

**SPRING AWAKENING 2017
HILLS MUSICAL COMPANY**

WENDLA

AUDITION MATERIALS

The attached materials are for sole use of audition preparation

Music

- Entire song is included to assist with familiarisation, however it is unlikely that you will be asked to sing all of it due to time constraints.
- You may bring another piece of music that you are comfortable with in the style of this show. Please make sure you have a copy of the music for the accompanist. We may not have time for you to sing this piece and will only request it if we think it will support your audition.
- Your performance while singing will be considered for vocal quality/tone as well as acting/characterisation.

Dialogue

- Choose ONE of the monologues to interpret and perform and familiarise yourself with the scene selections from the script – we are unlikely to have time to do all of this.
- Consider the characterisation of the role you have chosen and deliver the monologue as if you were that character. We're looking for believability and genuine emotion.
- Please do not memorise this dialogue – just make sure you are familiar with it. Some direction/changes may be given in the audition room.
- Accents recommended are neutral English, however other accents will not necessarily detract from your audition at this stage... we will refine this through the rehearsal process.

Movement

Choreography will be taught on audition day – please wear comfortable clothes/shoes for this section of the audition.

MONOLOGUES – CHOOSE ONE

PIECE ONE

I am dying...of love...That is how it is.... I loved her so!...And I love her still... and I am dying of love for her, I...I tell you!...If you knew how beautiful she was... when she let me kiss her...alive...It was the first...time, the first...time I ever kissed a woman.... Yes, alive....I kissed her alive ...and she looked as beautiful as if she had been dead! I kissed her just like that, on her forehead... and she did not draw back her forehead from my lips!...Oh, she is a good girl!...She is a good, honest girl, and she saved your life, at a moment when I would not have given two pence for your Persian skin. As a matter of fact, nobody bothered about you. Why were you there with that little chap? You would have died as well as he! My word, how she entreated me for her little chap!

PIECE TWO

I had heard him for three months without seeing him. The first time I heard it, I thought, as you did, that that adorable voice was singing in another room. I went out and looked everywhere; but, as you know, my dressing-room is very much by itself; and I could not find the voice outside my room, whereas it went on steadily inside. And it not only sang, but it spoke to me and answered my questions, like a real man's voice, with this difference, that it was as beautiful as the voice of an angel. I had never got the Angel of Music whom my poor father had promised to send me as soon as he was dead. I thought that it had finally come, and from that time onward, the voice and I became great friends. It asked leave to give me lessons every day. I agreed and never failed to keep the appointment which it gave me in my dressing-room

PIECE THREE

Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I said to myself -- "I'll have her in my arms again! If she be cold, I'll think it is this north wind that chills me; and if she be motionless, it is sleep." I got a spade from the tool-house, and began to delve with all my might -- it scraped the coffin; I fell to work with my hands; the wood commenced cracking about the screws; I was on the point of attaining my object, when it seemed that I heard a sigh from some one above, close at the edge of the grave, and bending down. "If I can only get this off," I muttered, "I wish they may shovel in the earth over us both!" and I wrenched at it more desperately still. There was another sigh, close at my ear. I appeared to feel the warm breath of it displacing the sleet-laden wind. I knew no living thing in flesh and blood was by; but, as certainly as you perceive the approach to some substantial body in the dark, though it cannot be discerned, so certainly I felt that Cathy was there: not under me, but on the earth.

PIECE FOUR

I assure you that I was not in the wrong. If you had seen the beginning, you would have seen. I swear to you by the good God that I was not to blame! That gentleman, the bourgeois, whom I do not know, put snow in my back. Has any one the right to put snow down our backs when we are walking along peaceably, and doing no harm to any one? I am rather ill, as you see. And then, he had been saying impertinent things to me for a long time: "You are ugly! You have no teeth!" I know well that I have no longer those teeth. I did nothing; I said to myself, "The gentleman is amusing himself." I was honest with him; I did not speak to him. It was at that moment that he put the snow down my back.

WENDLA

FRAU BERGMAN: Wendla!

WENDLA: Mama?

FRAU BERGMAN: Goodness, look at you—in that . . . that kindergarten dress! Wendla, grown-up girls cannot be seen strutting about in such—

WENDLA: Let me wear this one, Mama! I love this one. It makes me feel like a little . . . faerie-queen.

FRAU BERGMAN: But you're already . . . in bloom.

(Off her look) Now, sssh. You made me forget all our good news.

Just imagine, Wendla, last night the stork finally visited your sister. Brought her another little baby girl.

WENDLA: I can't wait to see her, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN: Well, put on a proper dress, and take a hat.

(Wendla starts out, hesitates.)

WENDLA: Mama, don't be cross—don't be. But I'm an aunt for the second time now, and I still have no idea how it happens.

(Frau Bergman looks stricken.)

Mama, please. I'm ashamed to even ask. But then, who can I ask but you?

FRAU BERGMAN: Wendla, child, you cannot imagine that I could—

WENDLA: But you cannot imagine I still believe in the stork.

