

# **BAD AUDITIONS BY BAD ACTORS**

A SHORT COMEDY BY

*Ian McWethy*

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*For Carol Caddy*

*Thanks for finding small parts to cast me in even though I was a spaz.*

## **Cast of Characters**

CASTING DIRECTOR

ROGER

MELISSA

COACH

JOE

JOSIE

MARTIN

CATHERINE

MEG

CHARLIZE

AGENT

JOSH

EDMOND

AMY

## **Production Notes**

The only thing I wanted to mention was that I really believe any character could be either a female or male, **HOWEVER**, this may mean changing the "audition scene," or "Monologue" that people read from (i.e., if you change a character from male to female, they should be reading for Juliet, not Romeo). Therefore, in the back of the play is the audition scene and monologues. Feel free to swap them out if you end up changing the sex of the character.

Other than that, keep the pace fast and have fun. Seriously, if you're not making interesting choices and laughing in rehearsal, I'll find out about it...and I won't be happy.

# BAD AUDITIONS BY BAD ACTORS

by Ian McWethy

## Scene 1

*(A bare stage, except for a table, and three chairs.)*

*(The CD [CASTING DIRECTOR] walks in, folders in hand, talking on a cell phone. A little frazzled.)*

*(CD is followed by ROGER, lazily texting, completely unaware.)*

CD. *(Talking on the phone.)* Well don't worry, you're in good hands, uh-huh, uh-huh.

*(CD looks at ROGER, notices he's not doing anything. CD snaps her fingers.)*

*(ROGER doesn't notice.)*

CD. No no no, believe me, by the end of the day we're going to be completely cast, there's nothing to worry about.

*(CD snaps her fingers again. ROGER still doesn't notice.)*

CD. Uh-huh. Will you hold on for a quick sec.

*(CD puts her hand over the mouthpiece.)*

CD. Roger!

ROGER. Yo.

CD. What are you doing?

ROGER. Textin' my girlfriend...about eating pizza?

CD. Well is that what you're supposed to be doing.

ROGER. God I hope so.

CD. No. It isn't. I asked you to set up the table and chairs and see if anyone has come yet.

ROGER. Oh yeah they're here.

CD. What do you mean, they're here! They're not supposed to be here for another half hour.

ROGER. Um...you said 1.

CD. I said we get here at 1. Actors at 1:30.

ROGER. Hmmmm...yep. That makes sense. We'll just have to chalk this one up to a "miscommunication." Something for us to work on in the future.

*(CD is livid.)*

**CD.** *(Back into the phone:)* Well I assure you, we'll be cast by the end of the day and this year's production of Romeo and Juliet is going to be the best yet! Okay. I'll let you know once we have our two leads.

*(CD hangs up the phone.)*

**CD.** Roger!

**ROGER.** What?!?

**CD.** Set up the table. We have actors waiting outside. We have to go.

**ROGER.** Gosh! Okay. I'll set up the table. So uptight. What's the big deal?

*(ROGER sets up the audition table, with two chairs behind it, and a chair in front of it [for the actors].)*

**CD.** The big deal is that Avery Stern, artistic director of the Red Barn theatre...legend in the Hoxie theatre community, has entrusted me to cast the two leads for this year's production of Romeo and Juliet and God help me Roger, if your...laziness and...stupid phone... mess this up for me.

**ROGER.** Alright, first of all, the Red Barn Theatre is in no way legendary. It is one of three theatre's in Hoxie and it is by far the worst. Second, Avery Stern is crazy pants and definitely not a legend. Third of all, the Red Barn Theatre has done a production of Romeo and Juliet for the past seven years. It's always the same, it's...actor proof. As long as you find two normal...decent actors you should be fine. And finally this...is not a stupid phone, it is a smart phone. Literally, it could get you dressed in the morning while brushing your teeth... all while playing sudoku. Smart!

