

## **PLAY THAT GOES WRONG AUDITION SELECTIONS**

Please prepare 1 of the following monologues for your audition, or select a 1 minute comedic monologue of your own. If you are selecting your own, consider shows with a similar feeling to *The Play That Goes Wrong* such as *A Flea In Her Ear* by Georges Feydeau, *Noises Off* by Michael Frayn, *The Importance of Being Earnest* by Oscar Wilde, *39 Steps* by Patrick Barlow, *Mousetrap* by Agatha Christie, anything by Christopher Durang, and more.

Come prepared to commit fully to the character, explore physical movement and choices, and to try the text a few different ways. You are encouraged though not required to try an accent in your audition.

### **Selections from *The Play That Goes Wrong*:**

**CHRIS:** Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the Cornley Drama Society's presentation of *The Murder at Haversham Manor*. Please allow me to introduce myself; I am Chris, the director, and I would like to personally welcome you to what will be my directorial debut and my first production as head of the drama society. Firstly, I would like to apologize to those of you involved in our little box office mix-up. I do hope the six hundred and seventeen of you affected will enjoy our little murder mystery just as much as you would have enjoyed *Hamilton*.

We are particularly excited to present this play because, for the first time in the society's history, we've managed to find a play that fits the number of society members perfectly. If we're honest a lack of members has sometimes hampered past productions, such as last year's Chekhov play...*Two Sisters*. Last Christmas' *The Lion and the Wardrobe*. Or indeed our summer musical, *Cat*.

Of course, this will be the first time the society has been able to stage a play of this scale and we are thrilled. It's no secret we usually have to contend with a small budget, as was evident in our recent production of Roald Dahl's classic *James and the Peach*. Of course during the run of that particular show the peach we had went off, and we were forced to present a hastily devised alternative entitled *James! Where's Your Peach?*

Anyway, on to the main event, which I am confident will be our best show yet! So, ladies and gentlemen, without any further ado, please put your hands together for Susie H. K. Brideswell's thrilling whodunit—*The Murder at Haversham Manor*.

**MAX (as Cecil Haversham):** WELL, BRAVO INSPECTOR! YOU'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT FLORENCE AND I, BUT IT PROVES NOTHING! (*panicking, Max begins to mime his speeches he says it, building faster and faster to a climax*) We had nothing to do with Charles' murder, but Thomas Colley-moore does. Oh Inspector, he's a

dangerously unhinged man, with a devil of a temper and Florence is his sister. Now I've said it once before and I shall say it once again: He couldn't stand the idea of giving her up to any man, let alone his old school chum. He saw them together at tonight's engagement party and he lost control and he lashed out at Charles! A crime of passion perhaps, but there it is! (*Max strikes a pose and bows for the audience*)

**JONATHAN (as Charles Haversham):** But Thomas, Carter had you fooled didn't he? He never intended to share the money with you! Let me summarize... Inspector Carter knew I discovered you and he were both embezzling police money, so you hatched a plan to kill me, planting cyanide in my sherry for me/ to drink. Then mistakenly believing I was dead, Inspector Carter tried to pin my murder on Cecil and Florence because of their affair until your accomplice Thomas blundered in and shot my brother Cecil. Carter then tried to pin it on Perkins instead after finding my will in the ledger. Except what you didn't know Thomas, was that Inspector Carter made a nine thousand pound withdrawal from your private accounts this morning and after framing someone for my murder he planned to flee with a one-way ticket to Dover, taking every penny with him! I think it's time to have a look inside your attaché case Inspector, where we shall find... The bottle of cyanide. Thomas Colley Moore's nine thousand pounds. And of course, your one way ticket to-*(interrupted by incorrect sound cue)*

**SANDRA (as Florence Colley Moore):** Don't ask too much of me Inspector I feel fragile as glass. When did we first meet? Only seven months ago but my brother has known him since school, he introduced us at a local gala and it was love at first sight. I knew from the very first moment I saw him that he was the man I wished to marry. When you love someone there's no such thing as rushing Inspector. A murder? You diabolical beast. How can you? I won't stand for this, Inspector. Accuse me again and you'll be sorry!

