



## INFORMATION

Please read this information carefully—there are a lot of details and answers to many questions included below. If you have any additional questions, please email [festival@theatreatfirst.org](mailto:festival@theatreatfirst.org).

**ABOUT THE SHOW** *Festival@First 9: Wicked Boston!* marks the return of Theatre@First's summer short play festival after a two-year hiatus! Six directors will take on six short Boston history-themed plays, chosen from 50 submissions. Please see the About the Plays document for information about our scripts and the available roles.

**PREPARATION** No monologues are requested for this audition. The sides to be used in auditions are available below and you are encouraged to review them.

**AUDITIONS** Please arrive 15 minutes before your scheduled audition time. If you have not filled out an audition form in advance, extra copies will be available. Headshots and resumes are welcome but not required. We understand that auditions are nerve-wracking—we want you to relax, have fun, and have every opportunity to show us what you can do.

**CALL-BACKS** Some actors may be called back to read again on Thursday, June 15th. We will send out an email when we issue callbacks. If you are not called back, this does not mean you are not cast. Really.

**NOTIFICATION** Casting decisions will be issued by Saturday, June 17th. Please make sure that your contact information is legible. If you have not heard from us by that time, please email [festival@theatreatfirst.org](mailto:festival@theatreatfirst.org)

**REHEARSALS** Rehearsals will take place at Unity Somerville on Tuesdays and Thursdays between 7 and 10pm, starting on Tuesday, June 27th. Generally speaking, each play will rehearse for an hour a week, although your director may choose to hold table work rehearsals in June. Not all actors will be required to attend all rehearsals. There will be no rehearsals at Unity on Tuesday, July 4<sup>th</sup>.

**STUMBLE-THROUGH** Everyone will be asked to attend an all-cast stumble-through at 7pm on Thursday, July 20th at Unity.

**CONFLICTS** Please be sure to indicate all potential conflicts on the calendar on the back of the Audition Form. Every attempt will be made to accommodate conflicts, but once the schedule is set, it is hard to adjust it. If you do not have your calendar available at auditions, you may email [festival@theatreatfirst.org](mailto:festival@theatreatfirst.org) with additional conflict information.

**WORK DAYS** Actors are expected to attend two work days during the rehearsal period to participate in the construction of set, costumes, props, etc. These will be held on Saturday afternoons at Unity Somerville. If you are not available for work days, the Technical Director will be happy to discuss other ways and times that you can help.

**PERFORMANCES** Opening night will be Friday, August 18th at 7pm at The Rockwell. Additional performances will take place on Saturday, August 19th at 7pm; Sunday, August 20th at 7pm; Thursday, August 24th at 7pm; Friday, August 25th at 7pm; and on Saturday, August 26th at 4pm.

**CREW** If you would like to join the technical crew and/or support staff of Festival@First 9, please make note of that on your audition form. Our producer or a technical lead will contact you regarding participation.

**FEEDBACK** We try to make our auditions as smooth and pleasant as possible. If you have comments or questions regarding the process, please speak to one of our staff, or email [festival@theatreatfirst.org](mailto:festival@theatreatfirst.org)

**Thank you very much for auditioning for Theatre@First.**

Chris DeKalb  
Producer, Festival@First 9

Shelley MacAskill  
Director, Festival@First 9

## SIDE A

### The Hunchback of Boston Common, (Hunchback, Ludington)

HUNCHBACK: *(Boston accent)* Car trouble?

LUDINGTON: AAAHHH!!!

HUNCHBACK: You all right there, buddy?

LUDINGTON: M-m-mutant!

HUNCHBACK: Where?!

LUDINGTON: Y-y-you're...the Hunchback! Of Boston Common!

HUNCHBACK: Oh, for fu--I've been trying to get people to say "Hunchback of Boston Comm" for months, so it rhymes with "Notre Dame," but it just isn't sticking. *(beat)* Listen, ah...

LUDINGTON: Ludington.

HUNCHBACK: Ludington! So, Ludington, can I ask you somethin'?

LUDINGTON: S-sure.

HUNCHBACK: You heard that I was some giant, evil, cannibal mutant, didn't you?

LUDINGTON: ...yeah.

HUNCHBACK: Do I look giant to you?

LUDINGTON: N-no.

HUNCHBACK: Do I look evil to you?

LUDINGTON: That...that actually seems kind of subjective, I mean, "evil" isn't really the kind of thing you can--

HUNCHBACK: *(interrupting)* That's fine, totally fair. Do I seem like I'm gonna eat you? *(silence)* I'll give you a hint - most people \*hate\* having conversations with their food before they eat.

