

# Witch Audition Packet

## Little Theatre on the Bay



Show: "Witch" by Jen Silverman

Director: Bex Truka

Show Dates: September 19, 20, 21, 26, 27, and 28

### Audition Information:

Auditions will be held at Liberty Theater on Saturday, June 28<sup>th</sup> at 2:00 pm. Auditions sides are available online and will also be provided at the theater. Please come dressed comfortably to dance and move. We will begin auditions with learning a little bit of Cotswold-Morris dancing as a group for all who are physically able.

Although we will be casting dancers, this show is a play and not a musical. There is no singing, and only the Morris Dancers and Cuddy Banks dance on stage. If you are unable to make the scheduled audition date, but would like to audition, please reach out to the director at [rebeccatruka@gmail.com](mailto:rebeccatruka@gmail.com) to schedule a separate reading.

### Rehearsals:

Rehearsals will be held at Liberty Theater. Please include known schedule conflicts, and typical work schedule on your audition form. Final rehearsal schedules will be distributed during the first read through after casting.

### Roles:

Elizabeth Sawyer – (female, forties/fifties/sixties) an outcast.

Scratch – (male, twenties/early thirties) The devil.

Sir Arthur Banks – (male, fifties/sixties) A wealthy and powerful man.

Cuddy Banks – (male, twenties, early thirties) Sir Arthur's son, painfully shy, a Morris Dancer. He is secretly in love with Frank (and also in hate).

Frank Thorney – (male, twenties/early thirties) a confident and successful young man, charming and ruthless. His ambition knows no bounds.

Winnifred – (female, twenties/early thirties) Sir Arthur's servant, resigned and pragmatic, secretly married to Frank.

Morris Dancers – A Cotswold-Morris Dance troupe that performs with Cuddy Banks. They also act as "imps of chaos". These characters will dance, perform live set changes while "clowning", and jump in to fill extra roles as barkeeps and as castle servants. (5 plus Cuddy)

### Notes on how to read the script:

[ ] is unspoken, although the character is thinking it.

() is spoken out loud, but is a side-thought

/ signifies an interruption, where the / occurs.

Content Warning:

This play contains adult subject matter and violence, and is not recommended to those under the age of 14

About the Play:

A charming devil arrives in the quiet village of Edmonton to bargain for the souls of its residents in exchange for their darkest wishes. Elizabeth should be his easiest target, having been labeled a “witch” and cast out by the town, but her soul is not so readily bought. As the devil returns to convince her – and then returns again – unexpected passions flare, alliances are formed, and the village is forever changed. An inventive retelling of a Jacobean drama, this sharp, subversive fable debates how much our souls are worth when hope is hard to come by.



Number: \_\_\_\_\_

**Leave Blank**

## AUDITION FORM

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Pronouns: \_\_\_\_\_

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Hair Color: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Parent Name (if under 18): \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Best Time to Call: \_\_\_\_\_

Roles you are interested in: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you willing to accept any role offered? Y/N

Are you interested in working on special projects related to the show: Stage Crew, Props, or Costumes?  
(please circle)

PLEASE LIST PRIOR EXPERIENCE (vocal or dance training, and theatrical experience)

**\*\*ON REVERSE PLEASE LIST ALL CONFLICTS\*\***

**PLEASE COMPLETE THIS FORM AND BRING IT WITH YOU TO AUDITIONS.**



I arranged it in order of the kinds of punishments I might suggest, and that list is structured in order of my favorite-to-least-favorite punishments.

*(A moment.)*

Would you like to hear some of my favorite punishments?

*(ELIZABETH is intrigued despite herself.)*

ELIZABETH. *(But this is a Yes.)* Can I stop you?

SCRATCH. *(Brightly.)* Okay! Great! Here we go!

Pox on the cow.

Pox on the hens.

Pox on the baby.

That's the pox section.

*(Pause.)*

Milkmaid is ornery.

Girlfriend is ornery.

Wife is ornery.

That's the Personal Relationship section.

*(Pause.)*

Ants.

Crickets.

Lice.

That's the insect section.

Are you still with me?

ELIZABETH. Those are all a bit...juvenile.

SCRATCH. I'm sorry?

ELIZABETH. You don't think?

A bit...under-effective.

SCRATCH. I assure you, they're *very* effective! Imagine: you sneeze and an ant falls out, the internal made external, a metaphor that / I particularly -

ELIZABETH. What about wholesale slaughter?

