AND THEN THERE WERE NONE AUDITION PACKET

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for Granger Theatre Departments' production of *And Then There Were None.* Auditions will be held December 9th and 10th in the black box.

AUDITIONS AND CALLBACKS: Auditions will be held Monday December 9th and Tuesday December 10th in the black box. Please sign up for an audition time. Callbacks will be on Wednesday December 11th with a potential second callback on Thursday December 12th.

IMPORTANT DATES

Tech Day	**Saturday, March 1st Dress Rehearsals Monday, March 3rd - Wednesday, March 5th**
Show Dates	**Agatha Cast**
	Thursday March 5th 7:00 pm
	Friday March 6th- 3:00 pm
	Saturday March 7th- 7:00 pm
	Christie Cast
	Friday March 6th- 7:00 pm
	Saturday March 7th- 3:00 pm
	Monday March 10th- 7:00 pm

<u>Attendance at ALL dress rehearsals and ALL performances is mandatory.</u> We do not cast understudies. If a conflict with a performance arises during the rehearsal period, we will recast your part.

AUDITIONS: Please review the sides. Choose one scene you would like to audition with. Someone in the audition room will read the other character for you. Please familiarize yourself with the story and characters of the show to assist you in being fully prepared.

REHEARSALS: We begin rehearsals for And Then There Were None with a read- through on December 17th at 2:30 in the black box with a parent meeting following the read-thru at 5:30 Subsequent rehearsals will be held from 2:30-5:00 in auditorium starting January 7th. Please check the rehearsal schedule regularly at www.grangertheatre.com

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE CHARACTER BREAKDOWN & SYNOPSIS

All of the characters are English. Accents are preferred but not required.

SYNOPSIS:
Mysterious hosts gather ten strangers at their remote island home for a holiday weekend. A classic Agatha Christie whodunnit.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN:

ROGERS (m, any age). The butler.

MRS. ROGERS (f, any age). The cook and maid. High-strung, nervous.

NARRACOTT (m, any age). Minor role, the boatman.

VERA CLAYTHORNE (f, 20s-30s). A beautiful governess with a cool demeanor.

CAPT. PHILIP LOMBARD (m, 30s-40s). Handsome, cocky. He has the air of an adventurer about him.

ANTONIA MARSTON (f, 20s). An attractive debutante. Rich, spoiled, and not very intelligent.

INSPECTOR BLORE (m, 50s-60s). A retired policeman. Loud, dresses flashily.

GENERAL MACKENZIE (m, 60s-70s). Older man of strong military bearing.

SIR LAWRENCE WARGRAVE (m, 50s-60s). A judge. A weary man of keen intellect.

DR. ARMSTRONG (f, 40s-60s). A doctor. Nervous and unsettled.

EMILY BRENT (f, 40s-60s). A disagreeable, judgmental spinster.

#1.AUDITION SIDES

#1 – EMILY, VERA

EMILY. I should have thought you might feel a little uncomfortable in that dress.

VERA. (not taking the point) Oh, no.

EMILY. It's rather tight, isn't it?

VERA. Oh, I don't think so.

EMILY. You'll excuse me, my dear, but you're a young girl and you've got your living to earn—

VERA. Yes?

EMILY. A well-bred woman doesn't like her secretary to appear flashy. It looks, you know, as though you were trying to attract the attention of the opposite sex.

VERA. And would you say I do attract them?

EMILY. That's beside the point. A girl who deliberately sets out to get the attention of men won't be likely to keep her job long.

VERA. Ah! Surely that depends on who she's working for?

EMILY. Really, Miss Claythorne!

VERA. Aren't you being a little unkind?

EMILY. Young people nowadays behave in the most disgusting fashion.

VERA. Disgusting?

EMILY. Yes. Low-backed evening dresses. Lying half-naked on beaches. All this so-called sunbathing. An excuse for immodest conduct, nothing more. Familiarity! Christian names—drinking cocktails!

#2 – ANTONIA, DR. MARSTON

DR ARMSTRONG. Did you come from London, Miss Marston?

ANTONIA. Yes, two hundred and eight miles, and I did it in a bit over four hours. Too many cars on the road, though, to keep it up. Touched ninety going over Salisbury Plain. Not too bad, eh?

DR ARMSTRONG. I think you passed me on the road.

ANTONIA. Oh, yes?

DR ARMSTRONG. You nearly drove me into the ditch.

ANTONIA. Did I? Sorry.

DR ARMSTRONG. I should have reported you to the police.

ANTONIA. Oh, well. What about a drink?

#3 -- WARGRAVE

WARGRAVE. I wish to say this. Our unknown friend accuses me of the murder of one Edward Seton. I remember Seton perfectly well. He came up before me for trial in June of the year 1930. He was charged with the murder of an elderly woman. He was very ably defended and made a good impression on the jury in the witness box. Nevertheless, on the evidence, he was certainly guilty. I summed up accordingly, and the jury brought in a verdict of Guilty. In passing sentence of death I concurred with the verdict. An appeal was lodged on the grounds of misdirection. The appeal was rejected and the man was duly executed. I wish to say before you all that my conscience is perfectly clear on this matter. I did my duty and nothing more. I passed sentence on a rightly convicted murderer.

