



MAINSTAGE PLAY
Feb 27 - March 15, 2026

AUDITION DATES
Dec 8-9, 2025

CALLBACKS
Dec 10, 2025

DIRECTOR
Kyle LeMaire

Edward Albee's
**WHO'S AFRAID OF
VIRGINIA
WOOLF?**

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THE PLAY

George, a professor at a small college, and his wife, Martha, have just returned home, drunk from a Saturday night party. Martha announces, amidst general profanity, that she has invited a young couple—an opportunistic new professor at the college and his shatteringly naïve new bride—to stop by for a nightcap. When they arrive the charade begins. The drinks flow and suddenly inhibitions melt. It becomes clear that Martha is determined to seduce the young professor, and George couldn't care less. But underneath the edgy banter, which is crossfired between both couples, lurks an undercurrent of tragedy and despair.

George and Martha's inhuman bitterness toward one another is provoked by the enormous personal sadness that they have pledged to keep to themselves: a secret that has seemingly been the foundation for their relationship. In the end, the mystery in which the distressed George and Martha have taken refuge is exposed, once and for all revealing the degrading mess they have made of their lives.

ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

Kyle is the Executive Director of Arts Northwest, a regional service organization connecting artists, agents, and presenters across the Pacific Northwest. Previously served as Executive Director of the JFFA, and held leadership roles with Open Arts Alliance, The Victory Dance Project, The Other Realm Theatre, and The Acting Space in New York City.

His directing and acting credits include The Signature Theatre, Cherry Lane, The Mint, Musical Theatre Factory, TheatreWorks/USA, Olympic Theatre Arts, and Port Angeles Players. He has taught with Broadway Triple Threat, Theatre Baton Rouge, and The New School for Drama. He holds a B.S. in Musical Theatre and Directing from Northwestern State University and an MFA in Acting from The New School for Drama.

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CHARACTERS

All roles are open to any race/ethnicity.

Please be advised this show includes strong adult language including the use of racial slurs. There are scenes of intimacy including touching.

MARTHA (40s-60s, female presenting) George's wife. A boisterous woman whose volatile nature hides her vulnerabilities.

GEORGE (40s-60s, male presenting) Martha's husband. Bitter and sarcastic. Tired of the "games," but can give as much as he gets.

NICK (20s-30s, male presenting) Honey's Husband. His clean cut, upstanding exterior gives way during the night to indulgence.

HONEY (20, female presenting) Nick's wife. Petite and mousy. Not quite as naïve as she initially appears.

AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS

Initial auditions will be held Dec. 8 and Dec 9, 2025

Callbacks will be Dec. 10, 2025

Auditions will consist of readings from the sides provided in this packet.

Sides do not need to be memorized.

SIDE 1

George Martha

MARTHA. You make me puke!

GEORGE. What?

MARTHA. Uh ... you make me puke!

GEORGE. (Thinks about it ... then ...) That wasn't a very nice thing to say, Martha.

MARTHA. That wasn't what?

GEORGE. ... a very nice thing to say.

MARTHA. I like your anger. I think that's what I like about you most ... your anger. You're such a ... such a simp! You don't even have the ... the what? ...

GEORGE. ... guts? ...

MARTHA. PHRASEMAKER! (Pause ... then they both laugh.) Hey, put some more ice in my drink, will you? You never put any ice in my drink. Why is that, hunh?

GEORGE. (Takes her drink.) I always put ice in your drink. You eat it, that's all. It's that habit you have ... chewing your ice cubes ... like a cocker spaniel. You'll crack your big teeth.

MARTHA. THEY'RE MY BIG TEETH!

GEORGE. Some of them ... some of them.

MARTHA. I've got more teeth than you've got.

GEORGE. Two more.

MARTHA. Well, two more's a lot more.

GEORGE. I suppose it is. I suppose it's pretty remarkable ... considering how old you are.

MARTHA. YOU CUT THAT OUT! (Pause.) You're not so young yourself.

GEORGE. (With boyish pleasure, a chant.) I'm six years younger than you are... I always have been and I always will be.

MARTHA. (Glumly.) Well ... you're going bald.

GEORGE. So are you. (Pause ... they both laugh.) Hello, honey.

MARTHA. Hello. C'mon over here and give your mommy a big sloppy kiss.

GEORGE. ... oh, now ...

MARTHA. I WANT A BIG SLOPPY KISS!

GEORGE. (Preoccupied.) I don't want to kiss you, Martha. Where are these people? Where are these people you invited over?

SIDE 1

George Martha

MARTHA. They stayed on to talk to Daddy ... They'll be here ... Why don't you want to kiss me?

