



AUDITION PACKET

The One-Act Play That Goes Wrong

By Henry Lewis, Jonathan Sayer, & Henry Shields

And

The Actor's Nightmare

By Christopher Durang

Directed by Ruthanne Munger

AUDITIONS: Saturday, January 20th and Sunday, January 21st, 2024, from 2-4 p.m. at Joy & Whimsy Depot!

WHAT DO I NEED FOR AUDITIONS? Auditions will consist of cold readings from the script. Some audition pages are attached. Please bring your completed audition form with you with all conflicts marked.

REHEARSAL & PERFORMANCE INFORMATION: Rehearsals will begin Sunday, January 28th and run Sunday afternoons and 2 evenings each week through early March. We will rehearse daily during the final week or 2 before opening night.

Performances will be on March 8, 9, and 10, 2024 at 7:00 p.m. at the Joy & Whimsy Depot in Lewisburg, OH.

The Shows and the Roles Available:

The One-Act Play That Goes Wrong		
There has been an untimely death at a country manor, everyone is a suspect, and an inspector is set on the case to find who the culprit is. However, when this play is performed by the accident-prone thespians of The Cornley Polytechnic Drama Society, everything that can go wrong . . . does! The One-Act Play That Goes Wrong is a shorter, original version of the sensational slapstick, Tony-winning Broadway hit <i>The Play That Goes Wrong</i> .		
All actors are in their 20s or 30s and must be in excellent physical shape. We are looking for truthful, funny, physically adept performers who can commit to the style of the play and fully inhabit the characters. With that in mind, we are looking for actors with a keen ability and understanding of comedy but who are able to play the truth of the scenes. All ethnicities are encouraged to audition.		
Annie	Female	The company's stage manager, she has the biggest journey of any character. She's initially terrified by acting but is willing to kill for it by the end of the play. Her terror turns to joy, and then to fury. She starts small but grows and grows. Cockney or Northern England accent
Chris/Inspector Carter	Either	Director of the play-within-a-play <i>Murder at Haversham Manor</i> and plays the esteemed Inspector Carter. This is the biggest day of his life. He is rigid and uptight. The experience of performing the show is both nerve-wracking and exciting. His pain is evident and every time someone laughs, the pain deepens. British accent.
Robert/Thomas Colleymore	Male	wants to be Richard Burton, as evidenced by his presentational style. But he's not a parody of a bad actor, just unaware of others around him. He does not feel bad when things go wrong and never learns from his mistakes. There's a power struggle between Robert and Chris to be president of the Cornley Poly Drama Society (a position that matters a great deal to Robert). Must have British accent and real vocal power.
Dennis/Perkins	Male	Has no real desire to be involved in the theatre; he just wants friends. He believes if he does well in the show, he'll be more successful socially. Laughter from the audience is agony and a personal tragedy for him. He's slightly oblivious but understands when he gets things wrong. British accent.
Trevor	Male	The play's curmudgeonly lighting and sound operator. He simply wants to get on with the show. He doesn't like actors. He is easily distracted and does many things he shouldn't, including talking to the audience. Cockney or Northern England accent.
Jonathan/Charles Haversham	Male	A bit bland personality-wise but sees himself as a James Bond-type. Excited and having fun. He technically has to drive the show. He cares about the play, but it's mostly just for fun for him. The role of Charles Haversham is a very physically demanding role. British accent.
Max/Cecil Haversham	Male	Has never been onstage before. He learned his lines and does exactly what he's told to do. He has zero connection with any of the actors, but when he gets a laugh, he breaks the fourth wall and engages with the audience. Childlike and naive. His mistakes are fundamental. He doesn't think anything through. British accent.
Sandra/Florence Colleymore	Female	Is vain and has a huge ego. She wants to be loved. She has ambitions to go to Hollywood and will hurt anyone standing in the way of what she wants but is smart enough to stay on the good side of someone who can help her (like the director). The stakes are high for her. Very physical role – British accent.

