

## AUDITION SIDES - Jonesie:

(cell phone rings while walking on stage) When truth isn't enough, that's when my phone rings. "Call back and leave me a message." I was asked by a client, what made me want to become a lawyer? It certainly wasn't a woke moment of right vs wrong, or guilty vs innocent. It was a matter of survival, it happened when I was a child, out for supper with my mother and father at an posh restaurant. My father was talking to someone at the next table about his cricket playing days in Newfield, England, Mom had heard his story over a hundred times and ignored him as usual, she was doodling in her day planner, at least they weren't arguing. I wish my nanny was there, she was more like a mother and a father than both of them put together. Suddenly this woman started violently choking at the next table, her husband started yelling "No, no, no! Not on your birthday, it's your birthday!" He yelled at the waitress, "are there potatoes in this soup? I said are there God damed potatoes in this soup!" His wife was having an allergic reaction. The waitress said she was told there wasn't any potato content. His wife began panicking for air, started pushing everything off the table, wheezing, her husband screamed, "god damn you, god damn you and potatoes all the way to hell!" She began to visibly turn blue, he yelled, "Honey! Please try to relax, I'll get your epi pen in the car, this is very embarrassing to me!" he ran out but by the time he got back she'd collapsed on the floor and wasn't breathing. An ambulance was called. The man began to have tears in his eyes, he yelled potatoes should be illegal! Potatoes should be outlawed! Potatoes kill people! He stood shaking, there was this moment of silence within that void. I found the urgency inside my seven year old mind to defend potatoes against this tyrid? With a soft

nervous voice, I strained to say, "Hey Mr, potatoes are my favourite, they make me happy, lots of people love potatoes. His reaction was razor sharp, "you little son of a bitch, you useless little piece of shit, you should be in juvie jail! I'm gonna dig a whole and bury you in it, just like a fucking potato! May you rot there like the piece a the dog shit you are! You don't know how much I loved that woman! My mom started yelling for him to stop to no avail, my dad was nowhere to be seen. The man said, Kid! are you telling me that potatoes are more valuable than my wife's life? Tell me right now, in front of God and baby Jesus! Let me hear your squeaky rat fink voice! Do you condemn potatoes to burn in hell eternally? I had seconds to grasp my truth, I thought honestly was best... I said "yes, potatoes are valuable in lots of people's lives - well, maybe except not your wife's, but that's kinda obvious, right?". A full on tsunami arrived, that wind bag was in my face screaming that I should go to straight to hell. Like I had anything to do with his wife? He was so distraught it took three men to hold him to the floor including my father, was I scared? No, I strangely felt... empowered. I felt my truth had won as the paramedics gave that giant raging rhino a sedative. In that moment, and after three years of therapy, I had the epiphany to become a man of justice, of divisive knowledge, to stand up for truth or whatever I received compensation to believe. Fun fact, potatoes were first grown about 8000 B.C. in South America, if he wanted to blame anyone for his wife's loss, blame Indigenous people, not me. Look, I have an important board meeting to attend; I gotta get to the elevator.