

Audition for Blackadder, Percy and Baldrick

Blackadder: Right –now let's make sure you've got this. We are having two parties here tonight.

Percy & Baldrick: Right.

Blackadder: And they must be kept completely separate.

Percy & Baldrick: Right.

Blackadder: Firstly, a total piss-up involving beer throwing, broken furniture and wall to wall vomiting, to be held here in Baldrick's Bedroom.

Baldrick: Thank you very much, my lord.

Blackadder: And secondly, Percy will join me in here for the gourmet turnip evening. Is the turnip surprise ready?

Baldrick: Yes, my lord. *(Baldrick and Percy start to giggle sheepishly. Percy snorts)*

Blackadder: Then what is so funny?

Percy: Well, my lord, when Baldrick and I were preparing the turnip surprise, we had a surprise, for we came across a turnip that was exactly the same shape... as... a thingy. *(He and Baldrick lose the battle against giggle hysteria. They both snort with laughter at the hilarious memory. Blackadder is not convinced.)*

Blackadder: A thingy.

Baldrick: Yes. A great, big thingy. It was triffic.

Blackadder: Size is no guarantee of quality, Baldrick. Most horses are very well endowed, but that does not necessarily make them sensitive lovers. I trust you have removed this hilarious item?

Baldrick: Oh, yes, my lord.

Blackadder: Good. Because there's nothing more likely to stop an inheritance than a thingy-shaped turnip.

Percy: Oh, absolutely, Edmund. But it was jolly funny. *(He and Baldrick start to giggle again.)*

Baldrick: I found it particularly ironic, my lord, because I've got a thingy that's shaped like a turnip.

Audition for Blackadder, Queenie & Melchett

Melchett: Grey, I suspect, Majesty.

Queen: I think you'll find it was orange, Lord Melchett.

Melchett: Grey is more usual, ma'am

Queen: Who's queen?

Melchett: As you say, Majesty, there were these magnificent orange elephants, and . .

Blackadder enters and drops on to one knee

Blackadder: Milady. You wished to see me?

Queen: Yes, Edmund. Lord Melchett has bad news.

Blackadder: Lord Melchett is bad news, ma'am.

Queen: No. Be serious. Melchett.

Melchett: Unhappily, Blackadder, the Lord High Executioner is dead.

Blackadder: Oh, woe. Murdered of course?

Melchett: Oddly enough, no. They usually are, but this one just got careless one night and signed his name on the wrong dotted line. They came for him while he slept.

Blackadder: He should have told them they had the wrong man.

Melchett: He did. But, you see, they didn't. They had the right man, and they had the form to prove it.

Blackadder: Tsk. Bloody red tape, eh? And the bad news?

Queen: The bad news is that, actually, there are simply hundreds of Catholics who desperately want their heads snicked off, and there's no one to organise it.

Blackadder: I pity the poor sod who gets the job; no one ever survives it more than a week.

Melchett: I have taken the liberty, ma'am, of drawing up a list of suitable candidates.

Queen: Oh, good-o! Let's hear it.

Melchett unrolls a scroll

Melchett: List for the post of Lord High Executioner. Lord Blackadder . . *(Pause. He rolls the scroll back up again and smiles at Blackadder.*

Blackadder: Ah.

Audition for Gaoler (Mr Ploppy) and Cook (Mistress Ploppy)

Gaoler: *(Shuffling to attention)* Gaoler, sir, my lord.

Blackadder: Good, well done. And your name is?

Gaoler: Ploppy, sir.

Blackadder: Ploppy?

Gaoler: Yes, sir.

Blackadder: Ploppy the gaoler.

Gaoler: That's right, sir. Ploppy, son of Ploppy.

Blackadder: Ploppy, son of Ploppy the gaoler.

Gaoler: Oh, no, sir. I'm the first Ploppy to rise to be gaoler. My father, Daddy Ploppy, was known as Ploppy the Slopper. It was from him that I inherited my fascinating skin diseases.

Blackadder: You are to be congratulated, my friend. We live in an age where illness and deformity are commonplace, and yet, Ploppy, you are, without a doubt, the most repulsive individual I have ever met. I would shake your hand, but I fear it would come off.

Gaoler: There's no' many bosses would be that considerate, sir.

Blackadder: Thank you, Ploppy. I do my best. Now then, woman, if indeed you are a woman, what is your function on Death Row?

Cook: I'm the last-meal cook, sir. The prisoners may ask me for what they fancy for their last meal.

Blackadder: And you cook for them what they desire?

Cook: Oh, yes, sir! Provided they ask for sausages. Otherwise they tend to get a tiny bit disappointed. Saussies is all I got, see.

Blackadder: You are clearly a woman of principle and compassion, Mistress . . .

Cook: Ploppy, sir.

