

Patience Audition Pack

Dialogue for *Patience* Auditions

Please note: If you are interested in a particular role(s), please become familiar with the dialogue labelled for the character(s) you want to be considered for. Memorisation is not necessary, though you should be able to read the lines the way the character would say them; you may hold the dialogue sheets, or the score with dialogue, but you don't want to bury your face in the page as you audition!

The songs on the list for each character are suggestions for audition pieces, however you may sing another character's song as long as it is in your vocal range.

Audition for Ladies Angela, Ella, Saphir & Jane:

ANGELA: There is a strange magic in this love of ours! Rivals as we are in the affections of our Reginald, the very hopelessness of our love is a bond that binds us one to another!

SAPHIR: Jealousy is merged in misery. While he, the very cynosure of our eyes and hearts, remains icy insensible – what have we to strive for?

ELLA: The love of maidens is, to him, as interesting as the taxes!

SAPHIR: Would that it were! He pays his taxes.

ANGELA: And cherishes the receipts!

(Enter Lady Jane)

SAPHIR: Happy receipts!

JANE: (Suddenly) Fools!

ANGELA: I beg your pardon?

JANE: Fools and blind! The man loves – wildly loves!

ANGELA: But whom? None of us!

JANE: No, none of us. His weird fancy has lighted, for the nonce, on Patience, the village milkmaid!

SAPHIR: On Patience? Oh, it cannot be!

JANE: Bah! But yesterday I caught him in her dairy, eating fresh butter with a tablespoon. To-day he is not well!

SAPHIR: But, Patience boasts that she has never loved – that love is, to her, a sealed book!

JANE: 'Tis but a fleeting fancy – 'twill quickly wear away. (Aside) Oh, Reginald, if you but knew what a wealth of golden love is waiting for you, stored up in this rugged old bosom of mine, the milkmaid's triumph would be short indeed!

Audition for Bunthorne & Grosvenor

GROSVENOR: It is very pleasant to be alone. It is pleasant to be able to gaze at leisure upon those features which all others may gaze upon at their good will! (Looking at his reflection in a hand mirror). Ah, I am a very Narcissus!

(Enter Bunthorne moodily)

BUNTHORNE: It's no use; I can't live without admiration. Since Grosvenor came here, insipidity has been at a premium. Ah, he is there!

GROSVENOR: Ah, Bunthorne! Come here – look! Very graceful, isn't it?

BUNTHORNE: (Taking hand mirror) Allow me; I haven't seen it. Yes, it is graceful.

GROSVENOR: (Re-taking hand mirror) Oh, good gracious! Not that – this –

BUNTHORNE: You don't mean that! Bah! I am in no mood for trifling.

GROSVENOR: And what is amiss?

BUNTHORNE: Ever since you came here, you have entirely monopolised the attentions of the young ladies. I don't like it, sir!

GROSVENOR: My dear sir, how can I help it? They are the plague of my life. My dear Mr Bunthorne, with your personal disadvantages, you can have no idea of the inconvenience of being madly loved, at first sight, by every woman you meet.

BUNTHORNE: Sir, until you came here I was adored!

GROSVENOR: Exactly – until I came here. That's my grievance. I cut everybody out! I assure you, if you could suggest some means whereby, consistently with my duty to society, I could escape these inconvenient attentions, you would earn my everlasting gratitude.

BUNTHORNE: I will do so at once. However popular it may be with the world at large, your personal appearance is highly objectionable to *me*.

GROSVENOR: It is? (Shaking his hand). Oh, thank you! Thank you! How can I express my gratitude?

BUNTHORNE: By making a complete change at once. Your conversation must henceforth be perfectly matter-of-fact. You must cut your hair, and have a back parting. In appearance and costume you must be absolutely commonplace.

GROSVENOR: (Decidedly) No. Pardon me, that's impossible.

BUNTHORNE: Take care! When I am thwarted I am very terrible.

GROSVENOR: I can't help that. I am a man with a mission. And that mission must be fulfilled.

BUNTHORNE: I don't think you quite appreciate the consequences of thwarting me.

GROSVENOR: I don't care what they are.

BUNTHORNE: Suppose – I won't go so far as to say that I will do it – but suppose for one moment I were to curse you? (GROSVENOR quails) Ah! Very well. Take care.

GROSVENOR: But surely you would never do that? (In great alarm)

BUNTHORNE: I don't know. I would be an extreme measure, no doubt. Still –

GROSVENOR: (Wildly) But you would not do it – I am sure you would not. (Throwing himself at BUNTHORNE'S knees, and clinging to him) Oh reflect, reflect! You had a mother once.

