

SIDE ONE: Polonius and Danny

Polonius: Son! Hast thou garnered some wages since our last breakfast of oats most circular?

Danny: A wad of singles, father mine, fourscore or so.

Polonius: To the college fund, thou shalt plunk the bunch. The undiscovered country awaits but a handful of fortnights, and, while I love you as your father, I will not bear the burden of your winter-mester's textbooks. And before you think that academic plight a winter of our discontent, 'tis a far better pursuit than breaking your back at your uncle's yard of lumber.

Danny: For your sake, my dad, would I be this patient log man, but many doubts have I regarding the community college.

Polonius: My lad, our fair community has two universities of higher thinking and thoughts philosophic.

Danny: Yes, well and good, but Laertes, a fellow rogue, spake the rumor that only two girls enjoy current attendance, and both are nuns.

Polonius: Sublime! Get thee to a nunnery, then, but not on my dime.

Danny: The world embraces such hustlers and fakers.
Off to earn my pay at Bushwood Acres.

SIDE TWO: Ty and Danny

Ty: Do you smoke the insane root, Danny?

Danny: Daily, sir.

Ty: Good, good.

Danny: Sir, place upon me what forgeries you please, but I must go to college. I must not dishonor my father. I must avoid the yard of lumber.

Ty: What befouls a yard of lumber? I own two such yards.

Danny: I notice you don't spend much time there.

Ty: I'm not sure where they are. I like you, Desdemona.

Danny: It's Danny, sir.

Ty: Danny, Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Danny: Good sir Titus, sending the dimpled orb aloft and accurate with blindfold snug would be easier if you would but hold your tongue.

Ty: (*sotto voce*) I shall wag my whiskered chin for one final morsel of timely advice:
'Tis the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Danny swings.

Danny: Did my ball land near or far in these out of doors?

Ty: Right in the lumberyard, 'twixt the two by fours.

SIDE THREE: Carl and Macduff

Carl: (focusing on a female golfer in the audience) Hark, Lady Crane, I'm looking at you... You wore a shade of forested verdure so you could blend in the fairway and dodge my scope. I blame thee not - you're a tramp! Ooh! That nine iron did thee justice! Ooh Lady Crane, you're a little funky woman you know that? You're a little funky woman... You're lean and you're mean and you're not too far between either, I wager. Would you like to wrap your spikes around my head whilst I put a ducat in your claque dish? We can make the beast with two backs in my bona fide buck basket!

Macduff: Damn your eyes, man! The Praetor Smails has an ill mood, and now I must entrust you with a chore most paramount. I want you to kill all the gophers. : Make sure each gopher has breathed his last.

Carl: Pardon, sir. Sir, a hearty pardon, but if we relegate the golfers to a murder most foul, they're going to throw me in the Tower and chuck the key into the Tiber.

Macduff: Gophers, you non-entity. Gophers!

Carl: We can do that. We don't even need to have a reason or rhyme.

Macduff: (channeling Marc Antony from Julius Caesar)
Spy yon bleeding piece of earth and gopher turf,
Do not be gentle with these butchers!
Woe to the claws that shed these costly furrows
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their dirty lips,
The gophers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
With Spaulding by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;

Carl: The gopher will die. The judge? Keeps a-playin'.
It's not my fault no one knows what you're sayin'.

SIDE FOUR: Carl's monologue

Carl: So I jump ship in Hong Kong and I stealth mine self to Tibet, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench, and I get on as a Himalayan looper. A looper, perforce, a caddy, a looper, a lugger of balls most golflike, a jock. So, I tell them I'm a pro jock, and who do you think they give me? The Widow Dido, herself. Grieving daughter of the Didos. The flowing robes, bodice, wig... striking. So, I'm on the first tee with her. I give her the driver. She hauls off and whacks one - big hitter, the Dido - long, into a ten-thousand foot crevasse, right at the base of this glacier most frostlike and plant barren. Dost thou know what the Dido says? "Gunga galunga... gunga, gunga-lagunga." So we finish the eighteenth and she's gonna stiff me, leave me bereft of gratuity most fair. And I say, "Hey, Dido, hey, how about a little something, you know, for the effort, perchance?" And she says, "Hey, nonny, nonny. Neither a beggar nor a lender be, there won't be any money for your itching palm, but when you shed your mortal coil, on your deathbed, total consciousness shall greet your headboard and kiss your wrinkled pate." So I got that goin' for me, which is nice.

