

Audition brief for ‘The Roaring Girl’ by Thomas Dekker & Thomas Middleton (1611)

I’m super excited to share this play with you and to meet you all during the auditions. I’ve chosen ‘The Roaring Girl’ because I’m interested in plays (especially classical ones) that explore gender and identity. I’m particularly interested in the character of Mary Frith as a historical gender queer person and how we might be able to explore that through a modern queer lens. Classical text also offers lots of opportunity to play and subvert- two things I find incredibly exciting as a director.

For the audition I would love you to pick a monologue from this selection of Shakespeare soliloquies. I want to see your understanding and interpretation of the text in your performance- I’m really interested in how *you* interpret the text and character. Please choose something that you’re drawn to regardless of gender or your prior understanding of the character, that you feel you can pour your personality and interpretation into. I’d love to see you having fun with the text. Enjoy the opportunity to collaborate with Shakespeare! Feel free to edit the text to fit your interpretation- cuts and edits of pronouns are welcome if they feel necessary. (If you feel strongly about performing a monologue from a classical text that I haven’t included here please feel free to bring along your own selection).

If you play an instrument/sing I would also love to hear a snippet of your talent. Please bring along any instruments or music that you’d like to share or alternatively we could arrange that you send a self-tape.

Diolch!

Juliette

Viola (Twelfth Night): 'I left no ring with her' (Act II, sc ii)

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Bottom (A midsummer Night's Dream): 'Sweet moon' (Act V, sc i)

BOTTOM

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams; I thank thee,
Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

~~**Theseus.** This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go
near to make a man look sad.~~

~~**Hippolyta.** Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.~~

Bottom. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer. Come,
tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: *[Stabs himself]*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky: Tongue, lose thy light; Moon take thy flight:

[Exit Moonshine]

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Puck (A Midsummer Night's Dream): 'My mistress with a monster is in love' (Act III, sc ii)

PUCK

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take:
An ass's noll I fixed on his head.
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy—
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Lady Macbeth (Macbeth): 'Unsex me here': Act I, sc. 5 (line 31)

LADY MACBETH

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk
for gall, you murdering ministers, Wherever in your sightless
substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, And pall thee in
the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present,
and I feel now The future in the instant.

Mercutio (Romeo and Juliet): 'Queen Mab' (Act I, sc. iii)

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; O'er
courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight, O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are: Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams, he of another benefice: Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon Drums in his ear, at
which he starts and wakes, And being thus frightened swears a
prayer or two And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs, Which once
untangled, much misfortune bodes: This is the hag, when maids
lie on their backs, That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she--

Joan la Pucelle (Henry VI, part 1): 'I am by birth a shepherd's daughter' – (Act 1, sc. ii)

JOAN

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks, God's mother deigned to appear to me

And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promised and assured success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before, With those clear rays which she infused on me That beauty am I bless'd with which you see. Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Benedick (Much Ado About Nothing) – ‘man is a fool’ (Act 2, sc. iii)

BENEDICK

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by failing in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabour and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.