



GARY:
A SEQUEL TO
TITUS
ANDRONICUS

BY
TAYLOR MAC



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



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The original Broadway production of *GARY: A SEQUEL TO TITUS ANDRONICUS* was produced by Scott Rudin, Barry Diller, Eli Bush, Eric Falkenstein, Suzanne Grant, No Guarantees, Universal Theatrical Group, James L. Nederlander, Columbia Live Stage, John Gore Organization, Spring Sirkin, Jay Alix & Una Jackman, Jamie deRoy, Wendy Federman, Barbara Manocherian, Al Nocciolino, Bruce Robert Harris & Jack W. Batman, and Adam Rodner, with Executive Producers Joey Parnes, Sue Wagner, and John Johnson, at the Booth Theatre in New York City, opening on April 21, 2019. It was directed by George C. Wolfe, the set design was by Santo Loquasto, the costume design was by Ann Roth, the lighting design was by Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer, the sound design was by Dan Moses Schreier, the original music was by Danny Elfman, the movement direction was by Bill Irwin, and the production stage manager was William Joseph Barnes. The cast was as follows:

CAROL Julie White
GARY Nathan Lane
JANICE Kristine Nielsen

CHARACTERS

CAROL: a midwife.

GARY: a Clown, who becomes a maid, who dreams of being a Fool.

JANICE: a maid.

BABY: A real baby. Son of Aaron and Tamora. A visibly dark-skinned baby.

ACCENTS

Gary and Janice speak in slightly overdone British cockney accents and the vernacular is not accurately cockney but an American's playfulness in writing cockney. Carol uses an RP (the non-posh version) and Janice and Gary use an East End London cockney (try not to fall into parody; walk the line between realism and awareness).

CORPSES

There is the appearance of at least 1,000 corpses on the stage (a painted backdrop or other theatrical techniques that give the illusion but aren't actually 1,000 corpses may be used; still there should be at least a few hundred three-dimensional corpses). They are soldiers, senators, tribunes, and civilians and are separated into three mounds: An uncovered large one at least 14 feet high which takes up a third of the stage and consists of clothed "unprocessed" corpses; a medium-sized one of "processed" male corpses that are naked and stacked orderly; and a covered processed mound of women and children.

Though they are present in the larger mound, no female corpses are ever seen. This is a dramaturgical and ethical choice. This means Lavinia, Tamora, and the Nurse are not seen. Dresses and jewelry are amongst the items pillaged from the mound of unprocessed bodies, but when we see them they are not on the bodies of the dead (they are either worn by Janice, put on the male bodies by Gary, or free from bodies).

SETTING

The setting is the opulent banquet room of General Titus Andronicus, post-slaughter and coup. There are levels. The banquet room is light, majestic, and uncluttered in its design so the onslaught of clutter from the corpses look ridiculously out of place inside of it.

There are at least two entrances/exits. There is a makeshift work station (or two) where bodies are dissected.

The end of the play reveals a Rube Goldberg-like machine made from the slaughter. It is one of the more spectacular moments ever to be seen in the history of theater.

NOTE ON MUSIC

For the “Tea Time” song on page 35, a pdf of sheet music will be provided with a performance license. The music is required for production; there is no additional fee for the use of the song.

GARY: A SEQUEL TO TITUS ANDRONICUS

Prologue

A lush curtain hides the world behind.

Carol enters. She receives entrance applause and isn't sure what's happening. Perhaps they're applauding because her throat is slit, which it is. She holds it with one hand so she won't bleed out.

CAROL. Like God, a sequel hides inside an ending:
When time is up you pray that it's extending.
For life, to cultured, and to the philistine
Once felt, is craved 'til thrills become routine.
But once routine the thrills, to thrill, must grow.
And if they don't, an outrage starts to show.
So double up on savagery and war:
To satisfy you multiply the gore.

(Blood squirts from her throat. The squirt has a big arch.)

You make the aftermath a catapult
To pageantries of battle. The result:
A feasting on the gore 'til you are ill;

(More blood squirts.)

Until you vomit what did once fulfill.
To feast we start inside a banquet room,
But one whose table is a bloody tomb.
A scene so monstrous it sends up the savage,

(Blood squirts from both sides of her neck.)

Presumably to snuff what makes us ravage.
But making spectacle of vengeance, do we pause?

Or spur it on with centuries of applause?
In grappling, here and now, with all that's past
We wonder how to slow what's been too fast?

(She takes her hand away from the wound. Blood runs down her for the rest of the prologue. What was funny is now disturbing.)

Will we surpass the past or be its equal?
Will we affirm or break the bloody sequel?
Intensify 'til cruelty does cascade?
Or let the clean up come? Enter the maid.