The Actor's Nightmare		
A man finds himself inexplicably backstage one day. When he is confronted by the stage manager, Meg, it becomes apparent that he is the understudy for an actor named Edwin and as "Eddie" apparently broke both his legs, the man must perform in his stead. The man is referred to as "George" throughout the play, despite him feeling that it is not his real name (another actress refers to him as Stanley at one point as well) and cannot remember attending any rehearsals or being an actor at all – he instead believes that he is an accountant. Literally forced on stage, George attempts to improvise his lines.		
George Spillman	Male 20-30	a man who finds himself backstage under mysterious circumstances. He appears to be an accountant and seems to be the understudy of a man named Edwin, although he cannot actually remember attending any rehearsals or being a part of the production.
Meg	Female	the stage manager. A capable worker. When it becomes apparent that George does not know many of his lines, she pretends to be a maid in the production and whispers some to him.
Sarah	Female	a grand actress. In <i>Private Lives</i> , she plays Amanda. In <i>Hamlet</i> , she plays Queen Gertrude. In <i>A Man for all Seasons</i> , she plays Sir Thomas More's wife.
Ellen	Female	another actress, but not as grand as Sarah. In <i>Private Lives</i> she plays Sybil. In <i>Checkmate</i> , her character is unnamed, but she appears to be a cross between Winnie (from <i>Happy Days</i>) and Nell (from <i>Endgame</i>). She remains in this character throughout the <i>A Man for all Seasons</i> scene and bids George goodbye as "Willie".
Henry	Male	a grand actor. In <i>Hamlet</i> , he plays the part of Horatio. According to the script, Henry is also able to play the part of the executioner. If this is the case, he bids George goodbye as "Sir Thomas".
Executioner	Either	makes an appearance only in <i>A Man for All Seasons</i> . If it is desired, the part can be played by the same actor as Henry. He bids George goodbye as "Sir Thomas".

January 2024						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
14	15	16	17	18	19	20 Auditions
21 Auditions	22 Read Through 6-8 pm	23 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	24 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	25	26	27
28 Rehearsal 3-5 pm	29 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	30 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	31 Possible Rehearsal 6-8			

February 2024						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4 Rehearsal 3-5 pm	5 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	6 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	7 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	8	9	10
11 Rehearsal 3-5 pm	12 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	13 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	14 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	15	16	17
18 Rehearsal 3-5 pm	19 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	20 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	21 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	22	23	24
25 Rehearsal 3-5 pm	26 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	27 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	28 Possible Rehearsal 6-8	29		

March 2024						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2 Tech Rehearsal 2-6 pm
3 Rehearsal 3-5 pm	4 Rehearsal 6-8	5 Rehearsal 6-8	6 Rehearsal 6-8	7 OFF . . . IF	8 Show	9 Show
10 Show & Strike						

Casting Agreement: By accepting a role, I agree to play the role assigned to me to the best of my ability, trusting the judgment of the director and staff. In doing so, I also agree to wear the costumes, makeup and wig or hairstyle of the director's and/or designer's choosing. Initial _____

Attendance Agreement: By accepting a role, I agree to attend all rehearsals and performances as defined by the rehearsal schedule. I agree to arrive in a timely matter and be prepared to start when directed to do so. Initial _____

Thank you so much for auditioning for the show! We appreciate your time and interest in Preble Players!

The Play That Goes Wrong AUDITION CUT 1 – Chris

Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to The Cornley Polytechnic Drama Society's spring production of *The Murder at Haversham Manor*.

I would like to personally welcome you to what will be my directorial debut, and my first production as head of the drama society.

We are particularly excited to present this play because, for the first time in the society's history, we have managed to find a play that fits the company's numbers perfectly. If we're honest a lack of numbers has hampered past productions. Last year's Chekhov play, *Two Sisters*. Or last Christmas' *The Lion and the Wardrobe*, and of course our summer musical, *Cat*.

But now, on with the main event, which I am confident will be our best show yet! So without any further ado, please put your hands together for Susie H.K. Brideswell's thrilling whodunit – *The Murder at Haversham Manor*.

