

# **“ALMA”**

**A TEN MINUTE AUDITION BY JEAN**

**BLASIAK**

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**BLASIAK AND OFF THE WALL PLAY**

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“ALMA”

A Ten Minute Audition by Jean Blasiar

CAST: WOMAN (30-50)

MALE VOICE O.S. (OLDER MALE)

MAN (30’S)

WOMAN (30’s)

A thirty year old actress (ALMA) is made up as a sixty five year old woman in a belted dress, large boobs, small waist, old woman’s shoes, knee high stockings, a wobbly wig and a purse under her arm.

AT RISE, A spotlight comes up stage left. ALMA walks across the stage (stage right to left) and enters the spotlight. Bar stool in the spotlight.

Alma looks out at the audience a very long time.

ALMA

(to a man in the front row)

What are you lookin’ at?

(pause)

I’m taken.

(pause)

I got a boy friend. He’s doin’ time right now,

but he’ll be out in two thousand and thirty.

I’m keepin’ myself in shape till he gets out.

(pauses)

I hope I don't get too popular. I'm in hiding  
from my brother's family. They put me in a  
home. Said I was running through my fortune.

(laughs)

Fortune!

I ran away. I don't suppose they're lookin'  
for me, but just in case, I changed my name.  
And I'm tryin' to look different. In disguise.  
I used to be fat. And ugly. I sent a picture  
of how I look now to my boyfriend in the pen.  
He said he hung it on the wall in his cell so's  
everyone would know what a stud he was to  
land a gal like me.

'Course I was wearin' a bikini.

(to the man in the front row...)

What're you laughin' at?

First thing I did when I ran away was change  
my looks. I got a tattoo. On my rump.

You wanna see it?

Alma starts to pull up her dress, but is stopped by a flashing red light and a  
voice from the booth.

## VOICE FROM THE BOOTH

Alma!

Alma stops, puts her dress down, straightens it and her wig.

ALMA

It's a smiley face. When I was fat it was plump  
with dimples. Now it's sad with  
cellulite.

(looks at man in front row)

You want to see it, dontcha.

(looks out at audience, sighs)

My husband was Jewish. When he died his brother said according to  
Jewish law he had to look after me. First, he tried to look after me every  
Thursday night when his wife played maj-jong. Then he tried to look after  
me in a hotel room downtown by luring me there with money. I'm a  
pushover for money. If it weren't so illegal, I'd make a living doing...

## VOICE FROM THE BOOTH

Alma!

ALMA

Everything is illegal any more. I bought one of those cell phones. The  
man I bought it from said I can't drive and talk on my cell phone. Hell, I  
can't drive anyway. I used to drive. Before I got three tickets in three  
weeks for not wearing my seat belt and turning left on a red light. You

can turn right on a red light, right? But not left, I guess. Goin' seventy in a thirty five mile zone. School was in, I told him. And if it wasn't, it shoulda been. Those little buggers should be off the street between nine and three when a body's got to go somewheres. And another ticket, I don't remember what for. Oh, yeah. They came and got me for parking tickets. Took my social security check for two months to settle up. My brother-in-law said I'm better off taking a cab everywhere. It's cheaper. So I do now and send him the bill.

I hear my brother-in-law's wife is trying to find me after I escaped from the home she put me in. But my brother-in-law said he's saving a couple thousand a month with me AWOL. The nazi!

(sets her purse on the stool)

You wanna see a picture of my brother-in-law?

(to the guy in the front row)

Watch my purse for me, will you, Max?

Alma puts her purse on the stool, starts to walk out of the spotlight which remains stationery.

Alma walks back into the spotlight, looks down at the man in the front row, picks up her purse and walks out of the spotlight dragging the spotlight with her to stage right.