

THE SECRET GARDEN & THE CHRISTMAS CHILD

Audition Information

The Logos Theatre is excited to bring two new original productions to the stage this fall! These productions, adapted by Christian Conservatory Masters students, Sylvia Jackson and Lydia Miller, will come to life on The Logos Theatre stage, and you might have the opportunity to be a part of the cast or crew that makes that happen!

Below you will find the important information you will need to know to audition for this incredible opportunity as well as answers to questions you may have.

Participation in both productions is not available as there are rehearsal conflicts in September.

Please read the entire packet thoroughly, and we can't wait to see you all at rehearsals!

**This packet contains interactive links that you can click.*

Frequently Asked Questions

When are auditions:

All auditions will be done by video and should be submitted by 10PM on July 24th for **The Secret Garden**, and by 10PM on August 3rd for **The Christmas Child**.

Does it cost to be in the production(s)?

There is a \$50 fee to be in each cast. This goes to assist with all costs associated with cast member involvement including make-up, costumes, etc. This fee is only due when the cast list is released.

How do I register:

[Click here to go to the registration website.](#) You can create an account by clicking "Create your account." If you are above 18, you can add yourself as the parent/guardian and then add yourself as a camper. and complete the remaining questions. You will have finished your registration once you make it to the checkout part of registration. It is crucial that you complete the checkout process, otherwise your registration will not be submitted.

If you already have an account, please just login and select the person that you wish to enroll in the audition.

Each participant should upload a clear, recent headshot on the parent dashboard.

NOTE: By registering, you are stating that you can attend all rehearsals and you are willing to be cast in any role. Each and every cast member is essential to the production and no roles are "small" parts.

How do I audition:

Participants will need to memorize at least one scene given in the audition packet. Lines for just one character or for multiple characters can be memorized. **NOTE: Please only audition for roles whose age and physical requirements match that of your own.**

**Participants are expected to have at least one character's lines memorized for their audition.*

***Characters in both productions will need to have a British accent.*

*Participants auditioning for the roles of Rhoda or Joan in **The Christmas Child** should also submit a video of themselves singing the first verse of “Hark, the Harold Angel Sing.”*

Participants will need to say their full name and height at the beginning of the audition. Please be sure to record yourself from head to toe for your entire audition piece.

Hard work is valued at The Logos Theatre. Casting decisions will be made on how prepared each participant is for the audition. The audition panel needs to see the best you can do to make the wisest decision in casting the roles.

***Please carefully follow these instructions.*

How to upload your video to YouTube:

- 1) Sign into YouTube. You may need to create an account if you do not already have a YouTube or Google account.
- 2) Click the Upload button at the top of the page.
- 3) Before you start uploading the video you can choose the video privacy settings. Select unlisted.
- 4) Select the video you'd like to upload from your computer.
- 5) As your video is uploading you can edit both the basic information and the advanced settings of the video.
- 6) Click Done to finish the upload or click Share. Copy the link of the video, and send link to audition@TheAcademyofArts.org
- 7) Put in the subject line of your email “The Secret Garden (or Christmas Child) Audition: (Name of Participant)”

*Please email us at audition@TheAcademyofArts.org if you have any questions. You will receive a confirmation email to confirm that your video was received.

When will rehearsals begin:

Please see attached rehearsal schedule. **Once the cast list is released a more specific rehearsal schedule will be sent out. Cast members should plan to be at all rehearsals on the rehearsal schedule until the detailed rehearsal schedule is released.**

While we do not anticipate changing the rehearsal schedule, there may be times that a change must be made for the good of the production. We will communicate any necessary changes as soon as they arise.

What should I wear to rehearsals:

Please:

- No clothing with holes or rips.
- Make sure that shorts or skirts come at least to the middle of the knee.
- Do not wear leggings as pants.
- Make sure that clothing is not form-fitting for both guys and girls.
- Make sure that all shirts are long and necklines high.
- Please wear closed-toed shoes to all rehearsals.

***The Academy of Arts staff reserves the right to ask a person to change clothing if it does not follow these guidelines.*

Are there things that I need to supply for my costume:

A list of items that you need to bring for your costume will be emailed shortly after the cast list is released.

Who should I ask if I have questions:

Any and all questions should be submitted to Seth Deason at sdeason@theAcademyofArts.org.

Should I pack a meal for rehearsals:

Please pack a supper for rehearsals. Microwaves are available to heat up meals. Lunches will need to be packed on days that rehearsals go 9:00am - 9:00pm.

