

Cast List

N.B. In the following list, the bracketed number shows the number of SPOKEN lines each role has.

An asterisk (*) before the character's name indicates that this character ALSO has solo sung or rapped lines.

Underlined parts will have auditions on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday after half term.

Singing parts will audition by singing "Sing" by Pentatonix (we sung this at the O2 last year).

Main Characters

Will (48)
Aubrey (42)
Al (26)

Will's Family

Anne (26)
 Hamnet (2)
 Judith (2)
 Susanna (1)
Ollie (18)

Fans & Minstrels

Fan 1 (3)
 Fan 2 (3)
 Fan 3 (3)
 Fan 4 (3)
 *Minstrel 1 (0)
 *Minstrel 2 (0)
 *Minstrel 3 (0)
 *Minstrel 4 (0)
Recorder
Player (10)
Lutenist (12)

The Rehearsal Room

*Burbage (17)
 *Nic (14)
 Man 1 (3)
 Man 2 (2)
 Man 3 (1)
 Man 4 (1)
 Woman 1 f (2)
 Woman 2 f (1)
 Woman 3 f (1)
 Woman 4 f (1)

The 'Scottish Play'

Director (14)
 Beryl (2)
 Beth (4)
 Babs (1)
Mac (13)
Banquo (10)
 Sorcerer 1 (2)
 Sorcerer 2 (2)
 Sorcerer 3 (2)
 Sorcerer 4 (4)
 Sorcerer 5 (3)
 Bernie (5)

The Globe Theatre

Actor 1 (3)
 Actor 2 (1)
 Actor 3 (1)
 Actor 4 (3)
 Heckler (1)
Queen (10)
 Painter 1 (2)
 Painter 2 (2)
 Painter 3 (2)
 Painter 4 (4)
 Street (14)
 Builder 1 (2)
 Builder 2 (1)
 Apple Seller (2)
 Beer Seller (4)
 *Romeo (11)
 *Juliet (12)

N.B. In addition to the characters listed, a chorus of Fans, Builders, Theatregoers, Beer Sellers, Apple Sellers, Instrumentalist Minstrels and Two Box Office Attendants will be required

Ollie Audition

FAN 1: He's definitely in his study today!
FAN 2: *(Pointing.)* I saw him go through that door!
FAN 3: *(Fanning herself.)* Oh! He makes me go all gooey!
FAN 4: *(To Fan 3.)* Eew! You haven't got the plague, have you?
FAN 1: Let's see if he'll sign our posters!
FANS AND
MINSTRELS: *(Chanting.)* We want Will! We want Will! We want Will!
WILL: *(Chanting.)* Go a – way!
OLLIE: Oh come now, William – they're your loyal fans. They follow you everywhere.
WILL: So do the lice in my hair but at least they don't pester me for autographs! Now go and tell those sycophants to clear off!

(Ollie walks over to the 'front door' and mimes opening it slowly.)

TRACK 4: SFX OVERLY CREAKY DOOR OPENING

OLLIE: *(Examining the invisible handle and turning back to Will.)* Sir, I think you should consider getting the door fixed!
WILL: Hmm, to creak or not to creak? That is the question.
FAN 2: *(Pointing.)* Someone's coming out!
FANS: Hooray!
FAN 3: *(Fainting into the arms of Fan 4.)* Ohhhh!
FAN 4: *(Looks around at everyone before dropping Fan 3 and pointing at the door.)* That's not Will!
OLLIE: Good people of London, Mister Shakespeare thanks you for your loyal support...
FANS: Hooray!
OLLIE: ...but he is very busy and cannot sign any autographs today.
FANS: *(Hanging their heads.)* Aww!
OLLIE: Now, please be on your way. Good day to you all. *(Mimes slamming the door.)*

TRACK 5: SFX OVERLY CREAKY DOOR SLAMMING

(The Fans and Minstrels mutter discontentedly and exit, dragging the unconscious Fan 3 offstage.)

