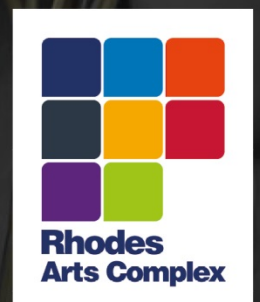


SPRING AWAKENING

**OPEN
AUDITIONS
JANUARY 2020**





WELCOME

Set out below are five short monologues.

They are wordy and, yes, even maybe a little awkward. We want to see you make sense of the text, commit to it, emote and deliver it to us. It can be interpreted however you like but try and let it portray the character you are audition for.

- 1) I am dying...of love...That is how it is.... I loved her so!...And I love her still... and I am dying of love for her, I...I tell you!...If you knew how beautiful she was... when she let me kiss her...alive...It was the first...time, the first...time I ever kissed a woman.... Yes, alive....I kissed her alive ...and she looked as beautiful as if she had been dead! I kissed her just like that, on her forehead... and she did not draw back her forehead from my lips!...Oh, she is a good girl!...She is a good, honest girl, and she saved your life, at a moment when I would not have given two pence for your Persian skin. As a matter of fact, nobody bothered about you. Why were you there with that little chap? You would have died as well as he! My word, how she entreated me for her little chap!
- 2) I had heard him for three months without seeing him. The first time I heard it, I thought, as you did, that that adorable voice was singing in another room. I went out and looked everywhere; but, as you know, my dressing-room is very much by itself; and I could not find the voice outside my room, whereas it went on steadily inside. And it not only sang, but it spoke to me and answered my questions, like a real man's voice, with this difference, that it was as beautiful as the voice of an angel. I had never got the Angel of Music whom my poor father had promised to send me as soon as he was dead. I thought that it had finally come, and from that time onward, the voice and I became great friends. It asked leave to give me lessons every day. I agreed and never failed to keep the appointment which it gave me in my dressing-room.



- 3) Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I said to myself -- "I'll have her in my arms again! If she be cold, I'll think it is this north wind that chills me; and if she be 8 motionless, it is sleep." I got a spade from the tool-house, and began to delve with all my might -- it scraped the coffin; I fell to work with my hands; the wood commenced cracking about the screws; I was on the point of attaining my object, when it seemed that I heard a sigh from someone above, close at the edge of the grave, and bending down. "If I can only get this off," I muttered, "I wish they may shovel in the earth over us both!" and I wrenched at it more desperately still. There was another sigh, close at my ear. I appeared to feel the warm breath of it displacing the sleet-laden wind. I knew no living thing in flesh and blood was by; but, as certainly as you perceive the approach to some substantial body in the dark, though it cannot be discerned, so certainly I felt that Cathy was there: not under me, but on the earth.
- 4) I assure you that I was not in the wrong. If you had seen the beginning, you would have seen. I swear to you by the good God that I was not to blame! That gentleman, the bourgeois, whom I do not know, put snow in my back. Has anyone the right to put snow down our backs when we are walking along peaceably, and doing no harm to any one? I am rather ill, as you see. And then, he had been saying impertinent things to me for a long time: "You are ugly! You have no teeth!" I know well that I have no longer those teeth. I did nothing; I said to myself, "The gentleman is amusing himself." I was honest with him; I did not speak to him. It was at that moment that he put the snow down my back.
- 5) I am the cousin of the unhappy child who was murdered, or rather his sister, for I was educated by, and lived with his parents ever since and even long before his birth. It may, therefore, be judged indecent of me to come forward on this occasion. But when I see a fellow creature about to perish through the cowardice of her pretended friends, I wish to be allowed to speak, that I may say what I know of her character. I am well acquainted with the accused. I have lived in the same house with her, at one time for five and at another for nearly two years. During all that period she appeared to me the most amiable and benevolent of human creatures. She nursed Madame Frankenstein, my Aunt, in her last illness, with greatest affection and care. And afterward attended her own mother during a tedious illness, in a manner that excited the admiration of all who knew her, after which she again lived in my Uncles house, where she was beloved by all the family. She was warmly attached to the child who is now dead, and acted toward him like a most affectionate mother. For my own part, I do not hesitate to say that, notwithstanding all the evidence produced against her, I believe and rely on her perfect innocence. She had no temptation for such an action.