*(CD looks so...angry.)*

**CD.** Just bring in the first actor will you.

**ROGER.** Righty oh.

*(He leaves. CD straightens up her files, prepares, etc.)*

*(ROGER enters.)*

**ROGER.** Alright, well they're all here. I just told them to come in one after the other.

**CD.** Sure. You can read with the scenes with them when necessary, right?

**ROGER.** Whatever you want. You're the boss.

*(ROGER winks. CD huffs, but then prepares.)*

**Scene 2**

*(MELISSA enters, casual clothes, jeans, followed by her acting coach, jogging suit, intense.)*

**COACH.** Good pace, nice and casual, now go in for the hand shake.

**MELISSA.** Hi, my name is Melissa McNall, thank you for seeing me.

**COACH.** A little forceful but keep going.

**CD.** I'm sorry, who are you?

**COACH.** I'm Melissa's acting coach, just here for moral support. But ignore me. I'll just be over here.

**CD.** Um...well, normally I'd prefer to just see the actor alone but... okay, I guess I can allow it.

**COACH.** You won't even know, I'm here.

*(The COACH moves behind the casting table, intensely staring at MELISSA.)*

**CD.** So, I guess we'll just jump right in. Did you prepare a monologue or a scene?

**MELISSA.** A monologue. I memorized it last week.

**COACH.** Good self compliment. A little braggy but I don't think they noticed.

**CD.** Uh, okay, well whenever you're ready.

*(MELISSA takes a quick moment, then begins.)*

**MELISSA.** O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

**COACH.** Don't start until you're ready Melissa. They'll wait. That felt a little rushed. Start over.

*(MELISSA takes in the note. ROGER looks to CD. CD shrugs.)*

*(MELISSA pauses, for a long time. Then:)*

**MELISSA.** *(Too dramatic:)* O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

**COACH.** Great intensity. Keep going.

**MELISSA.** Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

**COACH.** Projection Melissa.

**MELISSA.** DENY THY FATHER. AND. REFUSE. THY. NAME.

**COACH.** I'm missing your consonants. D-ENY. D-ENY.

**MELISSA.** *(Over pronouncing the "t's":)* D-ENY THY FATHER. AN-D. REFUSE. THY. NA-ME.



**COACH.** There we go.

**CD.** Okay, I'm going to stop you. Um...I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to wait outside. I feel like I'm not getting a good read from Melissa—

**COACH.** I know, she's just nervous.

**CD.** I mean, I'm not going to get a good read with you...interrupting her.

**COACH.** Uh-huh. Well, I...can scale back my notes.

**CD.** I think you better leave.

**COACH.** Very well. This is, as they say, "the house of a director" so...I leave it in your hands.

*(The COACH leaves, but stops in front of MELISSA for one last pep talk.)*

**COACH.** I'll be right outside if you need me. Remember, VOICE, EYE CONTACT, OBJECTIVES.

**MELISSA.** I'll remember.

**COACH.** Remem-BER! Hit the ends of every word.

**MELISSA.** Ye-ES! I wi-LL.

**COACH.** Good girl. Knock'em dead.

*(COACH gives MELISSA a hug and walks offstage.)*

**CD.** So, should we try this again from the top?

**MELISSA.** Absolutely.

**CD.** And if I could give just one note...forget about your acting coach for now. Just, be yourself and have fun.

**MELISSA.** Okay...what do you mean?

**CD.** Don't worry about your voice, and getting every word perfect just...read the scene the way Melissa would. Okay?

**MELISSA.** Ummm...okay. I'll try.

*(MELISSA nods to ROGER to start the scene. This time, she gives a good audition.)*

**MELISSA.** O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

*(A phone starts making noise.)*

**CD.** Alright, I told everyone, no phones.

**MELISSA.** I'm sorry, its mine, I'll just...

*(MELISSA reads a text message for too long, then puts it away.)*

**MELISSA.** Okay, I'm ready NOW!

**CD.** Melissa, was that your acting coach sending you a text message.

*(A phone rings again. MELISSA looks at her phone.)*

**MELISSA.** *(Reading her text:)* No, it was from my...doctor.

*(Her phone rings again. MELISSA reads the new text.)*

**MELISSA.** Doctor! It was my doctor.

*(CD sighs.)*

**CD.** Alright, well thank you for coming in.

**MELISSA.** Oh, okay. Thank you.

*(Melissa's phone rings again. She reads a text.)*

**MELISSA.** I mean, thank YOU! Thank YOU!

*(MELISSA leaves.)*

### Scene 3

*(JOE enters the stage, he's a tough guy, [or at least thinks he is] leather jacket, devil-may-care attitude.)*