What does it mean to be an understudy:

In theatre, an understudy is a performer who learns the lines and blocking/choreography of a regular actor or actress in a play. Should the regular actor or actress be unable to appear on stage because of illness or emergency, the understudy takes over the part. *Understudies will **not** perform unless an unforeseen circumstance occurs.*

The following is audition information for
THE SECRET GARDEN

August 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | KEY LT/Secret Garden | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| | | | | | | |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| | | | | | | |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| | | | | | | |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| | | REHEARSALS 4PM-9PM | | | | |

September 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----------|----------------|-----|----------------------------------|----------------|----------|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| | Labor Day | Rehearsal: 4-9 | | | Rehearsal: 4-9 | |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| | | Rehearsal: 4-9 | | | Rehearsal: 4-9 | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| | | Rehearsal: 4-9 | | | | |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| | | Rehearsal: 9-9 | | SMART Performance— 3PM | 7PM | 2 & 7 PM |
| 29 | 30 | | | KEY LT / Secret Garden | | |

October 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----|--------------------------|-----|------------|-----------|-------------------------------------|
| | | 1 Pic/Film 9AM—9PM | 2 | 3 10:30 | 4 7:00 | 5 2 & 7 PM |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | KEY LT / Secret Garden |

AUDITION SCRIPT
THE SECRET GARDEN
by Frances Hodgson Burnett
Adapted for stage by Sylvia Jackson

AUDITION SCENE 1

ARCHIBALD (Male 30s-40s)

DR. CRAVEN (Male 30s)

SERVANT: (Male or Female 20s-50s)

Lights up on ARCHIBALD kneeling next to a broken swing in a bright and beautiful garden. He is weeping and clutching a small red blanket. We see the purity of his love and the depth of his loss as he cries out "Lilies! My darling!" then continues sobbing, his hunched frame shaking. After a few moments, DR. CRAVEN enters the garden and comes to stand beside his brother.

ARCHIBALD: The memories in this place... *(He breaks down crying again.)*

DR. CRAVEN: My brother, perhaps it is best if you *(Gesturing to the key in ARCHIBALD's hand)* lock them away? Leave them where they should be. *(Pause)* Would she want you to live this way?

ARCHIBALD slowly stands, gripping the key tighter for a moment. He turns and slowly walks out of the garden and DR. CRAVEN follows him as the turntable turns. Once they have exited, ARCHIBALD turns, as if to lock the door, but falters.

ARCHIBALD: I cannot do this without her.

DR. CRAVEN: *(Softly, as he puts his hand on ARCHIBALD's hand holding the key)* But you must. Would she not want you to be free of... *all this?*

ARCHIBALD nods slowly as DR. CRAVEN takes the key from him, then steps away with his back turned as his brother locks the door with an audible click. DR. CRAVEN comes to ARCHIBALD and holds the key out to him, but ARCHIBALD turns his head away, clutching the red blanket even tighter. With a subtle smile he gestures to one of the servants standing nearby, who quickly steps closer and bows.

DR. CRAVEN: *(As he hands the man the key)* I believe my brother no longer needs this.

The SERVANT bows, then hesitates, turning to ARCHIBALD.

SERVANT: Sir, would you like me to... the blanket, sir... for the boy?

ARCHIBALD: *(As if suddenly coming awake and remembering)* The boy... Is—is he—

DR. CRAVEN: *(Reassuring, but slow and cryptic)* Yes, he is alive...for now.

ARCHIBALD: *(Alarmed)* I must go to him at once!

DR. CRAVEN: That may not be wise, brother *(pause)* It may do more harm.

ARCHIBALD: Harm?

DR. CRAVEN: You are not in your right mind. The pain—the grief that you have suffered runs deep. My brother, let those who know best help you in this time of grief by caring for the child and easing your burdens as best we can so that you may take time to heal yourself.

DR. CRAVEN gently pulls the blanket from ARCHIBALD's hands and ARCHIBALD allows it, relinquishing his own control.

ARCHIBALD: But how am I to sit by and do nothing?

DR. CRAVEN: *(Pulling ARCHIBALD DL)* I am not asking you to abandon the boy! But perhaps you could consider going to stay at your northern estates for a while?

ARCHIBALD: Whatever for?

DR. CRAVEN: It may help raise your countenance—removing you from these... constant reminders.

ARCHIBALD: Do you think it would help? Truly?

DR. CRAVEN: *(Turning his back to ARCHIBALD and taking a step away.)* Well, this is your life, dear brother... But, if you would like my professional opinion—

ARCHIBALD: Yes, you are our doctor after all, and my brother. I trust you implicitly.

DR. CRAVEN: Well then, I believe it would be best if you took the time to heal yourself and give the boy a chance to heal as well.

ARCHIBALD: If I were to... to leave—if you truly think that is best—would you consider... taking him under your charge?

DR. CRAVEN: *(Back still turned to ARCHIBALD, a sly smile creeping across his face)* If that is what you deem best, dear brother

ARCHIBALD: *(Coming close to DR. CRAVEN, almost begging)* Alfie, I know it's a lot to ask but—

DR. CRAVEN: *(Turning sharply back to ARCHIBALD)* You need not ask again. *(Softening)* Dear brother, of course I will help you in any way I can.

ARCHIBALD: And you will remember to—

DR. CRAVEN: Of course, I promise to send word of any change.

ARCHIBALD: *(Relief)* Thank you, Alfred. I owe you a great debt of gratitude.

DR. CRAVEN: *(Sound of 'you idiot, you have no idea,' is made. Smug smirk/smile. He catches himself and then gestures towards the house)* Shall we?

