

A PIECE OF MY HEART

Performance Dates:

Friday, November 13, 2026 @ 7pm

Saturday, November 14, 2026 @ 2pm & 7pm

Sunday, November 15, 2026 @ 2pm

POSSIBLE Daytime Performances:

Thursday, November 12, 2026 @ 10am

Friday, November 13, 2026 @ 10am

Historical drama. A powerful, true drama of six women who went to Vietnam: nurses, a Red Cross volunteer and a USO country-western singer. The latter is booked to entertain the troops by an unscrupulous agent. Follow each young woman's story before, during, and after her tour in the war-torn nation. It was named "The most enduring play on Vietnam in the nation," by The Vietnam Vets Association.

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE TBD

[2 - 3 nights a week beginning late September/early October. Nightly rehearsals for Tech Week]

Casting: 6 women and 1 man.

While the characters are noted in the text as young women, their ability to tell this story resides within their ability to look back on their lives. We encourage women of all ages, races, and ethnicities to audition for these roles.

Martha – Strong, self-composed, aura of self-discipline, military bearing. A pioneer. Open age/race/ethnicity.

MaryJo – Outgoing with a bubbly personality. A comedienne. A country-western singer and guitarist. Open age/race/ethnicity.

Sissy – Sweet and feminine. She's warm, gentle and loads of fun. Open age/race/ethnicity.

Whitney – A Vassar graduate. Aristocratic in demeanor. She's both withdrawn and contained. Open age/race/ethnicity.

Leeann – Strong and determined. She's both tough and hip. Asian or multi-racial actor, open age.

Steele – Extremely strong with a military bearing. Intelligent with a great sense of humor. A pragmatist. Black or multi-racial actor, open age.

Man – Versatile actor(s) to play multiple roles. Open age/race/ethnicity.

**ELECTRONIC SUBMISSIONS DUE BY:
Wednesday, July 01, 2026**

**Please email submissions to:
ryan@theavalontheatre.org**

Monologues/Reading:

[Choose from the monologues below based on the character you are interested in.]
Please video record your SIDE and submit electronically.

MARYJO:

I was the lead singer and rhythm guitarist in the Sugar Candies All Girl Band. Maryjo Kincaid from Beaumont, Texas. We'd come to LA to get discovered and did Country and Rock and were about seventeen years old and thought we were the livin' end! We hadn't gotten too far yet, but one day in '67, an agent told us he could book us – miniskirts and little white go – go boots – to go over and entertain the half a million boys in Vietnam! Well, I was out of my mind! Half a million American boys groovin' on my music and lovin' me 'cause I'd be liftin' the worries of war right off their shoulders with my love for them? "A thousand dollars a month apiece and airfare and all expenses paid," he said. "Oh boy! Book me on!"

WHITNEY:

I was graduating from Vassar in primary education. Provisional Junior League. Sleeves right down to my elbows. Prim, high proper collars. Already been offered a boarding school position for the fall term when I saw a Red Cross form on the Placement Board. I went to an interview, and they said: "Red Cross has two groups going overseas early summer. Korea, and Vietnam." "Well – Saigon's a sophisticated, cosmopolitan city, they say – diversity of people to meet – all walks of life – and they speak French! I took my junior year in Paris you see – besides – it snows in Korea doesn't it? Whereas Vietnam has this wonderfully warm climate I'm told –" I went home for the weekend to tell my parents. "But Dad – Mother – Vietnam will be my year of service. Besides – if I'm ever going to do anything in my life besides be an old maid boarding – school teacher, I'd better do it now." It grew very quiet in the breakfast room. Sunday morning. Mother's coffee cup rattling in its Dresden saucer. "Look Whitney – if you insist on running off like this to the ends of the earth, do be aware you're making a decision of some consequence. There will be repercussions on your life – not necessarily for the better – so please, dear – please, do think it carefully through –" "But Mother, don't you see, I already have!"

MARTHA:

I was an Anny brat. Martha O'Neill. Dad a career man. Mom a Navy nurse. World War II. I was born at Ft. Benning, grew up at Ft. Bragg. I remember one day in junior high a girlfriend came in crying: her Dad was going to Vietnam. Crying and crying and they sem her home ... must've been around h I don't know, 1961 ... so I knew early on about Vietnam. Americans there ... Americans being killed there ... something very wrong there. Back of my mind was: I want to go there. Be a Navy nurse and serve my country and protect our men.

