



**AUDITION PACKET**

Audition Dates:

Jan 5, 2023 - 3:30-6:00 pm

Jan 6, 2023 - 3:30-6:00 pm  
(invited callbacks)

Auditions will be held in the Black Box

**Audition Preparation:**

Please prepare one of the provided monologues from the play (end of this packet). You can hold paper in hand when you audition. Look up unfamiliar words and phrases. Use [www.shakespeareswords.com](http://www.shakespeareswords.com) as a resource. Although Shakespearean text is for the most part, poetic in nature, and a different way of speaking compared to today, that does not mean you have to treat it as some kind of “high art.” The characters are emotional and possess individual personalities and desires. Keep them down to earth and don't let the poetry and unfamiliar words intimidate you. In other words, just be human 😊

The evening of **THURSDAY 1/5**, a callback list with additional preparation notes will be posted. Those on the list should report to the **Black Box by 3:25 on 1/6**.

There will be a read through on 1/9, from 3:30-6pm in the Black Box. A complete rehearsal schedule will eventually be posted at [www.wlhstheatre.org](http://www.wlhstheatre.org) under “All Events Calendar: Specific Calendars: Productional Rehearsal Calendar.” Subscribe to the calendar and/or download the Google Calendar app, and add the calendar. You can also add the iCal to your regular phone calendar.

**Dress Rehearsals (mandatory for all cast and crew):**

Mar 6	3:30pm-7:30pm
Mar 7	3:30pm-7:30pm
Mar 8	1:00pm-5:30pm (pizza provided)
Mar 9	INVITED DRESS – 5pm CALL, 6:30 CURTAIN

**Performance Dates (mandatory for all cast and crew):**

Mar 10, 11, 16, 17, 18	5:30 pm CALL; 7:00 pm CURTAIN
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**\*PLEASE COMPLETE THIS GOOGLE AUDITION FORM PRIOR TO AUDITIONING**





About this Production:

We will set our story in a non-specific, but somewhat gloomy American city suburb (think Tacoma, Washington). The time period will be the mid 90s, and the action takes place at the "Allyria Mall" (name has been adjusted) and Olivia's condominium. For this production, we will use Shakespeare's original text, but I have edited some words to fit the concept. The plot, story, and characters remain the same for the most part. For a full synopsis of the original play, please visit

<https://www.shakespeareswords.com/Public/Play.aspx?Content=Synopsis&WorkId=21>

Character Breakdown:

"DUKE" ORSINO (male)	Musically fickle; lovesick for Olivia; owner of "Duke's Vinyl" at the mall.
OLIVIA (female)	B-list musical artist who had a one-hit-wonder; in "hiding" after death of her father and brother.
VIOLA (female)	Aspiring indie musician; victim of a ferry wreck; disguises herself as a man, and becomes Orsino's assistant.
SEBASTIAN (male)	Viola's twin brother and musical partner; A bit lost; Poetic songwriter.
TOBY (gender non-specific)	Olivia's uncle/aunt; loves their booze; a perpetual freeloader; bassist in a wannabe grunge band, <i>Pickle-Herring</i> , with Andrew, Fabian, and Feste.
MARIA (female)	Olivia's personal assistant; cheeky and loves a good prank.
MALVOLIO (male)	Olivia's manager; stuffy and arrogant; fancies himself a good singer.
ANDREW (gender non-specific)	Toby's best pal; a flirt, but not too bright; guitarist and best musician in <i>Pickle-Herring</i> .
FESTE (known as "Clown") (gender non-specific)	Olivia's jokester producer; only claim to fame is having a writing credit on Olivia's one-hit-wonder, "What You Will."
FABIAN (gender non-specific)	More-or-less an Olivia groupie who never went away, and who Olivia tolerates; was recruited to play drums in <i>Pickle-Herring</i> .
ANTONIO/VALENTINE (male)	Antonio is a fisherman who rescued Sebastian; he has a bit of a crush on Sebastian. Valentine is an employee at "Duke's Vinyl."
CURIO/OFFICER 1/MUSICIAN (gender non-specific)	
CAPTAIN/PRIEST (Gender non-specific)	
ATTENDANT/OFFICER 2/MUSICIAN (gender non-specific)	



Monologues to Choose From

**ORSINO – Act I, sc 1**

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

*(beat)*

That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.

**MALVOLIO – Act II, sc 3**

My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

**MARIA – Act II, sc 3**

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

**TOBY – Act III, sc 4**

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.



**ANDREW – Act II, sc 3**

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

**VIOLA – Act II, sc 2**

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!



**OLIVIA – Act IV, sc 5**

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

The Duke does know my mind; I cannot love him:  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

**SEBASTIAN – Act IV, sc 3**

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant:  
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service;  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I am mad  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does: there's something in't  
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.