#4 – WARGRAVE, ROGERS

WARGRAVE. Then our inquiry rests there. Now, Rogers, who else is there on this island besides ourselves and you and your wife?

ROGERS. Nobody, sir. Nobody at all. WARGRAVE. You're sure of that?

ROGERS. Quite sure, sir.

WARGRAVE. I am not yet clear as to the purpose of our Unknown host in getting us to assemble here. But in my opinion this person, whoever he may be, is not sane in the accepted sense of the word. He may be dangerous. In my opinion, it would be well for us to leave this place as soon as possible. I suggest that we leave tonight.

ROGERS. I beg your pardon, sir, but there's no boat on the island. WARGRAVE. No boat at all?

ROGERS. No, sir.

WARGRAVE. Why don't you telephone the mainland?

ROGERS. There's no telephone. Fred Narracott, he comes over every morning, sir. He brings the milk and the bread and the post and the papers, and takes the order.

WARGRAVE. Then in my opinion it would be well if we all left tomorrow morning as soon as Narracott's boat arrives.

#5 – MACKENZIE, VERA

VERA. I'm glad Captain Lombard has got a revolver.

MACKENZIE. They're all wasting time—wasting time.

VERA. Do you think so?

MACKENZIE. Yes, it's much better to sit quietly—and wait.

VERA. Wait for what?

MACKENZIE. For the end, of course. I wish I could find Lesley.

VERA. Your wife?

MACKENZIE. Yes. I wish you'd known her. She was so pretty. So gay—

VERA. Was she?

MACKENZIE. I loved her very much. Of course, I was a lot older than she was. She was only twenty-seven, you know. Arthur Richmond was twenty-six. He was my ADC. Lesley liked him. They used to talk of music and plays together, and she teased him and made fun of him. I was pleased. I thought she took a motherly interest in the boy. Damn fool, wasn't I? No fool like and old fool. Exactly like a book the way I found out. In India. She wrote to both of us, and she put the letters in the wrong envelope. So I knew—

#6 – MRS. ROGERS, ROGERS

MRS ROGERS. I forgot to give you the list of guests, Tom.

(MRS ROGERS hands ROGERS a list.)

ROGERS. Thanks, old girl. H'mmm. Doesn't look like a very classy lot to me. (reads list) Miss Vera Claythorne. She'll probably be the secretary.

MRS ROGERS. I don't hold much with secretaries. Worse than hospital nurses, and them giving themselves airs and graces and looking down on the servants.

ROGERS. Oh, stop grousing, Ethel, and cut along to that lovely up to date expensive kitchen of yours.

MRS ROGERS. Too many newfangled gadgets for my fancy!

#7 – LOMBARD, VERA

LOMBARD. The man who built this house--he was a wealthy old boy and fell in love with a woman—married her—bought the island and built this place for her.

VERA. How romantic.

LOMBARD. He thought by cutting her off from the rest of the world—without even a telephone as means of communications—he could hold her.

VERA. But she grew tired of her ivory tower and escaped?

LOMBARD. Something like that. Then, he sold the island to some mysterious buyer—and here we are.

VERA. Well, I ought to find Mrs Owen. The others will be here any minute.

LOMBARD. It would be very rude to leave me here all by myself.

VERA. Would it? Oh, well, I wonder where she is?

LOMBARD. She'll come along when she's ready. While we're waiting do you think I could have a drink?

VERA. Of course you could.

LOMBARD. It's certainly warm after that steep climb. What's yours?

VERA. No, thanks, not for me—Not on duty.

LOMBARD. A good secretary is never off duty.

VERA. Really. (looking around) This is exciting!

LOMBARD. What?

VERA. All this. The smell of the sea—the gulls—the beach and this lovely house. I am going to enjoy myself.

LOMBARD. I think you are. I think we both are. Here's to you—you're very lovely.

#8 – BLORE, DR ARMSTRONG

BLORE. I never forget a face, Doctor Armstrong.

DR ARMSTRONG. Don't tell me I've forgotten one of my patients.

BLORE. No, no. Nothing like that, but I once saw you in Court giving expert evidence. DR ARMSTRONG. Oh, really? Are you interested in the Law?

BLORE. Well, you see, I'm from South Africa. Naturally, legal processes in this country are bound to interest a Colonial. Quite a thing to see a woman giving expert evidence, I can tell you.

DR ARMSTRONG. Quite.

BLORE. Have a drink, Doctor?

DR ARMSTRONG. I never touch it.

BLORE. Do you mind if I do? Mine's empty. DR ARMSTRONG. Not a bit.

BLORE. I've been having a look round the island. It's a wonderful place, isn't it?

DR ARMSTRONG. Wonderful. I thought as I was coming across the mainland what a haven of peace this was.

BLORE. Too peaceful for some, I daresay.

DR ARMSTRONG. Wonderfully restful. Wonderful for the nerves. I'm a nerve specialist, you know.

BLORE. Yes, I know that. Did you come down by train? DR ARMSTRONG. No, I motored down.

BLORE. Best part of two hundred miles, isn't it? How long did it take you?

DR ARMSTRONG. I didn't hurry. I never hurry. Bad for the nerves. Some mannerless young woman nearly drove me into the ditch near Amesbury. Shot past me at about eighty miles an hour. Disgraceful bit of driving.

BLORE. Disgraceful.