**CD.** Hi, thank you so much for coming in.

**JOE.** Joe. Romano. And I uh...I got this thing to read. The thing I picked up outside with the lines?

**CD.** The audition scene?

**JOE.** The one that says Romeo, I'm gonna read that.

**CD.** Great.

**JOE.** Cause I saw one that said Juliet and I was like "not this guy. I ain't no Juliet."

**CD.** Of course not. So, you're going to be reading with Roger.

**JOE.** What? You're going to be reading a lady's part!?! Oh My God that is so stupid!

**CD.** Can you just read the side.

**JOE.** Yeah, yeah, yeah, just uh...good luck buddy. Cause right now, I'm like...shocked! You have no idea!

**CD.** Just start where it says "My sweet?"

**JOE.** Alright, just uh...give me a minute.

*(JOE walks around the stage, psyching himself up. Pounding his chest, yelling. Finally he turns to ROGER, with serial killer like intensity.)*

**ROGER.** Romeo?

**JOE.** *(Very angry.)* MY SWEET?!?

**ROGER.** What o'clock tomorrow  
Shall I send to thee?

**JOE.** BY THE HOUR! OF! NINE! FREAKIN' NINE! OKAY!

**ROGER.** I will not fail. Tis—

**ROGER.** AND I SHALL STAY! RIGHT HERE! UH...AND I'M GON-  
NA FORGET ANY OTHER HOME! BUT! THIS!

**CD.** Okay, great, I'm just going to stop you there.

**JOE.** OH! I was just about to get to the good stuff.

**CD.** I'm sorry, I just feel that maybe we're going down the wrong road.

**JOE.** Excuse me!?

**CD.** It's just...you playing this scene...with a lot of anger.

**JOE.** ...Yeah!?

**CD.** I'm just not so sure Romeo is that angry in this scene. This is... well this is the balcony scene. This is where Romeo and Juliet declare their love for one another. It should be sweet, and passionate.

**JOE.** Yeah! Passionate! That's what I'm doing like...I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I WANNA PUNCH A WALL!

*(JOE is so angry he's shaking.)*

**CD.** Well I don't think he's going to punch a wall—

**JOE.** Cause like, I know when I'm in love, and I climb up walls, I'm just so amped by the time I get there, ya know. I'm like...UHHHH! I LOVE YOU! LET'S DO PUSH UPS!

*(JOE punches his hand. The CD doesn't quite know how to respond.)*

**CD.** Okay, well...thank you for coming by.

**JOE.** Ah, yeah, you know.

**CD.** And uh, I might suggest you look into therapy.

**JOE.** Therapy. Not this guy. Not. This. Guy.

*(JOE walks out.)*

**Scene 4**

*(JOSIE enters the room.)*

CD. Hi, thanks for coming in.

JOSIE. Thank...me, you. I mean you. Thank...

*(Beat.)*

CD. Well, what have you got for us, monologue or scene?

JOSIE. Uh...mono...tog...

CD. Mono-tog? What's a mono-tog? Do you mean "monologue?"

*(JOSIE nods.)*

CD. Monologue, great.

*(JOSIE takes a breath, then starts.)*

JOSIE. But soft, What light through the window...there.  
Romeo...I love you...we should...kiss...

*(Beat.)*

JOSIE. That's all I got.

CD. I'm sorry, was that...supposed to be a monologue.

JOSIE. Yeah. That's it right?

CD. No. Of course it isn't. You know that.

JOSIE. Look, it was really long but...if you cast me I'll memorize it.  
And the other lines and stuff.

CD. Will you?

JOSIE. Yeah...probably...I don't know, I think I would...maybe...

*(CD takes a deep breath.)*

CD. Well, thanks for coming in.

JOSIE. So I'm gonna be in it. I'm a the...main girl...uh...

CD. We'll let you know.

*(JOSIE hesitates, starts to leave, realizes she's going the wrong way, changes directions, then leaves.)*

CD. This has been awful. It's got to get better, right?

