

# THE LINDLEY PLAYERS

# GOD OF CARNAGE

by yazmina reza

a comedy of manners...

...without the manners!

**Wed 18th-Sat 21st May 2022**

**WEBSITE**

[www.playhousewhitstable.co.uk](http://www.playhousewhitstable.co.uk)

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Monday to Saturday, 10am-12 noon

**RESTRICTED WHEELCHAIR ACCESS | LICENSED BAR | HEARING LOOP**

**CONTAINS  
STRONG  
LANGUAGE**



## **God of Carnage Audition Pack**

**Read through** Friday 4th Feb 7.30 in the bar.

**Auditions** Friday 11th Feb 7.30 in the bar.

Scripts available from PA Trace Parvin 079178557000

### **Characters:**

Veronique Vallon

Michel Vallon

Annette Reille

Alain Reille

**Ages:** approx. 30 (ish)-50 (ish) (or at least, credibly the parents of 11-year-olds)

God of Carnage by Yasmina Reza (translated by Christopher Hampton) is a comedy of manners... without the manners! What starts off as a typical meeting between two sets of parents soon devolves into mud slinging and general hilarity. Contains vitriol and vomit, angst and anxiety, humour and hubris, this French comedy is a perfect slice of middle-class life... if the middle-class were children. Veronique is a writer, her husband Michel won't shut up about his mother, Annette wears good shoes, and her husband won't get off his phone!

### **Audition Pieces:**

Pg 3-5 from the start and up to 'slight hiatus'

Pg 11 for Alain's phone call

Pg 30-31 from Veronique's 'what a nightmare' to Alain's 'That's right I call her woof woof'

Pg 58 Annette's monologue.

Pg 63-65 from Alaine's 'Stop it Annette' to Alaine's 'regimental sgt.major'

The play will be performed 18th – 21st May and will be a KDA entry.

*The Vallons and the Reilles, sitting down, facing one another. We need to sense right away that the place belongs to the Vallons and that the two couples have just met.*

*In the centre, a coffee table, covered with art books. Two big bunches of tulips in vases.*

*The prevailing mood is serious, friendly and tolerant.*

**Véronique** So, this is our statement – you'll be doing your own, of course . . . 'At 5.30 p.m. on the 3rd November, in Aspirant Dunant Gardens, following a verbal altercation, Ferdinand Reille, eleven, armed with a stick, struck our son, Bruno Vallon, in the face. This action resulted in, apart from a swelling of the upper lip, the breaking of two incisors, including injury to the nerve in the right incisor.'

**Alain** Armed?

**Véronique** Armed? You don't like 'armed' – what shall we say, Michel, furnished, equipped, furnished with a stick, is that all right?

**Alain** Furnished, yes.

**Michel** 'Furnished with a stick'.

**Véronique** (making the correction) <sup>(P)</sup>Furnished. The irony is, we've always regarded Aspirant Dunant Gardens as a haven of security, unlike the Montsouris Park.

**Michel** She's right. We've always said the Montsouris Park no, Aspirant Dunant Gardens yes.

**Véronique** Absolutely. Anyway, thank you for coming. There's nothing to be gained from getting stuck down some emotional cul-de-sac.

**Annette** We should be thanking you. We should.

**Véronique** I don't see that any thanks are necessary. Fortunately, there is still such a thing as the art of co-existence, is there not?

**Alain** Which the children don't appear to have mastered. At least, not ours!

**Annette** Yes, not ours! . . . What's going to happen to the tooth with the affected nerve? . . .

**Véronique** We don't know yet. They're being cautious about the prognosis. Apparently the nerve hasn't been totally exposed.

**Michel** Only a bit of it's been exposed.

**Véronique** Yes. Some of it's been exposed and some of it's still covered. That's why they've decided not to kill the nerve just yet.

**Michel** They're trying to give the tooth a chance.

**Véronique** Obviously it would be best to avoid endodontic surgery.

**Annette** Well, yes . . .

**Véronique** So there'll be an interim period while they give the nerve a chance to recover.

**Michel** In the meantime, they'll be giving him ceramic crowns.

**Véronique** Whatever happens, you can't have an implant before you're eighteen.

**Michel** No.

**Véronique** Permanent implants can't be fitted until you finish growing.

**Annette** Of course. I hope . . . I do hope it all works out.

**Véronique** Let's hope so.

*Slight hiatus.*

① **Annette** Those tulips are gorgeous.

