

The Manning of the Dude Cast List

2 Male, 3 Female, and 1 M/F

KATHERINE (F) decides to “man-up” Petruchio

PETRUCHIO (M) boy who refuses to leave the nest and become a man

BIANCA (F) friend to Katherine, in love with Lucentio

LUCENTIO (M) brother to Petruchio, in love with Bianca

GEPPITA (F) Petruchio’s mother

Sample Pages

(Lights up. Enter NARRATOR.)

NARRATOR: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight we give you our version of Shakespeare’s classic battle of the sexes in that well-known play The Taming of the Shrew. Of course, since ours is about the taming of a man, we call this The Manning of the Dude. Our scene begins in Padua; Geppita, a rich widow, is brought glorious news by her son. *(GEPPITA enters and is greeted excitedly by LUCENTIO, who leads BIANCA by the hand.)*

LUCENTIO: Mother, I have glorious news.

GEPPITA: What is that, son?

LUCENTIO: Bianca has consented to marry me.

GEPPITA: Ah, son, say it isn’t so! You have violated the customs of Padua.

LUCENTIO: But I asked Bianca’s father’s permission first.

GEPPITA: That’s not it.

LUCENTIO: I made sure I had a stable job before I asked her.

GEPPITA: Yes, you were always good with horses . . .

NARRATOR: But that's not it.

LUCENTIO: *(To NARRATOR.)* I made it Facebook official?

NARRATOR: That's not it. Before you can marry—

GEPPITA: Your elder brother must be married first.

(NARRATOR exits.)

LUCENTIO: You don't mean I have to wait for *(PETRUCHIO enters, unshaven, unwashed, and unkempt. He wears tights with his boxers hanging out the top.)* Petruchio?

PETRUCHIO: Ah, six o'clock! What a glorious time to arise! The birds are singing sweetly. The world has a dewy newness. And what's that I smell? Breakfast?

GEPPITA: Supper.

PETRUCHIO: Close enough.

BIANCA: You are just now getting up?

PETRUCHIO: One does not seize the winner's wreath through half-measures. I was up all night dueling blackguards, saving damsels, and bringing wrong-doers to justice.

BIANCA: Oh, you are on the city's night watch?

LUCENTIO: He was playing World of Warcraft.

GEPPITA: *(Admonishing.)* Petruchio, there is a lady present. Pull up your tights!

PETRUCHIO: I can't help it. These tights are loose. *(To audience.)* Talk about your oxymorons.

GEPPITA: And your hat is on backwards.

PETRUCHIO: *(Pulls off his muffin hat and examines it.)* How can you tell?

GEPPITA: And put on a clean shirt!

PETRUCHIO: Mother. *(Wags finger.)* Whose fault is it that my dirty laundry is still on the floor?
(GEPPITA sputters.) Don't worry, mother. I forgive you. Well, I've got to get to work.

GEPPITA: You've got a job finally?

PETRUCHIO: Nothing as lowly as a job. I've got a career! A vocation! A passion!

LUCENTIO: Do you get paid?

PETRUCHIO: If you mean something as crass as filthy lucre, then no. I get paid in self-fulfillment and self-expression. I'm in a band. We've got a rehearsal. We are playing music by this new composer named Bach.

LUCENTIO: Bach? Never heard of him.

PETRUCHIO: You will. We play his music on top of a wagon. We call it "Bach and Roll."
(PETRUCHIO exits.)

LUCENTIO: Alas, my love is thwarted. What woman in her right mind would ever marry
(Points.) that?

BIANCA: I have a friend . . .

GEPPITA: Yes?

BIANCA: Her name is Katherine. Petruchio might just be her type.

LUCENTIO: Katherine likes immature, selfish boys?

BIANCA: Katherine likes a fixer-upper. Let's have a double date at the pub.

(GEPPITA & LUCENTIO exit. NARRATOR enters. BIANCA crosses to table; KATHERINE enters.)

NARRATOR: And so, Bianca convinced Katherine to go with her to listen to some Bach & Roll. Later that night, at a pub called The Pickled Snout, Katherine and Bianca awaited Petruchio and Lucentio. *(Exits.)*

KATHERINE: (*Takes a seat.*) So, when does this Bach band start anyway?

BIANCA: (*With an eye toward the door.*) Soon, I hope.

KATHERINE: Are you expecting someone?

BIANCA: Well, it's interesting that you really like Bach & Roll. Lucentio is friends with one of the members of the band. He's coming with him tonight.

KATHERINE: (*Moment of recognition.*) Oh, no. Is this another blind date?

Katherine & Petruchio finally meet. . .

BIANCA: And this is my friend, Katherine.

PETRUCHIO: Oh. (*Appraises her.*)

LUCENTIO: Katherine Minola.

PETRUCHIO: Minola? As in Lord Minola, the King's tax collector?

KATHERINE: Yes.

PETRUCHIO: You're wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

KATHERINE: What does that have to do with—

PETRUCHIO: You'll do.

KATHERINE: (*Appraises him.*) I wish I could say the same.

PETRUCHIO: Kate—

KATHERINE: Katherine.

PETRUCHIO: No, I prefer to call you Kate.

KATHERINE: Because you can only handle really small words?

PETRUCHIO: (*Appraises her anew.*) Smart and sassy. Not usually my type.

KATHERINE: You usually go for dim and compliant?

PETRUCHIO: I don't know. We never usually get around to conversation. Speaking of which, let's cut to the chase. Shall we go to your place?

LUCENTIO: Petruchio!

PETRUCHIO: (*Waving LUCENTIO away.*) I'm busy, brother dear. Why don't you take your future ball and chain and hold hands in the moonlight or something?

LUCENTIO: Leave you alone with this young lady? I think not!

KATHERINE: (*Puts her hand on LUCENTIO's arm.*) I'm fine. Go.

LUCENTIO: But if you are in any danger—

KATHERINE: It's your brother you should worry about.

PETRUCHIO: (*Appraises her anew again.*) Smart, sassy, and . . . dangerous. . . .