LUDINGTON: So you're \*not\* going to eat me.

HUNCHBACK: Naaah.

LUDINGTON: Ohthankgoodness.

HUNCHBACK: So, now that that's cleared up - tell me, what is it you and your friends were having trouble with here?

## SIDE B

### The Hunchback of Boston Common, Side B (Hunchback, Hancock, Hutchinson)

HUNCHBACK: So, do you all remember where you were when the bombs started falling?

HUTCHINSON and HANCOCK: *(in unison)* Dunkin' Donuts.

HUNCHBACK: Oh, which one?

*(different answers in unison)*

HUTCHINSON: Alewife.

HANCOCK: Newbury Street.

HUNCHBACK: Huh. Nice.

HANCOCK: How about you?

HUNCHBACK: Basement of Trinity Church. Which is why I started going by Quasimodo. If I'd been in a chemistry lab, I'd be Igor.

HANCOCK: The basement? If you're callin' yourself "Quasimodo," shouldn't you have been in the clock tower?

HUNCHBACK: If I'd been in the clock tower, I wouldn't've been a hunchback, I'd be vapor.

*(HANCOCK is crestfallen. HUNCHBACK takes pity on him.)*

So where'd you set up shop?

HANCOCK: We managed to join up with an enclave of survivors in the ruins of Fenway Park. Too small to call it a city, per se, but enough to have guards and neighbors and communal meals. It's nice.

HUNCHBACK: So the ballpark's still standing?

HUTCHINSON: Sure is. A bona fide miracle. It's a great place to be, especially if you're a baseball fan. We dug up loads of souvenirs from the old storage rooms. Hey - did you ever get the chance to catch a Sox game before the war?

HUNCHBACK: ...yeah, actually. Couple of away games, never made it up to Fenway.

*(HUTCHINSON gets up and begins pantomiming pitching and swinging actions, increasing in excitement over their line.)*

HUTCHINSON: Boy, the Red Sox were something back in the day. The 2020 World Series, against the Yankees? Game Seven? Bottom of the eighth,

## SIDE B

score's tied. Pagliarulo steps up to the plate, it's a low fastball and WHAM!! It's flying high, it's flying long, and it's GONE! Three run homer, stick a fork in those pinstripes, because they - are - done!

*(Sounds of pleasant reminiscing from HANCOCK. High-fives may be exchanged. HUTCHINSON sits back down.)*

Now I can't even remember the last time I saw a baseball bat without nails in it.

## SIDE C

### Mother Goose's Grave (Mary, Mrs. Ball)

- MARY: Mother . . . Mother Goose?
- MRS BALL: Mother Goose?
- MARY: Uh, yeah? I brought you back from the dead? See, pentagram, candle --
- MRS BALL: (*feeling herself*) I am a ghost?
- MARY: Or possibly a zombie. I got it from SpellsOfMagic dot com and I wasn't completely clear on that part --
- MRS BALL: For what purpose have I been summoned to the mortal plane?
- MARY: Because only you can help me, Mother Goose.
- MRS BALL: I may be a ghost, but I'm not Mother Goose. Mother Goose isn't real.
- MARY: Ghosts aren't real.
- MRS BALL: Mother Goose is a *fictional character*.
- MARY: No, Mother Goose lived in Boston and she -- *you* were buried here in the Old Granary Burial Ground. I learned about it on a Duck Tour.
- MRS BALL: The Granary Burying Ground is in Boston. This is Mount Auburn Cemetery. In Cambridge. I know where I was buried.
- MARY: How would you know, you were dead!
- MRS BALL: I am not arguing about this! I am not Mother Goose! And how is it possible that *you* do not know in which cemetery you are *raising the dead*?