Blackadder: Ah, so you are married to . . .

Cook: No! Many people think that, but it's pure coincidence. We did laugh when first we found out. 'Good morning, Mistress Ploppy,' he'd say, and I'd say 'Good morning, Mister Ploppy.' *(She and the gaoler laugh).*

Blackadder: The long winter evenings must just fly by.

Audition for Lady Farrow

Lady Farrow: Good evening, Lord Blackadder.

Blackadder: Well, it certainly is now. Perhaps you'd like to slip into something more comfortable?

Lady Farrow: No, my lord, for there is a great pain in my heart.

Blackadder: (*Seductively*) Probably indigestion. I'll soon take your mind off that.

Lady Farrow: It is my husband.

Blackadder: Your husband's got indigestion? Well, he won't be bothering us then.

Lady Farrow: No, he dies tomorrow.

Blackadder: Oh, come on, you can't die of indigestion! You're over-dramatising. Drink?

Lady Farrow: He is to be executed at your order. I am Lady Farrow.

Blackadder: Ah. And what exactly did you want of me?

Lady Farrow: I wish to see my husband tonight.

Blackadder: Not really possible, actually. (*She bursts into noisy tears*). Excuse me a second.

Audition for Frobisher, Partridge and Piddle

Melchett: Blackadder, you challenged me to a drinking competition earlier today, and I haven't seen you touch a drop.

Blackadder: Nonsense.

Melchett: Tis true. You twist and turn like a . . . twisty-turny thing. I say you are a weedy pigeon and you can call me Susan if it isn't so.

Blackadder: Alright, all right. Baldrick! Fetch my incredibly strong ale!

Frobisher: My God –not Dr McGlue's Amber Enema?

Blackadder: Pah! A drink for schoolgirls.

Partridge: Surely not Scrollop's Lobster Scrumphy?

Blackadder: Ha! No. It is Blackadder's Bowel Basher, a brew guaranteed to knock the backside off a concrete elephant, is it not, Baldrick?

Baldrick: (*Proudly*) Nah, it's water.

Melchett: What?!

Blackadder: Ha ha ha: but seriously, Baldrick –and presuming you wish to see another dawn . . .

Baldrick: (a bit doubtful now) You did call for your incredibly strong ale, my lord?

Blackadder: (Pleased) Yes! That's right. Baldrick. That's a relief. I thought I'd made a mistake. (*Baldrick pours water into a glass*)

Piddle: My God, he's right It is water. Come on, lads, let's give him a real drink.

(*Frobisher hands Blackadder a flagon of ale.*)

Blackadder: Fine.

Frobisher: Hurray! Bums up!

Partridge: Wehey! 'Bums'. Sounds a bit like . . . 'bum', doesn't it?

Melchett: Drink, Blackadder. Drink!

All: Wehey!

Audition for Lady Whiteadder

Blackadder: Yes, well. Well, I hope you had a pleasant inheritance. Did I say 'inheritance'? I meant journey. If you'd like to help yourself to a legacy, uhm, a chair...

LW: You have chairs in your house?

Blackadder: Oh... yes.

LW: Wicked child! (She hits Blackadder) Chairs are an invention of Satan. In our house, Nathaniel sits on a spike.

Blackadder: And yourself?

LW: I sit on Nathaniel. Two spikes would be an extravagance

Blackadder: Well, quite.

LW: I will suffer comfort this once. (sits down) We shall just have to stick forks in our legs between courses. I trust you remember we eat no meat.

Blackadder: Heaven forbid! No, here we feast only on God's lovely turnip,mashed.

LW: Mashed?!

Blackadder: Yeeees.

LW: Wicked Child! Mashing is also the work of Beelzebub. For Satan saw God's blessed turnip and he envied it and mashed it to spoil its sacred shape. I shall have my turnip as God intended.

Bishop of Bath and Wells Audition Piece

BBW: You haven't any children, have you, Blackadder?

Blackadder: No, I'm not married.

BBW: In that case I'll skip breakfast and get straight down to business. Do you know what day it is today?

Blackadder: No, I'm afraid I don't.

BBW: It is exactly one year ago to the day that the Bank of the Black Monks of St. Herod- 'Banking with a Smile and a Stab'-of which I am the Assistant Manager, lent you £1000. Our motto is 'Repayment or Revenge'.

Blackadder: Of course. And naturally I would have paid you back, but unfortunately, and this is the real bugger, I've gone and lost my wallet. It had all my money in it.

BBW: That is of no concern of mine. The debt is now due. Not to repay a loan is a sin and we Black Monks-we hate sin.

He whips the sheets off Blackadder's bed to reveal Mollie.

Blackadder: Ah yes, Your Grace-may I introduce my mother, Mother....

BBW: Good morning, my dear, I trust you have not forgotten our appointment?