ROGER. I dunno.

CD. Jesus, Roger, can you just pretend to care?

ROGER. Nope.

## Scene 5

(MARIA walks into the room. She's a little nervous.)

MARIA. Hi, Maria McConville. Thank you so much for seeing me.

CD. Thank you for coming in. Any questions?

MARIA. Nope, no.

CD. So, will you be doing a monologue, or a scene.

MARIA. Um, monologue. If that's okay with you?

CD. Works for me. Whenever you're ready.

(MARIA takes a few steps back and put her hands in her pockets, and stiffly keeps them there during the audition.)

MARIA. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.  
Of if thou wilt, be but sworn my love...

CD. Okay, great work so far. Um...I want you to keep going I just wanted to give a minor adjustment.

MARIA. Okay.

CD. You're hands in your pocket. It's a little distracting.

MARIA. Is it?

CD. Yes. It just makes you seems really stiff.

MARIA. Sorry, I just, never know what to do with my hands. I feel like they can be distracting.

CD. Well, try not to worry about it, just, you know, relax. Do what you'd normally with your hands.

MARIA. Normally?

CD. Yeah, give it a shot.

(MARIA slowly takes her hands out of her pocket.)

CD. Alright, so just keep going where you left off.

(During the monologue MARIA starts swinging her arms in wide circles and clapping.)

MARIA. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's a Montague?

CD. Alright, uh, what is that?

MARIA. What?

CD. Your hands. Why are swinging your arms around and clapping.

MARIA. I told you, I never know what to do with my hands so...I thought, well, this is what I do when I talk about boys, so I'll just try that.

*(MARIA swings her arms, claps.)*

CD. It is.

MARIA. Yeah, what do you do?

CD. Not that. Look, I don't know of anybody who does that in real life. Except maybe an insane person so...why don't you just try... something else.

MARIA. Like what? I'm telling you I always struggle with my hands.

CD. Don't put your hands in your pocket, don't swing wildly, just... try something else. Something natural.

MARIA. Okay.

*(MARIA thinks. Then she starts the scene.)*

*(During the scene MARIA raises her right hand slowly over her head, and puts her left hand behind her back.)*

MARIA. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

Of if thou wilt, be but sworn my love

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

*(The CD is baffled.)*

CD. Well, okay, that was different.

MARIA. It just seemed natural, you know, because she's in love.

CD. Yep. Okay, well thanks for stopping by.

MARIA. Thank you!

*(MARIA leaves.)*

## Scene 6

*(MARTIN walks into the room in full Elizabethan garb.)*

CD. Wow, nice costume.

MARTIN. Forsooth, these simple garments for which you surmise have no

mood or color to them. They are  
neither cheerful nor melancholy  
as thus doth proclaim.

**ROGER.** What did he say?

**CD.** I think what we have here is a method actor. He stays in character all the time and—

**MARTIN.** Alas, a man of stage I can not claim  
to be. Character one may find in  
these meek and feeble bones—

**CD.** I don't care. Look if you want to be in this play you either need to read a scene or monologue. Do you have either prepared?

**MARTIN.** I must protest once more, for thou  
speech and manor of dress is most  
vexing and, as such, mine ear do  
find ye most intolerable—

**CD.** Fine. Would thou, kind squire...readest thus scene or...long  
winded passage so that thou...um...can be in thus play.

**MARTIN.** But I have told you anon! An actor  
I am not. I am Romeo, of the house  
of Montague, a man of many talents  
but a performer of the stage I am not!

**CD.** This isn't helping Romeo! So either...do a monologue or scene  
or you will not be cast. Okay?

*(MARTIN thinks. Then:)*

**MARTIN.** Very well. Mine hand is played. I shall  
read your words. Perhaps a with a partner.  
I fear alone I may stray from lofty expectations.

**CD.** A scene then. Great. You'll be reading with Roger. He'll be your  
Juliet.

*(MARTIN looks at ROGER, shocked. He drops to his knees before  
ROGER.)*

**MARTIN.** This, before mine eyes, is Juliet?

*(MARTIN grabs ROGER's hand.)*

**ROGER.** Uh, what's going on?

**MARTIN.** Sweet Juliet, what have thou done to thee?  
Thou hair is short and coarse,  
thine face is rough and weathered,  
thine smell, is of feet and horse.