## SIDE D

### Mother Goose's Grave (Mary, Mrs. Ball)

- MARY: You buried your husband alive?!
- MRS BALL: It appears so.
- MARY: I guess you were right. We *do* all make foolish mistakes. You know, I feel a little better! . . . Why did you say I could make it up to you?
- MRS BALL: My spirit remained on this mortal plane only until I was interred, so I learned what happened to James, but I never saw him. Please, raise my husband so I can beg his forgiveness!
- MARY: Oh, no. I am done with all that. I think it's obvious I have no business messing with dark forces.
- MRS BALL: Why not? You seem to have done a superior job with me. I feel quite solid. How long does the spell last?
- MARY: I don't even know! I'm starting to realize that I didn't entirely think this plan through. I get now that I need to be smarter about this kind of thing.
- MRS BALL: You *must* help me! Why would you bring me back and not help me find eternal peace?
- MARY: No, I brought you back so you could help me!
- MRS BALL: You are a selfish, stupid girl! And if you don't help me, I -- I'll -- I'll follow you home! I'll haunt you forever! (*MRS BALL tries to be scary.*)
- MARY: Really? You're not exactly horror-movie material. Are you going to sing me lullabies into an early grave?
- MRS BALL: For the last time, I'm not Mother Goose!

## SIDE E

Reverse the Curse (2004), (Lucy, Susan)

LUCY: I wish grandma were here to see this.

SUSAN: You know she wouldn't have approved of any of this, honey.

LUCY: She might have.

SUSAN: I don't think so.

LUCY: But she approved of me! And she approved— [of my sister]

SUSAN: She did. She loved her grandchildren very much.

LUCY: She loved you, too.

SUSAN: [Beat.] "Love the sinner, hate the sin."

LUCY: I think she would have come around by now. I wish you'd come with us to see her more often.

SUSAN: I did what I could. For both of you.

LUCY: I'm glad you let us see her, at least.

SUSAN: I was never going to stand in your way. I believe in letting children make their own choices.

LUCY: ... ouch.

SUSAN: Sorry. It's been hard, you know that.

LUCY: Are you mad that we didn't cut her out of your life like you did?

SUSAN: No. You didn't need to keep your distance like I did. She didn't hurt you the way she hurt me.

LUCY: I was hurt by how she treated you! And so— [was your partner]

SUSAN: Sure. But it wasn't your battle to fight.

LUCY: I would have.

SUSAN: I didn't want you to.

LUCY: I still could have.

## SIDE E

SUSAN: No, I'm pretty stubborn. I wouldn't have let you.

LUCY: I thought I was allowed to make my own choices.

SUSAN: We all are.

LUCY: So I'm not going to talk you out of wearing jeans, then?

SUSAN: Are you changing the subject?

LUCY: Maybe. But I'd prefer if you changed your outfit.

## SIDE F

Reverse the Curse (2004), (Molly, Janet)

JANET: Where are my lucky socks?

MOLLY: I dyed them pink.

JANET: You didn't.

MOLLY: I might have.

JANET: No!

MOLLY: They're in the laundry.

JANET: You washed them?!

MOLLY: Yes. You know me, I love doing laundry!

JANET: Don't scare me like that!

MOLLY: I mean, maybe if you let me pursue traditionally feminine pursuits, I would have. Or baked us a pie.

JANET: A... pie?

MOLLY: Boston Cream. A "reverse the curse" Boston Cream pie.

JANET: That's not a thing.

MOLLY: It should be.

JANET: Did I ever tell you about the time your grandfather threw a Boston Cream pie at me?

MOLLY: (*sighs*) Yes.

JANET: It was in 1978... Sox versus Yankees. The tie-breaker. I came home from college to watch the game with him.

MOLLY: It probably would have been okay if you hadn't told him you were dating a Yankees fan.

JANET: True. I think that pissed him off even more than the fact that she was a woman.

MOLLY: I'm glad that relationship didn't work out.

## SIDE F

JANET: Me too. Yankees suck!

MOLLY: No, I mean, because if it had, I probably wouldn't be here.

JANET: It's all about you, isn't it?

MOLLY: 'Cause I'm a pretty, pretty princess!

JANET: You and your hideous pink baseball cap.

MOLLY: It got us this far.

JANET: Knock on wood.

## SIDE G

### *The Song is You, (Wendy, Trumpeter)*

WENDY: I want to go back... The dance floor was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Palm trees covered in lights. The ceiling in blue satin. The band... the trumpet playing just for me. And when I danced, I felt like I was shining in the night sky like a star.

TRUMPETER: You were a star. The brightest on the dance floor.

WENDY: Who are you, Mr. Trumpet Player? When I was dancing with Bob, I was watching you.

TRUMPETER: I was watching you, too. You almost made me lose my place.

BOB: Wendy! What are you doing? Get in here you stupid broad!

TRUMPETER: Wendy. I wanted to know your name.

WENDY: The palm tree was on fire. The man was next to it. I shouldn't have looked. Oh, God!

*Wendy staggers back and puts her hand to her head.*

WENDY: I feel dizzy. I can't breathe. I can't breathe!

