FALL AUDITIONS

August 24 & 25 at 7:00 pm Eastern
Virtual
Audition selections available online at furman.edu/theatrearts > Current Students.
Email maegan.azar@furman.edu to sign up for auditions.

Love and Information
by Caryl Churchill
directed by Maegan McNerney Azar

Edgar Lee Masters’ Spoon River Anthology
by Charles Aidman
directed by Rhett Bryson
Love and Information
by Caryl Churchill
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Virtual AUDITIONS
August 24 & 25 at 7pm
Seeking a flexible number of actors. All race, ethnicity, gender identity, and ability encouraged to audition.

Email maegan.azar@furman.edu to sign up for auditions.
Love and Information
by Caryl Churchill
directed by Maegan McNerney Azar

Performing the week of September 22.

Seeking a flexible number of actors.
All race, ethnicity, gender identity, and ability encouraged to audition.
Roles available for in-person performance or virtual performance.
The presentation of this piece will be multi-media in nature, in-person work will be outdoors.

In this time of technology and isolation, how do we make sense of the world?
Journey with over 100 characters as they investigate the modern state of human connection, and attempt to sift through the increasing onslaught of information with love.

Email maegan.azar@furman.edu with questions.

Please complete the audition and crew application form prior to August 24. Once you submit the online form, you will receive the Zoom link for auditions.
https://forms.gle/MbG3vYcTAGNhlMgh6
Act 2
Selection from “Affair”

What do you think yourself? Is it better to know things or not to know things? Is it better just to let things be the way you think they are, the way they are really because if someone tells you something that might change everything and do you want that? Do you think it’s interfering or is it what a friend ought to do?

But some people might say you shouldn’t say anything because you might not want to hear anything against your best friend but I do keep seeing them together and last night I was having a drink with her after work and he just sort of turned up and after a bit they left together, they hardly bothered to come up with a story, I just wondered. I’m probably imagining things and I shouldn’t put ideas into your head because it may all be perfectly all right, I’m sorry maybe I should have kept quiet, oh dear, I’ve told you now.
Act 3
“Star”

It takes the light two point eight million years to get here.

So we’re looking at two point eight million years ago.

It might not be there. It could have died by now.

So who’s going to see that?

It might not even be people by then. The sun’s only eight minutes.

In the morning let’s wait eight minutes and see if it’s there now.
it means so much to me that you gave me red flowers because red is so significant don’t you think? it means stop and of course it means go because it’s the color of energy and red cars have the most accidents because people are excited by red or people who are already excited like to have red, I’d like to have red, I’ll buy a red car this afternoon and we can go for a drive, we can go right up through the whole country don’t you think, we can go to Scotland we can go to John o’ Groats, did he eat a lot of porridge to do you think? but we don’t have to start from Land’s End or Land’s Beginning we should say if we start from there but we won’t we’ll start from here because here is always the place we start from, isn't that funny, and I need to drive along all the roads in the country because I have to see to the traffic because there are too many cars as everyone knows but our car won’t be one too many you’ll be quite safe, we’ll make sure it’s all flowing smoothly in every direction because cars do go in every direction possible and everything goes in every possible direction, so we’ll find a vase for the flowers,
Act 6
“Decision”

I’ve written down all the reasons to leave the country and all the reasons to stay.

So how does that work out?

There’s things on both sides.

How do you feel about it?

No, I’m trying to make a rational decision based on the facts.

Do you want me to decide for you?

Based on what? The facts don’t add up.

I’d rather you stayed here. Does that help?
Act 4
“Dinner”

I did tell you

you didn’t

I did I said Wednesday we’re going to dinner with

but you didn’t

yes because I remember because you said

all right I must have forgotten I’m sorry

yes you did

I’m sorry.
Edgar Lee Masters’
Spoon River Anthology
by Charles Aidman
directed by Rhett Bryson

Virtual AUDITIONS
August 24 & 25 at 7pm
Seeking 4 women and 4 men.
Auditions will consist of cold readings from the script.
Email maegan.azar@furman.edu to sign up for auditions.
Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*
by Charles Aidman
directed by Rhett Bryson
Performing the week of November 10.

Seeking 4 men and 4 women.

Auditions will consist of cold reading from the script.

In this beautifully haunting play, the former residents of Spoon River examine life and the longing for what might have been. As the citizens reflect on the dreams, secrets, and regrets of their lives, they paint a gritty and honest portrait of the town as all of their pasts are illuminated.

Email rhett.bryson@furman.edu with questions.

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https://forms.gle/MbG3vYcTAGNhMgh6
Audition Pieces – Spoon River

Benjamin Pantier

TOGETHER in this grave lie Benjamin Pantier, attorney at law,
And Nig, his dog, constant companion, solace and friend.
Down the gray road, friends, children, men and women,
Passing one by one out of life, left me till I was alone
With Nig for partner, bed-fellow; comrade in drink.
In the morning of life I knew aspiration and saw glory,
The she, who survives me, snared my soul
With a snare which bled me to death,
Till I, once strong of will, lay broken, indifferent,
Living with Nig in a room back of a dingy office.
Under my Jaw-bone is snuggled the bony nose of Nig
Our story is lost in silence. Go by, Mad world!
Mrs. Benjamin Pantier

I know that he told that I snared his soul
With a snare which bled him to death.
And all the men loved him,
And most of the women pitied him.
But suppose you are really a lady, and have delicate tastes,
And loathe the smell of whiskey and onions,
And the rhythm of Wordsworth's "Ode" runs in your ears,
While he goes about from morning till night
Repeating bits of that common thing;
"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
And then, suppose;
You are a woman well endowed,
And the only man with whom the law and morality
Permit you to have the marital relation
Is the very man that fills you with disgust
Every time you think of it while you think of it
Every time you see him?
That's why I drove him away from home
To live with his dog in a dingy room
Back of his office.
WELL, Emily Sparks, your prayers were not wasted,
Your love was not all in vain.
I owe whatever I was in life
To your hope that would not give me up,
To your love that saw me still as good.
Dear Emily Sparks, let me tell you the story.
I pass the effect of my father and mother;
The milliner's daughter made me trouble
And out I went in the world,
Where I passed through every peril known
Of wine and women and joy of life.
One night, in a room in the Rue de Rivoli,
I was drinking wine with a black-eyed cocotte,
And the tears swam into my eyes.
She though they were amorous tears and smiled
For thought of her conquest over me.
But my soul was three thousand miles away,
In the days when you taught me in Spoon River.
And just because you no more could love me,
Nor pray for me, nor write me letters,
The eternal silence of you spoke instead.
And the Black-eyed cocotte took the tears for hers,
As well as the deceiving kisses I gave her.
Somehow, from that hour, I had a new vision
Dear Emily Sparks!
Audition Pieces – Spoon River

Emily Sparks

Where is my boy, my boy
In what far part of the world?
The boy I loved best of all in the school?—
I, the teacher, the old maid, the virgin heart,
Who made them all my children.
Did I know my boy aright,
Thinking of him as a spirit aflame,
Active, ever aspiring?
Oh, boy, boy, for whom I prayed and prayed
In many a watchful hour at night,
Do you remember the letter I wrote you
Of the beautiful love of Christ?
And whether you ever took it or not,
My, boy, wherever you are,
Work for your soul's sake,
That all the clay of you, all of the dross of you,
May yield to the fire of you,
Till the fire is nothing but light!…
Nothing but light!