

ZORAH. Ok. Soon as I get a minute. (*Heads back to Kevin.*)

M.J. Zorah, can I see you?

WAYNE. Could I just sit up there and write in my journal?

ZORAH. Sure.

(*WAYNE goes back to his seat.*)

M.J. Zorah, you're making a big mistake. This guy is not an actor, believe me.

KEVIN. Zorah ...This could be him.

M.J. Who?

KEVIN. (*To M.J.*) Sh-h-hh!

ZORAH. He says he's an actor.

M.J. Unh-uh. No. Believe me.

ZORAH. Then why would he say he's an actor?

M.J. Why does anybody?

KEVIN. He could be incognito.

ZORAH. Incognito? Don't be absurd. Incognito. (*Pause.*) Do they do that?

KEVIN. Makes sense, doesn't it? How else are you going to tell what a place is really like?

ZORAH. No.

KEVIN. What did he say he was doing?

(*THEY look at Wayne.*)

ZORAH. Writing in his journal.

(*THEY are worried.*)

KEVIN. What do we do?

ZORAH. (*To Kevin.*) Call the union and see if they've got an actor named Wayne Wellacre.

M.J. Well, that guy is not in the union.

KEVIN and ZORAH. Sh-hh-hh!

M.J. Could somebody tell me what this is about?

(*KEVIN takes another look at Wayne, then exits.*)

*DOROTHY enters, followed by SIDNEY and LUTHER.*)

DOROTHY. Oh, M.J., could we have a warm-up?

M.J. Dorothy ...

DOROTHY. I know you're pressed, dear, but I'm paid to do the voice work too, you see, so somebody must have felt it was important. And we haven't *done* a warm-up, have we.

(*The ENTIRE COMPANY has assembled. Some are in costume.*)

M.J. Looks like a warm-up.

DOROTHY. (*Reviewing her troops.*) Right. Shake out, everybody. Shake out all the cares of the day. Right. Here we go. Everybody take a lemon. (*There is some hesitation from the GROUP.*) Take a lemon. (*SHE demonstrates, holding an imaginary lemon. The COMPANY, with the exception of WALTER, does likewise.*) There we are. Take a lemon, Walter.

WALTER. What is this? What are we doing?

SIDNEY. You can have mine.

DOROTHY. Sidney!

WALTER. I'm not very good at this kind of stuff.

DOROTHY. (*Sternly.*) Take a lemon.

(*WALTER cups his fingers to cradle an imaginary lemon.*)

DOROTHY. Very good then. Everybody. Can you feel its volume? Squeeze it a bit. Oh, it's a lovely ripe one. How big is it? Have you got yourself a little juicy one? A big nubbly one?

SIDNEY. That's too big, Walter. You're gonna be sorry.

DOROTHY. Sidney. All right. Here we go. Place your lemon between your buttocks and squeeze. (*THEY do this. Some with more enthusiasm than others.*) Now squeeze your lemon. Relax everything else now. And squeeze-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

(*The COMPANY concentrates on the task at hand.*)

DOROTHY. Relax everything else now, but don't let go of that lemon. All right. Low rumbly tone in your tummy. Here we go now. Keep squeezing. Relax your tummies.

(*A low TONE is heard.*)

DOROTHY. And. UP goes the tone.

(*The TONE begins to rise.*)

ALL. Ah-h-h-h-h.

DOROTHY. What's the matter, Luther?

LUTHER. I dropped my lemon.

SIDNEY. Don't pick it up!

DOROTHY. Sidney.

SIDNEY. Get a clean one.

DOROTHY. Sidney. Low tone, everybody. Walter ... where's your lemon?

WALTER. I warmed up at home.

DOROTHY. Tone, please.

(*A light HUM from the GROUP.*)

KEVIN. (*Enters, stricken. To Zorah as the warm-up continues.*) Zorah. This is the guy.

ZORAH. What did they say?

KEVIN. The union never heard of a Wayne Wellacre.

(*THEY look at Wayne.*)

ZORAH. Maybe he's not in the union.

M.J. I told you that.

KEVIN. Shut up!

ZORAH. We'll explain this to you later.

DOROTHY. Ah-hh-h-h-h. Keep squeezing, please.

(*The GROUP responds with "Ah-h-h-h-h."*)

*M.J. exits backstage.*

*ZORAH and KEVIN cross to Wayne in the back of the auditorium.*)

KEVIN. Excuse us. Mr. Wellacre, we need a little information for the audition. Are you a member of the union?

WAYNE. Yes.