Mollie: Of course not, Pumpie.

BBW: You know I have a mind, my pretty, to play 'Nuns and Novices' so don't forget your wimple.

Mollie: (*Giggles*) Saucy.

BBW: But, as for you, you come with me.

Blackadder: Where?

BBW: To visit the last poor fool who 'lost his wallet'.

Mollie Audition Piece

Mollie: Aren't you going to introduce me then?

Blackadder: What?

Mollie: Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?

Blackadder: Oh, very well, but I think you're making a mistake. Baldrick, I am delighted to introduce you to.... I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name.

Mollie: Mollie.

Blackadder: Of course. Mollie. Baldrick, this is Mollie, a dear friend of mine.

Mollie: I'm not dear. I'm very reasonable, actually, Baldrick. Most girls would charge an extra sixpence for all the horrid things he wants a girl to do...

Blackadder: Yes all right then. Baldrick, this is Mollie, an inexpensive prostitute. Mollie, this is Baldrick, a pointless peasant. Now may I go to sleep, please?

Arthur Audition Piece

Arthur: Give me a kiss, I'll give you a penny.

Blackadder: A penny?!

Arthur: All right. Tuppence.

Blackadder: All right. Go on.

Arthur: Nothing fancy, just a peck. I miss my mum you see. When I was a little boy, my mother always used to...

Blackadder: Get a move on, he's a prostitute, not an agony aunt.

Arthur: Oh go on, please. Just a peck on the cheek and say, 'There, there Arthur, Mummy kiss it better and you shall have a story'.

Blackadder: Well, I don't know.

Arthur: Please. (*Crying*) I miss my mother so much. I mean she was like a mother to me.

Mr and Mrs Pants Audition Piece

Mrs Pants: I noticed some dry rot in the bedrooms, Timothy.

Blackadder: Well, Mrs Pants, dry rot is as dry rot does. Stop me if I'm getting too technical.

Mrs Pants: And the floors are perhaps a little uneven.

Blackadder: Indeed yes, madam, and at no extra cost.

Mrs Pants: Strange smell.

Blackadder: Yes that's the servant; he'll be gone.

Mr Pants (*Laughing*): You've really worked out your banter, haven't you?

Blackadder: No not really. This is a different thing; it's spontaneous and it's called wit.

Mrs Pants: What about the privies?

Blackadder: When the master craftsman who created this home was looking into sewage, he said to himself, 'Romeo', for twas his name, 'Romeo, let's make 'em functional and comfortable.'

Mr Pants: Oh well, that seems nice, doesn't it, dear?

Blackadder: I think we understand each other, sir. So sold then. Drink?

Mrs Pants: But what about the privies?

Blackadder: Uhm, well, what we are talking about in privy terms, is the very latest in front-wall fresh air orifices combined with a wide capacity gutter installation below.

Mrs Pants: You mean you crap out of the window?

Blackadder: Yes.

Mrs Pants: Well, in that case, we'll definitely take it. I can't stand those dirty indoor things.

Audition for Percy.

Percy: My lord! Success!

Blackadder: What?

Percy: After literally an hour's ceaseless searching, I have succeeded in creating gold, pure gold!

Blackadder: Are you sure?

Percy: Yes my lord....behold!

Blackadder: Percy...it's green.

Percy: That's right my lord.

Blackadder: Yes Percy. I don't want to be pedantic or anything, but the colour of gold is gold. That's why it's called gold. What you have discovered, if it has a name, is some 'green'

Percy: Oh Edmund, can it be true? That I hold here in my mortal hand, a nugget of purest green?

Blackadder: Indeed you do, Percy, except, of course, that it's not really a nugget, is it? It's more of a splat.

Percy: Well, yes, a splat today, but tomorrow...who knows or dares to dream?

Audition for Queen and Nursie.

Queen: I must say, Edmund: it does look a teeny bit like trying to get out of it.

Blackadder: Quite the wrong impression, ma'am. I just want to make it another night. That's all.

Nursie: Certainly not.

Queen: I beg your pardon.

Nursie: Well, it's just one excuse after another, isn't it? Next thing he'll be trying to get out of having his bath altogether.

Queen: He isn't talking about baths, Nursie.

Nursie: Well, he should be. How else is he going to keep clean? Soon he'll be saying he doesn't want to have his nappy changed.

Queen: Lord Blackadder doesn't wear a nappy.

Nursie: In that case it's even more important that he has a bath.

Queen: Shut up, Nursie! I know why you want to get out of it, Edmund because I remember the last time you had a party, I found you face down in a puddle wearing a pointy hat and singing a song about goblins.

Blackadder: Yes, all right, all right. Tonight it is then.

Queen: Oh, Edmund, I do love it when you get cross. Sometimes I think about having you executed just to see the expression on your face.