ARCHIBALD nods and hurries off stage, calling orders to the servants to ready his things. They all begin to hurry about, starting the scene change from the garden to the manor. DR. CRAVEN stays where he is for a moment, facing the audience. Lights dim to a spot on DR. CRAVEN as a cunning smile creeps across his face, then he walks confidently off stage.

AUDITION SCENE 2

MEDLOCK (Female Middle Aged)

SERVANT 1: (Male or Female 15-50s)

MARY: (Female 10)

(The servants each bow/curtsy and file out the door. As they are leaving, SERVANT 1 enters with MARY following behind.)

MEDLOCK: Ah, Mistress Mary. I am Mrs. Medlock, head housekeeper of Misselthwaite Manor. *(To the SERVANT.)* Have you brought her luggage?

SERVANT 1: She hasn't got any luggage.

MEDLOCK: Very well then, you may go. *(SERVANT 1 exits and MEDLOCK turns her attention back to Mary.)* This is to be your room, Miss Mary. You are to keep to it unless called for elsewhere. Do you know anything about Misselthwaite or your uncle?

MARY: No.

MEDLOCK: Never heard your father and mother talk about them?

MARY: No. My father and mother never talked to me about anything.

MEDLOCK: Humph. Well, I suppose you might as well be told something. It's a strange place, Misselthwaite. The house is six hundred years old and there's near a hundred rooms in it, though most of

them's shut up and locked. *(She pauses briefly, then suddenly)* But there's nothing else. What you're to be kept at Misselthwaite Manor for I don't know. *He's* not going to trouble himself about you, that's sure and certain. Most of the time he goes away, and when he is at Misselthwaite he shuts himself up. *(Another pause)* Well, what do you think of it?

MARY: Nothing. I know nothing about such places.

MEDLOCK: *(With a short laugh.)* Eh! But you are like an old woman. Don't you care?

MARY: It doesn't matter whether I care or not.

MEDLOCK: You are right enough there. You'll have to play about and look after yourself. There's gardens enough, but when you're in the house don't go wandering and poking about. Mr. Craven won't have it.

MARY: I shall not want to go poking about.

MEDLOCK: Very well then.

(A bell is heard in the distance.)

MEDLOCK: *(Hurriedly.)* I must go now. There are bedclothes in the wardrobe and the washbasin is over there.

MEDLOCK hurries out the door and MARY is left alone in the dark, cold room. The wind howls around the house. MARY goes and sits on the bed. The sound of loud but distant wailing mixes with the wind. Mary pulls a blanket up around herself as lights close around her and then go out.

AUDITION SCENE 3

MARY (Female 10)

MARTHA (Female Late teens-Early 20s)

Lights up on MARY curled up on top of the bed, still fully dressed. MARTHA has entered with a breakfast tray, which she sets on a small table. The clanking dishes wake MARY, who then watches from the bed as the maid stokes the fire. After a moment, MARY addresses the maid.

MARY: Are you going to be my servant?

MARTHA: I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant, an' she's Mr. Craven's—but I'm to do the housemaid's work up here an' wait on you a bit. But you won't need much waitin' on.

MARY: Who is going to dress me?

MARTHA: *(After a moment of silent astonishment)* Canna' tha' dress thysen!

MARY: What do you mean? I don't understand your language.

MARTHA: Eh! I forgot, Mrs. Medlock told me I'd have to be careful or you wouldn't know what I was sayin'. I mean can't you put on your own clothes?

MARY: *(Indignantly)* No. I never did in all my life. My Ayah dressed me, of course. It was the custom.

MARTHA: Well, it's time tha' should learn. Tha' cannot begin younger. I'll help the on with thy clothes this once if tha'll get out o' bed. If th' buttons are at th' back tha' cannot button them up tha'self.

MARY at last decides to get out of bed as MARTHA goes to the wardrobe and pulls out a dress for MARY.

MARY: Those are not mine. Mine are black. *(A brief pause, then with approval)* Those are nicer than mine.

(MARTHA smiles at MARY's comment as she continues dressing her. There is a moment of silence before MARY suddenly asks a question.)

MARY: Who was crying last night?

MARTHA: *(With nervous laughter)* Cryin'? No—it was probably just th' wind wutherin' out on th' moor.

MARY: But—

MARTHA: Has tha' seen the moor yet? *(gesturing out the window)* That's th' moor. Does tha' like it?

MARY: No. I hate it.

MARTHA: That's because tha'rt not used to it. But tha' will like it. England's a beau'iful place.

MARY: I don't know anything about England. All I know is India.

MARTHA: I dare say tha's right abou' that! When I heard you was comin' from India I thought you was a native Indian.

MARY: *(Ignoring MARTHA completely and not even attempting to control her rage)* You dared! You don't know anything about native Indians! You know nothing about India. You know nothing about anything!

