

Audition Side A (P6, P7)

P6: Look at this man, ladies and gentlemen: abandoned by our educational system, awash in a sea of sexual ambiguity, hopped up on empty kilobytes of virtual Viagra. And now look at the person sitting next to you. Go ahead! Look at them! Do you recognize the same vapid expression? The same pores, clogged with the acne of intellectual immaturity? Or do you perhaps see – KEEP LOOKING – do you see there a longing, a desperate plea for literary salvation?

P7: He stands there before us as a living symbol of a society whose capacity to comprehend, much less attain, the genius of a William Shakespeare has been systematically sodomized by soap operas, reamed by reality shows, and violently violated by the women of *The View*!

P6: Ladies and gentlemen, I say to you, cast off the cheap thrill of the car chase for the splendor of the sonnet! Exchange the isolation of the iPod for the gentle idylls of the iamb! Imagine a world where manly men wear pink tights with pride!

P7: A brave new world, where this book will be found in every hotel room in the world! Can I get an ‘Amen’?

P6: This is our dream, ladies and gentlemen, and it begins here, tonight. Join us on this, our holy quest, this Shakespearean jihad. Can I get an ‘Amen’ Thank you, Jesus! Now on with the show and may the Bard be with you!

Audition Side B (P4, P8)

- P4:** I take thee at thy word. Call me but love,
And I shall be new-baptiz'd. Henceforth
I shall never be Romeo."
- P8:** What did you just say?
- P4:** "Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized. Henceforth --"
- P8:** Call you butt-love?!
- P4:** No no! I said, "Call me but love" --
- P8:** Okay: you're butt-love! Butt-love, butt-love, butt-
- P4:** [Overlapping] oh, real mature
- P8:** "What man art thou? Art thou not Romeo,
And a Montague?"
- P4:** Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
- P8:** Dost thou love me then? I know thou wilt say aye,
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swearest,
Thou mayest prove false. O Romeo, if thou dost love,
Pronounce it faithfully.
- P4:** Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear --
- P8:** O swear not by the moon!
- P4:** What shall I swear by?" [P8 points to a woman in the audience]
- P4:** Lady, by yonder blessed virgin, I swear --
- P8:** [Referring to the woman] I don't think so. No,
"Do not swear at all. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy in this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too sudden, to unadvised,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night."

ROMEO is silently flirting with the 'virgin' in the front row]

Sweet, good night... sweet, good NIGHT!" Yo, butt-love, over here!

Audition Side C (P1, P2)

P2: Hi, everyone. I'm Titus Andronicus. Welcome to The Gory Gourmet! Now, when you've had a lousy day – your left hand chopped off, your sons murdered, your daughter raped, her tongue cut out, and both her hands chopped off – well, the last thing you want to do is cook. Unless, of course, you cook the rapist and serve him to his mother at a dinner party! My daughter, Lavinia, and I will show you how. Good evening, Lavinia!

P1: [*‘Good evening, daddy’ as performed without a tongue*] Ood ebie, abby!

P2: And how are we feeling today?

P1: Ot so dood, abby. I ‘ot my ‘ongue yopped off, my hands cut off, he waped me, o woo oo ink I eel?!?!

P2: Well, it's a pissar, but we'll get our revenge won't we?
‘Now hark, villain. I will grind your bones to dust,
And of your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear
And make a pasty of your shameful head.

First of all, we want to make a nice, clean incision from carotid artery to jugular vein

P1: Yecch. That's weally gwoss, abby!

P2: Be sure to use a big bowl for this because the human body has about four quarts of blood in it~ “And when that he is dead,” which should be ...

...right about now, “let me go grind his bones to powder small

And with this hateful liquor temper it;

And in that paste let his vile head be baked...”

At about three hundred and fifty degrees. And forty minutes later, you have this lovely human-head pie...

Audition Side D (P4, P5, P6)

- P5:** Here's the story of a brother by the name of Othello.
He liked white women and he liked...lemoncello.
- P6:** And a punk named Iago who made hisself a menace
'Cos he didn't like Othello, the Moor of Venice.
- P4:** Now Othello got married to Des-demonia,
But he took off for the wars and he left her alone-a.
- P5:** It was a moan-a.
- P6:** A groan-a.
- P4:** He left her alone-a.
- P6:** He didn't write a letter and he didn't telephone-a!
- P5:** Now Othello loved Desi like Adonis loved Venus.
- P4:** And Desi loved Othello cuz he had a big –
- P6:** *[covering P4's mouth]* SWORD!
- P4:** But Iago had a plan that was clever and slick
- P5:** He was crafty.
- P6:** He was sly.
- P4:** He was sort of a ...*[Not wanting to say 'dick']* PENIS.
- P5:** He says, 'I'm gonna shaft the Moor.'
- P4:** How you gonna do it?
- P6:** Tell us!
- P5:** Well, I know his tragic flaw is that he's
- ALL:** Too damn jealous!

Audition Side E (P1, P2, P5, P6, P7)

P5: You there, boy!

P2: [High voice] Yes?...I mean...[Lowering his voice] Yes?

P5: You shall woo the Lady Violivia for me, for she is shrewish, and I am sick with love!

