

STITCHES

by Ola Olaoluwa

OFFICIAL AUDITION PACKAGE

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Audition Dates: September 29 & 30, 2026

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PRODUCTION OVERVIEW & AUDITION NOTICE

Logline

A Nigerian-Canadian tailor has ten hours to save his shop from the woman who broke his heart and now holds the building's deed.

Brief Synopsis

A tailoring shop on the edge of foreclosure gives its owner one desperate, overnight shot to save everything he's built. Even as an eviction notice threatens to unravel ten years of work, Chike learns what it actually costs to stitch a life back together by hand. Threading humour and ache in equal measure in an unglamorous make-or-break night of suit jacket alterations, *Stitches* is a warm, realistic ode to resilience, forgiveness, and the family we choose.

Format

- One act, real time, single set (a tailoring shop).
- Cast of 5 (3M, 2F). Full-length running time.
- Tone: dramedy - sharp, funny, and emotionally unflinching by turns.

Dialect & Vocal Notes

Chike and Maya carry the play's cultural specificity and should be cast with genuine facility in Nigerian-Canadian and Jamaican-Canadian cadence, respectively - lived-in, not performed as caricature. Actors are welcome to audition in their own natural register for the first read; callbacks may include a dialect check.

What to Prepare

- One or both of the sides assigned to your role (enclosed).
- Sides may be read cold in the room or self-taped - see submission instructions below.
- Please arrive off-book, if you can. However, this is not required; a strong, specific first pass matters more than memorisation.

Audition / Callback Logistics

- In-person auditions: September 29 & 30 / Grande Prairie Live Theatre
- Callbacks (by invitation): Date to be communicated on D-Day.
- Chemistry reads for Chike/Cleo/Maya will be scheduled at the callback stage.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN — QUICK REFERENCE

Character	Age	Gender	Heritage	Role Type	Key Demand
CHIKE OBI	33	Male	Nigerian-Canadian	Lead	Comic deadpan + real emotional depth; controlled pride cracking under pressure
CLEO BEAUMONT	33	Female	Canadian (wealthy)	Lead	Rapid wit as armour; must find genuine wound beneath the polish
MAYA FISHER	28	Female	Jamaican-Canadian	Lead / Featured	Moral centre; strength in stillness and reaction as much as lines
KEVIN JANSEN	19	Male	Canadian or any	Featured (comic)	High-energy comic timing with an unexpectedly perceptive undercurrent
BRAD DUBROWSKI	32	Male	Canadian or any	Featured (comic)	Heightened wordplay/rhythm; one late, sincere gear-shift must land

CHIKE OBI

33, Nigerian-Canadian tailor. Proud, earnest, a pessimist who's well-famed for his craft and not well-paid for it.

Character Notes

Chike has spent ten years building a shop and an identity around never needing help. Over one night, both are tested to the point of collapse, first by an eviction notice, then by the return of the woman who broke him. He processes almost everything through work: his hands are busiest exactly when his heart is least steady.

The role lives in the gap between what Chike says and what he's actually feeling. He deflects with scripture, deadpan, and precision-tailored vocabulary.

Directors' Notes – What We're Looking/Listening For

- An actor who can pivot from a joke to real vulnerability inside a single line, without telegraphing the turn in advance.
- Authentic Nigerian cadence – lived-in, specific, never a broad accent performed for effect.
- Physical precision – this is a man whose hands are always working; stillness should read as loaded, not idle.
- The capacity to be genuinely funny in the Kevin scenes and genuinely devastating in the Cleo scenes, often within the same ten minutes of stage time.

Assigned Sides

- "The Radio Newscaster" (with Kevin, Maya) – comedic
- "The Notice" (with Maya) – dramatic
- "Old Money" (with Cleo) – wit/control
- "Not Your Mother" (with Cleo) – vulnerability

CLEO BEAUMONT

33, Canadian corporate professional. Wealthy, sharp-tongued, pretty, brainy, witty.

Character Notes

Cleo re-enters Chike's life mid-crisis, in a torn dress and with an agenda she won't name. She's spent a decade curating a version of herself that's untouchable – money, control, a fiancé who calls her his 'biggest accomplishment' – and this night slowly strips that performance down to the person underneath: someone who still carries real guilt, a complicated relationship with her father, and a family pattern of drinking she's terrified of repeating.