The Play That Goes Wrong AUDITION CUT 2 – Dennis, Max, Robert, Sandra

Robert *(off)* Charley! Are you ready? We're all waiting downstairs to raise a glass to your engagement! Charley?

Robert *knocks on the door.*

Robert *(off)* Come along now, Charley, you've been in there for hours now. If I didn't know better I'd say you were having second thoughts about the wedding. *(Chuckles.)* Hang it all, Charley, if you won't come out, I'll come in! *(Tries handle.)* Damn it! He's locked the door. Hand me those keys, Perkins.

Dennis *(off)* Here they are, Mr Colleymoore.

Robert *(off)* Thank you, Perkins. Let's get this door open. We're coming in, Charley! We're coming in!

Robert *goes to open the door, but it won't budge.*

Robert *(off)* There we are. We're in.

Robert and **Dennis** *dart around the side of the set to enter.*

Robert But, what's this? Charles, unconscious?

Dennis Asleep surely, Mr Colleymoore?

Robert Damn it, Perkins, I hope so.

Dennis I'll take his pulse.

Robert Blast! I knew something was wrong, it's so unlike Charles to disappear like this.

Dennis Sir, he's dead!

Lights snap to red. Dramatic musical spike. Lights snap back to general state.

Robert Dead?! Damn it, Perkins, he can't be! He's my closest friend!

Dennis He's not breathing, sir, and there's no hint of a heartbeat!

Robert I'm dumbfounded! He was right as rain an hour ago.

Robert *crosses in front of the chaise longue, treading on Jonathan's outstretched hand.*

Dennis I don't understand. He was a fit as a fiddle. He can't be dead. It doesn't make sense.

Robert Of course it makes sense. He's been murdered!

Robert *hangs his jacket up on a hook on the wall, the hook and his jacket falls to the floor.*

Robert Or do you think perhaps it was suicide?

Dennis Suicide! Mr Haversham? Not possible! There never was a man with more zest for life than Charles Haversham! He was young, rich and soon to be married, why on earth would he commit suicide?

Robert But why on earth would anyone murder him? Charles was such gentle fellow.

Dennis He was generous, kind, a true . . . *(Reads the word from his hand and mispronounces it.)* philanthropist. He never had an enemy in his life.

Robert Until today it seems.

Dennis Mr Haversham was murdered in cold blood in this very room on this very day, in this very room! *(Realises his mistake.)* Shall I telephone the police?

The Play That Goes Wrong AUDITION CUT 3

– Chris and Sandra

Chris Don't fret, Miss Colley Moore, my questions will be brief and to the point and then you can get some rest. Firstly, how old are you, Miss Colley Moore?

Sandra Twenty-one.

Chris I'll make a note of that. (*Tries to make a note on the vase.*) When were you and your fiancé due to be married?

Sandra In the new year.

Chris *writes on vase again.*

Chris When did you first meet?

Sandra Only seven months ago but my brother has known him since school, he introduced us at a local gala and it was love at first sight. I knew from the very first moment I saw him that he was the man I wished to marry.

Chris Well, I think that's enough note taking for now.

Sandra *comes in a line too early.*

Sandra When you love someone there's no such thing as rushing, Inspector.

Chris Did you ever think you were rushing into this marriage?

Sandra Why wouldn't I love him?

Chris . . . did you love him, then?

Sandra How could anyone have benefitted?

Chris Can you think of anyone who might have benefitted from your fiancé's death?

Sandra Cecil?!

Chris Not even Cecil?

Sandra I wasn't having an affair! Don't raise your voice to me, Inspector!

Chris YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR!

Sandra (*slaps Chris*) Don't tell me to calm down!

Chris Calm down, Miss Colley Moore. (*Reacts to slap.*)

Sandra Which letter?

Chris Then how do you explain this letter?

Annie has taken the letter off and she passes it back through the fireplace.

Sandra You've read my letter? Where did you find it?

Chris I'll tell you which letter! The one addressed to Cecil, written in your hand, declaring your love for him and how the thought of marrying Charles repulsed you.

Sandra Charles read it . . .

