet for Dr. King. But we have to talk about the feasibility of all this. You know I believe Martin Luther King has done some mighty fine things. No, no, I want to go. You know how I feel about him. No, Florine has nothing to do with it. I still have to conduct business in this town. No, I will not go out of business if I attend the King dinner. Not exactly, anyway. But a lot of men I do business with wouldn't like it. They wouldn't come right out and say so. They's just snicker and call me Martin Luther Werthan behind my back – something like that. And I'd begin to notice that my banking business wasn't being handled by the top dogs. Maybe I'd start to miss out on a few special favors, a few tips. I wouldn't hear about certain lunch meetings at the Commerce Club. Little things you can't quite put your finger on. And Jack Raphael over at Ideal Press, he's a New York Jew instead of a Georgia Jew and as long as you got to deal with Jews, the really smart ones come from New York, don't they? So some of the boys might start throwing business to Jack instead of ole Martin Luther Werthan. I don't know. Maybe it wouldn't happen, but that's the way it works. If we don't use those seats, somebody else will and the good Doctor King will never know the difference, will he?