

Rat King Audition Material

*The gangsters report back to the godfather of rat-kind...*

PINKY

And, besides, the boss...

*A mysterious voice booms out across the chamber. It is the deep voice of the unseen RAT KING, impatient and omnipotent. The gangsters look out towards the audience, clinging to one another and trembling.*

RAT KING

...wanted the Undertaker alive!

PINKY

Er...hey Boss! How's the weather been down here?

RAT KING

Wet! Wet! Don't ask me about the weather, its always the same, it's wet! Ok, it's WET!

PINKY

Sorry, Boss.

RAT KING

Now I'm all depressed! Tell me some good news. Tell me you've got the Undertaker, tell me he's in on the plan, and everything's on the up!

PINKY

Well, you see Boss. It's like this. The Undertaker, he's er, an old man, he's stuck in his ways!

SCRATCH - FELLA

Death-threats don't work – death's his business!

RAT KING

So, what you're telling me, not to mince words, is that, ultimately, when you get right down to it, you failed.

PINKY

Well, only in the sense that we didn't succeed!

RAT KING

*Furious*

I have been down here for twenty-five years! I have tasted the muck of men, and their fathers, and their father's fathers! What are we, rodents? I'm *tired* of muck! We are on the brink of something big here! And you can't even persuade a down-on-his luck Undertaker, that helping us is in his best interests! Pinky, you're a waste. Scratch-Fella, do your thing.