**Audition by Jane Martin**

Hi. Hey Hi. Wow. All right. Nice place. Nice,uh, nice theatre. Good vibes.

Let's see... Audition! RAH! Get that part! O.K. My name is Mary Titfer. Tit-fer.

One more introduction - the, uh, small person in the box is my cat 'Tat'. Get it?Titfer. 'Tat'. Right.

Now, 'I've got two parts for you today, and here's the surprise: I've got one classical piece and I've got one contemporary piece. Good. For my classical piece I will take off all my clothes. Now, in the great tradition of auditions you may stop me at anytime. Just yell 'Thank you Miss Titfer'. Firm but courteous and zaparoonie, I stop. I nip the strip. But when I stop my classical piece, I shift imminently into my contemporary piece which is… full attention now… beating the kitty's head in with a hammer!

Yipes!

Holy Mackerel!

Is this broad kidding?

Well, I wouldn't want to spoil it for you but I don't think she's kidding.

So, option A - We will let this poor, desperate, deluded girl debase herself… and I would, will, be debased. Mortified. I mean... no clothes, here? In front of…

Or option B - We can yell 'Thank you Miss Titfer' and watch her clonk the kitty... and haven't you actually killed the little puss?

Or option C, the second to last option. We could give Mary Titfer the part.

O.K. Last option. We could give her the part now and then when she splits, her and her furry hostage, we could take it away from her on the basis that she needs... shhhh... psychiatric attention. But, if you did that, then Mary Titfer would find and Jacobean revenge you. Kill the feline and, perhaps - disturbing thought - herself in a particularly garish manner RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU. Now, she might not have the nerve but on the other hand we don't know. We just don't know.

So - you have a part. I want the part.

So, what do you say?