SIDE FIVE: Lou's monologue

Lou: Part, fools! What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Antonius, look upon thy tee time.
To caddy for the Gentleman and Lady Havercamp?
What's he that wishes so?
The elder caddy of scholarship most free?
(channelling Henry V) Cassius Lipbaum, who died of anxiety,
Choking on a tide of vomit upon midterms last.
It yearns me not if men my plaid pants wear;
Or walk forth with feet so bare
Antonius D'Annunzio and Dardanius Noonan
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that shags the sod with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And the men of Pebble Beach that hook and slice
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap
whiles any speaks that fought with us upon this...Caddyshack!

SIDE SIX: Hal's intro

Hal: I'm Hal Czervik. We are shooting the front nine past the midseason, inside the next two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now must by us be spent most preciously. Give me a bag of those Birnam Wood tees and the schmeer entire: clubs, bags, shoes, gloves, shirts, pants--Gadzooks!--orange balls! I'll have a box of those, a box of those tees with the naked wenches, two of those, six of those— 'Zounds! This is the most offensive hat that crossed my path in these threescore years. Gramercy, if a novice fop be foolish enough to purchase such a garish crown, a free bowl of soup with bitter barley should be granted as palatable compensation. A headpiece to hate, but it looks almost stylish upon *your* pate. Yeesh.

SIDE SEVEN: D'Annunzio's monologue

Lavinia Bottom, the niece of Praetor Smalls, enters.

D'Annunzio: A living droolery.

If in Pinehurst

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such bootylish--

For, certes, she is a goddess of the greenery--

I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture and such curves, expressing,

Although she wants the use of tongue, a kind

Of excellent dumb intercourse as the sunset falls.

She is a magnanimous Madonna with meatballs.

SIDE EIGHT: Spaulding's monologue

Spaulding (channeling the bastard's soliloquy from King Lear):

Baconator of Wendy's, art my goddess;

to thy lard, my services are bound.

Wherefore should I stand in the plague of mustard,

and permit the curiosity of napkins to deprive me,

For that, I am some twelve or fourteen milkshakes lag of a belt loop?

Why bastard? Wherefore base?

When my grease stains are as well disguised,

My mind is as crispy, as Happy Meals true,

bold as a mayonnaise's issue?

Hell, man!

Why brand they us with bacon?

With Baconators? Bastardy? Bib-worthy?

Who, in the lusty burgling of fries,

ingest more condiments and crimson-kissed ketchup?

Than doth, within your dull, stale, and tired buns,

go to, the creating of a whole menu of fops,

Sup between FourthMeal and breakfast?

Well, then, Legitimate Noonan,

I must have your milkshake:

The judge's love is to the bastard Spaulding as to the legitimate:

fine word, –legitimate! Well, my legiti-mayt of tomato paste,

if this rusted putter speed,

and my appetite thrive,

Spaulding the base with special sauce and green-leeked onion breath

shall top the legitimate.

I grow; I prosper. I bogie; I par.

To the elusive eagle and albatross flown from afar!

Now, gods, stand up for bastards! Wherever they are!

I shall confound any caddy who enters the tourney.

Exit, stage left, now cue up some Journey!

SIDE NINE: Danny and Ty

Danny: Mr. Webb, I have to win today's caddy tournament. It will honor my parents to land the scholarship bounty.

Ty: Let me tell you a little story. I once knew a knave who could have been a great golfer, could have gone pro, all he needed was a little time and practice. Decided to go to college instead. Went for four years and fared well. At the end of his four years, his last semester he was kicked out... You know what for? He was night putting, just putting at night with the fifteen-year-old daughter of the Dean... You know who that guy was, Danny?

Danny: The Moor of Venice?

Ty: Ha ha... No, that guy was Yorick Cumstein, my roommate. He was a good guy. I knew him well. Only a fool is obsessed with desires, Danny. The Zen philosopher, Malvolio, once wrote, 'A flute with no holes is not a flute. A donut with no hole is a Danish.'

Danny: Rosencrantz was Danish.

Ty: Guildenstern, Danny.

Danny: Fellows of infinite jest? Of most excellent fancy? (Ty swings, a very impressive shot.)

Danny: Unbelievable.

Ty: I just lined up the shot, hit down the middle,
Therefore, I must thank thee, very little.
Good luck in the scholarship tournament, Danny.
May the fortune of Guildenstern be with you.

Danny: Rosencrantz, sir.

Ty: Either way. It's...college.

SIDE TEN: Danny and Miranda

Danny: Well, the sun is high and my hormones are brimming. Methinks we should probably go swimming.

Miranda: You have confused me with the Baywatch babes from days of yore.
My present apparel would have to do,
since I don't possess swimwear, be it one piece or two.
Perhaps you're thinking of your last girlfriend, Ophelia.

