**Auditions**

*A Dream Play*

Directed by Elizabeth Horab, Elizabeth.horab@gmail.com

Stage manager: Monica Robinson, monica.robinson@ndsu.edu

*Please prepare:*

1. A one minute or less monologue that shows off your energy best. Memorized.
2. One of the two scene cuttings below (not needed to be memorized, but should be very familiar). You’ll be reading it with someone in the audition room who is part of the production team.
3. Pick whichever part that appeals to you most. Don’t worry about what the “gender” or age of the character is.

**CLIPPING #1**

(IN THE SOLICITOR’S OFFICE)

AGNES: Look how clean it is. But what’s the matter? Didn’t you get it?

SOLICITOR: I’m not good enough.

AGNES: Why? because you do legal aid? because you get people off? and if they’re found guilty you get them shorter sentences. Some criminals do do terrible things of course but I’m still sorry for them.

SOLICITOR: Don’t say anything against them. I’ll always defend them.

AGNES: But why do they hurt each other?

SOLICITOR: They can’t help it

AGNES: Maybe we can make them better. Together

SOLICITOR: No one’s going to listen to us. If only the gods knew what it’s like.

AGNES: They will, I promise. Do you know what I can see in this mirror? The world the right way round. Because usually it’s the wrong way round.

SOLICITOR: How did it get the wrong way round?

AGNES: When it was copied.

SOLICITOR: Yes, I always thought there was something wrong with the copy. I sometimes think there’s an original which was much better and then I feel really depressed. Everyone does. Like a glass splinter in your eye.

AGNES: Let me play for you. (SHE PLAYS ORGAN BUT WE HEAR VOICES.)

VOICES: Whoever’s up there

have mercy on us

save us and spare us

please don’t be angry.

(NOW IN A CAVE)

SOLICITOR: Where are we?

AGNES: What can you hear?

SOLICITOR: Drips. Drops.

AGNES: Tears. What else?

SOLICITOR: Sighs. Wailing.

AGNES: So why all this complaining? What’s it about? Do people enjoy anything?

SOLICITOR: Love. they do like love.

**CLIPPING #2**

TEACHER: Twice two. (OFFICER CAN’T REMEMBER) Stand up when I ask you a question.

OFFICER: Twice two. I think… It’s two two.

TEACHER: So you didn’t do your homework?

OFFICER: Yes I did. I do know it. I can’t say it.

TEACHER: You know it but you can’t say it? Maybe I can help you. (PULLS HIS HAIR.)

OFFICER: This is terrible.

TEACHER: It’s terrible that a big boy like you has no ambition.

OFFICER: A big boy, yes I am big. I”m bigger than the others. I’m grown up, I’ve finished school. I’ve got a knighthood. So why am I sitting here? Haven’t I just been given a knighthood?

TEACHER: Yes but you have to sit here until you get a sense of responsibility.

OFFICER: Yes, you have to be responsible. Twice two… equals two and I can prove that by analogy. One times one is one. So two times two is two.

TEACHER: Logical but wrong.

OFFICER: Logic can’t be wrong. Let’s try again. One goes into one once. So two goes into two twice.

TEACHER: Then what’s one times three?

OFFICER: Three.

TEACHER: And it follows logically that two times three is also three.

OFFICER: No, that can’t be right … it can’t be… or perhaps… No, I haven’t got a sense of responsibility.

TEACHER: Your certainly have