

Queen of Makaha

Audition Sides

Audition Video Information

- You may either select [one monologue](#) from the list below, [or](#) share a 1-2 minute story relating to community, family, or health.
- Auditioners are asked to do their best to speak in the dialect recommended next to the page number of each monologue.
- [Video should be no longer than 4 minutes.](#)
- Please send in all audition materials to voices@alohatheatre.com no later than 9:00am on Tuesday, August 18.
- For full audition details, please visit our website or check out the [Video Submission Tips](#) sheet for more information.

Rell Sunn

Pg. 16 (Dialect: English with Pidgin-accent): *(Rell puts the prosthesis back in her bra. She laughs.)* You wouldn't believe how many of these I've already lost. Every time I wipe out, shoomp! There goes my boob, floating on the water. Or worse, I can't find it. Gotta comb the beach looking for my lost boob. All the little kids asking "Auntie Rell, whachoo looking foa'? You need help?" Try and explain that one! And then...one time. I'm walking on the beach, looking for my boob, and Aunty Momi goes "Eh Rella? What's that on your back?" Eh, I wasn't laughing for a long time. Believe me. A long time. But, you know what? If I have to lose a boob to get cured, fine. Take 'em. Take 'em both. They're not dat big anyway.

Pg. 27 (Dialect: English with Pidgin-accent): Everything is still asleep. So quiet. You don't want to hear the sound of the door closing, so you leave it open. The grass is cold from the dew. IT tickles houses, past the cars parked on the side of the road. Over stinky pond bridge. And then, you see it. Swaying in the moonlight. Walk to the beach, feet digging into the cool sand with each step you take. You hear the waves, crackling as they break on the shore. You can't wait. You can't resist. Run into the surf. The ocean hugs you tight. So cold! So cold! Your fingers are starting to freeze. Ohh this was nuts! This was crazy! Your head breaks the surface of the water and you look out to the horizon.

Shelley

Pg. 23 (Dialect: English): The doctor said I have to start again. Don't say it! Don't say it! I'm going home. I'm done here. Stop it, Rell! I'm through! Why should I go through this again? So I

can “live my life”? Appointments, therapies, drug treatments, injections, pills, bone marrow harvests. I don’t know which is killing me more: The cancer or the treatment.

Pg. 27 (Dialect: English): At my house. In the backyard. Next to the woods. When...when I was little after the sun goes down...fireflies...everywhere. They would light up the yard. Each night, I would sneak out and sit on the cold grass. I watch the fireflies dance around my head. They look like tiny floating lanterns, bobbing up and down in the air. I smelled the sap oozing out of the trees. The leaves were moving in the wind. Whispering. I hear something. My mom’s outside. She brought a blanket. She sat down next to me and...we...we just stayed there, quietly, for hours. Together.

Carole

Pg. 11 (Dialect: Pidgin): What? You shame? You shame, eh! You shame?! No be shame. You know who rooming wit you? Dis Rell SunnOne of da best female surfahs evah. One year, she was ranked numbah two in da world. In da world. She been on TV. Magazines. She been everywhea’. An’ befoa dey had one women’s surf tour, guess what she did...Hah? She went compete against da men. Went even beat some of da men. Ho. Shoulda seen. Dey tink she no can. Dey treat her like she no can. But den, dey look. Ho! She can! She can bettah den dey can. Den dey say “How she can?” Aftah dat, dey no can.

Pg. 18 (Dialect: Pidgin): Likes shopping. She is shopping. You tink she crazy about surfing? Try go flea market or yard sale wit her. She goin’ tell you, “Oh...just 10 minutes. I be real quick.” Five hours later she still telling you, “Just 10 moa’ minutes!” I remembah da day I met Rell. I was at one antique shop and I found dis old, broken down, wooden clock. I was just about foa’ pick ‘em up whan all of a sudden, dis crazy wahine come diving in front of me and grab it out of my hand. Next ting I know she stay at da registah, trying foa lower da price. Was only two bucks! But I remembah da look on her face when she was holding dat clock. Like one little girl who get for da firs time. Das her.