TRUMPETER: Breathe, Wendy.

WENDY: The air out here is fine.

TRUMPETER: Keep singing and don't be afraid.

## SIDE H

### The Song is You, (Wendy, June)

JUNE: Hello! Is someone there? There was a light, guiding me on. And I heard singing.

WENDY: That was me.

JUNE: Are you the only one here? Paul? Paul Bartlett, are you here?

WENDY: Paul Bartlett the bandleader? Of course, you're June Lively! It was a dream to see you sing. We were all so excited to see you sharing a stage with Paul again... He's not here. I'm sorry.

JUNE: We got back together tonight. He stopped drinking, it was like old times... He went back for this new kid Artie... He said he'd be right behind me. *(pause)* This goddamn place. Fabric on the ceiling. What kind of an idiot put fabric on the ceiling? Jesus.

*June coughs.*

JUNE: I'm so tired. I just want to lie down.

*She sinks to the floor. Wendy shakes her.*

WENDY: No, don't give up.

JUNE

What's the use? We're all going to die. I want to get in some shut eye, first.

WENDY: No! I used to listen to you on the radio. I'm not going to let you die! C'mon and sing with me.  
*(singing)*  
Every morning, every evening...

*June doesn't move.*

WENDY: Paul said your name. That was his last word.

*June bolts up.*

JUNE: How could you know that?

WENDY: I don't know. I just do.

## SIDE I

Swing & Miss, (Dave, Caroline, Tessie)

CAROLINE: (to Dave) You ARE up to something, aren't you?

DAVE: Well, I can't ask you *now*!

CAROLINE: Oh my God!

TESSIE: So... no dessert?

CAROLINE: Dave, you can't just say something like that! Are you going to... Oh my God!

DAVE: Just calm down, okay? I did have something I wanted to ask you. I've just been nervous about it all night. I didn't mean to stress you out too.

CAROLINE: *Ohh...oh.* It's okay.

TESSIE: So just the check then?

*Dave gets on one knee, takes Caroline's hand. She beams at him.*

DAVE: Caroline Marie Bennett, I love you so much. The last year has been the best of my life. We've already made it through so much together that I know we can handle whatever else comes our way in the future. With that in mind, honey, I just wanted to ask you one question. Will you...Would you...

TESSIE: Spit it out already, guy.

DAVE: (*holds out ticket*) Would you do the honor of becoming my official plus-one forever?

*Caroline takes the ticket from him, holding it out with two fingers.*

DAVE: Well? Will you?

CAROLINE: Your Red Sox season ticket? As in, I get to sit next to you at every Red Sox game for the rest of time? Um, Dave? Are you sure that's the question you want to ask me tonight?

TESSIE: Oh, look at that. Table five needs me...

DAVE: I can't think of a more perfect time to...

## SIDE I

CAROLINE: Because I'd be willing to give you one more try. Are you 100% positive you want to give me *this*?

DAVE: Of course! Who else would I give it to?

CAROLINE: It's our anniversary. We're dressed up. Sitting in a fancy Italian restaurant. Drinking fancy wine. Eating... hey, what happened to your dessert? (*Dave shrugs*) Anyway, all of this romance is happening all around us and you want to know if I'll take your second season pass...forever? This is unbelievable.

DAVE: I know? It's huge. But I'm ready to commit, honey. It's time.

## SIDE J

### Swing & Miss, (Dave, Caroline, Tessie)

CAROLINE: And you know what, Tessie? While you're here, I could actually use your help with something.

DAVE: Oh, come on!

CAROLINE: No, no, no. You're done talking for now. So Tessie, do you have a partner?

TESSIE: You are the third couple to ask me that tonight. The answer is no, I am not interested in whatever kinky three-ways you people are...

CAROLINE: No! I didn't mean...

DAVE: Nice job.

CAROLINE: Shh! Tessie, what I meant to ask was, if you were in a relationship with someone... A serious, committed relationship that you invested your heart and soul into. And then your anniversary came and you got all dressed up, fancy underwear and all, and went to dinner with that person, and then they asked you to take a season ticket for a team that you've loathed since infancy...what would you do?

TESSIE: Nope, I'm not doing this.

CAROLINE: Come on, it's a simple question. What would you say?

TESSIE: Should I pour that wine for you now?

DAVE: But what if that season ticket represented that partner's heart and soul? His undying love and affection, the commitment he is prepared to offer.