Cleo should never read as simply wealthy and careless. Her privilege is real, but so is her wound – the actor's job is to make both true at once.

Directors' Notes – What We're Looking/Listening For

- Effortless comic timing in verbal sparring – Cleo should never lose a war of words, even when she's losing the actual argument.
- The ability to let real devastation surface underneath the wit, often mid-sentence, without softening her armour too early.
- A voice/presence with genuine command in the room – this is someone used to being listened to.
- Chemistry with Chike that can hold a decade of history in a single look before either of them speaks.

Assigned Sides

- "Old Money" (with Chike) – wit/control
- "Not Your Mother" (with Chike) – vulnerability
- "Sexy Genius" (with Brad, Chike, Maya) – comedic ensemble

MAYA FISHER

28, Jamaican-Canadian seamstress. Grounded, kind, observant, and outspoken.

Character Notes

Maya is the shop's moral centre and its quiet emotional ballast. She's poured two years into this business and has earned the right to be told the truth about it. When Chike hides the eviction notice from her, her hurt is sharp and specific: not about the money, but about being shut out of something she's helped build.

Much of Maya's power comes from what she does rather than what she says: sewing through her own tears, working in silence, choosing when to soften and when to hold her ground.

Directors' Notes — What We're Looking/Listening For

- An actor with strong stillness and listening skills – Maya often says the most while not speaking.
- Genuine Jamaican-Canadian vocal authenticity, warm rather than played for laughs.
- The ability to swing from real hurt to fierce loyalty to dry, deadpan comic timing without ever losing her warmth as the base.
- Someone the audience trusts on sight – Maya is the character whose judgment the play ultimately vindicates.

Assigned Sides

- "The Radio Newscaster" (with Chike, Kevin) – comedic
- "The Notice" (with Chike) – dramatic
- "Sexy Genius" (with Brad, Chike, Cleo) – comedic ensemble

KEVIN JANSEN

19, Shop assistant and delivery driver. Funny, blunt, wearing trendy thrifted streetwear.

Character Notes

Kevin is the play's early engine of comic energy, but he's not just a clown. He's often the one who sees Chike most clearly, landing accidental truths in the middle of a joke. He should feel genuinely 19: a little unpolished, a little too online, but instinctively perceptive underneath the bit.

Directors' Notes – What We're Looking/Listening For

- Rapid-fire comic timing with real rhythm – Kevin's lines are built for speed and specificity, not mugging.
- An undercurrent of surprising perceptiveness. We should believe he actually sees what's going on, even as he plays the fool.
- Strong ensemble instincts – Kevin's best material is reactive, bouncing off Chike and Maya rather than performed in isolation.

Assigned Sides

- "The Radio Newscaster" (with Chike, Maya) – comedic

BRAD DUBROWSKI

32, Oilfield business development manager and wedding Best Man. Gifted with gab.

Character Notes

Brad enters late and hits like a jolt of pure comic voltage - constant wordplay, alliteration, and heightened rhythm, almost commedia-style. The role's real test is the late, sincere gear-shift: underneath the bit is a man who's genuinely impressed by what he's just witnessed, and that sincerity has to land as real without deflating the character's engine.

Directors' Notes – What We're Looking/Listening For

- Fearless comfort with heightened, theatrical comic style and rapid-fire wordplay — this is a big, sustained register, not a naturalistic one.
- Impeccable rhythm and breath control for the alliterative runs.
- The discipline to let one truly sincere beat land clean, without winking at the audience or undercutting it for a laugh.

Assigned Sides

- "Sexy Genius" (with Chike, Maya, Cleo) – comedic ensemble

AUDITION SIDES

The following excerpts are drawn directly from the script. Each is self-contained for audition purposes.

SIDE – "The Radio Newscaster"

Characters: CHIKE, KEVIN, MAYA

Setting: 10:00 PM, the shop, before the crisis breaks. Chike is working; Kevin is sweeping; Maya is at her machine.

