

Fred

Audition Side

CHARLIE: (From offstage.) FORE!

A football comes tumbling out onto stage, caught by QUINN. Two young officers, CHARLIE and FRED holding golf clubs, come out behind it, looking around.

CHARLIE: That is a foul, Fred. Foul!

FRED: Oh, come on Charlie, it's not my fault they got in the way!

CHARLIE: Fine. But I'm putting you down for a "double boogie."

FRED: Well, I'm putting you down for a "TRIPLE boogie." Just take your penalty kick already.

CHARLIE: (To QUINN.) Heya. Can we have our ball back please?

FRED: (Turning to KEY.) Who are you supposed to be? I thought only the Captain wore red.

DORIAN: That is the Captain.

CHARLIE: Nice try. The Captain never goes lower than the gallery.

DORIAN: You're in the gallery!

CHARLIE and FRED look at one another in shock.

CHARLIE: (To DORIAN, under their breath.) What should we do?

KEY: A salute would be nice.

FRED: (Bowing.) At your service, my liege!

KEY: Well, that's a bow, not a salute, so—

CHARLIE: Oh Captain, my Captain!

KEY: That's Dead Poets Society. Dorian, are these two for real?