

Good Doctor Audition Information Form

Please complete and bring to Auditions

Auditions: February 20, 2024 @ 6:30pm

Performances: April 5, 6@7:30pm; April 7@2pm

For further information please contact Kim Santich (Director) at kimsantich@comcast.net or 720.289.8940

Readers Theatre is a unique theatrical format. The actors are not responsible for any memorization (they will have the scripts in front of them) There is little, or no, blocking, costumes, or set pieces.

This play is separated into mini-scenes, so rehearsals will be structured for maximum efficiency.

Name: (First & Last) _____

Mailing Address: _____

Phone: Cell _____ Home _____

Do you text (Yes/No) _____ Email _____

PLEASE indicate any conflicts you might have between now and opening night (April 5)

Please circle any other areas you might be interested in working on or learning about now or in the future at MCP

Costumes	Set Design	Backstage	Marketing
Sound	Set Construction	Props	Board of Directors
Lights	Publicity	Make-up	Usher

Other: _____

[*Cue 12.*] . . . Witness the predicament of a young governess who cares for and educates the children of a well-to-do family. (*Light up on the MISTRESS of the house at her desk. She has an account book in front of her.*)

MISTRESS. Julia!

NARRATOR. Trapped, indeed. . . .

MISTRESS. (*Calls again.*) Julia! (*A young governess, JULIA, comes rushing in U. C. She stops before the desk and curtsies.*)

JULIA. (*Head down.*) Yes, Madame?

MISTRESS. Look at me, child. Pick your head up. I like to see your eyes when I speak to you.

JULIA. (*Picks head up.*) Yes, Madame. (*But her head has a habit of slowly drifting down again.*)

MISTRESS. And how are the children coming along with their French lessons?

JULIA. They're very bright children, Madame.

MISTRESS. Eyes up. . . . They're bright, you say. Well, why not? . . . And mathematics? They're doing well in mathematics, I assume?

JULIA. Yes, Madame. Especially Vanya.

MISTRESS. Certainly. I knew it. I excelled in mathematics. . . . He gets that from his mother, wouldn't you say?

JULIA. Yes, Madame.

MISTRESS. Head up. . . . (*She picks head up.*) That's it. Don't be afraid to look people in the eyes, my dear. . . . If you think of yourself as inferior, that's exactly how people will treat you. . . .

JULIA. Yes, M'am.

MISTRESS. A quiet girl, aren't you? . . . Now then, let's settle our accounts. . . . I imagine you must need money although you never ask me for it yourself. . . . Let's see now, we agreed on thirty rubles a month, did we not?

JULIA. (*Surprised.*) Forty, M'am.

MISTRESS. No, no, thirty. I made a note of it. (*Points*

to book.) I always pay my governesses thirty. . . . Who told you forty?

JULIA. You did, M'am. I spoke to no one else concerning money. . . .

MISTRESS. Impossible. . . . Maybe you *thought* you heard forty when I said thirty. . . . If you kept your head up that would never happen. . . . Look at me again and I'll say it clearly . . . *Thirty rubles a month.*

JULIA. If you say so, M'am.

MISTRESS. Settled. Thirty a month it is. . . . Now then, you've been here two months exactly.

JULIA. Two months and five days.

MISTRESS. No, no. Exactly two months. I made a note of it. . . . You should keep books the way I do so there wouldn't be these discrepancies. . . . So—we have two months at thirty rubles a month, comes to sixty rubles. Correct?

JULIA. (*Curtseys.*) Yes, M'am. Thank you, M'am.

MISTRESS. Subtract nine Sundays . . . We did agree to subtract Sundays, didn't we?

JULIA. No, M'am.

MISTRESS. Eyes! Eyes! . . . Certainly we did. . . . I've always subtracted Sundays. I didn't bother making a note of it because I always do it. . . . Don't you recall when I said we will subtract Sundays?

JULIA. No, M'am.

MISTRESS. Think.

JULIA. (*Thinks.*) . . . No, M'am.

MISTRESS. You weren't thinking. Your eyes were wandering. . . . Look straight at my face and look hard. . . . Do you remember now?