Suddenly feeling terribly lonely and far away from everything that she understands and that understands her, MARY throws herself face down on the bed and busts into unrestrained sobs. A dark figure begins passing through the corridor in the background. Upon hearing the crying, the figure stops and moves to the door, staying in the shadows.

MARTHA: *(Bending over Mary and trying to make amends)* Eh! You mustn't cry like that there! You mustn't for sure! I didn't know you'd be vexed. I don't know anythin' about anythin'—just like you said. I beg your pardon, Miss. Do stop cryin'.

AUDITION SCENE 4

MARY (Female 10)

COLIN (Male 10)

NURSE (Female 20s-30s)

DR. CRAVEN (Male 30s)

COLIN is heard screaming and crying. SERVANTS/MAIDS (including MARTHA) are seen running about, as if in a corridor and going in and out of COLIN's room. Suddenly MARY enters. She is wearing a nightgown and looks very cross.

MARY: What on earth is going on? I can't bear it.

NURSE: He's worked himself into hysterics. He'll do himself harm. No one can do anything with him. You come and try, like a good child. He likes you.

MARY: *(Stamping her foot)* He ought to be stopped! Somebody ought to make him stop!

NURSE: *(Pleased with MARY's temperament and afraid to go herself)* That's right. You're in the right humor to do just that! You go and scold him, child, as quick as ever you can.

MARY stomps over to the door and shoves it open. Turntable turns to reveal COLIN laying on his face and beating his pillow with his hands. The red blanket is shoved to the corner of the bed.

MARY: *(Almost shouting)* You stop! You stop! I hate you! Everybody hates you! I wish everybody would run out of the house and let you scream yourself to death! You *will* scream yourself to death in a minute, and I wish you would!

COLIN turns to look at her, gasping and choking on his sobs, but no longer screaming. The NURSE, Mrs. MEDLOCK, and MARTHA all huddle in the doorway to watch.

MARY: If you scream another scream, I'll scream too—and I can scream louder than you can!

COLIN: (*Still sobbing*) I can't stop! I can't—I can't! I got up this morning when I thought you were coming. I made them put me back in bed this afternoon. My back ached and my head ached and I was tired. Why didn't you come?

MARY: (*Indignantly*) I was working in the garden with Dickon.

COLIN: I won't let that boy come here if you go and stay with him instead of coming to talk to me.

MARY: If you send Dickon away, I'll never come into this room again!

COLIN: You'll have to if I want you.

MARY: I won't!

COLIN: I'll make you. They shall drag you in.

MARY: Shall they, Mr. Rajah! They may drag me in but they can't make me talk when they get me here. I'll sit and clench my teeth and never tell you one thing. I won't even look at you. I'll stare at the floor!

COLIN: (*Throwing his red blanket at her*) You are a selfish thing!

MARY: What are you? Selfish people always say that. You're more selfish than I am. You're the most selfish boy I ever saw.

COLIN: I'm not! I'm not as selfish as your fine Dickon is! He keeps you playing in the dirt when he knows I am all by myself. He's selfish!

MARY: He's nicer than any other boy that ever lived! He's—he's like an angel!

COLIN: A nice angel! He's a common cottage boy off the moor!

MARY: He's better than a common Rajah! He's a thousand times better!

COLIN: I'm not as selfish as you, because I'm always ill, and I'm sure there is a lump coming on my back. And I am going to die besides.

MARY: You're not! You just say that to make people sorry. I believe you're proud of it. I don't believe it! If you were a nice boy it might be true—but you're too nasty! Half that ails you is hysterics and temper—just hysterics—hysterics—hysterics! (*Stamping on each "hysterics"*)

COLIN: I felt the lump— I shall have a hunch on my back and then I shall die

COLIN turns back on his face and begins to sob and wail.

MARY: You didn't feel a lump! There's nothing the matter with your horrid back—nothing but hysterics! Turn over and let me look at it! Nurse, come here and show me his back this minute!

The NURSE comes forward slightly afraid. COLIN is still heaving with great breathless sobs.

NURSE: (*Hesitantly*) Perhaps he—he won't let me.

COLIN: Sh-show her! She-she'll see then!

The NURSE carefully pulls the blankets off of COLIN, who is wearing a thin night shirt. MARY examines COLIN's spine with a solemn, savage look which causes the NURSE to hide a small smile. There is silence, even from COLIN as MARY inspects his spine as intently as a great doctor.

MARY: (*Obstinately*) There's not a single lump there, except backbone lumps—and you can only feel them because you're thin. I've got backbone lumps myself, and they used to stick out as much as yours do, until I began to get fatter. There's not a lump as big as a pin! And if you ever say there is again, I shall laugh!

NURSE: I didn't know that he thought he had a lump on his spine. His back is weak because he won't try to sit up. I could have told him there was no lump there.

COLIN: C-could you?

NURSE: Yes, sir.

Mrs. MEDLOCK and MARTHA quietly slip away. MARY quietly picks up COLIN's red blanket from the floor and hands it to him.

MARY: (*Whispered to COLIN*) Would you like me to sing you that song I learned from my Ayah?