GEORGE. (Too matter-of-fact.) Well, dear, if I kissed you I'd get all excited ... I'd get beside myself, and I'd take you, by force, right here on the living room rug, and then our little guests would walk in, and ... well, just think what your father would say about that.

MARTHA. You pig!

GEORGE. (Haughtily.) Oink! Oink!

MARTHA. Ha, ha, ha, HA! Make me another drink ... lover.

GEORGE. (Taking her glass.) My God, you can swill it down, can't you?

MARTHA. (Imitating a tiny child.) I'm firsty.

GEORGE. Jesus!

MARTHA. (Swinging around.) Look, sweetheart, I can drink you under any goddamn table you want ... so don't worry about me!

GEORGE. Martha, I gave you the prize years ago ... There isn't an abomination award going that you ...

MARTHA. I swear ... if you existed I'd divorce you ...

GEORGE. Well, just stay on your feet, that's all ... These people are your guests, you know, and ...

MARTHA. I can't even see you ... I haven't been able to see you for years ...

GEORGE. ... if you pass out, or throw up, or something ...

MARTHA. ... I mean, you're a blank, a cipher ...

GEORGE. ... and try to keep your clothes on, too. There aren't many more sickening sights than you with a couple of drinks in you and your skirt up over your head, you know ...

MARTHA. ... a zero ...

GEORGE. ... your heads, I should say ... (The front doorbell chimes.)

SIDE 2

Nick
Martha

MARTHA. (To Nick, now; earnestly.) There is only one man in my life who has ever ... made me happy. Do you know that? One!

NICK. The ... the what-do-you-call-it? ... uh ... the lawn mower, or something?

MARTHA. No; I'd forgotten him. But when I think about him and me it's almost like being a voyeur. Hunh. No; I didn't mean him; I meant George, of course. (No response from Nick.) Uh ... George; my husband.

NICK. (Disbelieving.) You're kidding.

MARTHA. Am I?

NICK. You must be. Him?

MARTHA. Him.

NICK. (As if in on a joke.) Sure; sure.

MARTHA. You don't believe it.

NICK. (Mocking.) Why, of course I do.

MARTHA. You always deal in appearances?

NICK. (Derisively.) Oh, for God's sake ...

MARTHA. ... George who is out somewhere there in the dark ... George who is good to me, and whom I revile; who understands me, and whom I push off; who can make me laugh, and I choke it back in my throat; who can hold me, at night, so that it's warm, and whom I will bite so there's blood; who keeps learning the games we play as quickly as I can change the rules; who can make me happy and I do not wish to be happy, and yes I do wish to be happy. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad.

NICK. (Echoing, still not believing.) Sad.

MARTHA. ... whom I will not forgive for having come to rest; for having seen me and having said: Yes, this will do; who has made the hideous, the hurting, the insulting mistake of loving me and must be punished for it. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad.

NICK. (Puzzled.) Sad.

MARTHA. ... who tolerates, which is intolerable; who is kind, which is cruel; who understands, which is beyond comprehension ...

NICK. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad.

MARTHA. Some day ... hah! some night ... some stupid, liquor ridden night ... I will go too far ... and I'll either break the man's back ... or push him off for good ... which is what I deserve.

SIDE 2

Nick
Martha

NICK. *I don't think he's got a vertebra intact.*

MARTHA. *(Laughing at him.) You don't, huh? You don't think so. Oh, little boy, you got yourself hunched over that microphone of yours ...*

NICK. *Microscope ...*

MARTHA. *... yes ... and you don't see anything, do you? You see everything but the goddamn mind; you see all the little specks and crap, but you don't see what goes on, do you?*

NICK. *I know when a man's had his back broken; I can see that.*

MARTHA. *Can you!*

NICK. *You're damn right.*

MARTHA. *Oh ... you know so little. And you're going to take over the world, hunh?*

NICK. *All right, now ...*

MARTHA. *You think a man's got his back broken 'cause he makes like a clown and walks bent, hunh? Is that really all you know?*

NICK. *I said, all right!*

MARTHA. *Ohhhh! The stallion's mad, hunh. The gelding's all upset. Ha, ha, ha, HA!*

NICK. *(Softly, wounded.) You ... you swing wild, don't you.*

MARTHA. *(Triumphant.) HAH!*

NICK. *Just ... anywhere.*

MARTHA. *HAH! I'm a Gatling gun. Hahahahahahahahaha!*

NICK. *(In wonder.) Aimless ... butchery. Pointless.*

MARTHA. *Aw! You poor little bastard.*

NICK. *Hit out at everything. (The door chimes chime.)*

MARTHA. *Go answer the door.*

NICK. *(Amazed.) What did you say?*

MARTHA. *I said, go answer the door. What are you, deaf?*

NICK. *(Trying to get it straight.) You ... want me ... to go answer the door?*

MARTHA. *That's right, lunk-head; answer the door. There must be something you can do well; or, are you too drunk to do that, too? Can't get the latch up, either?*