Chris (*does Sandra's line for her, high voice*) You've read my letter? Where did you find it? (*Back to his normal voice.*) I'll tell you where I found it! In Charles's pocket!

Sandra Charles read it?! Then it was suicide!

Chris Indeed! Or a murder, conceived by yourself and Cecil Haversham so you could run away together!

Sandra How dare you! You diabolical beast! How can you? I won't stand for this, Inspector! Accuse me again and you'll be sor . . .

The Play That Goes Wrong AUDITION CUT 4 – Annie, Robert, Dennis, Chris, Jonathan

Jonathan *pushes Annie in through the door. She's wearing Sandra's dress over her own clothes and she clutches a script.*

Annie *(reads each word slowly from the script,*
Thomas, I'm frightened!

Robert Don't worry, Florence, you're safe in here with me.

Dennis What is going on?

Chris Isn't it obvious! Cecil has lost control!

Annie Cecil! Surely not!

Chris He killed Charles tonight; driven mad by his lust for you and now he knows we've found him out!

Annie I cannot bear it. Cecil would not do such a thing.

Dennis This is a fine mess, sir! The worst night I've seen in eighty-eight years of service!

Annie Save me brother, save me! *(Clings onto Chris.)*

Chris *bushes her onto Robert.*

Robert I shan't let anyone hurt a hair on your head, Florence.

Annie I'm panicking! I can't believe . . . Cecil?

Chris Cecil!

Annie Cecil . . . is doing this?

Dennis Try to stay calm, Miss Colley Moore!

Annie I shall faint!

Annie *falls back without warning. Robert just catches her.*

Robert You shan't faint, confound it! What a devil of a situation this is!

Jonathan *bursts in again, holding his gun.*

Jonathan Not so fast, Insp . . . !

Jonathan *realises he is still too early, and exits again. After leaving he slowly walks past the window, his head in his hands. He realises the audience can see him, mortified he darts out of view.*

Robert We're all going to survive tonight, you hear me?

The Actor's Nightmare - AUDITION CUT 1 – George & Meg

GEORGE SPELVIN, a young man (twenty to thirty), wanders in. He looks baffled and uncertain about where he is.

Enter MEG, the stage manager. In jeans and sweatshirt, perhaps, pleasant, efficient, age twenty-five to thirty probably.

GEORGE: Oh, I'm sorry. I don't know how I got in here.

MEG: Oh thank goodness you're here. I've been calling you.

GEORGE: Pardon?

MEG: An awful thing has happened. Eddie's been in a car accident, and you'll have to go on for him.

GEORGE: Good heavens, how awful. Who's Eddie?

MEG: Eddie. (He looks blank.) Edwin. You have to go on for him.

GEORGE: On for him.

MEG: Well, he can't go on. He's been in a car accident.

GEORGE: Yes I understood that part. But what do you mean "go on for him"?

MEG: You play the part. Now I know you haven't had a chance to rehearse it exactly, but presumably you know your lines, and you've certainly seen it enough.

GEORGE: I don't understand. Do I know you?

MEG: George, we really don't have time for this kind of joshing. Half-hour. (Exits.)

GEORGE: My name isn't George, it's ... well, I don't know what it is, but it isn't George.

The Actor's Nightmare AUDITION CUT # –2 George

GEORGE: Oh don't go. (Pause; smiles uncomfortably at the audience.) Maybe someone else will come out in a minute. (Pause.) Of course, sometimes people have soliloquies in Shakespeare. Let's just wait a moment more and maybe someone will come. (The lights suddenly change to a dim blue background and one bright, white spot center stage. GEORGE is not standing in the spot.) Oh dear. (He moves somewhat awkwardly into the spot, decides to do his best to live up to the requirements of the moment.) To be or not to be, that is the question. Oh maid! (No response; remembers that actors call for line.") Line! Line! Ohhh. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind's eye to kill oneself, or not killing oneself, to sleep a great deal. We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our lives are rounded by a little sleep.