KEVIN
Boss, are you even listening?

CHIKE
Go fry ice, Kevin. I'm busy.

KEVIN
So, you're not listening.

CHIKE
Nope. But when has that ever stopped you?

KEVIN
(Sarcastic)
Right. I'm just your favourite radio newscaster.

CHIKE
Exactly. Bump your gums, Newscaster. Me pretending to listen should do.

KEVIN
Huh?

CHIKE
If you can 'huh,' you can hear.

KEVIN
Ah, I see. You're in that mood, eh?

CHIKE
What mood?

KEVIN
The "why are we all living? What's the point of it all?" mood.

CHIKE stares at him, not sure how come this 19-year-old 'man' seems to have figured this much about him out, but so little about his own self. Cornered, he resigns.

CHIKE
It is well.

KEVIN

(Scoffs, slightly amused)

Unimpeachably Nigerian.

CHIKE

Okay, Newscaster, wrap it up.

KEVIN

Are you sure, boss? You're gonna regret it in the morning.

CHIKE

Then I'll work till noon.

KEVIN

(Chuckles)

The CHIKE Obi, everybody... Works himself into floorboards for fun, doesn't like music, and hates the news.

CHIKE

Nope. Just *your* 'news', if you call it that. It's always...distorted.

KEVIN

(Scoffs mischievously)

Like your hairline?

MAYA chuckles. CHIKE looks at her and can't believe even she thinks his hairline is a joke. He hisses and continues working. This time, his machine bears the clanks of his frustration.

KEVIN

Unclench your jaws, boss. Smile while you still have teeth.

CHIKE

Care to spend some of all that energy you have doing something more useful? Like opening the door and pushing yourself through it?

MAYA

(Giggles)

In case you need subtitles, he's saying 'bye, well done, see you tomorrow'.

KEVIN

Oh, so you're on his side now? Judas, is that you?

MAYA

(Chuckles)

You don't like a compliment?

KEVIN

No, not right now. Not when it's sandwiched between bye and whatever else you said.

MAYA

Alright, how about this: You did so good today, even grumpy Mr Brown said, and I quote, "Your delivery guy is such a delight!"

KEVIN

Now, *that* is how you give a compliment!

MAYA

You're impossible, my guy.

KEVIN

You hear that, boss? I'm such a delight, such a tonic. I make people smile...except you, of course.

CHIKE chuckles.

KEVIN

Ha! Is that a smile I see there?

CHIKE

(Smiling)

What smile? I'm just wondering why you chose this moment in history to yap my head off. I have my back to the wall.

KEVIN

Then, back away from the wall.

KEVIN laughs. MAYA rolls her eyes at him - she's not laughing this time. This time, KEVIN reads the room.

CHIKE

(Scoffs)

You're funny.

The bland look returns to CHIKE's face.

KEVIN

I'm sorry. Bad joke?

MAYA

(Scoffs)

You don't say.

KEVIN

(Slightly alarmed)

Or, wait... Boss, are you dying?!

CHIKE

Oh, sweet Jesus! Kevin, man, really?

KEVIN

Well, why then do you look like you got six months left to live?

MAYA

Okay, Kevin. I'm afraid I can't phrase this any differently... We're all entitled to act stupid once in a while, especially when we're young. But you might be abusing the privilege just a little bit.

KEVIN

Okay, harsh... After all these months, is that what you think of me?

MAYA

I never think of you, Kevin. Sorry.

KEVIN

You wish... Look, maybe I don't always know my ass from my elbow, but my heart is always in the right place. You both know that.

MAYA

We do. And that's probably why you still have a job here.

KEVIN

You mean the job where I drive around, make thankless deliveries all day and moonlight as your official errand boy? That job?

MAYA claps.

KEVIN

(Feeling proud)

Thank you.

MAYA

Oh, I'm not clapping cos of whatever you just said. I'm clapping cos you're done saying it.

SIDE – "The Notice"

Characters: CHIKE, MAYA

Setting: Later that night. Maya has just learned Chike hid an eviction notice from her.

CHIKE

The wedding is tomorrow, Maya.

MAYA

Don't play dumb with me, Chike. What are you not saying?