**ROGER.** I don't smell like a horse!

**MARTIN.** And thou speakest like a harlot of Devonshire!

**CD.** Okay! Look, I'm glad you're so committed but this is not helping you get the part!

**MARTIN.** This is a fallacy, thine has taken my beloved Juliet and turned her thrice into a beast. A wretched, odorous fiend.

**ROGER.** Would you stop making fun of the way I smell man!

**MARTIN.** A pox has been cast on thine house! *(To ROGER:)* Farewell my love, I shall find you again when thou have cleaned thyself of putrid smells.

*(MARTIN fleas!)*

*(ROGER smells his armpit.)*

**ROGER.** I put on deodorant.

**CD.** You smell fine. I hadn't noticed.

**MARTIN.** *(Offstage:)* A POX!

**ROGER.** What a jerk.

### Scene 7

*(CATHERINE crawls onto stage in a feline like manner.)*

**CD.** Uh...hello. Are you—

**CATHERINE.** Meow.

**CD.** Excuse me?

**CATHERINE.** RRaaaooowwww.

*(CATHERINE stretches back [like a cat], and walks around on all fours slowly.)*

**ROGER.** Is this a method actor too?

**CD.** No. I don't know what she's doing. Excuse me, miss...

*(CD approaches CATHERINE.)*

**CATHERINE.** HSSSSS!

*(CATHERINE bats at CD's hand.)*



CD. Ah. Okay.

CATHERINE. RRrraaaooooowww! SSSSSS!

CD. Would you like to do a monologue or a...

*(CATHERINE rolls on her back. Then back to all fours. Then starts giving herself a tongue bath.)*

CD. We have sides if—

CATHERINE. Meow.

*(CATHERINE daintily walks away.)*

ROGER. What the hell was that?

CD. Let's just forget that happened.

ROGER. That was either the worst audition I've ever seen...or the best. You should really consider her.

CD. Shut up Roger.

ROGER. I'm serious, I mean, that kind of blew my mind.

### Scene 8

*(MEG enters the room. Yoga mat. Water bottle. Acting bag.)*

CD. Hi.

MEG. Meg McCrossen. How are you? I was running late from a movement rehearsal. Do you mind if I take a moment to warm up?

CD. No, although we do have other people coming in—

MEG. Of course. It'll only take a minute. I just have a hard time auditioning unless I'm completely centered.

CD. No, um, if you want we could bring someone in—

MEG. Thank you, but, no, I'll only be a minute.

*(MEG rolls out her yoga matt and quickly starts doing down ward facing dog.)*

ROGER. Um, do you think I could go to the bathroom real quick?

MEG. Ca-ca-ca-CAAAA! HEEEEEE! MeeeeEEHH! MeeEEHH! SHHHHhhhhhh...

*(MEG folds into a ball. She starts crying like a baby.)*

CD. Um...she said she'd just be a minute so...

MEG. Eeeeeh. wwwwwaaaaa. WWWWAAAAA!!!

*(MEG then lies on the floor then starts convulsing.)*

**ROGER.** Oh my God, what is she doing?

**CD.** I think...okay, I think she's having a seizure. Roger, call the—

*(MEG then immediately stands up. CD, and ROGER freeze.)*

*(MEG opens her eyes.)*

**MEG.** I'm ready to begin now.

**CD.** Okay, great, that was quiet.

**MEG.** I'M READY! TO! BEGIN! BE! BE! BE! BEGIN! NOOOOOOOWW!

*(MEG starts running around the room, shaking her limbs.)*

**MEG.** I'm ready to begin now! I'm ready! READY! RE! RE! I!  
I'MMMMMM! READY to begin...NOW! NOW! NOW! NoOOOOO-  
OWWWWW! huh, huh, huh, huh, huh.