Alas, poor Yorick I knew him well. Get thee to a nunnery. Line. Nunnery. As a child, I was taught by nuns, and then in high school I was taught by Benedictine priests. I really rather liked the nuns, they were sort of warm, though they were fairly crazy too. Line. I liked the priests also. The school was on the grounds of the monastery, and my junior and senior years I spent a few weekends joining in the daily routine of the monastery - prayers, then breakfast, then prayers, then lunch, then prayers, then dinner, then prayers, then sleep. I found the predictability quite attractive. And the food was good. I was going to join the monastery after high school, but they said I was too young and should wait. And then I just stopped believing in all those things, so I never did join the monastery. I became an accountant. I've studied logarithms, and cosine and tangent ... (Furious and despairing:) Line! (Totally defeated, apologetic:) I'm sorry. This is supposed to be Hamlet or Private Lives or something, and I keep rattling on like a maniac. I really do apologize. I just can't recall attending a single rehearsal. I can't imagine what I was doing. And also you come expecting to see Edwin Booth and you get me. I really am very embarrassed. (Weakly:) Sorry. (Pleading, looks up to heaven:) Line. (No response from heaven.) I have always depended upon the kindness of strangers. (Yells in the same tone of voice he has yelled for "line":) STELLA { (Laughs weakly.) 'Tis a far, far better thing I do now than I have ever done before, 'tis a far, far better place I go to than I have ever been before. (Sings the alphabet song.) A, B, C, D, E, F, G; H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P; Q, R, S, T ...

The Actor's Nightmare - AUDITION CUT #3 – George, Sarah, Ellen

SARAH: Do you love Sibyl?

GEORGE: Who's Sibyl?

SARAH: Your new wife, who you married after you and I got our divorce.

GEORGE: Oh, were we married? Oh, yes, I forgot that part.

SARAH: Elyot, you're so amusing. You make me laugh all the time. (Laughs.) So, do you love Sibyl?

GEORGE: Probably. I married her. (Pause. She coughs three times, he unzips her dress, she slaps him.)

SARAH: Oh, Elyot, darling, I'm sorry. We were mad to have left each other. Kiss me. (They kiss.)

(Enter DAME ELLEN TERRY as Sibyl, in an evening gown.)

ELLEN: Oh, how ghastly.

SARAH: Oh dear. And this must be Sibyl.

ELLEN: Oh, how ghastly. What shall we do?

SARAH: We must all speak in very low voices and attempt to be civilized.

ELLEN: Is this Amanda? Oh, Elyot, I think she's simply obnoxious.

SARAH: How very rude.

ELLEN: Oh, Elyot, how can you treat me like this?

GEORGE: Hello, Sibyl.

ELLEN: Well, since you ask, I'm very upset. I was inside writing a letter to your mother and wanted to know' how to spell apothecary.

SARAH: A-P-O-T-H-E-C-A-R-Y.

ELLEN (icy): Thank you. (She writes it down; SARAH looks over her shoulder.)

SARAH: Don't scribble, Sibyl.

ELLEN: Did my eyes deceive me, or were you kissing my husband a moment ago?

SARAH: We must all speak in very low voices and attempt to be civilized.

ELLEN: I was speaking in a low voice.

SARAH: Yes, but I could still hear you.

ELLEN: Oh. Sorry. (Speaks too low to be heard.)

SARAH: I can't hear a bloody word she's saying. The woman's a nincompoop. Say something, Elyot.

GEORGE: I couldn't hear her either.

ELLEN: Elyot, you have to choose between us immediately-do you love this creature, or do you love me?

GEORGE: I wonder where the maid is.

ELLEN and SARAH (together, furious): Forget about the maid, Elyot! (They look embarrassed.)

ELLEN: You could never have a lasting relationship with a maid. Choose between the two of us.

Christopher Durang Explains It All for You

GEORGE: I choose ... Oh God, I don't know my lines. I don't know how I got here. I wish I weren't here. I wish I had joined the monastery like I almost did right after high school. I almost joined, but then I didn't.

SARAH (trying to cover): Oh, Elyot, your malaria is acting up again and you're ranting. Come, come, who do you choose, me or that baggage over there.

ELLEN: You're the baggage, not I.. Yes, Elyot, who do you choose?