

Virtual Audition Information

Those interested in auditioning for any of our four livestream events will need to submit a short video of themselves reading their choice of monologue. Since we are going to try to emulate the “old time radio” style, participants will likely be asked to create a few sound effects throughout the performance. All sound effects will be easily created using household items. Participants may also opt to do *only* sound effects, if that is where their main interest lies.

Auditionees may read a maximum of two (2) monologues, and can audition for just one show, multiple shows, or all shows. If a monologue for a character you are interested in is not listed, please choose the monologue that most closely fits the character you prefer, and be sure to state your interests in the video. One audition video is all that is needed, and a person can be cast in more than one show! You do not need to live in the Poplar Bluff area in order to participate! Since these are online events, participants will perform in their own homes, using Zoom to join the performance! **DEADLINE: Wed, April 29th by 9pm.**

In the audition video, please include the following information:

- Full name
- Shows you are interested in
- Roles you are interested in

Requirements for participation:

- Reliable internet access
- Zoom account
- A way to read the script (scripts will be emailed; you may print on your own or read from a screen)

How to submit your video:

- Email your video to stagecopbmo@gmail.com
- -OR-
- Send your video in a Facebook message to The Stage Company, Inc.’s business page.
- Videos recorded on a smartphone are perfectly fine.
- **IMPORTANT**- In your email or message, please include your email address and phone number. You may be contacted via Facebook, call/text, or email with an offer for your role.

Audition monologues begin on the next page. Break a leg!

Monologues for Peter Pan

Selected Roles Available:

Narrator

Peter Pan

Darling Children (Wendy, John, Michael)

Mr. Darling/Captain Hook

Mrs. Darling

Lost Boys

Pirates

Tinker Bell (Silent Role...will be portrayed via flashlight)

Wendy

Oh Peter, you can't use soap! Shall I do it for you? Let me fetch my workbasket. It will hurt a good deal to have your shadow sewn to your feet, so you'll have to be brave about it. Oh, we're so glad you've come to see us in the nursery, even if it was just to retrieve your shadow. Can we know more about you? Oh, please stay! We want to hear stories of Never-Never Land!

Peter Pan

Tinker Bell! What's that? Slow down! The pirates have captured them?! I must rescue them! I'll sharpen my sword at once! Oh, I ought to have a nip of that medicine Wendy left for me, so that I can be strong and courageous for the fight! Tink? What's the matter? Why did you drink all of the tonic? Hook was *here*? And he poisoned it?? Tinker Bell, you are the truest friend, for you have just saved my life. But Tink, I cannot let you die!

Narrator

In one of the nicest nurseries in the world, there were beds for three young people called John, Wendy, and Michael Darling. The nursery was wide and airy with a large window, a bright fire with a big clock, and beautifully illustrated nursery rhyme pictures over the walls. It was in many ways a most interesting household. For one thing, although there was a maid, the children were bathed and dressed by a big dog called Nana, whose kennel was kept in the nursery. On the evening on which our story begins, Nana was dozing peacefully by the fireside, with her head between her paws. Mr. and Mrs. Darling were getting ready to go out to dinner and Nana was to be left in charge of the children.

Mr. Darling/Captain Hook

That blasted crocodile! I'll soon have my revenge! I feel the pain of that terror Peter Pan butchering my hand every time I hear the ticking of that wretched clock! That's the last taste he'll ever have of me, and soon I'll have them both in my clutches!

Monologues for A Midsummer Night's Dream

Selected Roles Available:

The Fairies

Robin Goodfellow (Puck)
Oberon, the king
Titania, the queen

The Lovers

Demetrius
Lysander
Hermia
Helena

Egeus, Hermia's father
Theseus, the duke
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons

The Craftsmen (Actors)

Nick Bottom
Peter Quince
Francis Flute
Robin Starveling
Tom Snout

Robin Goodfellow

If we shadows have offended, think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here while these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme, no more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend: if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck, if we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, we will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call; so, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends, and Robin shall restore amends.

Demetrius

O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! To what, my love, shall I compare thine
eyne? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show they lips, those kissing cherries, temping
grow! That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow, fann'd with the eastern wind,
turns to a crow when thou hold'st up they hand: O, let me kiss this princess of pure
white, this seal of bliss!