TESSIE: I don't get paid enough for this.

DAVE: Your tip will be bigger if you side with me, just saying.

CAROLINE: And your conscience will be clear if you side with *me*.

TESSIE: Oh, no no no no no. I am not involved. Nope. This is all you. (*exit*)

DAVE: That was inappropriate.

## SIDE J

- CAROLINE: So is handing your girlfriend a season ticket instead of an engagement ring.
- DAVE: And there it is. The real issue.
- CAROLINE: It's an additional issue, Dave. I still like the Yankees, no matter how many carats you put on my finger.
- DAVE: You *like* them, huh? You don't love them.
- CAROLINE: You know what I mean...
- DAVE: Oh, I do. Because what I heard is *I could learn to like another team too*.
- CAROLINE: No.
- DAVE: Just come to a few games, get to know some Sox fans. Maybe have some peanuts. Some cracker jacks. Ya know. Live it up in Fenway a couple times. Sing along with your song.
- CAROLINE: So now you're going to *convert* me?
- DAVE: (*shrugs*) Why waste the ticket?

## SIDE K

### Masshole Transit, (Jack, Seamus)

JACK SEAMUS!

SEAMUS (jumps) Jesus, Jack! Don't do that! I nearly soiled my tunnel.

JACK Well, maybe if you'd stop singing, I wouldn't start you so much

SEAMUS We're Irish. I'm working. It's what we do.

JACK You could at least sing a happier song.

SEAMUS It's 1896.

JACK So?

SEAMUS I don't think we have any happy songs yet. (pause) Anyway, it's creepy down here. Between the dark and those old coffins they found –

JACK They moved the coffins.

SEAMUS There was 900 of them!

JACK I know. They tool them all out and piled them up on CowPath 95 to get sorted.

SEAMUS That must be holding up traffic for miles!

JACK No one who drives 95 will even notice.

SEAMUS But who knows what else is down here? At the church this week, the pastor said:  
*(in an overly dramatic voice)*  
"Underground is the devil's house! This subway will unleash torture, demons and hellfire! Boston will become the house of Satan!"

JACK Yeah, he drinks a lot.

SEAMUS I still think it's unnatural

JACK A subway is the next big thing. And if we bust our butts, we'll have the first one in America.

SEAMUS Why hurry? Someone else can clear out the worms and ghosts, I say.

## SIDE K

JACK                   And have New York finish their subway first? We can't let those Broadway bumbleschmucks win.

SEAMUS               Is a subway really worth a big city rivalry? It's not something important, like baseball.

## SIDE L

### Masshole Transit, (Jack, Seamus, Charlie)

CHARLIE I'm the demon of Boston Common, and your pal here has been chippin' at my door all morning. So I came out to say "hihowareya."

SEAMUS Oh lord. Are you going to kill us? And chop us up? And boil our bones in a stew?

CHARLIE No, no, and no. You been listenin' to too many of them Salem witch tales. I ain't gonna hurt yiz. In fact, I'm gonna help yiz.

JACK Help? Why would you help us?

CHARLIE 'Cause I seen the future. The next hundred years or so, New York's gonna be a wicked pain in your ass. I figure you should win his one, just for starters.

JACK *(to Seamus)* Did you get all that?

SEAMUS *(to Jack)* Not a word. But I think he might not eat us.

CHARLIE I'm trying to tell yiz, I can help you get this subway built before New York's. You wanna stick it to 'em, don't yiz?

JACK Um, we think so. If we understand what that means.

CHARLIE Super. You'll show those cocky Manhattan a-holes what for. That'll teach 'em for the twentieth century.

SEAMUS Wait. Are you saying New York will terrorize Boston for the next hundred years?

CHARLIE It'll feel like a hundred. Lookit: Bucky fricking Dent. Aaron fricking Boone. Eli fricking Manning. Derek fricking Jeter. A-fricking Rod.

JACK Lord. Are those bandits? Gangsters?

CHARLIE Bums, is what they are. You understand? That's why you gotta bang this subway out first. You in? *(they nod)* Pissah. Now, I can clear this rock with the snap of my fingers.

JACK What's the catch?

SEAMUS The catch is that he's going to sic 666 legions of demons on us!

## **SIDE L**

CHARLIE            Kid, you really have to stop believing those silly rumors. There's only one legion. We unionized years ago.

JACK                So, you'll move this rock for us for free, Mr...?

CHARLIE            Charlie.

JACK                Charlie. That sounds like a friendly name.