

The Lambs - Various Characters

Because “the lambs” are on stage a majority of the time in different roles, we are looking for strong comedic actors/actresses who can create a variety of over the top characters - think Saturday Night Live. Remember, don’t be afraid to be too big, there are no wrong choices - the important part is to make us laugh. You can use the character/voice descriptions supplied by the playwright or make up your own.

The “Yourself” Storage Facility

A mysterious old man with no hands leads Clarice up to a storage unit.

OLD MAN: (*high, wispy voice, Transylvanian accent*): Ah, here we are, unit 31. Paid in full for a 10-year duration and registered to a Miss Hester Mofet. And no one’s been in this unit for a while, at least not that I know of. Privacy is of great concern to my customers. Is the door stuck? I would offer to help, (*ominously*) but I have no hands. Good Luck! (*beat*) What a nice little boy.

TV ANCHOR: Good evening. I’m Stone Rockbrockmanrock, and we interrupt your regularly scheduled program to bring you this breaking story. (*Underscore fades out*) Catherine Martin, the daughter of Junior Senator Ruth Martin, Republican from Tennessee, is believed to have been kidnapped by the notorious “Buffalo Bill.” Police sources indicate that the missing girl’s blouse has been identified, sliced up the back, in what has become a kind of grim calling card for this sadistic killer. Chances are slim to none that they’ll find Martin alive, if they find her at all. More on this horrifying story at eleven, (*suddenly chipper*) And, now, a squirrel fashion show?

Guard & Inmates at the Asylum create different characters

BARNEY - THE GUARD (*deep voice*): Hi. I’m Barney. Nice to meet you. Now, Dr. Chilton told you to run right up to the glass and start screaming and banging it? Right? (*laughing*): I’m just fucking with you. Stay away from the glass! You’ll do fine. I’ll be watching.

INMATE #1 (*dignified*): Hey lady! I just shit in my pants and there’s nothing you can do about it.

INMATE #3 (*effeminate*): I can smell your cunt.

MIGGS (*matter of factly*): Hey lady, I got something for ya! Yeah ole Miggs has got something for you. Here it comes...oh yeah... Can you just not talk right now? I need to concentrate. I swear to God this never happens to me, just give me a second. (*he goes to shoot*) Oops...not there yet. Here we go. Oh yeah...oh yeah...AHHHH! Oh yes! Right in your F-B-eye!