WILL: Thank you Ollie. Now, what do you think of the new play?
OLLIE: It's great. But I'm not sure we have enough boys to play all the women characters. They're growing up too fast.

Banquo, Mac, Director Audition

(Mac and Banquo spot the Sorcerers.)

BANQUO: Oh, no! Essex girls!

MAC: No Banquo, even worse - we're in Scotland. They're probably Sorcerers, trying to sell us something. **(To the Sorcerers.)** Move aside, crones! We're not interested!

DIRECTOR: And cut! **(Stands up and struts across the stage.)** There's too much ad-libbing! Look, Mac, darling.

MAC: My *name* is Mac...

SORCERERS: Shh!

BANQUO: What, your real name is Macb...

SORCERERS: Shh!

MAC: No, stop interrupting! It's Mac...

SORCERERS: Shh!

MAC: ...Donald!

SORCERERS: Oh, right!

BANQUO: So your real name is MacDonald?

MAC: Yes!

BANQUO: Not Macb...

SORCERERS: Shh!

DIRECTOR: Will you stop that!

BETH: Don't you know that name is cursed?!

BABS: Beth, sweetheart. They're from out of town.

BANQUO: **(Pointing at Beth.)** Wait, your name is Beth?

BETH: Yes.

BANQUO: That's funny, I thought you said Macb...

SORCERERS: Shhhhhhhhhhh!

MAC: So how are we going to get through this play without spraying the audience with spit?

SORCERERS: Don't Mention Mac!

BANQUO: Can someone explain, why?

Aubrey, Will, Al, Ann Audition

(Will puts on a blonde wig, covers his head with a towel and enters. He sits at his desk, hunched over the washbowl. Aubrey and Al enter. Lights up.)

AUBREY: ***(Reading from the diary over the music.)*** 22nd April 1616. At the ripe old age of 52, it is unclear if my years have caught up with me or if I have contracted a slight case of bubonic plague.

(Will coughs noisily under the towel.)

AL: ***(Reading.)*** My symptoms and advancing years have inspired me to write a new soliloquy for Hamlet.

WILL: Achoo! To sneeze or not to sneeze? ***(Noisily wipes nose.)***

(The music finishes.)

AUBREY: ***(To Al.)*** This is the final entry. ***(Reading.)*** It is with great sadness I confess that I am dyeing. ***(Ed. – NOT a misprint!)***

EVERYBODY: ***(Sad.)*** Ah.

AL: ***(To the audience.)*** Oh, it's sadder than that - Will is dyeing! ***(Encourages audience.)***

EVERYBODY: ***(In loud exaggerated sadness.)*** Ahhhh!

AL: ***(To the audience.)*** Now you're being sarcastic!

ANNE: ***(Offstage.)*** Will, darling! You're not dyeing up there, are you?

WILL: ***(Nervously from underneath the towel.)*** Er, no sweetheart!

AUBREY: ***(Reading in a puzzled voice.)*** To bleach...or not to bleach?

(Aubrey and Al exit. Anne enters.)

ANNE: ***(Hands on hips and looking cross.)*** William Shakespeare! You've been dyeing your hair, haven't you?

(Will stands up and throws the towel off his head - revealing his ridiculous blonde wig.)

WILL: I can't stand going grey! This makes me feel younger. ***(He vainly runs his fingers through his wig.)***

ANNE: ***(Stroking her chin.)*** Actually, you do look rather dashing. You remind me of the giddy young writer I fell in love with.

WILL: Oh, yeah? Who was he, then?

Romeo, Juliet, Lutenist, Recorder Player

JULIET: Romeo, Romeo. Pwar! This smoke smells like school dinners! Where on earth are you, Romeo?

(Romeo moans as he wakes up.)

JULIET: Oh Romeo, my love! *(She runs to Romeo.)*

ROMEO: Juliet! What happened?

JULIET: We were both on stage then the theatre caught fire. Everything's burnt to a crisp. *(She helps Romeo up.)* Are you okay?

ROMEO: All the better for seeing you, Juliet.

MINSTRELS: *(From offstage.)* Juliet?!