NICK. *Look, there's no need ... (Door chimes again.)*

MARTHA. *Answer it! (Softer.) You can be houseboy around here for a while. You can start off being houseboy right now.*

SIDE 3

Honey George

HONEY. *I couldn't sleep ... for the bells. Ding-ding, bong ... it woke me up. What time is it?*

GEORGE. *(Quietly beside himself) Don't bother me.*

HONEY. *(Confused and frightened) I was asleep, and the bells started ... they BOOMED! Poe-bells ... they were Poe-bells ... Bing-bing-bong-BOOM!*

GEORGE. *BOOM!*

HONEY. *I was asleep, and I was dreaming of ... something ... and I heard the sounds coming, and I didn't know what it was.*

GEORGE. *(Never quite to her) It was the sound of bodies ...*

HONEY. *And I didn't want to wake up, but the sound kept coming...*

GEORGE. *... go back to sleep ...*

HONEY. *... and it FRIGHTENED ME!*

GEORGE. *(Quietly ... to MARTHA as if she were in the room) I'm going to get you ... Martha.*

HONEY. *And it was so ... cold. The wind was ... the wind was so cold! And I was lying somewhere, and the covers kept slipping away from me, and I didn't want them to ...*

GEORGE. *Somehow, Martha.*

HONEY. *... and there was someone there ...!*

GEORGE. *There was no one there.*

HONEY. *(Frightened) And I didn't want someone there ... I was ... naked ...!*

GEORGE. *You don't know what's going on, do you?*

HONEY. *(Still with her dream) I DON'T WANT ANY ... NO ...!*

GEORGE. *You don't know what's been going on around here while you been having your snoozette, do you.*

HONEY. *NO! ... I DON'T WANT ANY ... I DON'T WANT THEM ... GO*

AWAY ... (Begins to cry) I DON'T WANT ... ANY ... CHILDREN ... I ... don't ... want ... any ... children. I'm afraid! I don't want to be hurt ... PLEASE!

GEORGE. *(Nodding his head ... speaks with compassion) I should have known.*

HONEY. *(Snapping awake from her reverie) What! What?*

GEORGE. *I should have known ... the whole business ... the headaches ... the whining ... the ...*

HONEY. *(Terrified) What are you talking about?*

SIDE 3

Honey George

GEORGE. (Ugly again) Does he know that? Does that ... stud you're married to know about that, hunh?

HONEY. About what? Stay away from me!

GEORGE. Don't worry, baby ... I wouldn't ... Oh, my God, that would be a joke, wouldn't it! But don't worry, baby. HEY! How do you do it? Hunh? How do you make your secret little murders stud-boy doesn't know about, hunh? Pills? PILLS? You got a secret supply of pills? Or what? Apple jelly? WILL POWER?

HONEY. I feel sick.

GEORGE. You going to throw up again? You going to lie down on the cold tiles, your knees pulled up under your chin, your thumb stuck in your mouth...?

HONEY. (Panicked) Where is he?

GEORGE. Where's who? There's nobody here, baby.

HONEY. I want my husband! I want a drink!

GEORGE. Well, you just crawl over to the bar and make yourself one. (From off stage comes the sound of MARTHA's laughter and the crashing of dishes) (Yelling) That's right! Go at it!

HONEY. I want ... something ...

GEORGE. You know what's going on in there, little Miss? Hunh? You hear all that? You know what's going in there?

HONEY. I don't want to know anything!

GEORGE. There are a couple of people in there ... (MARTHA's laughter again) ... they are in there, in the kitchen ... right there, with the onion skins and the coffee grounds ... sort of ... sort of a ... sort of a dry run for the wave of the future.

HONEY. (Beside herself) I ... don't ... understand ... you.

CALLBACK
SIDEGeorge
Martha
Nick
Honey

MARTHA. (To George.) Get me a drink. (George moves to the bar.)

George makes everybody sick ... When our son was just a little boy, he used to ...

GEORGE. Don't, Martha ...

MARTHA. ... he used to throw up all the time, because of George ...

GEORGE. I said, don't!

MARTHA. It got so bad that whenever George came into the room he'd start right in retching, and ...

GEORGE. ... the real reason (Spits out the words.) our son ... used to throw up all the time, wife and lover, was nothing more complicated than that he couldn't stand you fiddling at him all the time, breaking into his bedroom with your kimono flying, fiddling at him all the time, with your liquor breath on him, and your hands all over his ...

