

Actor's Circle Announces Auditions for William Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

Directed by Judith Mulder

Actor's Circle invites dedicated, adventurous actors to audition for their upcoming production of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Auditions will be held Monday November 4th at 6:00PM at Providence Playhouse 1256 Providence Rd. Scranton

Shakespeare's dark tragedy focuses on Macbeth and his unchecked ambition. Sparked by the supernatural and egged on by his determined wife, Macbeth ascends to the kingship of Scotland as he simultaneously descends into evil.

The exciting journey that is a production of a Shakespeare play takes dedication, diligence and teamwork! The play requires a large cast, both male and female, age 20s-60s, (so bring a friend). Some actors will play numerous roles and some women may be cast in male roles. Previous experience performing Shakespeare is not required. The production runs two weekends: January 16,17,18,19 and 24,25,26.

Full cast rehearsals will be held Wednesday, November 6th and Friday, November 8th. Remaining rehearsals will be held Mon., Wed., and Fri., and structured according to French scenes which means not all actors will be required to be at all rehearsals. The schedule will also attempt to accommodate a reasonable number of conflicts, the holidays, and will be posted well in advance. Additionally, you must be available each day of Tech Week.

Please review the following audition information. See you there!

For the audition please bring the completed information form with you to the audition and prepare one of the following monologues.

A hint on performing Shakespeare. Pay close attention to the punctuation and ignore where the lines begin and end on the page. If it helps you, retype the monologue as a paragraph.

Men or Women:

If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.---
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not till Burnham Wood
Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun
And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell!-- Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face !
If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not.

We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen
(Who, as to 'tis thought, by self and violent hands,
Took off her life)—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Women:

We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.--
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

(Macbeth speaks)

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt

Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love,
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

MACBETH AUDITION FORM

NAME _____

PHONE _____

EMAIL _____

CONFLICTS _____