SCRATCH. Oh.

Well.

That's a thing that we - I mean, that's sort of an advanced offer.

But we *do* do that.

But it tends to be...advanced.

ELIZABETH. Advanced how?

Advanced like that's the deal you make with men?

*(An awkward moment - that is the deal he makes with men.)*

And women get crickets. Okay.

SCRATCH. It sort of just works out like that.

*(Getting flustered, as she stares at him.)*

It's not -

[about bias]

women have their own -

[set of interests]

and *they* tend to be the ones who ask *me* [about insects]

so *I'm* not even

but

so

it just generally works out like that.

Unconsciously.

ELIZABETH. Well

maybe if you *consciously* offered women wholesale slaughter more often

it would work out a different way. Generally.

SCRATCH. I guess maybe it might.

*(A beat. He is intrigued by her.)*

*(She is intrigued by him and doesn't want to be.)*

ELIZABETH. Is that everything?



SCRATCH. Is that – what do you mean is that everything?

ELIZABETH. Well, are you done? With your pitch?

SCRATCH. Well I guess not, because you didn't like it.

ELIZABETH. I didn't say I didn't like it, I just said it was trivial and I asked about a less trivial version.

SCRATCH. Would you like to hear my less trivial version?

ELIZABETH. Would you like to deliver your less trivial version?

SCRATCH. I wouldn't mind the opportunity.

ELIZABETH. Okay, you're on.

*(Are they flirting? Both of them are enjoying the interaction and also wary of it. SCRATCH delivers his next pitch with the energy of flirtation.)*

SCRATCH. Okay.

Okay.

Okay: picture this. A sea of blood. A tsunami rises up. It too, is made of blood. The tsunami of blood crashes down on your village. Those who have scorned you? Taken your place in line at the well? Imagine their faces. Right before the blood wave devours them. They are crying out for help...and then they are gone. You were a victim. You were helpless in the face of their cruelty. Now...you are revenged.

*(A moment.)*

Yes No?

ELIZABETH. Hm.

SCRATCH. Visual. Poetic.

ELIZABETH. Pitch it to me the way you'd pitch it to a man.

SCRATCH. That was –

ELIZABETH. "Visual poetic"? Nope.

You'd appeal to a different sense of self – wouldn't you? – than "visual poetic."

*(Seeing that she's scored a point.)* I'm standing here – I'm Sir Arthur. I run this town. I have the biggest balls you've ever seen. Pitch it to me now.

*(Game Time. SCRATCH gets a whole new kind of serious.)*

SCRATCH. Okay.

Sir Arthur.

It's nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you.

ELIZABETH. *(“As Sir Arthur,” but also, with steel.)* Get to the point.

SCRATCH. The point – Sir Arthur – is I have something that you've always wanted.

And that is: the power to destroy.

It's possible that you think of yourself as a man who builds.

But there is nothing so fully entwined with creation, than the act of destruction.

If I might reference some who have gone before you: Genghis Khan. A maker of culture, a destroyer of armies. Alexander the Great. A maker of nations, and a destroyer thereof.

Odysseus. A maker of journeys, and of war.

You, Sir Arthur, were made for greater things than you have yet achieved.

Man cannot be given greatness. He has it or he doesn't. But he can be given power, with which to exercise his greatness.

And power, sir, is the thing that I bring to the table.

*(Pause.)*

Are you ready to say yes to history?



*(The banquet hall, with its dead-wife portrait.)*

*(The end of a banquet.)*

*(SIR ARTHUR. CUDDY. FRANK. The tension in the room is palpable. WINNIFRED clearing dishes, slamming them around.)*

SIR ARTHUR. For example, Sir John's youngest she took quite a liking to you, Frank. She took a liking.

FRANK. She was very friendly.

SIR ARTHUR. She's a good woman that whole pack of them good women. It does an old man good to see two young people talking together like that.

*(WINNIFRED shoots FRANK a look – he ignores her.)*

FRANK. Thanks so much for introducing us.

SIR ARTHUR. You know my old man used to say: "A meeting like that, can only end in a marriage." I used to be like: Dad! You're embarrassing me! But now I know – old men, we got x-ray eyes. Now, if Cuddy would let me introduce him to some of her sisters –

CUDDY. *(Blurts out, in the moment.)* I'm seeing someone.

