

The Misanthrope - audition pieces

Please pick one of the following five audition pieces to perform. We are casting for more than five characters, so these pieces will help us cast for other characters too. No need to learn by heart! Good luck, we are looking forward to seeing you there :)

Alceste

Not so. Affection I can endure,
Affectation I abhor. Empty phrases,
Meaningless gestures of faked goodwill.
These affable dispensers of embraces make me ill.
They treat men of worth and rascallions alike.
What good does it do if a man heaps endearments on you,
Believes in you, respects and esteems you,
Vows he'll be your friend until his dying day, praises you to the skies, and walks away?
Then ten minutes later, further down the street, he's doing the same to the first fop he should
meet.
Esteeming, believing all over again,
Embracing, two-facing a procession of men.
To bask in the warmth of goodwill
When it is shared with the whole universe. Bah!
Kindness without discrimination does not impress,
'Tis a prostitution of feeling, no less.
Philinte, your concerns, as ever, are well meant
But to remain an individual is my intent.
Solitude doth suit me fine.
In a nutshell: the friend of all mankind...
Is no friend of mine.

Célimène

A fair weathered friend I will admit,
Since Damis decided to be regarded as a wit,
And now between praise and ridicule I'm torn
For he displays his erudition like a peacock on the lawn.
Forever in pursuit of the Ideal.
Ask a question, you can almost feel
The muscles in his brain grow taut
As he struggles to find a witty retort.
Oh, the pain of watching him strain for a rhyme,
The *bon mot* that will resonate and chime.
He is a critic and madly superior,
We who are not critics are therefore inferior.
He finds fault with all the latest books and plays
Never stopping to bestow grudging praise.
He thinks only fools and idiots fawn and applaud.
'Tis more fashionable to yawn and look bored.
Until his highfalutin nonsense ends
Damis is in danger of losing all his friends.

Philinte

Admittedly, humanity leaves much to be desired
But sympathy and understanding are required.
Not to scrutinise and judge too harshly, but to be lenient
Would be the Christian way, and more convenient.
Not an endless torrent of ranting and railing
At every perceived slight and failing.
In society one must be pliable,
Rational and forgiving as far as one is able.
We are not blind. Every day we witness sin.
It's all around, but where do we begin?
Perfection in this life can never be achieved.
To think otherwise is to be misguided and deceived.
'Tis folly to view the world and think we can correct it.
Would it destroy you, and in your own image resurrect it?
I view the world as a pleasant place, you find it vile,
My phlegm is as philosophical as your bile.

Acaste

One will admit sirrah, if one is pressed,
That when looking in a mirror one is not distressed.
One sees a face considered fair,
Strong white teeth, full head of hair.
Couturiers court me, one can afford the best,
So who in town is better dressed?
My lineage is noble, one is welcomed at Court,
One's ancestors fell at Agincourt,
One's courage is unquestioned, 'tis in the blood,
One would lead the next charge if only one could.
Witty? One has a gift of drollery, people do say.
Good taste? Indeed, one sees every play.
One leads the hisses, one leads the applause,
One shouts for encores, or one heads of the doors.
The groundlings look to see my response.
Will the play run and run, or play just the once?
As for matters of the heart, ah!
So many ladies, where does one start?
One can think of no one, who one would rather be.
Arrogant? Perhaps one is. *C'est la vie.*

Eliante

Love, generally speaking, is blind
And once stricken, the lover is not of a mind
To find fault or criticise. Blurred by passion
His eyes see only perfection.
If she has a blemish, some cause for shame,
He'll sweeten it with a pleasing name:
Consumptively pale? She's an English rose.
Hatchet-faced? Hote the classical nose.
Portly? Serene is she, majestic in bearing.
Skinny? Svelte in whatever she's wearing.
Short? Light as a fairy, a gift from above.
Mountainous? A goddess, all the more to love.
Snob? Gracious and of noble mind.
Dullard? Sweet, well-meaning, kind.
Slut? A careless spirit, free and wild.
Chatterbox? Why, she's lively as a child.
There are no faults, only virtues, I do maintain,
In the love-blurred eyes of the passionate swain.