COLIN: Oh, yes! It's such a soft song. I shall go to sleep in a minute.

MARY: (*To the NURSE*) I will put him to sleep now. You may go if you like.

NURSE: (*Wanting to go, but hesitant to leave them*) Well, if he doesn't go to sleep in half an hour you must call me.

MARY: Very well.

As soon as the NURSE exits the room, COLIN sits up a bit in his bed.

COLIN: I won't talk and I'll go to sleep, but you said the other day that you had a whole lot of nice things to tell me. Have you—do you think you have found out anything at all about the way into the secret garden?

MARY: *(Slowly, and still a bit reluctantly)* Ye-es. I think I have. And if you will go to sleep I will tell you tomorrow.

COLIN: Mary, I wish I hadn't said what I did about sending Dickon away. I hated you when you said he was like an angel but—but perhaps he is. *(COLIN puts out his hand and touches MARY.)* I think... I shouldn't mind Dickon looking at me. I want to see him.

MARY: I'm glad you said that, because—because—

COLIN: Because what?

MARY anxiously stands from her stool and clutches COLIN's hand.

MARY: Can I trust you? I trusted Dickon because birds trusted him. Can I trust you—for sure—for sure?

COLIN: Yes—yes!

MARY: *(Almost pale with solemn excitement)* I found it... There is a door into the garden. I found it. It is under the ivy on the wall.

COLIN: *(Gasping with wide eyes)* Oh! Mary! Shall I see it? Shall I get into it? Shall I live to get into it?

MARY: *(Indignantly)* Of course you'll see it! Of course you'll live to get into it! Don't be silly! Dickon and I already have a plan to bring you there. Dickon can push you in your chair and you can order all of the gardeners and servants to stay away. You can say it's because you don't want them to look at you, that way they won't follow us into the secret garden.

COLIN: Oh Mary, do tell me all about the garden!

MARY begins to tell COLIN about the garden as her voice fades out and the turntable turns to reveal DR. CRAVEN hurrying into the corridor to meet Mrs. MEDLOCK.

MRS MEDLOCK: Thank you for coming so quickly, sir.

DR. CRAVEN: *(Rather irritably)* How is he?

Mrs. MEDLOCK hurriedly ushers DR. CRAVEN into the room as the turntable turns back to reveal COLIN sitting up in bed with MARY beside him, talking and laughing while looking in a great picture book of flowers.

COLIN: Those long spires of blue ones—we'll have a lot of those. They're called Del-phin-iums.

MARY: Dickon says they're larkspurs made big and grand. There are clumps there already.

COLIN and MARY see DR. CRAVEN and stop taking. MARY becomes quite still and COLIN looks fretful.

DR. CRAVEN: I am sorry to hear you were ill last night, my boy.

COLIN: *(A bit like a rajah again)* I'm better now—much better. I'm going out in my chair in a day or two if it is fine. I want some fresh air.

DR. CRAVEN sits down by COLIN and feels his pulse, looking at him curiously.

DR. CRAVEN: *(Somewhat startled)* I thought you did not like fresh air, my boy.

COLIN: I don't when I am by myself, but my cousin is going out with me.

DR. CRAVEN: And the nurse, of course.

COLIN: No, I will not have the nurse. My cousin knows how to take care of me. I am always better when she is with me. She made me better tonight. A very strong boy I know will push my carriage.

DR. CRAVEN: *(Rather alarmed at the thought of losing his control over Colin and the manor)* He must be a strong boy and a steady boy. And I must know something about him. Who is he? What is his name?

COLIN: It's Dickon.

DR. CRAVEN: Oh, Dickon.

COLIN: Dickon is as strong as a moor pony.

MARY: And he's trusty. He's th' trustiest lad i' Yorkshire.

DR. CRAVEN: Well... well, if it amuses you perhaps it won't do you any harm. Did you take your bromide last night, Colin?

COLIN: No. I wouldn't take it at first and after Mary made me quiet she talked—in a low voice—about the spring creeping into a garden.

DR. CRAVEN: That sounds soothing, but you must remember—

COLIN: I don't want to remember! I want you to go.

DR. CRAVEN begins to retort, but COLIN dismisses him with a wave of his hand and the doctor exits through the door and the turntable turns as MARY and COLIN talk in pantomime. MEDLOCK is waiting in the corridor for the doctor. As he exits Colin's room, she pulls him DS and lights fade to a spot on them.

MR. MEDLOCK: Well, sir, could you have believed it?

DR. CRAVEN: *(A bit crossly)* It is certainly a new state of affairs. *(To himself)* A new state indeed.

AUDITION SCENE 5

COLIN: (Male 10)

DICKON: (Male 14-16)

WEATHERSTAFF: (Male, Elderly)

The children sit still for a few moments, soaking in the garden around them. Suddenly, COLIN sits up straighter, looking alarmed.

COLIN: Who is that man?

DICKON and MARY scramble to their feet.

DICKON/MARY: Man!

Colin points to the wall.

COLIN: *(Whispered)* Look! Just look!