### **Selections from Other Plays:**

**JANE (from Christopher Durang's 'Identity Crisis):** When I was eight years old, someone brought me to a theatre with lots of other children. We had come to see a production of Peter Pan. And I remember something seemed wrong with whole production, odd things kept happening. Like when the children would fly, the ropes breaking and the actors would come thumping to ground and they'd have to be carried off by the stagehands. There seemed to be an unlimited supply of understudies to take the children's places, and then they'd fall to the ground. And then the crocodile that chases Captain Hook seemed to be a real crocodile, It wasn't an actor, and at one point it fell off the stage, crushing several children in the front row. Several understudies came and took their places in the audience. And from scene to scene Wendy seemed to get fatter and fatter until finally by the second act she was immobile and had to be moved with a cart. The voice belonged to the actress playing Peter Pan. You remember how in the second act Tinkerbell drinks some poison that Peter's about to drink, in order to save him? And then Peter turns to the audience and he says that Tinkerbell's going to die because not enough people believe in fairies, but that if everybody in the audience claps real hard to show that they do believe in fairies, then maybe Tinkerbell won't die.

and so then all the children started to clap. we clapped very hard and very long. my palms hurt and even started to bleed I clapped so hard. then suddenly the actress playing Peter Pan turned to the audience and she said, " that wasn't enough. You didn't clap hard enough. Tinkerbell's dead. " uh..well, and..and then everyone started to cry. The actress stalked offstage and refused to continue with the play, and they finally had to bring down the curtain. No one could see anything through all the tears, and the ushers had to come help the children up the aisles and out into the street. I don't think any of us were ever the same after that experience.

**MRS. WHITE (from Jonathan Lynn and Sandy Rustin's *Clue*):** I don't want a scandal. We had a very humiliating public confrontation. He was deranged. He was a lunatic. He didn't actually seem to like me that much. He had threatened to kill me in public. He was a stupidly optimistic man. I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died. He was found dead at home. His head had been cut off. But, it wasn't me. I'd been out all evening, at the movies. He wasn't a very good illusionist. But my third husband, I miss him the most. He was an electrician...well -- until he was electrocuted. I didn't kill him! I mean...yes, I'll admit it-I recognized Yvette...she had a torrid love affair with my late husband. I hated her. I hated her SO MUCH. It...it...the...FLAMES. On the side of my face. Breathing. HEAVING...breaths...

**DOTTY (from Michael Frayn's *Noises Off*) :** It's no good you going on. I can't open sardines and answer the phone. I've only got one pair of feet. Hello.... Yes, but there's no one here, love.... No, Mr. Brent's not here...He lives here, yes, but he don't live here now because he lives in Spain... Mr. Philip Brent, that's right.... The one who writes the plays, that's him, only now he writes them in Spain... No, she's in Spain, too, they're all in Spain, there's no one here... Am I in Spain? No, I'm not in Spain, dear. I look after the house for him, but I go home at one o'clock on Wednesday, only I've got a nice plate of sardines to put my feet up with, because it's the royal what's-it's called on the telly — the royal you know — where's the paper, then? And if it's to do with letting the house then you'll have to ring the house-agents, because they're the agents for the house.... Squire Squire, Hackham and who's the other one...? No, they're not in Spain, they're next to the phone in the study. Squire, Squire, Hackham, and hold on, I'll go and look. Always the same, isn't it. Soon as you take the weight off your feet, down it all comes on your head.

**LADY BRACKNELL (from Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*):** Mr. Worthing, I confess I feel somewhat bewildered by what you have just told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a hand-bag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. And I presume you know what that unfortunate movement led to? As for the particular locality in which the hand-bag was found, a cloak-room at a railway station might serve to conceal a social indiscretion- has probably, indeed, been used for that purpose before now- but it could hardly be regarded as an assured basis for a recognised position in good society. I would strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over. You can hardly imagine that I and Lord Bracknell would dream of allowing our only daughter- a girl brought up with the utmost care- to marry into a cloak-room, and form an alliance with a parcel? Good morning, Mr. Worthing!