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Twelfth Night

Audition pack



Hi I'm Lauren and I am a 2nd year studying Education at Lucy Cavendish and I am the producer for this outdoor production of Twelfth Night this may week!

You do not have to be from Lucy Cavendish to audition but it would be great to see lots of applications from Lucy :)

For those who may not be familiar, Twelfth Night is a fast-paced romantic comedy with several interwoven plots of romance, mistaken identities and practical jokes. Separated from her twin brother Sebastian in a shipwreck, Viola disguises herself as a boy, calls herself Cesario, and becomes a servant to the Duke Orsino. He sends her to woo the Countess Olivia on his behalf, but the Countess falls in love with Cesario. Meanwhile Olivia's uncle, Sir Toby Belch, gets drunk with his friend Sir Andrew Aguecheek and they play a trick on Malvolio, Olivia's

steward. Eventually Sebastian turns up and causes even more confusion, chaos and comedy.

This production aims to embrace the Easter term vibe and have the play set in summer, almost as if it is happening on the same island as Mamma Mia like a summer vacation taking place at Olivia and Orsino's beach houses. Think people in sun dresses, floppy hats, sunglasses, and swimwear. The idea is you're on a group vacation together: increasingly convoluted situationships are occurring, but everyone's singing, drunk, and mostly having a good time (with the exception of Malvolio of course.)

The show will take place on the afternoon of Saturday the 20th of June

If you would like to audition please email your self tape to lcb73@cam.ac.uk before 23:29pm on the 15th of April

If you have any questions or need an extension please email lcb73@cam.ac.uk

Characters:

VIOLA:

A young woman of aristocratic birth, and the play's protagonist. Washed up on the shore of Illyria when her ship is wrecked in a storm, Viola decides to make her own way in the world. She disguises herself as a young man, calling herself "Cesario," and becomes a page to Duke Orsino. She ends up falling in love with Orsino—even as Olivia, the woman Orsino is courting, falls in love with Cesario. Thus, Viola finds that her clever disguise has entrapped her: she cannot tell Orsino that she loves him, and she cannot tell Olivia why she, as Cesario, cannot love her. Her poignant plight is the central conflict in the play.

ORSINO:

A powerful nobleman in the country of Illyria. Orsino is lovesick for the beautiful Lady Olivia but becomes more and more fond of his handsome new page boy, Cesario, who is Viola in disguise. Orsino is a vehicle through which the play explores the absurdity of love: a supreme egotist, Orsino mopes around complaining how

heartsick he is over Olivia, when it is clear that he is chiefly in love with the idea of being in love and enjoys making a spectacle of himself.

OLIVIA:

A wealthy, beautiful, and noble Illyrian lady, Olivia is courted by Orsino and Sir Andrew Aguecheek but to each of them she insists that she is in mourning for her brother, who has recently died, and will not marry for seven years. She and Orsino are similar characters in that each seems to enjoy wallowing in his or her own misery. Viola's arrival in the masculine guise of Cesario enables Olivia to break free of her self-indulgent melancholy. Olivia seems to have no difficulty transferring her affections from one love interest to the next, however, suggesting that her romantic feelings—like most emotions in the play—do not run deep.

SEBASTIAN:

Viola's lost twin brother. When he arrives in Illyria, traveling with Antonio, his close friend and protector, Sebastian discovers that many people think that they know him. Furthermore, the beautiful Lady Olivia, whom he has never met, wants to marry him. Sebastian remains confused until his sister reveals herself.

MALVOLIO:

The straitlaced steward – or head servant – in the household of Lady Olivia. Malvolio is very efficient but also very self-righteous, and has a poor opinion of drinking, singing, and fun. His priggishness and haughty attitude earn him the enmity of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria, who play a cruel trick on him, making him believe that Olivia is in love with him. In his fantasies about marrying his mistress, he reveals a powerful ambition to rise above his social class.

FESTE:

The clown, or fool, of Olivia's household, Feste moves between Olivia's and Orsino's homes, earning a living by making pointed jokes, singing old songs, being generally witty, and offering good advice cloaked under a layer of foolishness. Despite being a professional fool, Feste often seems the wisest character in the play. Actor will need to sing.

SIR TOBY BELCH:

Olivia's uncle. Olivia lets Sir Toby Belch live with her, but she does not approve of his rowdy behaviour, practical jokes, heavy drinking, late-night carousing, or friends (specifically the idiotic Sir Andrew). Sir Toby also earns the ire of Malvolio. But Sir Toby has an ally, and eventually a mate, in Olivia's sharp-witted waiting-gentlewoman, Maria. Together they bring about the triumph of chaotic spirit, which Sir Toby embodies, and the ruin of the controlling, self-righteous Malvolio.

MARIA:

Olivia's clever, daring young waiting-gentlewoman. Maria is remarkably similar to her antagonist, Malvolio, who harbours aspirations of rising in the world through marriage. But Maria succeeds where Malvolio fails – perhaps because she is a woman, but, more likely, because she is more in tune with the anarchic, topsy-turvy spirit that animates the play.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK:

A friend of Sir Toby's. Sir Andrew Aguecheek attempts to court Olivia, but he doesn't stand a chance. He thinks that he is witty, brave, young, and good at languages and dancing, but he is actually none of these things.

ANTONIO:

A man who rescues Sebastian after his shipwreck. Antonio has become very fond of Sebastian, caring for him, accompanying him to Illyria, and furnishing him with money – all because of a love so strong that it seems to be romantic in nature. Antonio's attraction to Sebastian, however, never bears fruit.

FABIAN: A servant in Olivia's household.

SEA CAPTAIN: A friend to Viola.

VALENTINE & CURIO: attendants to the Duke Orsino

PRIEST

Extracts:

Please email a self tape of the extract for your preferred character to lcb73@cam.ac.uk by 23:59pm on the 8th of April

If there is not an extract for the character you would like to be considered for please put a note of who you would like to be considered for when you send your audition.

ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again! it had a dying fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

Oh spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so o'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
(calls) What ho, Malvolio!

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. He shall think, by

the letters that I wilt drop, that they come from your niece, and that she's in love with him. Sport royal, I warrant you: For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give me.

[Reads] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.' Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me ... thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him. Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou drawest swear horrible. Away!

[Exit Sir Andrew]

Now will not I deliver his letter. For the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity.

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;

And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not.
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.