MARY and DICKON look up to see BEN WEATHERSTAFF's indignant face glaring over the wall. He shakes his fist at MARY.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: If I wasn't a bachelor, an' tha' was a wench o' mine, I'd give thee a hidin'! *(Taking a step higher on his ladder)* I never thowt much o' thee—allus askin' questions an' pokin' tha' nose where it wasna, wanted. I never knowed how tha' got so thick wi' me—However i' this world did tha' get in?

MARY: It was the robin who showed me the way. He didn't know he was doing it but he did. And I can't tell you from here while you're shaking your fist at me.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF suddenly stops shaking his fist and his jaw drops open as he looks over MARY's head and sees COLIN in his chair that DICKON has just pushed closer.

COLIN: *(Demanding)* Do you know who I am?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF just stares, his eyes fixed on COLIN.

COLIN: Do you know who I am? Answer!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: *(Rubbing a hand across his face)* Who tha' art? Aye, that I do—wi' tha' mother's eyes starin' at me out o' tha' face. Lord knows how tha' come here. But tha'rt th' poor cripple.

COLIN: *(Sitting bolt upright)* I'm not a cripple! I'm not!

MARY: *(With fierce indignation)* He's not! He's not got a lump as big as a pin! I looked and there was none there—not one!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: *(Hoarsely)* Tha'—tha' hasn't got a crooked back?

COLIN: No!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Tha'—tha' hasn't got crooked legs?

COLIN: *(To DICKON as he throws a tangle of blankets from his legs)* Come here! Come here, this minute!

DICKON is by COLIN's side in a second. He helps pull the blankets aside, then holds COLIN's arms and helps him stand, tall and straight, as MARY whispers "he can do it" over and over to herself.

COLIN: Look at me! Just look at me—you! Just look at me!

DICKON: He's as straight as I am! He's as straight as any lad i' Yorkshire!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF begins to choke down tears as he clasps his hands together.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Eh! Th' lies folk tells! Tha'rt as thin as a lath an' as white as a wraith, but there's not a knob on thee. Tha'lt make a mon yet. God bless thee!

COLIN: I'm your master when my father is away. And you are to obey me. This is my garden. Don't dare to say a word about it! You get down from that ladder and go out to the Long Walk and Miss Mary will meet you and bring you here. I want to talk to you. We did not want you, but now you will have to be in the secret. Be quick!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: *(Almost whispered)* Eh! Lad. Eh! my lad! *(Suddenly remembering himself, he touches his cap)* Yes, sir! Right away, sir!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF disappears down the ladder and MARY goes to the door to let him in.

COLIN: *(Head held high)* I can stand.

DICKON: I told thee tha' could as soon as tha' stopped bein' afraid. An' tha's stopped.

COLIN: Yes, I've stopped. *(Pause)* I'm going to walk to that tree. I'm going to be standing when Weatherstaff comes here. I can rest against the tree if I like. When I want to sit down I will sit down, but not before. Bring a rug from the chair.

DICKON picks up one of the blankets from the ground and holds COLIN's arm as they walk to the tree. A moment later, BEN WEATHERSTAFF enters the garden and MARY leads him over to COLIN.

COLIN: Everyone thought I was going to die. I'm not! I'm going to live forever! *(Pause)* What work do you do in the gardens, Weatherstaff?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Anythin' I'm told to do. I'm kep' on by favor—because she liked me.

COLIN: She?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Tha' mother.

COLIN: My mother? This was her garden, wasn't it?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Aye, that it was! She were main fond of it.

COLIN: It is my garden now. I am fond of it. I shall come here every day. But it is to be a secret. My orders are that no one is to know that we come here. Dickon and my cousin have worked and made it come alive. I shall send for you sometimes to help—but you must come when no one can see you.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: *(With a dry smile)* I've come here before when no one saw me.

COLIN: What! When?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: *(Rubbing his chin)* Th' last time I was here was about two year' ago.

COLIN: But no one has been in it for ten years!

MARY: There was no door!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: I'm no one. An' I didn't come through th' door. I come over th' wall. Th' rheumatics held me back th' last two year'.

DICKON: Tha' come an' did a bit o' prunin'! I couldn't make out how it had been done.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: *(Slowly)* She was so fond of it—she was! An' she was such a pretty young thing. She says to me once, 'Ben,' says she laughin', 'if ever I'm ill or if I go away you must take care of my roses.' When she did go away th' orders was no one was ever to come nigh. *(With grumpy obstinance)* but I come. Over th' wall I come—until th' rheumatics stopped me—an' I did a bit o' work once a year. She'd gave her order first.

DICKON: It wouldn't have been as wick as it is if tha' hadn't done it. I did wonder.

COLIN: I'm glad you did it, Weatherstaff. You'll know how to keep the secret.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Aye, I'll know, sir. An' it'll be easier for a man wi' rheumatics to come in at th' door.

COLIN reaches out and picks up a small trowel in a nearby flower bed and begins to scratch at the earth with it, then he drives it into the ground and digs a bit, though his hands are clearly weak. The others look on with excited interest.