*(MEG then comes back to the center. She brings her hands to her chest, as if meditating.)*

*(No one says anything for a moment.)*

**CD.** Okay, Meg, we really need to get started.

*(She opens her eyes.)*

**MEG.** *(Intense concentration:)* We need to get started.

**CD.** Yes, we're running behind.

**MEG.** We're running behind!

**CD.** What are you doing??

**MEG.** What are you doing??

**CD.** I'm not going to do a Meisner exercise with you!

**MEG.** I'm not going to do a Meisner exercise with you!

**CD.** I'm serious!

**MEG.** I'm serious!

**CD.** Stop this at once!

**MEG.** Stop this at... *(Singing:)* aaaaAAAHHHHH! Merrily we roll  
along! Roll Along! Roll along! ToOOOOOO-DAAAAYYYYY!

*(MEG closes her eyes again. She shakes out her whole body then comes back to center.)*

*(She opens them.)*

**MEG.** Sorry, I never give good auditions if I don't warm up my instrument first.

**CD.** I guess, that's understandable, um...we're going to start running behind.

**MEG.** Of course. I...

*(MEG looks around.)*

**MEG.** *(Like a dolphin:)* Eeeep. Eeeep. Eeeep.

*(She walks around the space.)*

**MEG.** Is this the theatre in which the play will be performed?

**CD.** Yes.

*(MEG huffs, then picks up her yoga mat, bag, etc.)*

**MEG.** These acoustics are unacceptable. You're high C's are going to bounce around the ceiling and my consonants are getting drowned out by the shoddy curtains. Call me when the proper upgrades are made.

*(MEG turns around and walks out of the space.)*

## Scene 9

*(CHARLIZE walks into the room, with his agent, who's talking on his cell phone.)*

**AGENT.** Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Well then we're walking. I want 5% on the back end or she's walking. Walking. Okay, 2.5% and sliding scale on merch...you got yourself a deal.

*(AGENT hangs up the phone.)*

**AGENT.** Okay, Charlize wants her own dressing room, 10 percent of the door on top of her salary, and a bowl of skittles at every rehearsal and every performance.

**CHARLIZE.** Chocolate covered skittles.

**AGENT.** You're sure. That sounds...disgusting.

**CHARLIZE.** Yeah I'm sure! Chocolate covered skittles or I walk.

**AGENT.** I'm afraid this is not negotiable.

**CD.** I'm sorry this is a community theatre. We're not paying anybody, let alone...giving anybody a cut of the box office.

**AGENT.** Hmm...okay, give us a second.

*(AGENT and CHARLIZE walk a few feet away. They murmur but you can hear some of their conversation.)*

**AGENT.** .....but think about this.....okay...well. We could.....I think your over thinking this ...no...okay.....okay.....

**CHARLIZE.** I won't... I won't back down on this.....uh huh.....skittles Or I walk...SKITTLES OR I WALK!

*(They come back to the table.)*

**AGENT.** My client is willing to work for half of her usual salary and take only five percent of the box office but...the chocolate covered skittles must be in his dressing room at all times.

**CHARLIZE.** It's part of my process!

*(CD takes a beat. Doesn't know how to respond.)*

**CD.** ...I'm sorry, but...have you ever worked in community theatre before. There's no money and—

**AGENT.** WALKING! We're walking away! Go, go!

*(CHARLIZE walks away, the AGENT follows him.)*

**CHARLIZE.** Just FYI, I once dated a guy and his dad hated me! So I totally get this Juliet girl!

**AGENT.** It's true. Charlize had some real insights into this part.

**CHARLIZE.** This is CRAP!

**AGENT.** You just made a big mistake! Charlize Finegold is going to own this town. Own. This. Town.

*(They leave.)*

## Scene 10

*(JOSH enters the room.)*

**JOSH.** Hi. I'm Josh.

*(JOSH hands over his resume. CD looks it over.)*

**CD.** Thank you. Did you get a copy of the sides.

**JOSH.** *(Holding up the sides:)* Yep. Um, are we starting at "Romeo!" "My sweet?"

**CD.** Yep, whenever you're ready.

(JOSH takes a moment, then starts miming "driving a car." He does this for a while, acting as if he might get hit, shaking his fist at a car, etc. Finally he sticks his head out of the "window.")

