**Auditions**

*Tuck Everlasting*

Directed by Lori Koenig: [lori.koenig@ndsu.edu](mailto:lori.koenig@ndsu.edu)

Stage-managed by Molly Vines: [molly.vines@ndsu.edu](mailto:molly.vines@ndsu.edu)

Directions: (1) *Please choose one of the five selections below and prepare it as though preparing a monologue. The director is looking for your interpretation of the selection, how you best see fit to tell the story, and your ability to connect to the magic of the material.* (2) *Please choose one of four designated song cuttings from TUCK (Winnie, Mother, Jesse, Miles, or Yellow Suit) to present at your audition. Song cuttings will be available in the theatre office (Askanase 107).*

#1

The first week of August hangs at the very top of summer, the top of the live-long year, like the highest seat of a Ferris wheel when it pauses in its turning. The weeks that come before are only a climb from balmy spring, and those that follow a drop to the chill of autumn, but the first week of August is motionless, and hot. It is curiously silent, too, with blank white dawns and glaring noons, and sunsets smeared with too much color. Often at night there is lightning, but it quivers all alone. There is no thunder, no relieving rain. There are strange and breathless days, the dog days, when people are led to do things they are sure to be sorry for after.

#2

The road that led to Treegap had been trod out long before by a herd of cows who were, to say the least, relaxed. It wandered along in curves and easy angles, swayed off and up in a pleasant tangent to the top of a small hill, ambled down again between fringes of bee-hung clover, and then cut sidewise across a meadow. Here its edges blurred. It widened and seemed to pause, suggesting tranquil bovine picnics: slow chewing and thoughtful contemplation of the infinite. And then it went on again and came at last to the wood. But on reaching the shadows of the first trees, it veered sharply, swung out in a wide arc as if, for the first time, it had reason to think where it was going, and passed around.

#3

And so, at dawn, that day in the first week of August, Mae Tuck woke up and lay for a while beaming at the cobwebs on the ceiling. At last she said aloud, “The boys’ll be home tomorrow!”

Mae’s husband, on his back beside her, did not stir. He was still asleep, and the melancholy creases that folded his daytime face were smoothed and slack. He snored gently, and for a moment the corners of his mouth turned upward in a smile. Tuck almost never smiled except in sleep.

Mae set up in bed and looked at him tolerantly. “The boys’ll be home tomorrow,” she said again a little more loudly.

Tuck twitched, and the smile vanished. He opened his eyes. “Why’d you have to wake me up?” he sighed.

#4

At noon of the same day in the first week of August, Winnie Foster sat on the bristly grass just inside the fence and said to the large toad who was squatting a few yards away across the road. “I will, though. You’ll see. Maybe even first thing tomorrow, while everyone’s still asleep.”

It was hard to know whether the toad was listening or not. Certainly, Winnie had given it good reason to ignore her. She had come out to the fence, very cross, very near to the boiling point on a day that was itself near to the boiling point, and had noticed the toad at once. It was the only living thing in sight except for a stationary cloud of hysterical gnats suspended in the hear about the road.

#5

At sunset of the same long day, a stranger came up the road from the village and paused at the Fosters’ gate. Winnie was once again in the yard this time intent on catching fireflies, and at first, she didn’t notice him. But, after a few moments of watching her, he called out, “Good evening!”

He was remarkably tall and narrow, this stranger standing there. His long chin faded off into a thin, apologetic beard, but his suit was a jaunty yellow that seemed to glow a little in the fading light. A black hat dangled from one hand, and as Winnie came toward him, he passed the other through his dry, gray hair, settling in smoothly. “Well, now,” he said in a light voice. “Out for fireflies, are you?”