

CUG & S
presents



Patience

by Gilbert & Sullivan

What a cultivated kind of youth
this kind of youth must be!
a very singularly deep young man

I am an aesthetic
fraud!

Shall I do
three
day? T
And you
belonging

I long for all that I see
to be Japanese

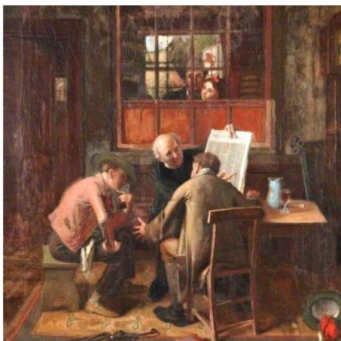
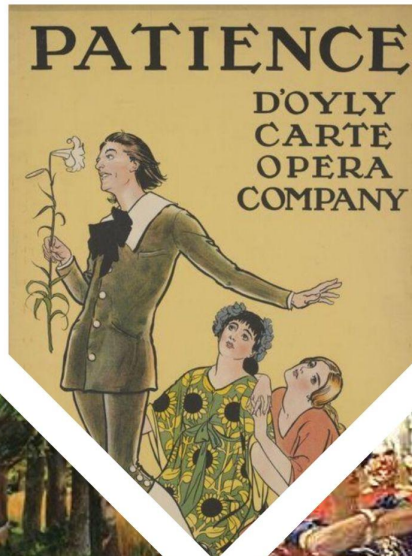
A languid love for lilies
lank limbs and haggard cheeks
Bunthorne
you are a fraud!

The Cambridge University Gilbert & Sullivan Society is delighted to present:

***Patience* at West Road Concert Hall**

Audition Pack

Show Concept



Synopsis

Confusion abounds within the walls of Castle Bunthorne - Patience, the local milkmaid, has found herself beloved by the poet Reginald Bunthorne, whose mercurial melodrama has already charmed a whole chorus of rapturous maidens. To make things worse, amid Bunthorne's many advances and the ire of his entourage, her first love, the inestimable aesthete Archibald Grosvenor, returns from his 15-year absence to regain her affection. Patience's otherwise ordinary life falls into absurdity as we follow the ever-changing affections of these rival poets, their entourage of love-struck maidens, and the maidens' former flames - an entire regiment of Dragoon Guards!

Whether you are ill-tuned to light love-talk or love with a heart-whole ecstasy, come along to West Road Concert Hall this February for an evening of delicate decalets, sharp humour, and romance!

Dates and Commitment

The show's run will be at West Road Concert Hall, from **Thursday 13th February to Saturday 15th February**, with a matinée on the Saturday. Rehearsals will begin from Week 6 in Michaelmas term, precise schedule TBD, and there will be rehearsals prior to the start of Lent term which will be especially geared towards principal cast.

From the start of Lent term, the cast can expect three rehearsals per week, of which individuals will be expected to attend at least two. For the principal cast, further rehearsals will be organised according to their availability.

Auditions

To audition in person, please indicate your availability across the potential audition days using the Google Form linked below. We will be selecting the dates of the auditions from these submissions. The potential dates fall between **Monday 4th November to Thursday 7th November**.

Once you have submitted your Google Form, you will be contacted by the production team detailing the time and location of your audition. If you are unable to attend after having signed up, please contact the production team at producer@patience2025.com in advance of your slot.

Google Forms link: <https://forms.gle/fEWN93vLtKwDSbY8>

The audition period has now started! Sign up for a Calendly slot directly at the link below!

<https://calendly.com/eld47-cam/patience-auditions?month=2024-11&date=2024-11-06>

Your audition will consist of a performance of a short song, suggestions for which can be found below, and a set dialogue extract, which will be appended to the end of this document. Neither need be performed from or memory! If you intend to apply for a specific role, please prepare the extract specified in the **Character Summaries** section. The audition will last approximately 20 minutes.

NB Casting for the characters **The Lady Jane** and **Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable** will be gender-blind, but not octave-blind.

Video Auditions

If you are unable to audition in person, then you are welcome to send in a video audition. Please record yourself performing a song as well as a relevant dialogue extract. Please email a link to your video audition to producer@patience2025.com - this should either take the form of an unlisted Youtube video, or a WeTransfer link. The deadline for submissions is noon on **Thursday 7th November**.

