AUDITION: FREDERICK & IMOGEN

FREDERICK asks OCTOBER to accompany him on a hike and an origami crane falls from the sky as she exits. FREDERICK, astonished, looks around and sees IMOGEN, who thinks he was making a move on OCTOBER.

FREDERICK: Imogen! Good god, did you—

IMOGEN: (Unaware of the crane) Yes I did. I heard the whole thing. How dare you Frederick? We’re not even divorced yet and you’re already forcing yourself on that poor hussy!

FREDERICK: I beg your pardon?

IMOGEN: You were asking her to—To—I won’t even speak of it.

FREDERICK: Where is the sin in that? You’d never participate in such an activity, and you’d certainly never allow me to go it alone, so I see no fault in asking for her assistance.

(IMOGEN slaps FREDERICK)
FREDERICK: That was uncalled for.

IMOGEN: You are uncalled for.

FREDERICK: I think I deserve an apology. IMOGEN: I think I deserve an apology.

FREDERICK: What are you squawking about? I only wanted to catch a glimpse of the bird before—

IMOGEN: Oh that’s a pretty turn of phrase! Out stalking birds! Out stalking that Octopus girl!

FREDERICK: Who?

IMOGEN: You sent her hurrying off to find Ranger Dave! He’ll send us packing in a few minutes and we’ll be the mockery of the campsite! You men and your uncontrollable urges disgust me.

FREDERICK: You are outrageous.

IMOGEN: Me?!

FREDERICK: You are the anti-christ of fun!

IMOGEN: Don’t be irreligious, Frederick! This is hardly the time.

FREDERICK: Confound it! I have had it up to here with this psychological harassment! You prohibit any and all amusing activities, You are upset with me for being uncommunicative, And then you insist on nitpicking my manner of speech.
IMOGEN: Don’t use lists, Frederick- the syntax is primitive.

(FREDERICK yells in frustration.)

IMOGEN: And kindly refrain from being boorish! I refuse to tolerate boorish men.

FREDERICK: I don’t know how to please you, Imogen!

You seem utterly determined to despise me.

IMOGEN: Despise you?!

FREDERICK: Yes.

IMOGEN: Is that what you think?

FREDERICK: That is the sad conclusion I must draw given the present circumstances.

IMOGEN: How dare you make such a ridiculous pronouncement!? 

FREDERICK: If you truly love me name one thing you like about me.

IMOGEN: This is dreadfully unfair of you, Frederick.

FREDERICK: A single thing about me you would never yearn to alter.

(A desperate silence.)

Well?
Later.

During the following FREDERICK, alone on the far side of his tent, changes shirts. Perhaps he mis-buttons it and has to unbutton and re-button it afresh, only to discover he has misbuttoned it yet again.

FREDERICK: Wives. Why? My patience is wearing thin. And so is my hair.

If I were to drop dead at this very moment, what could be said of me?

This balding sack of bones once was Frederick who toiled away his many years and was perfectly adequate. He fathered two children. He nearly reached retirement. He took out the rubbish and mucked out the gutters but never did learn how to satisfy his wife. No lofty accolades nor brassy escapades worth mentioning. So ends an entirely forgettable mediocre man who shall be neither mourned nor missed.

May he rot in oblivion.

(Holding the feather)

I want a flash of the spectacular, Imogen.

Is that so reprehensible?