

## **For Theatre on the Ridge – Summer 2026**

### **From The Incredible Adventures of Mary Jane Mosquito by Tomson Highway**

#### **MJM – Audition Side #1**

Welcome to... my cabaret! This cabaret, of course -- as you may know from the posters, the flyers, etc. - is called, "The Incredible Adventures of MARY JANE Mosquito." Why? Because, ladies and gentlemen, isqueewuk igwa napeewuk, because... I wanna share my story... with you. And you wanna know why I wanna share my story with you? Tell you a secret. Because I don't have any friends. I don't *know* how to make friends. BIG PAUSE. PIANO VAMP STARTS. SHE INDICATES THE PIANIST. Oh him. He's a... well, haven't you ever had an invisible friend? Like, a guardian angel? Someone who helps you out when you're in trouble? Or in pain? Well, that's what he is to me. Samba Cheese Sans-facon, rhymes with, "please get me the telephone," Sam for short. He makes me sing. And singing is the only thing I know I'm good at.

All the mosquitoes in my town, Petit Petit Le Paw, Manitoba? They all had friends. They went to the store, they went to the movies, they went to the beach together. Why not me, I used to ask myself. Is it because I'm not. . .pretty, like Suzie Q Mosquito with her cute blonde curls, and her pointy little nose? Or is it because my legs are not long and lean, and supple-as-a-willow like. . .like Victoria Elaine Mosquito's? BIG PAUSE. And not only did they have friends, all these little girl mosquitoes, they had these beautiful. . .wings. MUSIC STARTS. And I didn't have friends. And I didn't have wings. All I had was these stupid little knobs on my shoulder blades. And they looked so... dumb. When would mine start growing? Why was I so...slow? Why? Why didn't I have wings?

#### **MJM – Audition Side #2**

Then one day, I combed my hair, straightened out my collar, steeled my nerves, and I went up to this girl, a housefly named, of all the names in the world, Minnie... Matouche, if you can believe it. Now what kind of a name is that for a housefly, I thought to myself, for you see, in French, a housefly is called a "mouche." La mouche, Minnie

Matouche, get it? I wanted to burst out laughing but I kept my cool for you see, for once, I thought I might have a chance with.. *her*. PAUSE. So I walk up to Minnie and I say: "Say there, Minnie Matouche. Will you be my friend?" And you know what she says? "No!" She turns on her heels, and just walks away. Leaves me standing in the middle of the schoolyard looking like a fool, a fool for love. Well that was it. First I heard the laughter, somewhere behind me. Then I heard this roar, somewhere in my head. Then I saw red. A deep blood red. And then. . . I attacked her. I attacked Minnie Matouche, that terrible mouche, in a way no housefly had ever, ever been attacked before. PIANO MUSIC STARTS. MARY JANE SCREAMS A PIERCING, BLOOD-CURDLING, TERRIFYING, HORRIFYING SCREAM..

Ohhhhhhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!

### **MJM – Audition Side #3**

Patty cake, patty cake, baker man,  
 Bake me a cake a-faster than you can;  
 Tommy-let, Tommy-let, take your pan,  
 Make me an omelette that's bigger than a man;  
 Daddy cake, daddy cake, take your van,  
 Take me to the beach for a real fine tan;  
 Little tick, little tickle, little daughter of the man,  
 Give me any lip and I'll put you in the can.

Patty cake, patty cake, pag'wee-si-ga-nis,  
 Pag'wee-si-ga-nis and pag'wee-si-ga-nis;  
 Tommy-let, Tommy-let, sa-sa-pi-ski-sa,  
 Sa-sa-pis-ki-sa and sa-sa-pi-ski-sa;  
 Daddy cake, daddy cake, oo-ta-pa-nas oo-tin,  
 Oo-ta-pa-nas oo-tin and oo-ta-pa-nas oo-tin;  
 Little tick, little tickle, poo-ni-na-ga-moo,  
 Poo-ni-na-ga-moo and a-poo-ni-na-ga-moo."