

UNDER MY THUMB

One Act Audition (1/22-23/2024) and Callback (1/24/2024) Sides

START.

SETTING: Fall, 1989. New Jersey Interrogation room. A small space dimly lit by flickering fluorescent lights. Stained carpet, no windows, one door, one table, two chairs.

FLOYD sits alone in the dark. Shackled to the table. A cock-eyed smirk on his face.

HENDRIX enters the room and pulls out the chair across from FLOYD. Unable to make eye contact. Distraught and broken.

FLOYD

Did you get my flowers?

HENDRIX turns to face FLOYD now locking eyes.

HENDRIX

Where is he?

FLOYD

Jesus, if eyes could burn you'd have
a hole in the back of your head, Bud.

HENDRIX

Listen. It's not too late.
I need to know if he's alive.

FLOYD

Tough guy, huh, you forget I know you better
than you know yourself. I know what you're thinking
even before you think it. You came in here with your
balls of steel and now look at 'cha. A clown.

HENDRIX is unamused.

HENDRIX

Hm. What am I thinking?

FLOYD
You're afraid.

HENDRIX

I was actually thinking about how psycho you
must really be to talk to me like that right now.
I was thinking about how you have no idea what you
took from me because nobody could ever love such a
disrespectful wretch. *Beat.* I pity you.