SIR ARTHUR. *(Hopeful, thrilled.)* Are you now!

FRANK. Oh I didn't know that.

CUDDY. *(Oh shit.)* ...Yeah, I've been seeing someone. So.

SIR ARTHUR. Good lad, good lad.

Well who is she?

CUDDY. Well...we're keeping it on the DL at the moment.

FRANK. Uh-huh.

SIR ARTHUR. You should bring her home bring her to dinner let your old dad meet her.

CUDDY. Yeah, definitely later, definitely later.

SIR ARTHUR. Tell her your old dad isn't so scary, not so bad ask Frank here, I raised him like a son man in the castle isn't so scary, is he now? Winnifred! Do you have those mints, those mints that I –? [like]

*(WINNIFRED comes over with mints.)*

There we go, thank you Winnifred.

FRANK. So where'd you meet?

CUDDY. Sorry?

FRANK. Just wondering where you met this, uh, girl, that's all.

CUDDY. What's it to you?

FRANK. I mean, I'm just wondering if she's a Morris dancer or I don't know, are we talking a servant, or maybe in the stables –

SIR ARTHUR. *(Laughing, how silly!)* Girls don't work in the stables, Frank.

FRANK. *(Staring straight at CUDDY.)* Oh yeah. I guess they don't. I guess girls *don't* work in the stables. Silly me.

CUDDY. How's *your* love-life, Frank? Sounds like you met someone too.

FRANK. Well I was lucky to meet Sir Arthur's friends, have some great conversations...

SIR ARTHUR. (*To FRANK.*) Don't be modest, Frank, the girl couldn't take her eyes off you...or her hands!

*(Crash! WINNIFRED slams a platter.)*

FRANK. (*Avoiding WINNIFRED's eyes.*) She's just enthusiastic.

SIR ARTHUR. We should have her and Sir John over and Cuddy, you can invite your girl, sooner the better! Have all the ladies to dinner whaddaya say, boys?

*(FRANK and CUDDY are both reluctant, for their own reasons.)*

FRANK. Well...

CUDDY. Yeah sometime maybe.

FRANK. Maybe later.

SIR ARTHUR. If you're gonna be that shy, somebody else will swoop in  
trust me, you can't be shy in this business  
gotta set your sights and then -  
ZING!  
like an arrow.  
Cuddy's mom -  
she was the prettiest girl in the room  
and I coulda hung back  
I coulda been shy  
I coulda been like, "Why would a girl like that talk to a guy like me?"  
but no  
I set my sights and  
ZING!



*(FRANK sits facing away from CUDDY, refusing to acknowledge him. He finishes his drink. That hot feeling surges up in CUDDY, anger and resentment and everything else, it surges so high he can't hold his tongue.)*

CUDDY. My dad's gonna get tired of you.

FRANK. *(Not turning.)* I don't think so.

CUDDY. When he plucked you out of a field, philanthropy was in vogue.

Watch out, it's going out of style again.

FRANK. You gotta set your sights and then ZING, Cuddy you heard the old man say so.

Not my fault that you don't have any ZING in you.

CUDDY. You'd be surprised how much Zing I have.

FRANK. Here's the thing, Cuddy.

Every time your dad looks at me he sees the best version of himself. And every time he looks at you, he sees all his failures staring back at him.

Which of us do you think he wants to look at?

*(The hot feeling surges into murder. CUDDY flings himself at FRANK, maybe trying to put hands around his neck. Whatever the gesture is, FRANK subdues him quickly, pushing him back with a laugh. CUDDY surges forward again, and FRANK puts a hand square on CUDDY's chest and pushes him backward. A moment. CUDDY's rage doesn't melt, but it is confused by a bolt of pure longing. Without knowing what he's going to do, he puts his hand on FRANK's chest. Is it a shove? Will it become one? Neither of them really knows. A moment that is confused and raw and full of possibility and also weird and awkward. And then WINNIFRED re-enters.)*

WINNIFRED. BOYS.

*(They jolt apart.)*

I'm cleaning up your banquet  
so  
maybe you could take this  
outside.

FRANK. I was just leaving.

*(He walks past WINNIFRED and out.)*

*(A beat.)*

*(CUDDY sinks back into his chair.)*

*(He puts his head in his hands.)*

WINNIFRED. *(Can't help it.)* ...Are you OK?