FRAU BERGMAN: I honestly don't know what I've done to deserve this kind of talk. And on a day like today!

Go, child, put your clothes on.

WENDLA: And if I run out, now, and ask Gregor? Our chimney sweep . . . ?

(A beat.)

FRAU BERGMAN: Very well, I'll tell you everything.

But not today. Tomorrow. Or the day after.

WENDLA: Today, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN: Wendla Bergman, I simply cannot . . .

WENDLA: Mama!

FRAU BERGMAN: You will drive me mad.

WENDLA: Why? I'll kneel at your feet, lay my head in your lap . . . You can talk as if I weren't even here.

(No response.)

Please.

FRAU BERGMAN: Very well, I'll tell you.

(Wendla kneels. Flustered, Frau Bergman buries the girl's head in her apron.)

WENDLA *(Waits)*: Yes? . . .

FRAU BERGMAN: Child, I . . .

WENDLA: Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN: All right, then. In order for a woman to conceive a child . . .

You follow me?

WENDLA: Yes, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN: For a woman to bear a child, she must . . . in her own personal way, she must . . . love her husband. Love him, as she can love only him. *Only* him . . . she must love—with her whole . . . heart.

There. Now, you know everything.

WENDLA: Everything? . . .

FRAU BERGMAN *(“Yes”)*: Everything. So help me.

WENDLA *(Not budging)*: Mama!

MELCHIOR: This is my favorite spot. My private place—for thinking.

WENDLA (*Starts away*): Oh. I'm sorry—

MELCHIOR: No—no. Please.

(*She pauses.*)

So . . . how have you been doing?

WENDLA: Well, this morning was wonderful. Our youth group brought baskets of food and clothing to the day-laborers' children.

MELCHIOR: I remember when we used to do that. Together.

WENDLA: You should have seen their faces, Melchior. How much we brightened their day.

MELCHIOR: Actually, it's something I've been thinking a lot about.

WENDLA: The day-laborers?

MELCHIOR ("No"): Our little acts of charity. What do you think, Wendla, can our Sunday School deeds really make a difference?

WENDLA: They have to. Of course. What other hope do those people have?

MELCHIOR: I don't know, exactly. But I fear that Industry is fast determining itself firmly against them.

WENDLA: Against us all, then.

MELCHIOR: Thank you, yes!

WENDLA: It seems to me: what serves *each* of us best is what serves *all* of us best.

MELCHIOR: Indeed.

(*A beat.*)

Wendla Bergman, I have known you all these years, and we've never truly talked.

WENDLA: We have so few opportunities. Now that we're older.

MELCHIOR: True. In a more progressive world, of course, we could all attend the same school. Boys and girls together. Wouldn't that be remarkable?

(*In the moment of intellectual engagement, Melchior has drawn so close to Wendla that she grows self-conscious and pulls back.*)

WENDLA: What time is it?

MELCHIOR: Must be close to four.

WENDLA: Oh? I thought it was later. I paused and lay so long in the moss by the stream, and just let myself dream . . . I thought it must be . . . later.

MELCHIOR: Then, can't you sit for a moment? When you lean back against this oak, and stare up at the clouds, you start to think hypnotic things . . .

WENDLA: I have to be back before five.

MELCHIOR: But, when you lie here, such a strange, wonderful peace settles over you . . .

WENDLA: Well, for a moment maybe.

MELCHIOR & WENDLA

WENDLA & MELCHIOR

(Wendla enters, holding Melchior's journal. The lights shift abruptly—from a cool "mirror blue" to the warm light of dusk—revealing Melchior in a hayloft.)

WENDLA: So, here you are.

MELCHIOR: Go away. Please.

WENDLA: There's a storm coming, you know. You can't sit sulking in some hayloft.

MELCHIOR: Out.

(A beat.)

WENDLA: Everyone's at Church. Rehearsing for our Michaelmas chorale. I slipped out.

MELCHIOR: Yes. Well.

(A beat.)

WENDLA: Your friend Moritz Stiefel is absent. Someone said he's been missing all day.

MELCHIOR: I expect he's had his fill of Michaelmas.

WENDLA: Perhaps.

(A beat.)

You know, I have your journal.

MELCHIOR: You do?!

WENDLA: You left it. The other day. I confess, I tried reading part of it—

MELCHIOR: Just leave it. Please.

(Wendla climbs into the hayloft, sets down the journal.)

WENDLA: Melchior, I'm sorry about . . . what happened. Truly, I am. I understand why you'd be angry at me. I don't know *what* I was thinking—

MELCHIOR: Don't.

WENDLA: But how can I not—

MELCHIOR: Please. Please. Don't.

(A beat.)

We were confused. We were both just . . .

WENDLA: But it was my fault that—

MELCHIOR: Don't—please—*no!* It was me—all me. Something in me started, when I hit you.

WENDLA: Something in *me*, too.