Silence. MAYA stares him down until CHIKE breaks under the pressure. Defeated, he reaches into his drawer and hands her a crumpled legal document. She snaps it out of his hand.

MAYA

Notice of Monetary Default... (Her eyes widen as she reads the fine print) Wait. Effective June 23rd at... 9:30 AM? As in, nine-thirty *tomorrow morning*?

CHIKE

If I don't hand the bailiff a certified draft for the arrears when he arrives at nine thirty, he changes the locks.

MAYA

And what if Brad is late? Chike, this isn't a tight deadline; this is madness! And you didn't think I should know about this?

A beat. CHIKE stands and gets all the suit jackets out on the cutting table, mostly to avoid looking at MAYA when he says:

CHIKE

Because it's my name on the lease, Maya! I didn't want you carrying my stress.

MAYA stands up and follows him to the cutting table.

MAYA

(Furious, interrupting sharply)

Oh, please! Don't give me that noble boss nonsense! I have poured two years of my life into this place. I skipped my own pay last month so we could replace our old machines. This shop is my baby too, Chike, and you lied to me.

CHIKE

Well, technically, I didn't lie, and I was trying to fix it.

MAYA

By turning down an easy rent plus security deposit of a thousand and six hundred dollars?! *(She points aggressively at the window)* If you had just swallowed your pride and said yes to Troy's

offer this afternoon, we wouldn't be counting down the minutes until a bailiff locks us out on the street!

A heavy, suffocating silence falls over the room. CHIKE has no answer. MAYA is breathing heavily, staring at him, deeply hurt by his lack of trust.

CHIKE

(Quietly, genuinely)

I'm sorry, Maya. I really thought I could fix it without having to bother you.

MAYA stares at him for a long beat.

MAYA

If we somehow manage to keep the shop, you better be grateful I got to know.

Her anger slowly drains into cold disappointment. She drops the eviction notice onto his sewing table.

MAYA

(Cold, quiet)

Give me the shears.

CHIKE

What?

MAYA

(Snapping)

The shears, Chike! We have nine hours left, and you're slow when you're tired. No loose ends... Move over.

CHIKE shifts over. MAYA aggressively pulls a groomsman's jacket toward herself. She doesn't smile. She doesn't look at him. She starts pinning fabric with brutal efficiency.

CHIKE

Maya, stop. Please.

MAYA

(Without looking up, viciously pinning)

I am working, Chike.

CHIKE

(Gently placing his hands over hers to stop the needles)

Look at me. I can't let you do this. Your hands are shaking as much as mine. And you're crying-

MAYA

(Pulling her hands away, looking up at him with raw, defensive eyes)

That's because you don't trust me, Chike. And I can be trusted - maybe not with which nasty little guttersnipe Sarah Gills is sleeping with this week, things like that. But with this? With this, you could have trusted me. And you should have.

CHIKE

(Staring at her)

I know. I am sorry.

A tense beat passes between them.

CHIKE

But if we both stay here breathing down each other's necks while we're this wired, there's no telling how much we'll butcher the seams (Chuckles faintly). Go home. Get some sleep. Even if just for a few hours.

MAYA

Like hell I'm leaving you-

CHIKE

Okay... Set your alarm for four in the morning. Come back at 4:00 AM to help me get the final bunch ready. I'd also need you to be fresh and clear-headed to help us get the certified draft from the bank... Please, Maya. Do it for the shop.

MAYA looks at him. She stops a stray tear from escaping down her cheek with the back of her sleeve, grabs her bag, and walks toward the exit. She stops at the door, pointing a finger back at him.

MAYA

Four AM. And if you dare end up sick - or dead - before I get back, I'm calling Troy.

She exits, slamming and locking the door behind her. CHIKE stands alone in the sudden, absolute silence. He pulls out a stack of unpaid bills and places them on the cutting table, drops heavily into his chair, and restarts the machine - CLACK-CLACK-CLACK.

SIDE – "Old Money"

Characters: CHIKE, CLEO

Setting: Later that night. Cleo has just revealed she secretly owns the building.

CLEO

(Scoffs)

Says the genius running his business aground.

A beat. CHIKE freezes.

