

The Alchemist Audition Material

*Frustrated again, the Alchemist returns from another duel with the Undertaker...*

ALCHEMIST

Of all the black-hearted, bilge-drinking, puss-filled, wench-rubbing, life-snubbing, corn-cobbling, horse-hobbling, sons of a goat!

ISABELLA

Father! Why didn't you say any of that during the duel? Those are much better insults than the rubbish you came out with!

ALCHEMIST

How dare you, stripling! Insult duelling is an ancient and delicate art. Not to be soiled by a woman's tongue!

ISABELLA

But why do you always use the same insults? Every time you use the same list and every time the Undertaker comes out with more!

ALCHEMIST

Ha! You are just showing how little you know of my fiendish strategy! Using the same insults, as I have ALWAYS done, is the very LAST thing that old fool will expect!

ISABELLA

But he does *expect* it, Dad! That's why he beats you *every* bloody time!

ALCHEMIST

How DARE you lecture ME! I was losing to the Undertaker before you were even born!

ISABELLA

I know! And you wouldn't stop even when mum got ill. Perhaps if you'd been there....

ALCHEMIST

How dare you mention her name! How dare you blame me for her death! I who fed you, housed you, taught you how to turn rats yellow! Ungrateful, unfeeling child! This is how you repay me after all these long years!

ISABELLA

But Dad...

ALCHEMIST

Enough! Get out! Never darken my towels again! Begone!

ISABELLA

Fine!

*She runs sobbing off into the wings. The Elixir of life theme begins.*

ALCHEMIST

*Getting up and moving into the laboratory.*

That cursed undertaker has a lot to answer for – the death of my wife and now the loss of my daughter. The time for duelling is over and the time for revenge is at hand. If I can't beat him then I will bury him! And in order to bury the undertaker, I must bury his business!