

AUDITION for 5 w

(In this mini-scene Katherine, Rosalind, and Cleopatra are meeting at Lady Macbeth's home when two others arrive unexpectedly. Rosalind, dressed as a man, has come to ask for directions, and Juliet, a very young new wife, has come to meet her neighbors. This scene may be used royalty free for auditions or classroom work.)

(LADY MACBETH crosses to door and opens it. ROSALIND is standing there, dressed as a man.)

LADY MACBETH: *(Cont'd.)* Yes, can I help you?

ROSALIND: I seem to be lost. I'm looking for Forest Drive.

LADY MACBETH: This is Stratford Lane.

ROSALIND: I know it is, but I was wondering if you could tell me—

CLEOPATRA: *(Notices that it's a man at the door, she smacks her head.)* That's it!

KATHERINE: What's it?

CLEOPATRA: The big news! There's a new man wandering around Stratford Lane!

(ALL turn to stare at ROSALIND. Awkward silence ensues.)

ROSALIND: *(Waves weakly.)* Hi.

CLEOPATRA: *(Escorts ROSALIND in.)* Come in, come in. What can we do for you?

ROSALIND: I'm looking for this place on Forest Drive. I think it's Greek.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, you mean Alpha Beta Soupa house.

TITANIA: Of course, you would know where every frat house is, Cleo.

CLEOPATRA: *(Defensively.)* So I was invited to a couple of frat parties—

KATHERINE: I never realized that the cats the Egyptians worshipped were—

TITANIA / KATHERINE: Cougars! *(THEY give each other high fives.)*

CLEOPATRA: Very funny.

ROSALIND: Excuse me? If you could just direct me to this Alpha Beta Songa...

CLEOPATRA: That's "Soupa." As in frat parties. Are you pledging?

ROSALIND: *(Thinking aloud.)* You know, I could pledge a fraternity if I wanted to, since I'm a man and all.

TITANIA: *(Confused.)* That's...nice.

ROSALIND: Because I love doing manly stuff like *(Beat.)* watching football and *(Beat.)* fixing carburetors and *(Beat, swings arms outward.)* peeing in the great outdoors—

KATHERINE: And other manly pursuits like calling the sun the moon?

ROSALIND: *(Confused at first, but rolls with it.)* Yeah, that. And calling the rock the stick and calling the Miller the Budweiser and—

KATHERINE: Why are you here?

ROSALIND: *(Beat.)* I'm looking for a man.

CLEOPATRA: Get in line, sweetie.

ROSALIND: His name is Orlando—

KATHERINE: Orlando Bloom, the actor?

CLEOPATRA: Tony Orlando, the singer?

LADY MACBETH: You've really dated yourself there, Cleo.

TITANIA: Well, no one else will date her right now. *(CLEOPATRA glares.)*

ROSALIND: Orlando's not a singer or an actor; he's a wrestler.

CLEOPATRA: Wrestler? Oh, those unitards are so...nice.

KATHERINE: Down, girl.

TITANIA: Why are you looking for this Orlando?

ROSALIND: You see, I'm a duch—*(Lowers her voice.)* duke who has been disinherited by my evil uncle.

LADY MACBETH: *(Confused.)* You're a Dutch duke? I don't notice much of an accent.

ROSALIND: Oh, well, I only spent a little time there. *(LADY MACBETH looks confused.)* That is, I grew up mostly away from there. *(LADY MACBETH looks confused.)*

ROSALIND: *(Cont'd.)* Anyway, I'm afraid I made an ass of myself and hurt Orlando's feelings. I'm trying to find him to patch things up.

LADY MACBETH: Let me get this straight. You are a duke, a man who is powerful. *(Moves closer to ROSALIND and eyes her flirtatiously.)*

TITANIA: You are a man who made...an ass of himself. *(Moves closer to ROSALIND and eyes her flirtatiously.)*

KATHERINE: You are a man who...is sensitive about someone's feelings. *(Moves closer to ROSALIND and eyes her flirtatiously.)*

CLEOPATRA: You are...a man. *(Moves closer to ROSALIND and eyes her flirtatiously.)*

MAC / CLEO / TITANIA / KATE: I find that very attractive.

(WOMEN flirt with ROSALIND, who is visibly uncomfortable.)