MARTHA. YEAH? And I suppose that's why he ran away from home twice in one month, too. (Now to the guests.) Twice in one month! Six times in one year!

GEORGE. (Also to the guests.) Our son ran away from home all the time because Martha here used to corner him.

MARTHA. (Braying.) I NEVER CORNERED THE SON OF A BITCH IN MY LIFE!

GEORGE. (Handing Martha her drink.) He used to run up to me when I'd get home, and he'd say, "Mama's always coming at me." That's what he'd say.

MARTHA. Liar!

GEORGE. (Shrugging.) Well, that's the way it was ... you were always coming at him. I thought it was very embarrassing.

NICK. If you thought it was so embarrassing, what are you talking about it for?

HONEY. (Admonishing.) Dear...!

MARTHA. Yeah! (To Nick.) Thanks, sweetheart.

GEORGE. (To them all.) I didn't want to talk about him at all ... I would have been perfectly happy not to discuss the whole subject ... I never want to talk about it.

MARTHA. Yes you do.

CALLBACK
SIDEGeorge
Martha
Nick
Honey

GEORGE. When we're alone, maybe.

MARTHA. We're alone!

GEORGE. Uh ... no, Love ... we've got guests.

MARTHA. (With a covetous look at Nick.) We sure have.

HONEY. Could I have a little brandy? I think I'd like a little brandy.

NICK. Do you think you should?

HONEY. Oh yes ... yes, dear.

GEORGE. (Moving to the bar again.) Sure! Fill 'er up!

NICK. Honey, I don't think you ...

HONEY. (Petulance creeping in.) It will steady me, dear. I feel a little unsteady.

GEORGE. Hell, you can't walk steady on half a bottle ... got to do it right.

HONEY. Yes. (To Martha.) I love brandy ... I really do.

MARTHA. (Somewhat abstracted.) Good for you.

NICK. (Giving up.) Well, if you think it's a good idea ...

HONEY. (Really testy.) I know what's best for me, dear.

NICK. (Not even pleasant.) Yes ... I'm sure you do.

HONEY. (George hands her a brandy.) Oh, goodie! Thank you. (To Nick.) Of course I do, dear.

MARTHA. You two men have it out while we were gone? George tell you his side of things? He bring you to tears, hunh?

NICK. Well ... no ...

GEORGE. No, what we did, actually, was ... we sort of danced around.

MARTHA. Oh, yeah? Cute!

HONEY. Oh, I love dancing.

NICK. He didn't mean that, Honey.

HONEY. Well, I didn't think he did! Two grown men dancing ... heavens!

MARTHA. You mean he didn't start in on how he would have amounted to something if it hadn't been for Daddy? How his high moral sense wouldn't even let him try to better himself? No?

NICK. (Qualified.) No ...

MARTHA. And he didn't run on about how he tried to publish a goddamn book, and Daddy wouldn't let him.

NICK. A book? No.

CALLBACK SIDE

**George
Martha
Nick
Honey**

GEORGE. Please, Martha ...

NICK. (Egging her on.) A book? What book?

GEORGE. (Pleading.) Please. Just a book.

MARTHA. (Mock incredulity.) Just a book!

GEORGE. Please, Martha!

MARTHA. (Almost disappointed.) Well, I guess you didn't get the whole sad story. What's the matter with you, George? You given up?

GEORGE. (Calm ... serious.) No ... no. It's just I've got to figure out some new way to fight you, Martha. Guerrilla tactics, maybe ... internal subversion ... I don't know. Something.

MARTHA. Well, you figure it out, and you let me know when you do.

GEORGE. (Cheery.) All right, Love.

HONEY. Why don't we dance? I'd love some dancing.

NICK. Honey ...

HONEY. I would! I'd love some dancing.

NICK. Honey ...

HONEY. I want some! I want some dancing!

GEORGE. All right...! For heaven's sake ... we'll have some dancing.

HONEY. (All sweetness again. To Martha:) Oh, I'm so glad ... I just love dancing. Don't you?

MARTHA. (With a glance at Nick.) Yeah ... yeah, that's not a bad idea.

NICK. (Genuinely nervous.) Gee.

GEORGE. Gee.

HONEY. I dance like the wind.

MARTHA. (Without comment.) Yeah?

GEORGE. (Picking a record.) Martha had her daguerreotype in the paper once ... oh 'bout twenty-five years ago ... Seems she took second prize in one o' them seven-day dancin' contest things ... biceps all bulging, holding up her partner.

MARTHA. Will you put a record on and shut up?