

Audition Information for

THE PLAY THAT GOES WRONG

We are very happy that you are interested in auditioning for Tilden's 2025 fall play! Below, you will find information regarding the audition requirements and process. Please read this very carefully and make sure that you are fully prepared **before** the day of the audition.

This is a MEMORIZED MONOLOGUE audition. The monologue must be MEMORIZED.

Students will prepare and perform a short monologue. What is a monologue? A monologue is an excerpt from a play, movie, or book where a single character speaks for an extended period of time. Please pick from the monologues provided.

Please sign up for an audition time using the Sign-Up Genius link on the website.

AUDITION SCHEDULE

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- **MONOLOGUE WORKSHOP**
Tuesday 9/9 —after school till 5:15 pm
- **AUDITIONS**
Friday 9/12 --3:15-until...
- **CALLBACKS (IF NEEDED)**
Tuesday 9/16 —after school till 6:00pm
- **FIRST REHEARSAL**
Thursday 9/18—after school till 5:15pm

Callback List and Cast List will be posted on [TildenDrama.com](https://www.tildendrama.com)

The Characters of “The Play That Goes Wrong”

CHARACTERS

Chris Bean *plays* Inspector Carter—an esteemed local inspector

Robert Grove *plays* Thomas Colley Moore—Charles’s old school friend

Jonathan Harris *plays* Charles Haversham—“Deceased”

Sandra Wilkinson *plays* Florence Colley Moore—Charles’s fiancée & Thomas’s sister

Max Bennett *plays* Cecil Haversham—Charles’s brother

Dennis Tyde *plays* Perkins—Charles’s butler

Annie Twilloil—The company’s Stage Manager

Trevor Watson—The company’s Stage Crew Chief

The Stage Crew—The Stage Crew of the Cornley Polytechnic Drama Society

SOME ROLES MAY BE DOUBLE CAST.

DOUBLE CASTS WILL ACT AS UNDERSTUDIES ON THEIR OFF NIGHTS.

IF A DOUBLE-CASTED STUDENT IS NOT PROACTIVE WITH LEARNING THEIR LINES AND BLOCKING, THEY WILL BE DEMOTED TO UNDERSTUDY ONLY.

Please visit TildenDrama.com to sign up for your audition.

Monologues

#1. Please, please, order on the set. I must have quiet! Now, remember children, this has been a harrowing voyage. This ship has been attacked by a giant squid, the bottom has been eaten through by an insane killer shark, you have made your way through a howling typhoon and a three-mile-high wave. Typhus has broken out among the passengers, and now, to break the monotony, you are being pursued by a revenge-seeking iceberg. Oh, this is going to be so good! What reviews I'm going to get! (*kisses hand*) Mwah! Genius you!

#2. Poppy! Bring the book! Is that the line, Poppy? Can we consult the author's text and make absolutely sure? (*Finds the line.*) "What's that, Dad?" Right. That's the line, Brooke, love. We all know you've worked in very classy places up in London where they let you make the play up as you go along, but we don't want that kind of thing here, do we? Not when the author has provided us with such a considered and polished line of his own. Not at one o'clock in the morning. Not two lines away from the end of Act One and a tea break. We merely want to hear the line. (*Suddenly roars it*) "What's that, Dad?" (*polite again.*) That's all. Nothing else. I'm not being unreasonable, am I?

#3. Tim, let me tell you about my life in the Big Apple. I have Hamlet's ghost on the phone for an hour every evening after rehearsal complaining that Polonius is sucking sourballs through his speeches. Claudius is off every afternoon doing a soap, and Gertrude is off the entire week doing a commercial for Gallo wine. Hamlet himself has come down with a psychological problem. Then, last night, Brooke rings me to say that she's very unhappy here and she's got herself a doctor's note for nervous exhaustion. I haven't got the time to find and rehearse a new Vicky. I have just one afternoon to convince Brooke stay. So, I haven't come to the theater to hear about other people's problems.

#4. (*Repeating back a question asked, with attitude*) What would the correct ignition timing be on a 1955 Bellaire Chevrolet with a 327 cubic engine and a 4-barrel carburetor?? I can't answer that. It's a nonsense question. It's not that I won't answer it. I can't. It's a ridiculous question and it's impossible to answer. Nobody could answer it! Why?? Because it's a trick question! Yes, it is!! It's a trick question 'cause Chevy didn't make a 327 in '55. The 327 didn't come out til '62. And it wasn't offered in the Bellaire with the 4-barrel carburetor til '64. However, in 1964 the correct ignition timing would be 4 degrees before top dead center. Happy?