Hermia

My good Lysander! I swear thee, by Cupid's strongest bow, by his best arrow with the golden head,

By the simplicity of Venus' doves, by that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen, when the false Trojan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke, in number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou has appointed me, to-morrow truly I will meet with thee.

Nick Bottom

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. The raging rocks and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates; and Phibbus' car shall shine from far and make and mar the foolish Fates. This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein, a lover is more condoling.

Titania

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes. Feed him with apricots and dewberries, with purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries. The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, and for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs and light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, to have my love to bed and to arise; and pluck the wings from Painted butterflies to fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes: nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Monologues for Pride & Prejudice

Selected Roles Available:

Mr. Darcy
Col. Fitzwilliam
Mr. Bennet
Mr. Collins
Sir William Lucas
Col. Forster
Mr. Wickham
Mrs. Bennet
Jane
Elizabeth
Lydia
Lady Lucas
Charlotte Lucas
Others

Elizabeth

My *fancy* for Wickham, as you choose to call it, is simply my sympathy for a most ill-used man: also the relief of meeting with good manners and a good understanding after the insufferable pride of Mr. Darcy, and the stupid pomposity of that *dreadful* Mr. Collins! Oh, my dear Charlotte, I have never thanked you half enough for helping us to endure that man. It was so good-natured in you to sacrifice yourself by listening to those interminable speeches of his.—I am more obliged to you than I can express. But oh, what a relief it is to know that he is really gone!

Mr. Darcy

Oh, understand me, I beg of you! For yourself alone my admiration is only too natural. I share it with everyone who has the happiness of knowing you. But—pardon me—for it pains me to offend you—the defects of your nearest relations, the total lack of propriety so frequently betrayed by your family, has so opposed my judgment to my inclination, that it has required the utmost force of passion on my part to put them aside. But, my dear Miss Bennet, your triumph is complete. Your own loveliness stands out the fairer in its contrast to your surroundings, and I now hope that the strength of my love may have its reward in your acceptance of my hand.

Lady Catherine

Not so hasty, if you please. I had hoped to spare you this last humiliation—but your insolence forbids it. I am no stranger to the particulars of your sister's infamous elopement. I know all! The young man's marrying her was a patched-up business at the expense of *my nephew*. Oh, you needn't start, Miss! Nobody knows about the whole affair better than you. But I don't wonder you blush to find yourself discovered. You used your arts well. My nephew must have spent full five or six thousand pounds to save your family from disgrace. I should think that such generosity might appeal a little to your gratitude and your sense of decency.

Mr. Collins

Excuse me—one moment. It remains only to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of to my own neighbourhood. The fact is that, being as I am to inherit this estate after the death of your father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event took place. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem.

Monologues for Pygmalion

Roles Available:

Professor Henry Higgins

Eliza Doolittle

Col. Pickering

Alfred Doolittle

Mrs. Higgins

Mrs. Pearce

Various others

Professor Henry Higgins

Eliza, you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop. If you're good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. If you're naughty and idle you will sleep in the back kitchen among the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out you're not a lady, you will be taken by the police to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls. If you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-sixpence to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful and wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you. Now are you satisfied, Pickering? Can I put it more plainly and fairly, Mrs. Pearce?

Eliza Doolittle

(as rough-sounding and imperfect as possible) I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen.

Col. Pickering

I assure you, my dear Mrs. Higgins, that girl is a genius. She can play the piano quite beautifully. We have taken her to classical concerts and to music halls; and it's all the same to her: she plays everything she hears right off when she comes home, whether it's Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar and Lionel Morickton; though six months ago, she'd never as much as touched a piano!

Mrs. Higgins

Just so. She had become attached to you both. She worked very hard for you, Henry! I don't think you quite realize what anything in the nature of brain work means to a girl like that. Well, it seems that when the great day of trial came, and she did this wonderful thing for you without making a single mistake, you two sat there and never said a word to her, but talked together of how glad you were that it was all over and how you had been bored with the whole thing. And then you were surprised because she threw your slippers at you! *I* should have thrown the fire-irons at you.