

An Actor Prepares

The lips.
The teeth.
The tip of the tongue
The lips, the teeth, the tip of the tongue.
The lips, the teeth, the tip of the tongue.

Unvoiced

Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka
Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka
Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka, Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka, Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka

Voiced

Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga
Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga
Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga, Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga, Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga

Unvoiced & Voiced

Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka
Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga
Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka
Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga
Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka Pa Ta Ka
Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga Ba Da Ga

Tongue Twisters

Unique New York
Unique New York
Unique New York Unique New York Unique New York
You know you need Unique New York

Red Leather, Yellow Leather
Red Leather, Yellow Leather
Red Leather, Yellow Leather, Red Leather, Yellow Leather, Red Leather, Yellow Leather

Toy boat.
Toy boat.
Toy boat. Toy boat. Toy boat.

To sit in solemn silence on a dull dark dock
In a pestilential prison with a life long lock
Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block

What a to-do to die today, at a minute or two to two;
a thing distinctly hard to say, but harder still to do.
We'll beat a tattoo, at twenty to two
a rat-tat-tat- tat-tat-tat- tat-tat-tattoo
and the dragon will come when he hears the drum
at a minute or two to two today, at a minute or two to two.

A big black bug bit a big black bear and the big black bear bled blue black blood.

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These texts come from *The Last Days Of Judas Iscariot* by Steven Adly Guirgus.

Female Monologue:

MONICA: I couldn't break him. So I sat down next to him.

(She sits.)

I sat with Judas Iscariot for three days. Then, on the night of the third day, sumptin' happened. While I was restin' my . . . vocal chords, I saw sumptin' unexpected. I saw a single tear fall out Judas's eye. Just one. When the tear hit the ground, I saw it was red like a ruby. I looked into his eyes, like this:

(She looks into JUDAS's eyes.)

He couldn't look at me. Or he looked through me. I couldn't tell. His eyes was empty. He barely breathed. He was like a catatonic statue of a former human being. And I detected sadness in him. Paralyzing, immobilizing, overwhelming sadness. His sadness ran through him like a river that had frozen up and died and no one lived there no more. After a while, I didn't know what else to do, so I thought I'd just hold him in my arms for like a minute, warm him up before I left.

(She cradles JUDAS in her arms. Beat.)

I held him in my arms for four days. On the third day, I remembered how Jesus had said that God has the biggest love for the least of his creatures-and Judas was the leastest creature I had ever seen. On the fourth day, Judas dropped another single tear. It was clear colored this time and it ' evaporated into the earth on impact. He trembled briefly, then froze up again ... I had seen enough. I took off my . . . outer garments and left them for him so he could smell something human. I collected my tears in a bucket and poured it on his face so he could taste the salt. Then I went back home and got on the horn to God. I dialed direct, yo. Some people call it being a Nag, I call it doing my Job. I got a calling; y'all-you should try giving Ille a shout if ya ever need it, 'cuz my name is Saint Monica, I'm the mother of Saint Augustine, one of the Fathers of the Church, and ya know what? I gets results!

Male Monologue:

PETER: My name is Peter. They got a Basilica named after me in Rome, which is ironic, 'cuz, back in the day, if you even said the word Roman in my presence--more than likely I'd a chase you with my stick. I even had a standing rule on my fishing boat that was strictly enforced: "Talk about Rome, and your can swim home alone." I had to have those kinda rules laid down strong 'cuz my younger brother Drew and his friends-they liked to waste their time talkin' about overthrowing Rome and the coming of the Messiah instead a focusing on the task at hand-and I'd always be like: "Look fellas, unless your Messiah gonna come down right now and help us catch some fish, then, y'all need to be quiet and put your undivided focus on these nets." Then, one day, Drew didn't show turn up for work, then he come runnin' up to me at the shore at the end the day when I'm bringin' the boat back in talkin' 'bout: "This is Jesus, bro-he's the Messiah. I ain't fishin' no more. I'm just gonna follow him, ... And this Jesus, who resembled a Messiah about as much as I resemble a ballerina in a tutu, strides on up to me and says: "Catch any fish today?" And I says: "No I did not catch any fish today, and he says: "Take the boat back out to the Sea and you gonna catch some fish." So, I took Jesus out with me-intending to throw him overboard... but then he says: "Cast your nets wide and deep," so I did, and then ... well ... All I can say is, I'm a professional commercial fisherman. No one knew the Sea and its tides better than me. There weren't no fish out there ... but ... that's because it turned out they was all in my net. And then Jesus said: "Follow me and I will make you a fisher of men." And what I didn't know then was that I would never see the Sea again.