Music for your Audition

Applicants may wish to prepare one of the below extracts from *Patience*, or to bring an alternative appropriate to their voice part. Scores from all Gilbert & Sullivan shows will be provided at the audition, as will an accompanist. If you wish to perform a piece outside of the Gilbert & Sullivan repertoire, please bring a copy along for the accompanist.

Soprano - Patience, The Lady Saphir, The Lady Ella

"I Cannot Tell What This Love May Be" - Act I No.2 (Patience)

Alto - The Lady Jane, The Lady Angela

"Sad Is That Woman's Lot" - Act II No.2 (The Lady Jane)

Tenor - Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable

"Your Maiden Hearts, ah, Do Not Steel" - Act I Finale (Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable)

Comic Baritone - Reginald Bunthorne

"Am I Alone & Unobserved" - Act I No.6 (Reginald Bunthorne)

Baritone - Archibald Grosvenor, Major Murgatroyd

"A Magnet Hung In A Hardware Shop" - Act II No.4 (Archibald Grosvenor)

Bass - Colonel Calverley

"If You Want A Receipt For That Popular Mystery" - Act I No.3 (Colonel Calverley)

Digital copies of all of the above can be found here:

[Music For Your Audition](#)

Character Summaries

Patience, A Dairy Maid

Frollicsome and free - a bold-faced thing.

Dialogue: **Extract 1, as Patience**

Reginald Bunthorne, A Fleshly Poet

A wild, weird, fleshy thing; yet very tender, very yearning, very precious.

Dialogue: **Extract 2, as Bunthorne**

Archibald Grosvenor, An Idyllic Poet

Most aesthetic - very magnetic!

Dialogue: **Extract 1, as Grosvenor**

The Lady Jane

Soulfully intense.

Dialogue: **Extract 3, as The Lady Jane**

The Lady Saphir

She is, indeed, jolly utter.

Dialogue: **Extract 1, as Patience**

The Lady Angela

The abstraction of refinement.

Dialogue: **Extract 3, as The Lady Jane**

The Lady Ella

Earnestly precious.

Dialogue: **Extract 1, as Patience**

Colonel Calverley, Officer of Dragoon Guards

Handsome and chaste - or at least one of those.

Dialogue: **Extract 4, as Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable**

Major Murgatroyd, Officer of Dragoon Guards

Very fond of toffee.

Dialogue: **Extract 4, as Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable**

Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable

Occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied!

Dialogue: **Extract 4, as Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable**

Dialogue Extracts

Extract 1

- Grosvenor** At last they are gone! What is this mysterious fascination that I seem to exercise over all I come across? A curse on my fatal beauty, for I am sick of conquests!
- Patience** Archibald!
- Grosvenor** (*Turns and sees her.*) Patience!
- Patience** I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever?
- Grosvenor** Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime – (*Seizes her hand.*)
- Patience** (*indignantly*) Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! (*He releases her.*) If you are a gentleman, pray remember that I am another's! (*Very tenderly.*) But you do love me, don't you?
- Grosvenor** Madly, hopelessly, despairingly!
- Patience** That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!
- Grosvenor** And you love this Bunthorne?
- Patience** With a heart-whole ecstasy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings! (*Sadly.*) It is my duty.
- Grosvenor** Admirable girl! But you are not happy with him?
- Patience** Happy? I am miserable beyond description!
- Grosvenor** That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!
- Patience** But go now. I see dear Reginald approaching. Farewell, dear Archibald; I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.
- Grosvenor** Ah, if I only dared – (*Advances towards her.*)

Patience Sir! this language to one who is promised to another! (*Tenderly.*) Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is unkind to me, and you would be so loving!

Grosvenor Loving! (*Advances towards her.*)

Patience Advance one step, and as I am a good and pure woman, I scream! (*Tenderly.*) Farewell, Archibald! (*Sternly.*) Stop there! (*Tenderly.*) Think of me sometimes! (*Angrily.*) Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!

Extract 2

Bunthorne Ah! Patience, come hither. I am pleased with thee. The bitter-hearted one, who finds all else hollow, is pleased with thee. For you are not hollow. *Are you?*

Patience No, thanks, I have dined; but – I beg your pardon – I interrupt you.