**ROGER.** Romeo?

**JOSH.** My sweet! Hold on a sec.

(JOSH mimes stopping his car, putting on the parking break, opening the door, putting on his back pack, shutting the door, and running over to Juliet, and then mimes climbing the balcony.)

**ROGER.** What o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

**JOSH.** (As if struggling to climb:) By the hour of nine.

(JOSH mimes getting to the top, opening his "backpack" and taking out his water bottle, and taking a drink.)

**CD.** O-kay! Let's stop right there. Why does Romeo have a backpack?

**JOSH.** Everyone has a backpack.

**CD.** No, they don't.

**JOSH.** Well where does he put his water bottle then?

**CD.** He wouldn't have a water bottle in Victorian England...and were you driving a car?

**JOSH.** Yeah, isn't this like a modern version of Romeo and Juliet? Like that one with Leonardo DiCaprio.

**CD.** No, this period appropriate. There are no cars, no backpacks.

**JOSH.** Right, so I should ride in on a horse.

**CD.** No, don't ride in on anything. You're really...pantomiming up a storm here and...it's distracting.

**JOSH.** Really?

**CD.** Extremely. So why don't you try...just reading the lines.

(JOSH is pretty put out. He huffs, then nods.)

**JOSH.** Okay, okay,...no horses, no swords, no nun chucks.

**CD.** No, God. From the top. No miming.

(JOSH starts over. This time, just as him.)

**ROGER.** Romeo!

**JOSH.** My sweet?

**ROGER.** What o'clock tomorrow shall I send thee?

**JOSH.** By the hour of...**JULIET GET DOWN.**

*(JOSH does a summersault then takes out a "gun" and starts firing. He makes firing noises as he shoots.)*

**JOSH.** Damn, missed them. Anyway, by the hour of nine—

**CD.** Okay, I think I've seen enough. Thank you.

**JOSH.** Could you tell I was pulling out a gun.

**CD.** Yep. Got it.

**JOSH.** Because, in the Dicaprio version everyone had a gun. But the guns were called "swords." That might be a good idea for your production.

**CD.** Yeah...that sounds perfect for the late 1500s.

**JOSH.** Cool! Alright, well thanks so much.

*(JOSH bounds out of the room, happy at his triumph.)*

### Scene 11

*(EDMOND comes in wearing a unitard and dance belt.)*

**CD.** No, what is this?

**EDMOND.** I'm sorry?

**CD.** Why are you dressed in a unitard.

**EDMOND.** How else do you expect me to present my modern dance audition?

**CD.** I don't. I expect you to do either a monologue or a scene.

**EDMOND.** Oh...I see. And a modern dance piece. The BEST modern dance piece you've ever seen...won't suffice.

**CD.** No.

*(EDMOND thinks.)*

**EDMOND.** Well, I would like to do a monologue then.

**CD.** Great.

*(EDMOND takes a moment, then gets in a crazy movement pose.)*

**CD.** Okay, are you really going to do a monologue or are you just going to do some crazy modern dance piece?

*(EDMOND stops.)*

**EDMOND.** If I say monologue, then do a modern dance piece, are you going to get mad?

**CD.** I've had a long day, all the actors I've seen today are borderline psychotic...and...stupid...and...if I have to see a modern dance piece ...I might just lose it! So either do a monologue, or please...get out!

*(EDMOND waits. He starts to move...then.)*

**EDMOND.** Okay, well, thank you for your time.

*(EDMOND leaves.)*

## Scene 12

**CD.** Okay, this has been trying, should we take a five minute break before seeing the next group.

**ROGER.** Uh...I think that's it.

**CD.** That's it? What do you mean, that's it? We only saw ten actors.

**ROGER.** Was it only ten, God, it seemed like so much more.

**CD.** But I'm supposed to start rehearsals next week. I was supposed to cast this...

**ROGER.** Well there's no one else according to my list.

**CD.** Let me see that?

**ROGER.** Hey my girlfriend's outside so...could I head out a little early.

**CD.** No!

*(CD snatches the list and reads. She looks over it, stews.)*

**ROGER.** But we got a pizza date!

**CD.** I don't give a damn about your pizza date, your not going anywhere until we cast this thing. I'm calling Harry.

*(CD gets out her phone and dials. She waits.)*

**ROGER.** Well can she at least come in and hang with me while I'm stuck here.

*(CD picks up her phone and starts talking.)*

**CD.** Avery, I need more auditions days. Because you only scheduled eight actors to come in. Well they were all terrible.