SISSY:

I wanted out of Erie, Pennsylvania. I was turning seventeen and I didn't want to rot in Erie, Pennsylvania 'til I was forty years old! I didn't know anything about Vietnam-that wasn't the point. The point was I wasn't into a college scene, I wasn't into demonstrations, I wasn't into anything-Religious family-playing with dolls 'til I was thirteen years old well, it was still a very sheltered time for girls! My high school counselor said to me: "Well, now, Sissy, what is it you want to be? A nurse, a teacher or a secretary?" "Oh, well sir, a nurse, I guess. I'll help mankind." Now, my biggest problems my first year in Nursing School were, I had no self-control and I couldn't stand to see people in pain! But my instructors said to me: "You don't have a choice here; you just get in there and do as you're told!" So-there's this old man in a coma and I'm supposed to give him a shot of penicillin in his rear-end, and now I am really a wreck because how can I cause this sick old man more pain? But I do it. And the guy immediately comes out of the coma and goes: "Oh my God, where am I?" And I think, "Oh gosh! I did a miracle! I can do anything! I'll join the Army! I'll save the World!"

LEEANN:

I was anti-war! I hated Nixon! Knew he was a liar and evil! So did my friends! We were hippies Woodstock, bell bottom jeans, headbands, the long hair, the pot. Then I remember Kennedy going, "What can you do for your country?" Well, I was twenty-one when an Army recruiter comes to my nursing school dressed in her uniform-and she is showing us this wonderful film about the glamour of being an Army nurse and all these gorgeous hospitals all over the world with all this modern equipment-we didn't have zip at my nursing school! And I was very impressed! After the film I ask: "But do nurses have to go to Vietnam?" "No!" she goes. "Women volunteer for Vietnam." My friends are mostly thinking I am crazy but there are two others who are willing to sign up at any minute and I am thinking: "It is perfect for you Leeann. It will pay for this last year of nursing school because money for me is very tight-and you can express your feelings about the war by taking care of Nam soldiers when they get back from Nam-maybe Hawaii or something. I had been born and raised in New York and am half Italian and half Chinese and went through a lot of prejudice in New York! I wanted to go to Hawaii-where everybody looks like me!

STEELE:

Well now, I'd been a WAC for almost eighteen years when I decided to go on over to The Nam. First joined up in Jackson, Mississippi where I was born and raised. They asked me: "Steele, what MOS would you like to be?" "Well, I'm a college graduate and have been teaching music, so I would like to join the Army band." So, they gave me the fourth trombone part to audition with-and if you know anything about music, you le.now that is the hard part! The "du-pity-do!" So, I am playing along with the band-except Commander-in-Chief Warrant Officer Helen B. Whitehead-you gonna believe that name?-has made some secret prearranged signal with the band to stop at a certain point. So all you are hearing is me going "do-pity-do-pity-do-do-do!" Afterwards she calls me aside and says, "Oh, sorry about this Steele, but we can't have any Negroes in the band because you just don't blend on in!" 1950! My first touch with The American Armed Services. And how they want you-but they don't really want you. Anyhow, by 1967 I'd edited an Army newspaper, run an education center, was a French and Spanish linguist, a Prisoner of War Interrogator, and was in Strategic Intelligence. And I knew I was hearing lies about Vietnam! I'll just go on over there myself I thought And maybe my intelligence and experience will be used for once to save some American lives.

MAN:

I'm not coming back tomorrow. I'm gonna get another scotch.

Where? Where do you wanna go? Your place? "Oh Brucie of course not!"

I'm gettin' another scotch.

Sleep it off where?

You god damn cock tease! "Oh Brucie, want a doughnut? Let's hold hands!" Shit! Friggin'

Doughnut Dollie! You shouldn't be in a fuckin' war! Now will you just get yourself the fuck off my back and out of my life?

Let go of me! (He smashes empty bottle against bench, breaking it.) I never want to see you again! (He staggers from area, holding neck of broken bottle in his hand.)