Danny: No, Ophelia couldn't swim.

Miranda: I have enjoyed a great many things, excelled at pastimes of sport and sweat, from hunting, archery, and graverobbing to falconry, fencing, and wrestling, but these fair limbs have never stroked the sea. Alas, to swim and keep myself afloat? I know not.

Danny: Calm thy nerves when the tide is high,
I'll tutor your booty, by and by.

Miranda: My dearest companion, if by your art of chlorine and cannonballs, you will part the bemoistened waters with a splash, allay these lusty desires until you knock thy cannon balls against my tender bosom.

Danny: I'll counter your splashing with a mischievous splish
Let us hurry to the poolside, and I'll grant thee that wish.

Miranda giggles and takes Danny by the hand and leads him off SL. As they exit, we can hear Danny asking "Graverobbing?"

SIDE ELEVEN: Carl's monologue

Carl: (channeling the dagger soliloquy from *Macbeth*)

Is this a dookie I see before me?

Or Halloween candy toward my hand?

Come, let me clutch thee.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to smell? or art thou but

A dookie of the mind, a false defecation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I sniff thee yet, in form as palpable

As the Hershey's I sometimes chew.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,

And in thy nougaty interior gouts of nuts,

Which is salty and sweet? There's no such turd:

'Tis a discarded chocolate, naked, without wrapper

I'll take the present horror from the pool,

Which now suits with it.

I'm not for certes how the swimmers feel,

but for Carliolanus, 'tis no big deal. Scene change, Gopher!

SIDE 12: Lavinia and Ty

Lavinia: Most happy prince and scratcher of the sod,
Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful life,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd thought against thy rule,
To be investors of thy royal brows.

Ty: A monologue finely crafted and bawdy, smoky-voiced and reminiscent of the Kathleen who turns. Forgive my forward query, but was that sultry smidgen of seduction Shakespeare, yea or nay?

Lavinia: Nay, 'twas the virgin's speech from Tamburlaine the Great...by Christopher Marlowe?

Ty: You dirty wench. My loins are properly 'roused.

Lavinia: Ty, my uncle thinks you have a screw loose.

Ty: Your uncle molests collies.

Lavinia: Speak no more of collies. Sing me a love song, you saucy jack.

Ty: You are the muse who conjures melody most sudden. (Ty sings *a capella*.)

I was born to love you.
I was born to lick your face.
I was born to rub you,
But you were born to rub me first, posthaste.

Lavinia: Forget pentameter and scansion's rule,
Shut up, my Titus, and just kiss me, you fool.

SIDE THIRTEEN: Lavinia and Danny

Danny: Am I overdressed, bearing my fanciest sheath?

Lavinia: Depends on what is underneath. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd.
Care to know thy future from the cracks along thy palm?
Double, double bogie and bubble.
A carnal embrace will put thee in trouble.

Danny: And my scholarship?

Lavinia: Why, this hath not a finger's dignity!
A fortune is wagered not long from now
My uncle takes a caddy, thou
When wagers double, loyalties budge
You end up playing *against* the judge
Eye of newt and wink of gopher
By sharpened cleat and penny loafer
Thou walkest th'back nine, upon the green, and what?
The underdog hero doth sink a putt!

Danny: What can this mean? From my palm to my blushing face.
What are my chances with you? For one night's carnal embrace?

Lavinia: So sayeth your saliva line.

Danny: My saliva line?

Lavinia: Carnal embraces thicken the plot;
It proves that I can make thee hot.
Visiting nymphs make sportive arousers.
Assist me, anon, and undo your trousers.

Danny: I just want you to know that—
because of this, by St. Olaf's steeple,
we don't have to stop seeing other people.

She giggles and leads him off, exiting.

SIDE FOURTEEN: The Bishop

Bishop: (channeling King Lear)

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Singe my visor'd head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Eighteen holes, good sir, and I shall fill your pockets!

For I feel as if I am drowning in luck.

Fortune favors the Bishop this day!

Away! Away! Let's away!

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my irons:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription: then let fall

Your horrible pleasure: here I stand,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:

But yet I call upon you, loyal caddy, Carlolanus mine,

To record each stroke with true conscience, as true as thou art... moist.

SIDE FIFTEEN: Danny and Miranda

Danny: I am waking. I am glad you are by;
I beg thee for some remedy
for this ague, some hair of the dog, some liquid courage.

Miranda: O, screw your courage...

Danny: O waitress, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Miranda: You have slept this past night in the shack of caddies,
Making thee early for work. Sadly, I am late.

Danny: Late for what, my gorgeous o' the green?