JULIA. (*Softly.*) Yes, M'am.

MISTRESS. I didn't hear you, Julia.

JULIA. (*Louder.*) Yes, M'am.

MISTRESS. Good. I was sure you'd remember. . . . Plus three holidays. Correct?

JULIA. Two, M'am. Christmas and New Years.

MISTRESS. And your birthday. That's three.

JULIA. I worked on my birthday, M'am.

MISTRESS. You did? There was no need to. My governesses never worked on their birthdays. . . .

JULIA. But I did work, M'am.

MISTRESS. But that's not the question, Julia. We're discussing financial matters now. I will, however, only count two holidays if you insist. . . . Do you insist?

JULIA. I did work, M'am.

MISTRESS. Then you *do* insist.

JULIA. No, M'am.

MISTRESS. Very well . . . That's three holidays, therefore we take off twelve rubles. . . . Now then, four days little Kolya was sick and there were no lessons.

JULIA. But I gave lessons to Vanya.

MISTRESS. True. But I engaged you to teach two children, not one. Shall I pay you in full for doing only half the work?

JULIA. No, M'am.

MISTRESS. So we'll deduct it. . . . Now, three days you had a toothache and my husband gave you permission not to work after lunch. Correct?

JULIA. After four. I worked until four.

MISTRESS. (*Looks in book.*) I have here, "Did not work after lunch." . . . We have lunch at one and are finished at two, not at four, correct?

JULIA. Yes, M'am. But I—

MISTRESS. That's another seven rubles . . . Seven and twelve is nineteen . . . Subtract . . . that leaves . . . Forty-one rubles. . . . Correct?

JULIA. Yes, M'am. Thank you, M'am.

MISTRESS. Now then, on January fourth you broke a teacup and saucer, is that true?

JULIA. Just the saucer, M'am.

MISTRESS. What good is a teacup without a saucer, eh? . . . That's two rubles. . . . The saucer was an heirloom, it cost much more but let it go. I'm used to taking losses.

ting to be a very long 'temporary.' . . . Nothing is coming. . . . My nerves are tightening. . . . Oh, God help me. . . . No, no . . . I take that back. . . . I mustn't rely on a collaboration with the Almighty. . . . What selfishness. . . . To ask God to take time out to help me come up with an idea for a story. . . . Forgive me, dear Lord. . . . I'll go home and try to sleep. . . . Tomorrow is another day. . . . If, however, anything *does* occur to you during the night, I would appreciate it if you would make it known to me. . . . Even if it's just the germ of an idea. . . . It doesn't have to be original. . . . I'm very clever at twisting things around. . . . Look how desperate I've become. . . . Asking the Lord to resort to plagiarism for my petty needs. . . . Home . . . I must get home and to bed before this thing becomes serious. . . . (*He turns and starts to walk off when a FIGURE appears in the shadows and calls to him.*)

SAILOR. Psst! . . . You, sir. . . . Can I have a word with you, sir?

NARRATOR. (*Turns and looks.*) Who's there? . . . I can't see you in the dark. (*The FIGURE steps into the light. His clothes are shoddy and he looks down on his luck. He needs a shave, his gloves have only half fingers and he smokes a cigarette butt.*)

SAILOR. 'Evening, sir. . . . I was wondering, sir, if you might be in the mood for a little . . . er . . . "entertainment" this evening?

NARRATOR. (*Suspiciously.*) "Entertainment"? I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about. (*He turns away.*)

SAILOR. Sure you do, sir. . . . Entertainment . . . Amusement, so to speak. . . . A little "diversion," if you know what I mean.

NARRATOR. I think I *do* know what you mean and I'm not interested. Go on, off with you. You should know better than to make such a proposal to a gentleman.

SAILOR. You've never witnessed anything like *this* before, that I promise you. This is a once-in-a-lifetime offer. . . . Not even a *little* bit curious?

NARRATOR. Curiosity is the nature of my profession. But I try to keep it morally elevated. . . . Excuse me.

SAILOR. Perhaps you're right, sir. On second thought, this might be too much for a gentleman of your "sensitivities."

NARRATOR. (*Turns quickly.*) Wait!