BUNTHORNE: Never!

GROSVENOR: Then you had an aunt! (BUNTHORNE affected) Ah! I see you had! By the memory of that aunt, I implore you to pause ere you resort to this last fearful expedient. Oh, Mr Bunthorne, reflect, reflect! (Weeping)

BUNTHORNE: (Aside, after a struggle with himself!) I must not allow myself to be unmanned! (Aloud) It is useless. Consent at once or may a nephew's curse –

GROSVENOR: Hold! Are you absolutely resolved?

BUNTHORNE: Absolutely.

GROSVENOR: Will nothing shake you?

BUNTHORNE: Nothing. I am adamant.

GROSVENOR: Very good. (Rising) Then I yield.

BUNTHORNE: Ha! You swear it?

GROSVENOR: I do, cheerfully. I have long wished for a reasonable pretext for such a change as you suggest. It has come at last. I do it on compulsion!

BUNTHORNE: Victory! I Triumph!

Audition for Major, Duke and Colonel

COLONEL: (Attitude) Yes, it's quite clear that our only chance of making a lasting impression on these young ladies is to become as aesthetic as they are.

MAJOR: (Attitude) No doubt. The only question is how far we've succeeded in doing so. I don't know why, but I've an idea that this is not quite right.

DUKE: (Attitude) / don't like it. I never did. I don't see what it means. I do it, but I don't like it.

COLONEL: My good friend, the question is not whether we like it, but whether they do. They understand these things – we don't. Now I shouldn't be surprised if this is effective enough at-s distance.

MAJOR: I can't help thinking we're a little stiff at it. It would be extremely awkward if we were to be "struck" so!

COLONEL: I don't think we shall be struck so. Perhaps we're a little awkward at first – but everything must have a beginning. Oh, here they come! 'Tention!

Audition for Patience, Angela, Ella and Saphir

PATIENCE: What on earth does it all mean? Why does he love me? Why does he expect me to love him? He's not a relation! It frightens me!

(Enter Angela)

ANGELA: Why, Patience, what is the matter?

PATIENCE: Lady Angela, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upsets everybody; and, secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?

ANGELA: Poor blind child! Oh, forgive her, Eros! Why, love is of all passions the most essential! It is the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement! It is the one unselfish emotion in this whirlpool of grasping greed!

PATIENCE: Oh, dear, oh! (Beginning to cry)

ANGELA: Why are you crying?

PATIENCE: To think that I have lived all these years without having experienced this ennobling and unselfish passion! Why, what a wicked girl I must be! For it *is* unselfish, isn't it?

ANGELA: Absolutely! Love that is tainted with selfishness is no love. Oh, try, try, try to love! It really isn't difficult if you give your whole mind to it.

PATIENCE: I'll set about it at once. I won't go to bed until I'm head over ears in love with somebody.

ANGELA: Noble girl! But is it possible that you have never loved anybody?

PATIENCE: Yes, one.

ANGELA: Ah! Whom?

PATIENCE: My great-aunt –

ANGELA: Great-aunts don't count.

PATIENCE: Then there's nobody. At least – no, nobody. Not since I was a baby. But *that* doesn't count, I suppose.

ANGELA: I don't know. Tell me about it.

Audition for Lady Jane

JANE: The fickle crew have deserted Reginald and sworn allegiance to his rival, and all, forsooth, because he has glanced with passing favour on a puling milkmaid! Fools! Of that fancy he will soon weary – and then, I, who alone am faithful to him, shall reap my reward. But do not dally too long, Reginald, for my charms are ripe, Reginald, and already they are decaying. Better secure me ere I have gone too far!

Audition for Solicitor

(The **SOLICITOR**, horrified at the **DRAGOONS'** curse, rushes off)

Suggested Songs for Auditions

Patience (Soprano) – Love is a Plaintive Song or I Cannot Tell What This Love May be

Lady Ella (Soprano) – Twenty Love Sick Maidens We + Ella solo

Lady Angela (Mezzo-Soprano) – Twenty Love Sick Maidens We + Angela Solo

Lady Saphir (Mezzo-Soprano) – Twenty Love Sick Maidens We + Angela Solo

Lady Jane (Contralto) – Silvered is the Raven Hair

The Duke of Dunstable (Tenor) – Duke solo – Act 1 Finale – Your Maiden Hearts

Reginald Bunthorne (Comic Baritone) – If you're Anxious for to Shine

Archibald Grosvenor (Lyric Baritone) – A Magnet Hung in a Hardware Shop

Major Murgatroyd (Baritone) –

Colonel Calverley (Bass-Baritone) – When I First Put this Uniform on