*(All of this comes pouring out of CUDDY:)*

CUDDY. I hate him.

WINNIFRED. ...I know.

CUDDY. Sometimes I really fucking hate him  
the way he takes up space and  
sort of sprawls around and  
the way he talks  
and –

WINNIFRED. I know.

CUDDY. And then also I wanna just  
put my hands around his throat and  
squeeze and then  
I want to mash my face into his face  
and I want to be *so close* to him  
I want to wear him.

WINNIFRED. I know what that's like.

(CUDDY looks up at her.)

CUDDY. Yeah I bet you do.

(A beat between them.)

WINNIFRED. So you know about us?

CUDDY. Yeah.

WINNIFRED. (With hope.) Did Frank tell you?

CUDDY. No.

WINNIFRED. Oh.

How do you know?

(CUDDY hesitates. Still hopeful.)

Is it like...is there sort of an energy between us?  
Like you can just tell by looking at us that there's an  
unbreakable connection?

CUDDY. ...No.

WINNIFRED. Oh.

CUDDY. The devil told me, actually?

WINNIFRED. ...The devil?

CUDDY. Yeah.

WINNIFRED. Oh.

CUDDY. We were just talking. And we ended up talking  
about Frank. And he told me about you guys. This is all  
cone-of-silence.

WINNIFRED. Okay...

CUDDY. Actually the whole thing is, the whole mashing-  
my-face-into -  
my whole Frank thing is also cone-of-silence.

WINNIFRED. Well, me too.



we're just drifting farther and farther away from each other  
even though we grew up together and  
you married me and  
then Sir Arthur invited you here and then  
I *came* here for *you*, I became a servant in the castle to  
be close to *you*  
but  
now  
I'm like, dusting a portrait  
and like, serving drinks,  
and you're like, sitting there next to him  
at the head of the table  
laughing at all his jokes  
and pretending you don't know me at *all*,  
pretending I'm just the girl who's serving you,  
and not the girl who you said you wanted to spend your  
whole *life* with  
and  
then that starts to feel really really sad.

*(A beat.)*

FRANK. You know what the plan is.

WINNIFRED. Do I?

FRANK. Come on, of course you do.

When Sir Arthur makes me his heir, I'll be able to do  
whatever I want.

You'll be right there with me, we'll run the castle  
together – eventually.

But right now, I can't rock the boat.

And, you know, part of that is being, uh, friendly to his  
friends' daughters.

WINNIFRED. ...But what if he doesn't make you his heir?

FRANK. *(“You're being naïve again.”)* Baby.

WINNIFRED. I mean he *has* a son.

FRANK. Cuddy likes *Morris* dancing.

WINNIFRED. Okayyyy but someday he's gonna meet a girl,  
and –

FRANK. Uhh, yeah, no.

WINNIFRED. How do you know?

FRANK. Believe me.

*(A beat, faux-casual:)*

WINNIFRED. About those daughters you mentioned...

FRANK. *Okay*, Winn, look –

WINNIFRED. Those *very* important daughters of a station  
higher / than –

FRANK. C'mon, stop that Winn. It's just part of the plan.

WINNIFRED. Maybe that's the part where the plan starts to  
suck.

*(Low and desperate.)* We don't need Sir Arthur, we  
could go back home –

FRANK. And do what?

*(His vehemence has silenced her – he tries to  
find a gentler tone with her:)*

Sweetheart, we have to ask for more than what we were  
born with.

WINNIFRED. Why?

FRANK. Because if we don't ask for more, we'll end up  
with less.

WINNIFRED. But right now, I don't even have you.

FRANK. You *have* me, we're just –  
ugh, Winn  
it's gonna be fine.



and  
not to be... [dramatic]  
but it still feels  
empty  
so...  
that's a thing. An everyday sort of thing.

*(Beat – a burst:)*

I don't wear your clothes anymore!  
I know I told you that I used to  
sneak into your room and put on your clothes  
and stand in front of the mirror  
and see if I could see you in me  
and  
I guess I did that for a few years after you died  
maybe five years  
or six years  
or maybe I guess until our boy was  
about ten or eleven but  
then I stopped.  
I think I told you that I stopped before I actually  
stopped.  
But then I did actually stop, so...  
What else.

