

## Interested in auditioning for *Macbeth*?

### **AUDITION DETAILS**

**Performance Dates** Thursday, August 6, 2026 - Saturday, August 8, 2026  
Thursday, August 13, 2026 - Saturday, August 15, 2026  
Thursday, August 20, 2026 - Sunday, August 23, 2026  
(New third weekend, performing at Newtowne Players Theater!)

**Performance Times** 7:30 PM Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays  
3:00 PM on Sunday

**Show Description** Set in the vibrant Jazz Era, this adaptation of *Macbeth* reimagines Shakespeare's iconic tragedy in a world of smoky nightclubs and dangerous ambition. Entranced by the hypnotic songs of enigmatic singers, Macbeth hears only what fuels his desires. With his wife's persuasive influence, the two embark on a ruthless pursuit of power, leaving a trail of blood in their wake.

**Content Advisory** PG-13 for violence

**Audition Dates** Tuesday, March 24, 2026, AND Wednesday, March 25, 2026 6:00 PM to 8:30 PM (Please come either day)

To submit a video audition, please complete the audition form and follow the instructions there.

**\*FIRST READ-THROUGH WILL TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 28. REHEARSALS WILL BEGIN THE WEEK OF MARCH 30\***

**Audition Location** Reconstructed State House of Historic St. Mary's City  
47418 Old State House Rd, St Mary's City, MD 20686

**Additional Criteria** **Please memorize your monologue.** You may choose from the selections attached below. No accents are required. We will take a photo of each actor at the audition.

For those auditioning for the roles of Witches, please prepare 30-60 seconds of an a capella jazzy song in addition to your monologue.

Please provide all schedule conflicts from March 28th through the last performance on the audition form.

**Please submit the audition form prior to auditions! [Audition form link](#)**

## Monologue One

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry "Hold, hold!"

## Monologue Two

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

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Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

*Draws a dagger.*

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,

And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.