(A Lute Player Minstrel and Recorder Player Minstrel enter.)

LUTENIST: *(To Recorder Player.)* I thought his name was Julian! *(To Juliet.)* You mean

MINSTRELS: *(Together.)* You're not a man-dressed-as-a-woman?!

JULIET: Er...

RECORDER

PLAYER: You are, in fact...

MINSTRELS: *(Together.)* A woman...dressed-as-a-man-dressed-as-a woman?!

JULIET: Well...

MINSTRELS: *(Together.)* And your name is...Juliet, not...Julian?!

ROMEO: Please don't tell anyone! I know there are no girls allowed. We'll both lose our jobs!

LUTENIST: What does it matter now? *(Melodramatic.)* We have lost our loved ones to the flames!

(The Lute Player and Recorder Player begin to sob.)

JULIET: I'm...so sorry about your families.

MINSTRELS: *(Together.)* What?! *(The sobbing instantly stops.)*

RECORDER

PLAYER: Our families are fine! We're talking about our instruments, our beloved instruments!

ROMEO: Oh! That reminds me. *(Pulls a charred recorder from his breeches.)* I fell on this during the panic - it really hurt!

Queen Audition

WILL: Your Majesty, what a pleasure it is to see you here. *(He bows to The Queen).*

QUEEN: Mister Shakespeare.

(Their conversation is interrupted by a group of Paparazzi Painters each equipped with a pencil and a large sketchpad.)

PAINTER 1: *(Entering.)* Evening, your maj!

QUEEN: *(Sarcastically.)* Oh, great!

PAINTER 2: *(Entering.)* Over here, your worshipfulness!

QUEEN: *(To herself.)* Pesky paparazzi painters!

PAINTER 3: *(Entering.)* Go on, give us a smile for the front page!

QUEEN: *(Putting on a false smile and waving.)* How I'd love to have their heads cut off!

WILL: Why don't you, Ma'am?

PAINTER 4: *(Entering.)* Oi, Shakey! Get in there with Queeny, eh?!

QUEEN: Because unlike my cousin Mary, they make me more popular with the people. Stand here. *(She drags Will closer to her and they pose awkwardly.)*

PAINTER 4: Yeah, that's the angle! Hold it there, please!

QUEEN: *(Still smiling.)* Just grin and bear it.

Burbage and Nic Audition

MAN 1: *(Whispering to Man 2.)* What is he on about?
BURBAGE: Silence, slack pants! *(Squares up to Man 1.)* Do you *really* wanna play a girl?!
MAN 1: *(Staring forward and shouting like a soldier.)* No sir, but I heard it pays well, sir!
BURBAGE: Then shut up and listen! I wonder if there's a feminine streak in any of you!
MAN 2: Did he say 'streak'?
BURBAGE: Stand up straight! *(Mimes whacking Man 2's legs with his cane.)*
MAN 2: Ow! *(He stands up straight.)*
BURBAGE: Now, I'd like you to meet my apprentice, Nic!

(Nic enters, flamboyantly brandishing a cane and shouting every line in an exaggerated American accent.)

NIC: Okay, boys, let's see what you got! Hands on your hips!

(Everyone places their hands on their hips.)

NIC: Left turn!

(Everyone turns their bodies to face stage left.)

NIC: Face forward!

(Everyone turns their faces to the audience.)

NIC: Aaaaand pout!

(Everyone pouts.)

BURBAGE: *(Swaggers along the line then points cane at Man 3.)* You, boy! Give me Romeo and Juliet, act 2, scene 2, Juliet!

MAN 3: *(Steps forward, clears throat and speaks gruffly.)* Oh Romeo, Romeo. Wherefore art thou...

NIC: Terrible! *(Points cane at Man 4.)* You! King Lear, act 1, scene 1, Cordelia!

MAN 4: *(Steps forward, clears throat and speaks croakily.)* I love your Majesty. According to my bond...

NIC: Pathetic! And get rid of that beard!

(Man 4 removes his fake beard.)