**ROGER.** I'm just gonna go ahead and give her the green light. Cause you...are dealing with some stuff and I...am bored.

*(ROGER texts something to his girlfriend. CD continues pacing and talking.)*

*(After a few moments AMY comes in.)*

*(ROGER and AMY hug, flirt, chat to themselves.)*

CD. No I'm not being prejudice! Don't say I'm being prejudice! Well they ranged from incompetent to insane. One girl didn't even read the scene she just pretended to be a cat...uh huh...right. I agree that these two parts are not...well I'm not being a perfectionist, believe me, if I saw two actors who could read their lines clearly, and have even a faint sense of chemistry I would hire them on the...

*(CD looks at ROGER and AMY who are now giggling while thumb wrestling each other.)*

CD. Avery, I've gotta go, I think I just figured out how to cast this thing.

*(CD hangs up her phone.)*

CD. Roger, Amy. Stand over there would you?

AMY. Why?

CD. Just...do me a favor, okay.

*(AMY and ROGER shrug. They stand in front of CD's table. She hands them the sides.)*

CD. Could you two just...read those scenes for me?

ROGER. Whoa, wait, I'm not an actor.

AMY. Yeah, I haven't been in a play since middle school.

CD. I'm not asking you to do anything crazy just...look, Roger, you read better than anybody else who came in here today and I mean you two obviously have chemistry.

*(They look at each other and smile/blush.)*

CD. Just...read it. Don't worry about projecting or any of that stuff, just...be honest.

*(They both look over the sides for a minute. Then at each other.)*

ROGER. You wanna give it a try.

AMY. Sure.

*(ROGER coughs, clears his throat. They wait for a minute, then...)*

AMY. Romeo!

ROGER. My sweet?

AMY. What o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

CD. Good, very good, keep going.

ROGER. By the hour of nine. Doth thou agree?



*(ROGER gets up and pulls out a "mimed gun.")*

**ROGER.** I need to know! Will thou meet me at the hour of nine!

**AMY.** I will not fail. I have forgot why I did call thee back!

*(AMY walks around the space, wildly clapping her arms.)*

**CD.** No, no, no, stop, what are you...why are you clapping, why do you have a gun?

**ROGER.** Well let me stand here till thou remember it! Oh look, more Capulets I shall smite them with thy...launcher of Rockets!

*(ROGER takes out a "rocket launcher" and shoots it at imaginary capulets.)*

**AMY.** Good night! Good night! Parting is such sweet...swe-ET! SORROW!

**ROGER.** Thouest are coming after us! Even stronger. Quick, in the car! We'll make our escape! Post haste!

*(They both get in a mimed car.)*

**AMY.** Step on it!

**CD.** ERRRGGGHHH!

*(CD slams her head on the table.)*

*(Lights out.)*

***End of Play***

## Audition scene

**JULIET.** Romeo!

**ROMEO.** My sweet?

**JULIET.** What o'clock tomorrow  
Shall I send to thee?

**ROMEO.** By the hour of nine.

**JULIET.** I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

**ROMEO.** Let me stand here till thou remember it.

**JULIET.** I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

**ROMEO.** And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

**JULIET.** Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [Exit.]

**ROMEO.** Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! (33)

### Romeo's Monologue

**ROMEO.** (*Coming forward:*) But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon  
Who is already sick and pale with grief  
That (1) thou her maid (2) art far more fair than she.  
Be not her maid, since she is envious.  
Her vestal livery (3) is but sick and green, (4)  
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off. (5)  
It is my lady! O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
She speaks, yet she says nothing.

### Juliet's Monologue

**JULIET.** O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.  
Of if thou wilt, be but sworn my love  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.  
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's a Montague? It is nor hand nor foot  
Nor arm nor face nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O be some other name.  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.