



Thank you for auditioning for

INTO THE BREECHES

For THEATRE RALEIGH

ROLE: MAGGIE

Present in the room will be director, producing team & casting.

For this audition please prepare:

- The FULL MATERIAL in this packet. You may or may not be asked to read ALL of this at this appointment, but please have it prepared.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Be sure to bring your picture and resume, otherwise we will not have one in the room!

Thanks so much!

W | S Casting

MAGGIE SIDE

ELLSWORTH

Support us how?

START

MAGGIE

We all need to be in the same war, Mr. Snow, whether soldier or homemaker, Marine or millworker. Our souls united in common cause.

ELLSWORTH

Our souls - ?! May I remind you, Mrs. Dalton, you're not talking about a religious miracle, you're talking about a play. A two hour play.

MAGGIE

Em, more like four hours.

ELLSWORTH

Dear God.

MAGGIE

Four hours that will uplift the morale of our audience for as long as this conflict lasts!

ELLSWORTH

And how do you figure that?

MAGGIE

The Linger Effect.

ELLSWORTH

The what?

MAGGIE

The Linger Effect. Well-documented. A play - it leaves a glow that lasts for days, weeks, sometimes a lifetime.

ELLSWORTH

Now you're truly speaking nonsense.

MAGGIE

Not at all. Why, even you. You can't tell me that Andrew's *Lear* doesn't cross your mind every now and then.

ELLSWORTH

Well, of course, yes, it crosses my mind, but -

MAGGIE

You see? The tragedy lingers.

ELLSWORTH

Fine, yes, but a lingering tragedy is the last thing we -

MAGGIE

Exactly! The Henriad does not speak of tragedy, but of patriotism, sacrifice, victory! And that victory shall linger with those who are lucky enough to see our production for the rest of their lives.

ELLSWORTH

The Linger Effect.

MAGGIE

Exactly, yes.

ELLSWORTH

You know, the more I think about it, the more I think you're right, Mrs. Dalton. If you are allowed to put on this show, there will be a Linger Effect. A big one. Those who are unfortunate enough to witness a bunch of unprofessional girls with false moustaches, directed by a neophyte, putting on a two -

MAGGIE

Four -

ELLSWORTH

- a four hour show, the Linger Effect will be this: hysterical laughter, followed by a vow to never return to the Oberon Play House again. Ergo, the theater will not only go dark the rest of the war, it will be shuttered forever. Are you prepared to destroy everything your husband has built?

MAGGIE

All that we have built together, Mr. Snow, and speaking of legacy, are you prepared to be the Board President who goes down in history as the one who allowed a 26-year-string of continuous seasons to be broken?

ELLSWORTH

Amazingly, I am. And I do it to protect that self-same legacy, protect the theatrical gem of Western New York from being tarnished, protect it from a grief-addled woman who -

WINIFRED

I love the theatre.

(All is silent.)

ELLSWORTH

Excuse me, dear?

WINIFRED

I love a good play.

ELLSWORTH

Well...so do I, dear. So do I. But this would be a far cry from a good -

(Maggie has an idea.)

MAGGIE

OH MY GOD!

(All start.)

ELLSWORTH

(looking around, grabbing his heart) Honestly woman, you can't just proclaim like that in normal -

MAGGIE

Mrs. Snow!

WINIFRED

Yes?

MAGGIE

Why didn't I think of this before!

ELLSWORTH

Of what?

MAGGIE

Have you...have you ever acted, Mrs. Snow?

WINIFRED

Winifred, please - and yes, back in finishing school.

MAGGIE

And I'll bet you were spectacular.

WINIFRED

Well, I - I did turn a head or two. The *Quigley Park Clarion* called me "rounding out the cast."

MAGGIE

I'll bet they did.

ELLSWORTH

Mrs. Dalton, I don't like where this is -

MAGGIE

If I may be so - Mrs. Snow - Winifred - how would you like to be in our play?

WINIFRED

To be in your - ?

Exactly. MAGGIE

Oh, no, I couldn't - WINIFRED

Oh no, she couldn't. ELLSWORTH

You'd be spectacular. MAGGIE

Do you really think so? WINIFRED

Mrs. Dalton - ELLSWORTH

I do. I'd even go so far as to say you'd round out the cast. MAGGIE

(*blushing*) Me? No. WINIFRED

We're holding auditions tomorrow, but - MAGGIE

Auditions? Who said you could schedule - ? ELLSWORTH

- but I am prepared to pre-cast you. That's how much I believe in you, Mrs. Snow. MAGGIE

You do? WINIFRED

Mrs. Dalton. My wife does not act. ELLSWORTH

Oh, but she did once. MAGGIE

I did. I did, indeed. WINIFRED

And you will again? Tell me you will. MAGGIE

Ellsworth? WINIFRED

(Winifred turns her full power on Ellsworth, asking permission, her face an unwavering, heartbreaking plea.)

ELLSWORTH

Winifred, imagine all the time this will siphon from your - it's the start of the Social Season, after all, you...Peaches, please, think of your friends, the Women's Committee, all the ladies who will fill up those seats on opening night and watch you make a...

WINIFRED

Yes?

(Ellsworth can see how much this means to Winifred, can't break her heart.)

ELLSWORTH

...a triumph. You would make a triumph.

(Winifred hugs Ellsworth.)

WINIFRED

Oh, darling!

(Maggie applauds. Embarrassed to do so in public, Ellsworth struggles to gently break the embrace.)

ELLSWORTH

That's all right, that's enough, dear.

MAGGIE

Then we can count on you, Mrs. Snow?

WINIFRED

Oh, yes indeed. Yes, you can.

MAGGIE

(to Ellsworth) And you? May we count on you and the Board?

(Mr. Snow stares daggers at Maggie.)

ELLSWORTH

You may.

(Maggie raises her glass.)

MAGGIE

Then here's to the Henriad!

(The other two raise theirs, Ellsworth reluctantly.)

ALL

The Henriad!

END

MAGGIE SIDE 2

SCENE 1. THE STAGE.

(A ghost light burns. After a moment, a figure in the darkness speaks.)

O.

MAGGIE

"O, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention! A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

O, indeed. You're right, Andrew. The theatre - it soaks up the words like a grateful sponge.

(Celeste exits vocalizing, sword in-hand. Maggie is alone a moment, breathes in the theatre's air. She caresses Andrew's letter, sings quietly to herself.)

MAGGIE

*Amapola, the pretty little poppy
Must copy its endearing charms from you.
Amapola, Amapola,
How I long to hear you say "I love you."*

(She puts the letter away for safekeeping.)

Well, Andrew. On to Mr. Snow.

END