Bunthorne Life is made up of interruptions. The tortured soul, yearning for solitude, writhes under them. Oh, but my heart is a-weary! Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

Patience Really, I'm very sorry.

Bunthorne Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?

Patience (*misunderstanding him*) I earn my living.

Bunthorne (*impatiently*) No, no! Do you know what it is to be heart-hungry? Do you know what it is to yearn for the Indefinable, and yet to be brought face to face, daily, with the Multiplication Table? Do you know what it is to seek oceans and to find puddles? – to long for whirlwinds and yet have to do the best you can with the bellows? That's my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

Patience If you please, I don't understand you – you frighten me!

Bunthorne Don't be frightened – it's only poetry.

Patience Well, if that's poetry, I don't like poetry.

Bunthorne (*eagerly*) Don't you? (*Aside.*) Can I trust her? (*Aloud.*) Patience, you don't like poetry – well, between you and me, I don't like poetry. It's hollow, unsubstantial – unsatisfactory. What's the use of yearning for Elysian Fields when you know you can't get 'em, and would only let 'em out on building leases if you had 'em?

Patience Sir, I –

Bunthorne Patience, I have long loved you. Let me tell you a secret. I am not as bilious as I look. If you like, I will cut my hair. There is more innocent fun within me than a casual spectator would imagine. You have never seen me frolicsome. Be a good girl – a very good girl – and one day you shall. If you are fond of touch-and-go jocularities – this is the shop for it.

Patience Sir, I will speak plainly. In the matter of love I am untaught. I have never loved but my great-aunt. But I am quite certain that, under any circumstances, I couldn't possibly love *you*.

Bunthorne Oh, you think not?

Patience I'm quite sure of it. Quite sure. *Quite*.

Bunthorne Very good. Life is henceforth a blank. I don't care what becomes of me. I have only to ask that you will not abuse my confidence; though *you* despise me, I am extremely popular with the other young ladies.

Patience I only ask that you will leave me and never renew the subject.

Bunthorne Certainly. Broken-hearted and desolate, I go. (*Recites.*)

"Oh, to be wafted away,
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!"

It is a little thing of my own. I call it "Heart Foam". I shall not publish it. Farewell!
Patience, Patience, farewell!

Extract 3

Saphir Happy receipts!

Jane (*suddenly*) Fools!

Angela I beg your pardon?

Jane Fools and blind! The man loves – wildly loves!

Angela But whom? None of us!

Jane No, none of us. His weird fancy has lighted, for the once, on Patience, the village milkmaid!

Saphir On Patience? Oh, it cannot be!

Jane Bah! But yesterday I caught him in her dairy, eating fresh butter with a tablespoon. Today he is not well!

Saphir But Patience boasts that she has never loved – that love is, to her, a sealed book! Oh, he cannot be serious!

Jane 'Tis but a fleeting fancy – 'twill quickly wear away. (*Aside.*) Oh, Reginald, if you but knew what a wealth of golden love is waiting for you, stored up in this rugged old bosom of mine, the milkmaid's triumph would be short indeed!

(*Aloud.*) There is a transcendentality of delirium – an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy – which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is not indigestion – it is æsthetic transfiguration! (*To the others.*) Enough of babble. Come!

Extract 4

Duke Here I am! (*Sighs.*)

Colonel Come, cheer up, don't give way!

Duke Oh, for that, I'm as cheerful as a poor devil can be expected to be who has the misfortune to be a Duke, with a thousand a day!

Major Humph! Most men would envy you!

Duke Envy me? Tell me, Major, are you fond of toffee?

Major Very!

Colonel We are all fond of toffee.

All We are!

Duke Yes, and toffee in moderation is a capital thing. But to live on toffee – toffee for breakfast, toffee for dinner, toffee for tea – to have it supposed that you care for nothing but toffee, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but toffee were offered to you – how would you like that?

Colonel I can quite believe that, under those circumstances, even toffee would become monotonous.

Duke For "toffee" read flattery, adulation, and abject deference, carried to such a pitch that I began, at last, to think that man was born bent at an angle of forty-five degrees! Great heavens, what is there to adulate in me? Am I particularly intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?

Colonel You're about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.

All You are!

Duke Exactly! That's it exactly! That describes me to a T! Thank you all very much! Well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I joined this second-class cavalry regiment. In the army, thought I, I shall be occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied, who knows? The thought was rapture, and here I am.