SAILOR. (*Turns quickly.*) Got you with that last one, didn't I?

NARRATOR. I'm just asking, mind you . . . but er . . . just exactly what is this "entertainment" you speak of?

SAILOR. (*Moves closer, almost confidential.*) Well, sir . . . how would you like to see—a drowned man?

NARRATOR. (*Stares at him.*) . . . I beg your pardon?

SAILOR. A drowned man! . . . A man with his lungs filled up with salt water and stone dead from drowning. . . . How much would you pay to see that?

NARRATOR. *Pay?* . . . *Pay* to see a drowned man? . . . Are you insane? . . . I wouldn't look at a drowned man if they paid *me*. . . . Why would I want to see a drowned man? . . . What's the point in looking at a man who drowned? . . . You're mad! Get out of here! (*He prods him away with his stick and starts to walk on, but the SAILOR runs around in front of him.*)

SAILOR. Three rubles, sir. That's all it'll cost you. Three rubles to see him first, before he's in the water, then in the agonizing act of drowning and then the grand finale, the man already drowned, rest his soul.

NARRATOR. What are you saying? That the man isn't drowned yet? That he's still alive and well?

SAILOR. Not only alive and well, but dry as a bone and standing before you. I'm the drowned man, sir.

NARRATOR. *You?* . . . You're going to drown yourself for three rubles? . . . You expect to charge me for

your own suicide? . . . I must get away from this lunatic.

SAILOR. No, no, no, you've got it all wrong, sir. I don't actually drown. I *impersonate* a drowned man. I jump into the icy cold water, splash around a bit, flail my arms, yell for help a few times, go under, bubble, bubble, bubble, and then come up floating head down, all puffy like. It sends a chill up your spine. . . . Three rubles for individual performances, special rates for groups. Show starts in two minutes.

NARRATOR. I can't believe I'm actually discussing the price of admission to a drowning.

SAILOR. You miss the whole point, sir. This is not some sort of cheap thrill. It's a rich tableau filled with social implications. A drama, not tragic, but ironical, in view of its comic features.

NARRATOR. Comic? What's comic about it?

SAILOR. I blow up my cheeks and bulge my eyes out. Yell for help in a high squeaky voice. Sounds like a pig squealing. I'm the only one on the waterfront who can do it.

NARRATOR. Do you actually expect me to pay to hear an underwater pig squealer?

SAILOR. I've just had a very successful season, sir. Sold out in August. . . . What do you say, sir? Would you like me to book you now for the dinner show?

NARRATOR. What do you mean, dinner show?

SAILOR. I jump in, flail around and throw you a nice fish . . . I think the halibuts are running now, sir.

NARRATOR. Why do I stand here listening to this?

SAILOR. I wish you'd make up your mind soon, sir. In five minutes that restaurant throws its garbage in the water. Then it's messy. I have my pride.

NARRATOR. To hell with your pride. I doesn't prevent you from making a living imitating a deceased swimmer.

SAILOR. You sure know how to strike at a man's vulnerable points. That was cruel, sir.

KISTUNOV. Shhh! . . . Please . . . Please lower your voice.

ASSISTANT. (*Whispers.*) I'm sorry, sir.

KISTUNOV. It's just that my gout is acting up again and my nerves are like little firecrackers . . . The least little friction can send them off. . . .

ASSISTANT. It must be *very* painful, sir.

KISTUNOV. Combing my hair this morning was agony.

ASSISTANT. Mr. Kistunov . . .

KISTUNOV. What is it, Pochatkin?

ASSISTANT. There's a woman who insists on seeing you. . . . We can't make head or tail out of her story but she insists on seeing the directing manager. Perhaps if you're not well—

KISTUNOV. No, no. The business of the bank comes before my minor physical ailments. . . . Show her in, please . . . quietly. (*The ASSISTANT tiptoes out. A WOMAN enters. She is in her late forties, poorly dressed. She is of the working class. She crosses to the desk, a forlorn look on her face. . . . She twists her bag nervously.*) Good morning, Madame. Forgive me for not standing, but I am somewhat incapacitated. . . . Please sit down.