*(This also bursts out:)*

I don't know how to raise a boy  
in this world.  
What do I teach him?  
If I let him be gentle  
he'll just be hurt by someone down the line.  
Nobody trusts boys who are gentle,  
it brings out everybody's hidden cruelty.  
So I tell him, *Be tough, be tough*  
and I watch this sort of

blunt thing grow in his eyes  
like he's disappointed in how disappointed I am  
but  
if he could just *be tough* then I would know  
that I'm raising him well enough to get by  
and then I could worry about: Is he Gentle enough  
and that could be like a  
luxury worry  
like, "Does he know how to be Kind"  
like, that could be something  
from time to time I would remind him  
to be Kind  
all the while knowing that  
he will survive, he will survive, he will outlast me.  
  
And also we can't talk to each other.  
Frank and I can talk to each other!  
We talk all the time!  
We talk about falcons and hunting and  
women and  
politics and  
I don't know  
I don't know.

*(This is hard to say out loud, but:)*

I don't think  
Cuddy  
is ever going to give us an heir.  
And  
I think when we were younger, I had this sort of  
Optimism  
about him  
and about us  
and about our future as a family but  
I think it was *your* optimism that I had, actually  
and now



*(A bar. SCRATCH and CUDDY BANKS.)*

*(Back in the flow of time.)*

CUDDY. The devil?

SCRATCH. Your soul, blood-pact, endless riches.

CUDDY. Endless?

SCRATCH. Power: reckless, abusable. Fame!

CUDDY. Fame?

SCRATCH. Have to pick, can't have it all, but sure, fame.

CUDDY. Huh.

*(Pause.)*

I don't know why you're coming to me. I've never even gotten in trouble with the law.

SCRATCH. But you want to.

CUDDY. But I haven't.

SCRATCH. *(Shrugs, easy.)* I'm just as interested in what you *want* as what you *do*.

CUDDY. You been to my father's place?

SCRATCH. Nah.

CUDDY. Sir Arthur, he owns the castle.

SCRATCH. Nope.

CUDDY. He's super important, everybody knows him.

SCRATCH. No.

CUDDY. My dad is a real son-of-a-bitch, you haven't been to his place?

SCRATCH. He lacks imagination.

CUDDY. *(A little flattered.)* ...Oh.

SCRATCH. You, on the other hand, have potential.

*(CUDDY gets a little excited by this.)*

CUDDY. I perform in a Morris troupe, actually, if you want to know. Me and my friends do Morris dancing, maybe you've heard of us, maybe you've seen us, maybe –

SCRATCH. I didn't mean the dancing.

CUDDY. ...Oh.

SCRATCH. Although it's good to have hobbies.

CUDDY. It's not a hobby, I keep – [having to explain that]  
My dad says that all the time too, I'm like  
*Dad*  
this is not a *hobby*  
this is *my life*.

SCRATCH. – Of course.

CUDDY. The Morris dance is very intricate  
very raw and intricate.  
It's like...seriously underrated.

SCRATCH. I stand corrected.

*(Pause.)*

CUDDY. Who else have you been to?

SCRATCH. In my lifetime? In the world?

CUDDY. In Edmonton.

*(This is loaded.)* Frank Thorney?

SCRATCH. Who?

CUDDY. *(In love and equally in hate.)* Everybody is all,  
"Ooh Frank Thorney."  
My dad is like, obsessed with Frank Thorney.

..

(ELIZABETH SAWYER. *Alone. A light tight on her face. Her aria. A moment out of time.*)

ELIZABETH. I'm not arguing for the end of the world but then again maybe I am.

*This one, anyway.*

I imagine you're not sure about this, you might think I'm jumping the gun.

Fair enough, full disclosure – wherever I go, people are like:

"Oh there's the witch of Edmonton."

They're like: "You made my cow sick, you made my thatch burn."

I'm like a disease that only I seem to have caught.

I'm like a plague of locusts that's just one locust.

And the whispering!

Say I'm in line at the well.

If I turn around, the whispering stops. Dead silence.

But somehow it always starts up again.

I can't say I don't have a grudge, because

I do, clearly, I do have a grudge.

But does that detract from my argument, or is it just added texture?

I understand – you're hesitating right now, you're like: *Is she kidding, is she serious, is she crazy*, – and those are questions, they are valid questions, but they are not the *right* questions.

Here is the single thing you should be asking yourself:

*Do I have hope that things can get better?*