MELCHIOR: But I hurt you—

WENDLA: Yes, but still—

MELCHIOR: No more! My God. No more. Just—*please.*

(A beat.)

You should go.

(A beat. Wendla kneels beside Melchior.)

WENDLA: Won't you come out to the meadow now, Melchior? It's dark in here, and stuffy. We can run through the rain—get soaked to the skin—and not even care.

MELCHIOR: Forgive me . . .

WENDLA: It was *me*. All me.

(Wendla cradles his head on her breast.)

MELCHIOR: I can hear your heart beat, Wendla.

Mama Who Bore Me

NOTE: Throughout score:

- Krysia = Stage Left girl
- Robi = Stage Left boy
- Jenn = Stage Right girl
- Gerard = Stage Right boy

(Wendla)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

WENDLA:

Ma-ma who bore me.

(Gtr cues)

arpeggiate sim.

Ma-ma who gave me

No way to han-dle things.

Who made me so sad.

Ma-ma, the weep-ing.

Ma-ma, the an-gels.

Vin

9 No sleep in Heav - en, or Beth le - hem. Some

10

11 pray that, one day, Christ will come a'-call - ing. They light a can - dle, and

12 13

mf

+Vla, Vc

14 hope that it glows. And some just lie there, cry - ing for him to come and find them. But

15 16

Vln
Vla

Vc

17 18 19

when he comes, they don't know how to go...

WENDLA:

20 21 22

Ma-ma who bore me. Ma-ma who gave me No way to handle things. Who

Stgs, Glock

mf

Hrm

mf

arpeggiate sim.

Bs

23 24 25

— made me — so — bad. Ma - ma, — the weep - ing. Ma-ma, — the an - gels.

This section contains measures 23, 24, and 25. The vocal part has a melodic line with lyrics. The horn part (labeled 'Hrm') consists of chords and some melodic fragments. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and some moving lines.

26 27 28 29

No sleep — in Heav - en, or Beth - le - hem. —

sub. p

Hrm
sub. mp

Glock

no arpeggio

This section contains measures 26, 27, 28, and 29. The vocal part has a melodic line with lyrics. The horn part (labeled 'Hrm') consists of chords and some melodic fragments, with dynamic markings *sub. mp* and *sub. p*. The Glockenspiel part (labeled 'Glock') has a simple melodic line. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and some moving lines, with a *no arpeggio* marking.

Whispering

(Wendla, Melchior)

*lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik*

COMPUTER TRACK

WENDLA:

[- TIME -]

WENDLA:

Musical score for measures 13-16. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: "Lis-ten-ing... to the souls in the fool's night." The piano accompaniment (grand staff) includes a violin part labeled "Vln (pizz)" and a section labeled "(cont. + Vla)".

Musical score for measures 17-20. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: "Fumb-ling mute - ly with their rude hands, And there's heart - ache with-out end." The piano accompaniment (grand staff) includes a violin part labeled "Vc".

Musical score for measures 21-26, labeled "Underscore". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) is shown without vocal lines.

Musical score for measures 27-32. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: "See the". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) is shown without vocal lines. The section is labeled "WENDLA:" at the end.

WENDLA:

33 34 35 36

fa-ther bent in grief, the mo-ther dressed in mourn - ing. Sis-ter crum-

MELCHIOR:

Touch me.

Hold me close.

PLAY

+Vln, Vla

mf (Gtr rhythm)
(Dms)

+Vc, Bs

37 38 39

ples And the neigh - bors grum - ble. The preach - er is - sues warn -

40 41 42 43

ings.

Vln, Vla

Underscore

COMPUTER TRACK

44 45 46 47

WENDLA:

48 49 50 51

His-to-ry... Lit-tle Miss did-n't do right.

MELCHIOR:

No more whis - p'ring.

Vc (Dms)

Bs

52 53 54 55

Went and ru - ined all the true plans— Such a shame, such a sin.

On - ly you...

(Dms)

56 57 58

Mys - te - ry... Home a - lone on a school night.

No more list - 'ning.

Gtr

Vln, Vla

Vc

Bs

59 60 61

Har - vest moon_ o - ver the blue_ land, Sum - mer long -

On - ly you_

(Dms)

62 63

ing on the wind...

(Dms)

Underscore

64 65 66 67 68 69

70 71 72 73 74 75

WENDLA:

Had a

WENDLA:

76 77 78 79

sweet-heart on his knees. So faith-ful and a-dor - ing. And he touched

MELCHIOR:

Hold me. Don't let go.

PLAY

+Vln, Vla

mf (Gtr rhythm)
(Dms)

+Vc, Bs

80 81 82

me. And I let him love me. So let that be my sto -

83 84 85 86

ry.

Don't let go.

Vln, Vla

WENDLA:

87 88 89 90

Lis-ten-ing.... For the hope, for the new life.

91 92 93

Some-thing beau - ti - ful, a new chance Hear its whis - p'ring there a - gain...

94 95 96

Rall.

l.v.