WOMAN. Thank you. (*She sits.*)

KISTUNOV. Now . . . what can I do for you?

WOMAN. You can help me, sir . . . I pray to God you can help. . . . No one else in this world seems to care. . . . (*And she begins to cry . . . which in turn becomes a wail . . . the kind of wail that melts the spine of strong men. . . . KISTUNOV winces and grits his teeth in pain as he grips the arms of his chair.*)

KISTUNOV. Calm yourself, Madame . . . I beg of you. . . . Please calm yourself. . . .

WOMAN. I'm sorry. (*She tries to calm down.*)

KISTUNOV. I'm sure we can sort it all out if we approach the problem sensibly and quietly. . . . Now what exactly is the trouble?

WOMAN. Well, sir . . . it's my husband . . . Collegiate Assessor Schukin. . . . He's been sick for five months . . . Five agonizing months. . . .

KISTUNOV. I know the horrors of illness and can sympathize with you, Madame. What's the nature of his illness?

WOMAN. It's a nervous disorder. . . . Everything grates on his nerves. . . . If you so much as touch him he'll scream out— (*And without warning, she screams a loud bloodcurdling scream that sends KISTUNOV almost out of his seat.*) . . . How or why he got it, nobody knows. . . .

KISTUNOV. (*Trying to regain his composure.*) I have an inkling. . . . Please go on, a little less descriptively, if possible.

WOMAN. Well . . . while the poor man was lying in bed—

KISTUNOV. (*Braces himself.*) You're not going to scream again, are you?

WOMAN. Not that I don't have cause . . . while he was lying in bed these five months, recuperating, he was dismissed from his job . . . for no reason at all.

KISTUNOV. That's a pity, certainly . . . but I don't quite see the connection with our bank, Madame. . . .

WOMAN. You don't know how I suffered during his illness . . . I nursed him from morning till night . . . Doctored him from night till morning . . . Besides cleaning my house, taking care of my children, feeding our dog, our cat, our goat, my sister's bird who was sick . . .

KISTUNOV. The bird was sick?

WOMAN. My *sister!* . . . She gets dizzy spells . . . She's been dizzy a month now . . . And she's getting dizzier every day. . . .

KISTUNOV. Extraordinary . . . However—

WOMAN. I had to take care of *her* children and *her* house and *her* cat and *her* goat and then her bird bit one of my children and so our cat bit her bird so my

oldest daughter, the one with the broken arm, drowned my sister's cat and now my sister wants my goat in exchange or else she says she'll either drown my cat or break my oldest daughter's other arm. . . .

KISTUNOV. Yes, well, you've certainly had your pack of troubles, haven't you? . . . But I don't quite see—

WOMAN. And then, when I went to get my husband's pay, they deducted 24 rubles and 36 kopecks. For what, I asked? Because, they said, he borrowed it from the employees' fund . . . But that's impossible. He could never borrow without my approval. I'd break his arm . . . Not while he was sick, of course . . . I don't have the strength . . . I'm not well myself, sir . . . I have this racking cough that's a terrible thing to hear. . . . (*She coughs rackingly . . . so rackingly that KISTUNOV is about to crack.*)

KISTUNOV. . . . I can well understand why your husband took five months to recuperate . . . But what is it you want from me, Madame?

WOMAN. What rightfully belongs to my husband . . . His 24 rubles and 36 kopecks. . . . They won't give it to me because I'm a woman, weak and defenseless. . . . Some of them have laughed in my face, sir . . . *Laughed!* (*She laughs loud and painfully.* KISTUNOV *clenches everything.*) . . . Where's the humor, I wonder, in a poor, defenseless creature like myself? (*She sobs.*)

KISTUNOV. . . . None . . . I see none at all. . . . However, Madame, I don't wish to be unkind, but I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place. . . . Your petition, no matter how justified, has nothing to do with us. . . . You'll have to go to the agency where your husband was employed.

WOMAN. *What do you mean??* . . . I've been to *five* agencies already and none of them will even *listen* to my petition. . . . I'm about to lose my mind . . . The hair is coming out of my head. (*She pulls out a hand-*