Miranda: For not being pregnant. 'Tis a sign.

Danny: Be thou most certain, it is mine?

Miranda: Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse!

Danny: O, I could play the father 'til I'm dust in the tomb
Or have you made...other plans for your womb?

Miranda: My contempt for thee grows by leaps and bounds;
I had rather give your carcass to my hounds.
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made!
I prefer to cry alone here, in this shade....

Danny: How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Perhaps then, I should just...(dropping to a knee) marry you?

Miranda: For punishment, you mistake me a glutton.
A wedding bed? Aw, tanks fer nuttin'.

Miranda exits, sobbing.

SIDE SIXTEEN: Ty's monologue

Ty: (channeling Hamlet)

To be, or not to be, that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler to find a tiger

The green Masters jacket of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of hazards

And by avoiding end them. To duff—to tee

No more; and by a tee, to say we end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural hooks

That slice the air, too: 'tis a swinging elation

Devoutly to be swish'd. To duff, to tee;

To slice, perchance to par—ay, there's the rub:

For in that bogey or birdie, what putts may come

Putts?

Hamlet, now *there* was a putz.

Took him five interminable acts to avenge his father.

Hamlet...lacked balls, Danny.

You, Danny, you...don't have to lack balls.

Just may. Make the shot, and be, Danny, be, be the ball.

And don't worry about this one. You miss it. We lose.

SIDE SEVENTEEN: Hal and Judge Smails

Hal: Hey, we're all starving. The appetite of my eye doth scorch me up like a burning glass. When do we eat?

Smails: You, you, you have worn out your welcome at Bushwood, sir!

Hal: Is that so? Says you? You unlick'd bear whelp!

Smails: Whoreson!

Hal: Barbermonger!

Smails: King of Codpieces!

Hal: Prating mountebank!

Smails: Fusty plebian!

Hal: Thrice double-ass!

Smails: Scurvy companion!

Hal: Puke stocking!

Smails: Botcher's apprentice!

Hal: All right! Which misbegotten clot made thee Pope of this dump?

Smails: Bushwood, a dump? I guarantee you shall never be a member here.

Hal; Surely, you jest! You think I would join this crummy snobatorium? This place sucks!

Smails: Suh-suh-suh-suh---

Hal: That's right. It sucks. The only reason I'm here is because maybe I'll buy it.

Smails: Buy Bushwood?? Argh! (Smails attempts to choke Hal. Hal breaks free.)

Smails: That man tried to choke me. You all saw it. Bear witness.

Cast:

Male Characters

- 1) Danny Noonan, a caddy and our main protagonist, can pull off 18 years old
- 2) Praetor Prospero Smails, The Judge age 40-80
- 3) Hal Czervik, an entrepreneur in the construction business, obnoxious, crude, loaded with new money, can pull off a Rodney Dangerfield impression, age 30-60
- 4) Titus "Ty" Andronicus, a scratch golfer. tall, skilled, confident age 35-55
- 5) Carliolanus, the Asst. Groundskeeper, lustful, stoned, easily distracted, peckish, can pull off a good Bill Murray ~~song~~-impression age 30-50
- 6) Spaulding, the bastard grandson of Judge Smails, whiny, entitled, impatient, peckish, age 18-25
- 7) *Antonius (Tony) D'Annunzio, a caddy, braggadocious, tough, age 18-30
Doubles at Hal's bodyguard #1, Launce
- 8) *The Bishop, seldom at the church, often on the green, age 30-60
doubles as Ringo (the orchestra conductor), Speed (Hal's #2 bodyguard), Macduff the Head Greenskeeper, gruff, ill-tempered, thick Scottish accent, and Claudius, the male lifeguard
- 9) *Lou "Pair o' Cleats" Loomis, the Merchant of Bushwood
(doubles as Polonius Noonan, Danny's father, 35-55)
- 10) The Apothecary (the highest bidder at the pre-show auction or a volunteer from the audience, different every night)

Female Characters

- 1) Lavinia Bottom, Smails' niece, confident, alluring, witty age 18-30
- 2) Miranda O'Hooligan, Danny's hot-tempered girlfriend, a young waitress at the clubhouse age 18-25
- 3) Portia Smails, the Judge's wife, age 40-80
- 4) Crab, the Gopher* puppeteer
(operated by the actor who plays Viola, Julia, Angie, Ariel, and Gertrude, the female lifeguard)
Viola Noonan, Danny's little sister, 16
Angie D'Annunzio, a caddy, 18
Juliet Plutarch, clubhouse historian, 18-30
Ariel, Invisible Sprite of Storms shapeshifting and immortal