P2: I may not speak it aloud, I do love thee, though I am a boy.

P5: I swingeth not that way, boy. Deliver this letter to Violivia. Go, hence.

P2: Whence?

P5: Hie thee hither from hence to thence!

P7: Act Three. The beautiful, virginal, and clueless young princess arrives in man-drag to woo the Lady Violivia.

P1: It is I, the bitchy shrew Violivia. Come thither!

P2: Whither?

P1: Hither, from thither. If you come in, I'll show you my zither.

P6: Act Four. On the twelfth night of midsummer, a puckish sprite leads all of the lovers deep into a forest while the queen of the fairies seduces a rude mechanical who has the head of an ass.

P7: Act Five. In the ensuing bisexual animalistic orgy, the Princess's man-clothes get ripped off, revealing a smokin' bod and female genitalia! The shrew realizes she's bi-curious.

P1: O Brave New World!

P6: The dashing young solider decides he actually prefers Bottom.

P5: And thereby hangs a sweet tail!

P7: And they all get married in the state of Massachusetts and go out to dinner. Now give us your hands if we be friends.

P6/7 Because all is well that finally ends!

Audition Side F (P1, P5)

P1: O, that's dead great. Then macwhat macneed macl
macfear of
Macduff?

P5: See you, Jimmy, and know
That I was from my mother's womb untimely
ripped!
What d'ye think about that?

P1: It's bloody disgusting. Lay on, ye great haggis-
face.

P5: Ah, Macbeth! Ye killed my wife, ye murdered my
babies, ye shat in
my stew.

P1: Och! I didnae!

P5: O, ay ye did. I dad t' throw half of it away.

[P5 kills P1.]

P5: Behold where lies the usurper's cursed head.
Macbeth, yer arse is out the windie.
And know,
That never was there a story of more blood and
death
That this, o' Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth. Thankee

Audition Side G (P1, P7, P8)

P7: No, no – get a clue man. ‘Antony and Cleopatra’ is not a Pepto-Bismol commercial. It’s a romantic thriller about a geopolitical power struggle between Egypt and Rome.

P8: Oh, it’s one of Shakespeare’s geopolitical plays? Wow, if I’d know that I’d never have screwed around with it, ‘cause Shakespeare’s geopolitical work is my favorite stuff. It’s like the themes he wrote about four hundred years ago are still relevant today. Like what was that one he wrote about how nuclear energy affected the Soviet Union?

P7: Shakespeare never wrote anything about the Soviet Union.

P1: Yeah, he totally did. It was called ‘Chernobyl Kinsmen’ and it was intense...

P7: What are you talking about?

P1: ‘Chernobyl Kinsmen.’ It was recently attributed –

P7: No. Shakespeare wrote a play called ‘Two Noble Kinsmen. Not ‘Chernobyl Kinsmen!’

P7: ‘Two Noble Kinsmen.’

P8: Oh. What’s ‘Two noble Kinsmen’ about?

P7: It’s about a girl who goes insane with the fear that her boyfriend is going to be eaten by wolves and her father hanged.

P8: And is there anything in it about Boris Yeltsin?

P7: No.

P8: Well, I’ve never even heard of that play.

P1: Me neither

Audition Side H (P4, P6, P7)

P6: How could we forget 'Hamlet?'

P7: I dunno. It's right there.

P4: Shakespeare didn't write 'Hamlet,' did he?

P7: Of course he did.

P4: I thought it was a Mel Gibson movie.

P6: Ladies and gentlemen, thirty-six plays down, one to go. Perhaps the greatest play ever written in the English language. A play of such lofty poetic and philo –

P4: Wait a minute. 'Hamlet' is a really serious, hard-core play, and I'm just not up for it right now.

P6: Whaddaya mean? It's the last one. We've done thirty-six already!

P4: I know. It's just that that football game left me emotionally and physically drained, and I just don't think that I could do justice to it.

P7: We don't have to do justice to it. We just have to do it.

P4: *[slinking into audience]* I don't wanna do it!

P6: Look, our show's called 'The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.'
[indicating audience] I think they'd like to see 'Hamlet.'

P4: Okay, so we'll call it 'The Complete Works of William Shakespeare Except Hamlet.'

P7: That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!

P4: Well if YOU wanna do it, then do it. I don't have to if I don't want to. I'll sit here and watch you two do it.

Audition Side I (P3, P5, P7)

- P3:** The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold.
- P7:** Look, my lord, it comes!
- P3:** Angels and ministers of grace defend us.
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
- P5:** Mark me!
- P3:** Speak. I am bound to hear.
- P5:** So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.
If ever thou didst thy dear father love
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
- P3:** Murder!
- P7:** Murder!
- P5:** The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
- P3:** My uncle.
- P7:** Your uncle!
- P5:** Let not the royal bed of Denmark
Become a couch for incest.
- P3:** Incest!
- P7:** A couch!
- P5:** Adieu, Hamlet, remember me! *[Exits]*
- P7:** My lord, this is strange!
- P3:** There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. So...
piss off. *[P7 exits]* I hereafter shall think meet to put an antic
disposition on. The time is out of joint. O cursed spite that ever I
was born to exit right.