

# SHAKESPEARE, HORNY TOADS, AND BANANA PEELS

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by  
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**ONE - (a female auditioner)**

**TWO - (a girl)**

**THREE - (Either male or female. Should the scene be staged as a duet, TWO plays THREE, leaving the stage and transforming into a completely different character.)**

**(A blank stage. TWO is busying himself about the stage. Enter ONE, an auditioner.)**

ONE: Hi, my name is Donna, and my audition piece is—**(stops herself)** Oh! I'm so sorry. I didn't realize you'd be on stage.

TWO: **(surprised)** What?

ONE: Sorry. I'm so nervous. Do you want me to start over?

TWO: I don't think that's necessary...

ONE: You haven't cast the show already, have you?

TWO: Well, I—

ONE: Give me a chance. I'm just perfect for this part.

TWO: But I'm not—

ONE: Please! Just sit down, Ma'am.

TWO: Yes, but—

ONE: **(complete embarrassment)** Don't make me beg. **(pause)**. Please. **(pause)** Please? **(pause)** Please, please, please, please, please, please, oh, I'm begging you, PLEASE!!!!

TWO: **(pause)** Oh, well. What the heck.

ONE: Oh, thank you! You won't regret this. Ready? **(clears throat. Obvious performance)** I'm Donna Jones. And I'm doing Ophelia from Hamlet. **(strikes dramatic pose)** Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword. The glass of fashion and the mold of form. Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down! That unmatched form and stature of blown youth blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me t' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! **(pause)** Thank you.

TWO: Uh. Thank you.

ONE: **(pause)** Well? **(pause)** Um. What did you think?

TWO: That was from Hamlet?

ONE: **(slow take)** Well, duh! It's—**(pause)** Oh! Why am I so stupid. Of course you know it's from Hamlet. You're a Shakespearean director.

TWO: Oh. Yeah.

ONE: That was a good joke. Really. **(pause)** But what did you really think? Of my monologue? I mean. Of me?

TWO: Oh. Well. It was.... good.

ONE: **(excited)** It was good!

TWO: Sure.

ONE: Am I called back?

TWO: Look—

ONE: Please! I mean, I know I'm right for this part. I saw some of the other actresses out there, and I can act circles around them. I promise.

TWO: Is that right?

ONE: If I may be perfectly honest—the other girls are all nice girls and everything, but they can't—you know.

TWO: Can't what?

ONE: They're all so—plain. Just regular girls. They don't have what it takes.

TWO: Hmm. And you do?

ONE: Is it vain of me?

TWO: **(seething)** I can think of a few other words for it.

ONE: Oh! At last I've met someone who understands me.

TWO: Perhaps I *should* call you back.

ONE: Oh, yes! Thank you so much!

TWO: Right now.

ONE: Now!? Oh, you won't regret this!

TWO: I'm certain I won't. So do the scene for me again, and I'll direct you.

ONE: Oh, thank you! Thank you! **(Pause)** Um...are you ready? **(Pause. Starts to act)** Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

TWO: Say it with feeling.

ONE: (**taking it all in**) With feeling...

TWO: Like you've been socked in the face by a two-by-four. (**pause**) Maybe you need some inspiration—would you like me to hit you?

ONE: (**slow take**) Oh... OH! You're so funny!

TWO: Don't mention it.

ONE: Okay. I can do this. (**takes breath**) Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

TWO: That was crap.

ONE: Yeah. I felt it. Crap. (**breath**) Oh, what a noble....

TWO: (**mimes throwing up**) Blaaaaaaah!

ONE: That bad, huh?

TWO: Perhaps you're not right for this.

ONE: Oh, no! I can do it.

TWO: Then try to work up some emotion.

ONE: Oh, what a noble mind—

TWO: More emotional.

ONE: (**bigger**) Is here o'erthrown! The courtier's—

TWO: More!

ONE: (**bigger**) Soldier's, scholar's eye—

TWO: More!

ONE: (**major performance**) Scholar's eye, tongue, sword. The glass of fashion and the mold of form!!!!

TWO: No! No! No! What's your motivation here?

ONE: Well. Hamlet just told me—

TWO: Blah, blah, blah. Pure, unmitigated crap! (**pause**) Look. Someone just called you a name.

ONE: But in the scene before this—

TWO: Forget the scene before this. Reach deep inside yourself and pretend that someone called *you* a name.

ONE: Oh! Pretend they said it to *me*. Method acting. Like Stravinski or something.

TWO: Right..

ONE: (**Pause**) So I'm mad in the scene?

TWO: Not mad. That's too easy.

ONE: I'm upset?

TWO: Better.

ONE: About to cry.

TWO: Too easy.

ONE: To laugh?

TWO: Not enough.

ONE: To laugh and cry at the same time?

TWO: That's it! Laugh on one line and cry on the next.

ONE: I don't think I can do that.

TWO: Use your personal feelings. Think of something funny.

ONE: Like?

TWO: A clown.

ONE: I don't like clowns. They scare me.

TWO: Use it!

ONE: But when I was little this clown ran up and honked his horn real loud, and I wet my pants. Every time I see a clown I freak out. I have nightmares. I get so scared—

TWO: Fear! Good. Use that fear! Now. You need to think of something sad.

ONE: That's harder.

TWO: An ex-boyfriend?

ONE: He makes me angry.

TWO: A dead relative?

ONE: Don't have any.

TWO: A pet?

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