COLIN: Tha' said as tha'd have me walkin' about here same as other folk—an' tha' said tha'd have me diggin'. I thowt tha' was just leein' to please me. This is only th' first day an' I've walked—an' here I am diggin'.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: (*Chuckling*) Eh! Tha'rt a Yorkshire lad for sure. How'd tha' like to plant a bit o' somethin'? I can get thee a rose in a pot.

COLIN: Oh, yes please! I want to learn how to plant flowers and take care of the garden. (*Pause, then decidedly*) I am going to do an experiment. I'm going to eat lots of good food and I'm going to come here every day and learn how to walk. I want to surprise my father when he returns.

MARY: What will Dr. Craven say?

COLIN: He won't say anything, because he will not be told. This is to be the biggest secret of all. No one is to know anything about it. I shall come here every day in my chair and I shall be taken back in it so that my father won't hear about it until the experiment has quite succeeded. Then sometime when he comes back to Misselthwaite I shall just walk into his study and say "Here I am; I am like any other boy. I am quite well and I shall live to be a man. It has been done by a scientific experiment."

MARY: He will think he is in a dream. He won't believe his eyes.

COLIN: He'll be obliged to believe them. Oh, I shall live forever and ever and ever! I shall find out thousands and thousands of things. I shall find out about people and creatures and everything that grows—like Dickon. I'm well! I'm well! I feel—I feel as if I want to shout out something—something thankful, joyful!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Tha' might sing th' Doxology.

COLIN: What is that?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF: Dickon can sing it for thee, I'll warrant.

DICKON: They sing it i' church. Mother says she believes th' skylarks sings it when they gets up i' th' mornin'.

COLIN: If she says that, it must be a nice song. I've never been in a church myself. I was always too ill. Sing it, Dickon. I want to hear it.

DICKON stands and pulls off his cap.

DICKON: Tha' must take off tha' cap, an' so mun tha', Ben—an' tha' mun stand up, tha' knows.

COLIN removes his cap and BEN WEATHERSTAFF does the same as he scrambles to his feet. DICKON sings in a plain, clear voice.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

The following is audition information for
THE CHRISTMAS CHILD

September 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----------|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| | Labor Day | Rehearsal: 4PM-9PM (in Makeup Room) | | | | |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| | | Rehearsal: 4PM-9PM (in Makeup Room) | | | | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| | | Rehearsal: 4PM-9PM (in Makeup Room) | | | | |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| | | | | | | |
| 29 | 30 | | | | | |
| | | | | | | KEY The Christmas Child |

October 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| | | | | | | |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| | | | | | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| | | | | | | |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |

November 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------------|-----|-----|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| | | | | | | |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| | | | | | | |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| | | | | | | |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| | | | | Thanksgiving | | |

December 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|--|-------------------|--------------------------|--|--|--|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | | | |
| | | REHEARSAL 4PM-9PM | | | REHEARSAL 4PM-9PM | | | | |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | | | |
| | | REHEARSAL 4PM-9PM | | | | | | | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | | | |
| | Rehearsals: 9AM-9PM | | Smart Performance 3PM | 9AM-4PM Pictures/ Filming 7PM | 2PM & 7 PM | 2PM & 7 PM | | | |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | |
| 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | | | |
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AUDITION SCRIPT
THE CHRISTMAS CHILD
By Hesba Stretton
Adapted for stage by Lydia Miller

AUDITION SCENE 1

Characters: Rhoda (18), Evan (21)

(RHODA doesn't see where she is going until she runs right into a young man— EVAN PRICE)

RHODA: Pardon me!

EVAN: Please, it is my fault. I was not looking where...*(he looks at her face)* Rhoda Parry?

RHODA: *(confused)* Yes...

EVAN: We used to play together when we were children. When old Nathan brought you with him into town and you came to my father's shop.

(Recognition dawns)

RHODA: Evan Price? Of course! I never knew what happened to you after your mother died.

EVAN: I went to live with my uncle for a time, but then... well... that's a long story. But it seemed the life of a sailor suited me best. But what of you? You are so... grown up. How old are you now?

RHODA: Eighteen.

EVAN: Practically a woman.

RHODA: *(scoffing)* Please, you are not much older than I am, if I recall correctly.

EVAN: You are right, of course. But go on. What has been happening in the life of Miss Rhoda Parry since I last saw you?

RHODA: Not much to speak of, really.

EVAN: You still live on that old farm, correct? The one adjacent to Mr. Edwards' farm?

RHODA: Yes, but it's only Mrs. Edwards now. Mr. Edwards died a few years ago.

EVAN: Does your aunt still look after you? I remember her being rather strict.

RHODA: If anything, she has become more so. It's a miracle I'm even here today.

(The people begin moving to their seats.)

EVAN: The service is about to begin. May I sit with you?

RHODA: *(caught off guard)* Oh! I don't—

EVAN: That was very forward of me, forgive me. I'll—

RHODA: No! No... it's alright. I would be happy for you to sit with me.