CHIKE

What did you say?

CLEO

Stop asking questions you don't want answers to.

CHIKE

I'd rather be shot in the face than in the back. Tell me.

CLEO

(Heaves a heavy sigh)

The B in HCB Holdings stands for Beaumont.

Silence.

CHIKE

So, when the landlord sold the strip mall 3 years ago...it was to your family.

CLEO

To me, actually.

CHIKE crosses to the 'kitchen area' and switches on the kettle. The hum of heating water fills the silence. He fumbles with a tin of cocoa.

CHIKE

Ah, so the C is -

CLEO

Cleo.

CHIKE

Wasn't it about -

CLEO

Three million.

CHIKE

Good for you.

CLEO

For a second, I thought you'd want to give me the finger.

CHIKE

I did. And I did...in my head.

CLEO

Ouuu, sassy... In that case, you should know that this is just one of three.

CHIKE

Okay... And what do you call this? What you're doing.

CLEO

(Smiles)

It's called generational wealth, darling. Old money.

CHIKE

I remember a girl who wouldn't even let her father pay for her parking. I guess she didn't survive the flight to Oxford... These days, she seems happy to be just another press release for her father's bank account.

CLEO

I have my own bank account to yap about now, thank you. And yes, I'm embracing my privilege: my looks, my smarts, my last name - all of it.

CHIKE

What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

CLEO

The world, Chike. The whole bloody damn world!

CHIKE

It's getting really hard to see you on this new high horse... But I see you, a poor soul with nothing but money and a hunting knife for a tongue.

CLEO

Aw, you're cute...in a moth-playing-shrink-to-a-wildfire kinda way.

CHIKE

Wildfire. Is that what you are now? Or just something that burns itself out?

CLEO

I'm not the one burning down my business.

CHIKE

And there's that hunting knife.

CLEO

Aw, are you hurt?

*CHIKE turns on his sewing machine at full speed: CLACK-CLACK-CLACK.
A second later, he cuts it.*

CHIKE

Please leave.

SIDE – "Not Your Mother"

Characters: CHIKE, CLEO

Setting: Continuous. Cleo has just learned the true cost of what Chike sacrificed for her.

CHIKE

Funny you'd trust a man that powerful not to be absolutely corrupt... For him, it was never about fairness or justice. It was about power, and who held it.

CLEO manages to keep her eyes locked on CHIKE through the tears welling up in her eyes.

CLEO

So you've spent all these years kissing the same ass that's been shitting on you... If I were you, I'd hate him.

CHIKE

Oh, I do. Between admiring his brain and being in awe of his achievements, I hate him. When it gets really bad, though, I try to remind myself of what Mama C used to say...

CLEO

"Haters are losers"?

CHIKE

The other one. "Hate rains hell, first, on its host."

CLEO

Do you...Do you regret it?

CHIKE

(Bitter chuckle)

Two years in AA for a habit I didn't have. Working a soup kitchen for addicts with no pay and no thanks. Then COVID hit... Every door I knock on for a loan or grant gets slammed in my face, cos of a criminal record that isn't even mine.

(Softly)

Yes, Cleo. Sometimes, I regret it.

CLEO

How does my father sleep at night?

CHIKE

Probably with his boxers down, in case someone wants to kiss his ass.

CLEO laughs through tears—a long beat.

CHIKE

You said he likes Basil?

CLEO

Since he found out Basil's a neurosurgeon.

CHIKE

Everybody loves a doctor, eh? Didn't think that'd be you, though.

CLEO

Nah, he's really a sweet soul. He does one of the hardest jobs in the world, yet he calls me his biggest accomplishment.

CHIKE

Accomplishment, like, a trophy?

CLEO

(Chuckles)

I know what you're thinking, but people love trophies, Chike. People work hard for trophies. I don't know about anyone else, but I'm fine with being the prize my man worked so hard to win.

CHIKE

I hope you've worked hard on an excuse for him, though. 'Cause he'd want to know why his precious trophy was cooked up all night in a room with her ex.

CLEO

(Smiles)

Excuses are for cowards.

CHIKE

Oh...So, the truth then?