**Véronique** It's that little florist's in the Mouton-Duvernét Market. You know, the one right up the top.

**Annette** Oh, yes.

**Véronique** They come every morning direct from Holland, ten euros for a bunch of fifty.

**Annette** Oh, really!

**Véronique** You know, the one right up the top.

**Annette** Yes, yes.

② **Véronique** You know he didn't want to identify Ferdinand.

**Michel** No, he didn't.

**Véronique** Impressive sight, that child, face bashed in, teeth missing, still refusing to talk.

**Annette** I can imagine.

**Michel** He also didn't want to identify him for fear of looking like a sneak in front of his friends; we have to be honest, Véronique, it was nothing more than bravado.

**Véronique** Of course, but bravado is a kind of courage, isn't it?

**Annette** That's right . . . So how . . .? What I mean is, how did you find out Ferdinand's name? . . .

I have to take this . . . Yes, Maurice . . . No, no, don't ask for right of reply, you'll only feed the controversy . . . Are you insured? . . . Mm, mm . . . What are these symptoms, what is ataxia? . . . What about on a standard dose? . . . How long have you known about this? . . . And all that time you never recalled it? . . . What's the turnover? . . . Ah, yes. I see . . . Right.

*He hangs up and immediately dials another number, scoffing clafoutis all the while.*

Annette Alain, do you mind joining us?

Alain Yes, yes, I'm coming . . . *(To the mobile.)* Serge? . . . They've known about the risks for two years . . . An internal report, but it didn't formally identify any undesirable side-effects . . . No, they took no precautions, they didn't insure, not a word about it in the annual report . . . Impaired motor skills, stability problems, in short you look permanently pissed . . . *(He laughs along with his colleague.)* . . . Turnover, a hundred and fifty million dollars . . . Blanket denial . . . Idiot wanted to demand a right of reply. We certainly don't want a right of reply – on the other hand if the story spreads we could put out a press release, say it's disinformation put about two weeks before the AGM. . . . He's going to call me back . . . OK.

*He hangs up.*

Actually I hardly had any lunch.

Michel Help yourself, help yourself.

Alain Thanks. I'm incorrigible. What were we saying?

Véronique That it would have been nicer to meet under different circumstances.

Alain Oh, yes, right.

So the *clafoutis*, it's your mother's?

Véronique (to Annette) Feeling better?

Annette Yes . . .

Véronique Shall I spray?

Michel Where's the hair-dryer?

Véronique He's bringing it when he's finished with it.

Michel We'll wait for him. We'll put the Kouros on last thing.

Annette Can I use the bathroom as well?

Véronique Yes. Yes, yes. Of course.

Annette I can't tell you how sorry I am . . .

*Véronique takes her out and returns immediately.*

Véronique What a nightmare! Horrible!

Michel Tell you what, he'd better not push me much further.

Véronique She's dreadful as well.

Michel Not as bad.

Véronique She's a phoney.

Michel Less irritating.

Véronique They're both dreadful! Why do you keep siding with them?

*She sprays the tulips.*

Michel I don't keep siding with them, what are you talking about?

Véronique You keep vacillating, trying to play both ends against the middle.

Michel Not at all!

Véronique Yes, you do. Going on about your triumphs as a gang leader, telling them they're free to do whatever they like with their son when the child is a public menace – when a child's a public menace, it's everybody's concern, I can't believe she puked all over my books!

*She sprays the Kokoschka.*

Michel (*pointing*) Put some on *The People of the Tundra*.

Véronique If you think you're about to spew, you go to the proper place.

Michel . . . And the Foujita.

Véronique (*spraying everything*) This is disgusting.

Michel I was pushing it a bit with the shithouse systems.

Véronique You were brilliant.

Michel Good answers, don't you think?

Véronique Brilliant. The warehouseman was brilliant.

Michel What an asshole. And what did he call her?! . . .

Véronique Woof-woof.

Michel That's right, 'Woof-woof'!

Véronique Woof-woof!

*They both laugh. Alain returns, hair-dryer in hand.*

Alain That's right, I call her Woof-woof.

Véronique Oh . . . I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be rude . . . It's so easy to make fun of other people's nicknames! What about us, what do we call each other, Michel? Far worse, isn't it?

Alain Were you wanting the hair-dryer?



Alain Leave it, mate. Leave it. There's nothing to be done . . .

*Michel finally switches off the hair-dryer.*

Ⓟ Michel We'll have to wait a minute . . . (*Hiatus.*) You want to use our phone?

*Alain gestures that he doesn't and that he couldn't care less.*

I have to say . . .

Annette Yes, what is it you have to say, Michel?

Michel No . . . I really can't think what to say.