AUDITION SCENE 2:

Characters: Priscilla (60), Rhoda (18)

(PRISCILLA sits at the kitchen table. RHODA tries to walk past her.)

PRISCILLA: Sit down, Rhoda.

(RHODA slowly obeys.)

PRISCILLA: Tell me about the Bible study.

RHODA: *(nervous)* Oh... it was very nice. *(quickly)* But I am terribly tired, so I think I shall go to bed now. *(she tries standing)*

PRISCILLA: *(firmly)* Sit. Down.

(RHODA gulps and obeys.)

PRISCILLA: I had a visitor while you were gone.

RHODA: Did you?

PRISCILLA: Oh yes. It was rather unusual. As you know, I don't often receive callers. And you will never believe who it was.

RHODA: Oh?

PRISCILLA: The minister's wife.

RHODA: Oh.

PRISCILLA: She wanted to come and thank me for allowing you to attend the service on Sunday. And to see you. So you can imagine my confusion because, weren't you supposed to be at *her* house at that very moment? And then she told me— and I found this... rather interesting— that they only host Bible Study at their house on Saturdays! And I thought, She must be mistaken! Because surely Rhoda would *never* fabricate a story about going to a Bible study so she could instead have liberty to go somewhere she oughtn't. Would she?

(RHODA is incredibly interested in her hands)

RHODA: *(quietly)* Would you have let me go if I had told you the truth?

(PRISCILLA can't believe RHODA just spoke back to her)

PRISCILLA: That is entirely beside the point! You have been deliberately deceitful toward me!

RHODA: I wouldn't have to deceive you if you trusted me!

PRISCILLA: Trust is a thing to be earned, Rhoda! I was very nearly convinced that you were ready to have mine, but this proves the opposite.

RHODA: So what, you're going to lock me away somewhere? I am not a child any longer! Why can't you let me live my own life?

PRISCILLA: I am trying to protect you!

RHODA: I don't want your protection! I want to be free!

(PRISCILLA pauses. This situation is familiar to her)

PRISCILLA: Freedom is not always what you think it is. I have seen enough of the world to know that it has nothing for you but pain and misery.

RHODA: How could you know that when you've hardly stepped foot off this farm your whole life?

PRISCILLA: Enough! You will not speak to me in this manner! You will not leave this farm again until I permit it, do you understand?

AUDITION SCENE 3:

Characters: Rhoda (18), Joan (7)

(RHODA and JOAN are in the barn doing their chores)

JOAN: *(with wonderment)* Oh, Rhoda, do we have a manger? Like in the story Nathan read to us on Sunday?

RHODA: Well, I don't know if it looked quite like ours. But it could be similar.

JOAN: I wish Mary and Joseph would bring the little baby here, and the shepherds would come to seek for Him. Wouldn't you love it, Rhoda?

RHODA: *(laughing a little)* I don't think it works that way, dearest.

JOAN: But they must have somewhere to go! And I think our manger could be very nice for them.

RHODA: Not before we've cleaned it as auntie told us. Come on!

(She grabs a large brush and begins sweeping the hay out of the little manger. JOAN begins helping her)

JOAN: *(idea!)* Rhoda! What if we were to come on Christmas morning, to see if the baby Jesus is in our manger?

RHODA: Would you like to do that?

JOAN: Oh, yes!

RHODA: Alright. Very early Christmas morning, before even Nathan is awake, you and I shall come and look for baby Jesus in our manger. But you must promise me that you will not be very sad if he is not here. We don't want your first Christmas to be a sad one, after all.

JOAN: Oh, thank you, Rhoda! I shall go and tell auntie!

AUDITION SCENE 4:

Characters: Joan (7 or 8), Nathan (70)

(NATHAN and JOAN sit at the kitchen table, a Bible open on the table in front of them.)

NATHAN: "And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered." Now you read the next part.

JOAN: *(slowly)* And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in s...swa...

NATHAN: Go on, sound it out.

JOAN: Swa-dd-ling clothes... and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

NATHAN: Well done, Joan! You are improving every day!

(JOAN smiles a little sadly, but she seems distant)

NATHAN: What is on your mind, lass?

JOAN: *(hesitantly)* Do you think Rhoda misses us?

NATHAN: *(beat)* We can only hope.

(They are both silent a moment)

NATHAN: You know... with Christmas coming and all... I know it can't be grand like it was before. But I was thinking, what if you and me were to go out on Christmas morning, like you and Rhoda used to do, and sing the Christmas hymn and look for the child Jesus in the manger?

JOAN: *(sadly)* There won't be a baby in our manger, Nathan. It's just pretend.

NATHAN: Well then, come and play pretend with me. It might do you some good. And perhaps Rhoda will be thinking of it and it will do her some good as well. (*JOAN doesn't answer*) Tell you what. I will be going to the barn Christmas morning, and you may join me if you make up your mind by then. But always remember, if you earnestly seek the Lord, He will always be found.

****IN ADDITION... Those trying for Rhoda or Joan, please include yourself singing the first verse of Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.***