(Carol looks stage left as Gary enters, pulling a mop and bucket with him. We hear entrance applause. Gary, who doesn't notice Carol, looks into the audience.)

GARY. A maid just enters and he gets applause?
Best first day on the job that ever was.

(Climactic symphonic music plays. Carol grabs the curtain's rope for support, then passes out, pulling the curtain open and disappearing amongst it [or she grabs the curtain and pulls the entire thing down with her, disappearing underneath it].)

(We are in Titus Andronicus' opulent banquet room, during the Roman Empire and a few hours after the coup, which transpired at the end of Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus. Nothing has been cleaned. Instead, the banquet room has been used as a storage space for the aftermath. There are at least 1,000 male corpses onstage. Stage right, encroaching into the center, is chaos. Bodies are everywhere, including a dump-heap mound of them, which one may climb, that reaches at least 14 feet high. There's a smaller covered mound of bodies as well [where the women and children are kept and unseen throughout]. The stage left side of the room has been set up as a work station: various instruments, buckets, and accoutrements needed for the task of cleaning/organizing corpses.)

(The music comes to a climactic finish.)

Scene 1

GARY. Bit more of them than I was expecting.

(Slight pause.)

Sorta difficult to know where to begin.

(Slight pause.)

Me mum always said, “When cleaning Gary, ya start at the top and work your way down.”

(Slight pause.)

Alright then.

(Gary steps into the large mound of bodies and begins to climb. To the dead:)

Sorry. Oh. Sorry about that. I’ll just put my foot there and—Right. Don’t mind me. Sorry about the face. Oh. Slippery one.

(While climbing.)

Two boys in here got baked inside two pies.

Long story short, most everybody dies.

(Bragging.)

I had a part in it,

(A confession.)

a little brief.

I guess I’m what you’d call, comic relief.

A joke, that’s what I was, and not a good one.

’Cause when that joke’s on you, it ain’t that fun.

I used to juggle pigeons in the gutter.

So didn’t clean but helped to make the clutter:

I always was a clown who hated clowns.

Ya know the type who stumbles ’bout the towns

With off-timed jokes invariably that flop,

And so becomes a target for the slop—

For when your talent’s barely juggling birds

It makes a bloke a bullseye for the turds—

Not metaphorical and not from fowl

But actual poo found in a human bowel.

My great-great-granddad was a clown. They claim
He wasn't good as well but all the same
He passed routines on down to us that followed
And every generation grinned and swallowed
Our place inside the square with poo and pigeons
As clowning was inherited like religions.
I never had the reins of me own doing
Me choices were what others were pursuing.
Like that there Titus general before me,
His tale when told did use then did ignore me.
It was the same old same, rich folk want power,
Revenge, and center stage, and will devour
The little folk like me along the way.
So yeah, they killed some folk in this buffet,
They speechified and then they had a sob,
But all you need to know's: I got a job.
Yeah really that is it, no need to stress
Or even read a little synop...sess.
I get it, some will wish they'd done their study
But either way all this would still be bloody.
So let me say it clear, all that ya need:
That Titus bloke is dead; now I'm the lead.
For this here works an opportunity.
They'll be no begging for the coin for me.
They'll be no eggs, insults, or poo I'll dodge,
Not with this job, me foot's inside the lodge.
Me foot's inside the court! Next comes the rest!
Me clowning days are done, I got a quest
To raise me status, climb up top the ladder.
So watch this cameo begin to matter!

(Gary suddenly sinks in the mound until we can't see him.)

GARY: A SEQUEL TO TITUS ANDRONICUS

by Taylor Mac

1 man, 2 women, 1 child (all performed by any genders)

In GARY, maverick theater artist Taylor Mac's singular world view intersects with Shakespeare's first tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*. Set just after the blood-soaked conclusion of that sensationally gruesome tale, the years of battles are over, the country has been stolen by madmen, and there are casualties everywhere. And two very lowly servants are charged with cleaning up the bodies. It's the year 400—but it feels like the end of the world.

"...[GARY] is fabulous and bedraggled: a defiant and beautiful mess."

—The New York Times

"Taylor Mac...has the smarts to take on the big themes—death, power, betrayal, responsibility—and to find credible and incredible arguments in each. ...Mac's ability to elevate doggerel to verse—and to a mirror of his protagonist's essence—is no small thing: it is the work of a real writer expressing depths in a popular form."

—The New Yorker

"...[GARY] is morbid and hilarious, poetic and gross, deeply absurd and born of undeniable urgency. ...Mashing up a menagerie of forms and traditions, from farce and theatre of the absurd to Brechtian self-reference and the bawdiness of National Lampoon, Mac conjures a hyper-stimulating experience unlike any other."

—Towleroad.com

Also by Taylor Mac

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