Ⓟ Annette Well, if you ask me, everyone's feeling fine. If you ask me, everyone's feeling better. (*Hiatus.*) . . . Everyone's much calmer, don't you think? . . . Men are so wedded to their gadgets . . . It belittles them . . . It takes away all their authority . . . A man needs to keep his hands free . . . If you ask me. Even an attaché case is enough to put me off. There was a man, once, I found really attractive, then I saw him with a square shoulder-bag, a man's shoulder-bag, but that was it. There's nothing worse than a shoulder-bag. Although there's also nothing worse than a mobile phone. A man ought to give the impression that he's alone . . . If you ask me. I mean, that he's capable of being alone . . .! I also have a John Wayne-ish idea of virility. And what was it he had? A Colt .45. A device for creating a vacuum . . . A man who can't give the impression that he's a loner has no texture . . . So, Michel, are you happy? It is somewhat fractured, our little . . . What was it you said? . . . I've forgotten the word . . . but in the end . . . everyone's feeling more or less all right . . . If you ask me.

Michel I should probably warn you, rum drives you crazy.

Annette I've never felt more normal.

Michel You're so full of shit, Véronique, all this simplistic claptrap, we're up to here with it!

Véronique I stand by everything I've said.

Michel Yes, yes, you stand by what you've said, you stand by what you've said, your infatuation for a bunch of Sudanese coons is bleeding into everything now.

Véronique I'm appalled. Why are you choosing to show yourself in this horrible light?

Michel Because I feel like it. I feel like showing myself in a horrible light.

Véronique One day you may understand the extreme gravity of what's going on in that part of the world and you'll be ashamed of this inertia and your repulsive nihilism.

Michel You're just wonderful, darjeeling, you're the best of us all!

Véronique I am. Yes.

Annette Let's get out of here, Alain, these people are monsters!

*She drains her glass and goes to pick up the bottle.*

Alain *(preventing her)* . . . Stop it, Annette.

Annette No, I want to drink some more, I want to get pissed out of my head, this bitch hurls my handbag across the room and no one bats an eyelid, I want to get drunk!

Alain You already are.

Annette Why are you letting them call my son an executioner? You come to their house to settle things and you get insulted and bullied and lectured on how

to be a good citizen of the planet – our son did well to clout yours, and I wipe my arse with your charter of human rights!

**Michel** A mouthful of grog and, bam, the real face appears.

**Véronique** I told you! Didn't I tell you?

**Alain** What did you tell him?

**Véronique** That she was a phoney. This woman is a phoney. I'm sorry.

**Annette** (*upset*) Ha, ha, ha! . . .

**Alain** When did you tell him?

**Véronique** When you were in the bathroom.

**Alain** You'd known her for fifteen minutes but you could tell she was a phoney.

**Véronique** It's the kind of thing I pick up on right away.

**Michel** It's true.

**Véronique** I have an instinct for that kind of thing.

**Alain** And 'phoney', what does that mean?

**Annette** I don't want to hear any more! Why are you putting me through this, Alain?

**Alain** Calm down, Woof-woof.

**Véronique** She's someone who tries to round off corners. Full stop. She's all front. She doesn't care any more than you do.

**Michel** It's true.

**Alain** It's true.

**Véronique** 'It's true'! Are you saying it's true?

**Michel** They don't give a fuck! They haven't given a fuck since the start, it's obvious! Her too, you're right!

**Alain** And you do, I suppose? *(To Annette.)* Let me say something, love. *(To Michel.)* Explain to me in what way you care, Michel. What does the word mean in the first place? You're far more authentic when you're showing yourself in a horrible light. To tell the truth, no one in this room cares, except for Véronique, whose integrity, it has to be said, must be acknowledged.

**Véronique** Don't acknowledge me! Don't acknowledge me!

**Annette** I care. I absolutely care.

**Alain** We only care about our own feelings, Annette, we're not social crusaders, *(To Véronique.)* I saw your friend Jane Fonda on TV the other day, I was inches away from buying a Ku Klux Klan poster . . .

**Véronique** What do you mean, 'my friend'? What's Jane Fonda got to do with all this? . . .

**Alain** You're the same breed. You're part of the same category of woman – committed, problem-solving. That's not what we like about women, what we like about women is sensuality, wildness, hormones. Women who make a song and dance about their intuition, women who are custodians of the world depress us – even him, poor Michel, your husband, he's depressed . . .

**Michel** Don't speak for me!

**Véronique** Who gives a flying fuck what you like about women? Where does this lecture come from? A man like you, who could begin to give a fuck for your opinion?

**Alain** She's yelling. She's a regimental sergeant major.