#5. I...I don't even want to talk about it anymore. What were you thinking? What was going on in your mind? Artistic integrity? Where, where did you come up with that? You're not artistic and you have no integrity. You know you really need some help. A regular psychiatrist couldn't even help you. You need to go to like Vienna or something. Like where Freud studied and have all those people looking at you and checking up on you. That's the kind of help you need. Not the once a week for eighty bucks. No. You need a team of psychiatrists working round the clock thinking about you, having conferences, observing you. That's what I'm talking about because that's the only way you're going to get better.

#6. This “stuff?” Oh, ok. I see, you think this has nothing to do with you. You go to your closet and you select out, oh I don't know, that lumpy blue sweater, for instance, because you're trying to tell the world that you take yourself too seriously to care about what you put on your back. But what you don't know is that that sweater is not just blue, it's not turquoise, it's not lapis, it's actually cerulean. That blue, however, represents millions of dollars and countless jobs and so it's sort of comical how you think that you've made a choice that exempts you from the fashion industry when, in fact, you're wearing the sweater that was selected for you by the people in this room... from a pile of...”stuff.”

#7. Why is that funny? I didn't kill him. I paid the blackmailer because I didn't want a scandal, did I? We had had a very humiliating public confrontation, he was deranged . . . lunatic. He didn't actually seem to like me very much, he had threatened to kill me in public. He was a scientist. Nuclear physics. He was always a rather stupidly optimistic man. I mean, I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died. But he was found dead at home. His head had been cut off. Do I miss him? Well, it's a matter of life after death. Now that he's dead, I have a life.

#8. Rod Randall is back from the dead? How dumb is this? The man was killed in 1973 in an auto accident. You can't say he was “only maimed and had reconstructive surgery.” The guy was decapitated. I looked it up. He was on his way to the Yukon in a pink convertible to see his brother, who was an ex-con named Francis, when a tractor-trailer came along and decapitated him. You know what that means? It means he doesn't have a head!! How am I supposed to write for a guy that doesn't have a head? He's got no lips, no vocal cords. What do you want me to do? What, you think they froze the head then put it back on in some miracle, two-day operation? He doesn't have a head!! Never mind...never mind. I will work this out myself.

#9. I would have to say, I used to be one of them. And then I came here and I realized that these women are smart, terrific people who are just trying to make a difference in the world. We've become really good friends. I know we all secretly hope the other one will trip and fall on her face - wait a minute! I've already done that! For me, this experience has been one of the most rewarding and liberating experiences of my life (*pauses*)...and if anyone...*anyone*...tries to hurt one of my new friends, I will take them out. I will make them suffer so much, they'd wish they were never born. And if they ran, I would hunt them down. (*smile, brightly*) Thank you, Kathy.

#10. (*speaking quickly*) In the dark, you ran across the hall to the study, picked up the rope, and the lead pipe. Ran to the billiard room. Strangled Yvette (*mimes strangulating*). . . ran to library, hit the cop on the head with the lead pipe. Then, coming out of the library, the doorbell rang--it was the singing telegram. You picked up the gun where Yvette dropped it, ran to the door, opened it, recognized the girl from her picture, shot her, and ran back to the cellar! You murdered them all. You were the person who was missing when the cook and Mr. Boddy were murdered. And the cook used to be your cook! Don't you remember your fatal mistake? You told us at dinner that we were eating one of your favorite recipes. And monkey's brains, though popular in Cantonese cuisine, are not often to be found in Washington, D.C

#11 (*sinister*) He was my butler, and expendable, like all of you. I'm grateful to you all for disposing of my network of spies and informers. Saved me a lot of trouble. Now there's no evidence against me. This has nothing to do with Mrs. White's disappearing nuclear physicist husband or Colonel Mustard's work with the new top-secret fusion bomb. No. Communism was just a red herring. And why should the police come? Nobody's called them. So why shouldn't we get away with it? We'll stack the bodies in the cellar, lock it, leave quietly one at a time, and forget that any of this ever happened.

#12. (*stuck on a subway train*) Oh, this is great. This is what I need, just what I need. Ok, take it easy I'm sure it's nothing. Probably rats on the track, we're stopping for rats. God, it's so crowded. How can there be so many people? What's that? I feel something rubbing against me. Disgusting, these people should be in a cage. We are in a cage. Oh, I can't breathe, I feel faint. (*trying to calm down*) Take it easy, it'll start moving soon. This is nothing. It's nothing. No, it's not nothing, it's something. It's a nightmare! Help me! Move it! C'mon move this freaking thing!! Why isn't it moving?!? What can go wrong with a train?!? It's on tracks, there's no traffic! How can a train get stuck? Step on the gas!! What could it be? You'd think the conductor would explain it to us? 'I'm sorry there's a delay we'll be moving in 5 minutes'!!! I wanna hear a voice. What's that on my leg?!!