CLEOPATRA: What is your name?

ROSALIND: Ganymede.

KATHERINE: Really? And I thought Petrucchio was an odd name.

LADY MACBETH: Ganymede? Never heard of you. Why do you look familiar?

(SFX: Knock at the door. Nobody moves.)

ROSALIND: *(Beat.)* Isn't someone going to get that?

LADY MACBETH: *(Sighs.)* I will. *(SHE crosses to door.)*

(ROSALIND takes the opportunity to extricate herself from the clutches of the other women, who sit at table again. LADY MACBETH opens the door to JULIET.)

JULIET: Hi! My name is Juliet and—

LADY MACBETH: I've already bought my Girl Scout cookies for this year. Thank you.

(SHE slams the door then turns around to go back to the group. JULIET knocks again. LADY MACBETH sighs and opens door.)

LADY MACBETH: I told you—

JULIET: But I'm not a Girl Scout.

LADY MACBETH: Brownies?

JULIET: I'm not selling cookies or brownies.

LADY MACBETH: No, I meant "Brownies" as in the girls younger than Girl Scouts.

TITANIA: Oh, invite her in, Mac. I don't think she's selling anything.

(LADY MACBETH opens the door to let JULIET in.)

JULIET: Thank you. *(Enters cheerily.)* You see, I'm new to the neighborhood, and I thought I'd introduce myself to other married women.

KATHERINE: *Other* married women?

JULIET: Yes.

CLEOPATRA: Dearie, I've got socks older than you. And none of them are matched.

KATHERINE: How long have you been married?

JULIET: Eight hours and *(Looks at watch.)* twenty-three minutes.

LADY MACBETH: That long?

TITANIA: Eight hours? You were married in the middle of the night?

JULIET: We were married in secret. *(Sits at table.)*

CLEOPATRA: Were your Barbie dolls your bridesmaids?

JULIET: No. You don't understand. We had to get married in secret. We belong to warring factions—

TITANIA: Do you mean the Jets and the Sharks?

JULIET: No.

LADY MACBETH: Republicans and Democrats?

JULIET: No.

ROSALIND: *(In a high voice and excited.)* Wedding planners and mothers of the bride? *(ALL look at her. Says again in a lower voice.)* I mean, ninjas and pirates?

JULIET: No. The Capulets and Montagues.
TITANIA: Capulets?
JULIET: Yes, that is my family.
TITANIA: Really? (*Appraises her.*) How interesting.
KATHERINE: You've heard of the Capulets?
TITANIA: Our paths...may have crossed.
KATHERINE: I've never heard of either the Capulets or the Montagues or their feud.
JULIET: Ours is a tragic story of star-crossed lovers—
CLEOPATRA: Oh, please. "Tragic"? Did your boyfriend—
JULIET: Husband—
CLEOPATRA: Lose the greatest empire in the world because he was distracted by your devastating beauty?
JULIET: Well, no...
CLEOPATRA: Mine did.
TITANIA: Or did your consort—
JULIET: Husband—
TITANIA: Sprinkle fairy dust on your eyes so that you fell in love with a donkey-headed bottom feeder?
JULIET: No.
TITANIA: Mine did.
LADY MACBETH: Or did your thane—
JULIET: Husband—
LADY MACBETH: (*Increasingly crazed and bloodthirsty.*) Wimp out about killing the king and framing the guards and leave you to execute the dastardly deed?
JULIET: No.
LADY MACBETH: (*Beat.*) Me neither. (*ALL look confused.*) Nope.
JULIET: That's nothing. My husband—
MAC / CLEO / TITANIA / KATHERINE: Boyfriend.
JULIET: Climbed up to my balcony. (*ALL stare at JULIET.*) After curfew. (*ALL stare at JULIET.*) I think he broke one of Daddy's shingles.
KATHERINE: Yep. That's tragic.
JULIET: And my parents are forcing me to marry someone else.
KATHERINE: I thought you said you were already married.
JULIET: *Secretly* married.

KATHERINE: So what are you going to do?
JULIET: Why, the only thing a star-crossed lover can do in
this tragic tale. (*Pulls out vial.*) Take this poison.
CLEOPATRA: Someone has got to teach you a sense of
proportion.
KATHERINE: You tell her, Miss Snake-Hugger.

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