CLEO

(Chuckles)

Nope. Something a little more useful.

CHIKE

Poor Basil.

A beat. CHIKE genuinely feels sorry for Basil.

CLEO

And now, you judge me.

CHIKE

No, I'm not.

CLEO

You are. And for someone always moaning about Jesus, you're probably forgetting that he did say, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.'

CHIKE

(Takes a long, slow sip of hot chocolate)

I'm not judging you, Cleo. I'm judging your...revolving door of flawed choices.

CLEO

Like my mother, you mean?

CHIKE

(Genuinely confused)

How did we get here?

CLEO

I mean... The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Drunkard mum, drunkard me... Like mother, like daughter...

CHIKE

You couldn't possibly hate yourself this much.

CLEO

(Feigns a casual giggle)

What? I love myself!

CHIKE

Then think like it.

*The phone rings. Loud and strong. CHIKE goes over to pick up the phone.
CLEO says hello to her flask of whiskey.*

CHIKE

(Speaking into the telephone receiver)

Good morning, Maya... Alright. See you soon.

CHIKE places the phone receiver back in its place.

CHIKE

Look, Cleo... You really gotta know that sometimes the apple does fall far from the tree. And even if it doesn't, you're not an apple, and the tree dies with you.

(Pauses to look her in the eyes)

You're not your mother, okay?

SIDE – "Sexy Genius"

Characters: BRAD, CHIKE, MAYA, CLEO

Setting: Early morning. Brad arrives to collect the finished suits.

BRAD

(From outside, rattling the door handle)

What's buzzing, cousin?! Open up!

CHIKE opens the door with a smile. BRAD (a 32-year-old energy god) walks in.

BRAD

What's the story, morning glory? Did you work that magic, or did you absolutely work that magic?

CHIKE

(Smiles)

You know we did, Brad.

BRAD

I knew it! Death, taxes, and Chi stitching it in time...

MAYA hands him a suit bag with all the jackets.

MAYA

Here you go, sir.

BRAD

(Receiving the bag)

Much obliged, partner.

MAYA

You know you're going to have to speak human English when you give the best man's speech, right?

BRAD

Well, here's the tale, Nightingale, I'm an auteur language concierge. Why speak if the words don't sing?

CLEO

(Chuckles)

Are you always like this, or do you just have too much fun at the bachelor party?

BRAD

Actually... Don't tell nobody you heard it from this body, but... (Extends his hand for a handshake) My friends call me Glad Brad for a reason.

CLEO takes the handshake.

CHIKE

(Smiles)

I call him Brad with the gift of gab.

BRAD

(With a cheeky smile)

But you can call me 'sexy genius'... or 'mine'.

CLEO

(Slightly taken aback)

Okay... Glad to meet you, Brad.

BRAD

Glad to meet you, mon chéri. Will I see you at the wedding?

CLEO

I'll be at the wedding.

BRAD

What are you doing after?

CLEO

Avoiding you.

BRAD

Well now, carissimo mio, why not ring a ding and slap a giraffe?

CLEO

What?

BRAD

What's your name?

CLEO

'Not your business,' but my friends call me 'not interested.'

CHIKE

(Trying to diffuse the situation)

Speaking of business... Brad, you got something for me?

BRAD

Life's funny, ain't she? (Giggles) I, in fact, do.

(Pulling out a thick, heavy elastic-banded wad of cash from his pocket.)

Alrighty, so, what do I owe you to release the hostages?

CHIKE

(Pulls the invoice sheet from his workstation)

Remaining balance for the five suits... plus the overnight rush surcharge... comes to exactly eighteen hundred.

BRAD

(Counts eighteen hundred-dollar bills and hands them to Chike)

There you go, pal.

CHIKE takes the payment and stares at it, then looks at the clock on the wall. 8:32 AM. MAYA closes her eyes, letting out a massive, quiet sigh of relief in the background.

BRAD

(Throwing the bag of garments over his shoulders)

Drink champagne and enjoy the sunshine, lads.

CLEO

(Under her breath)

Right after you leave.

BRAD

Ms Not Your Business, see you at the church in five hours.

BRAD exits the shop. Silence returns to the room.