



Thank you for auditioning for

INTO THE BREECHES

For THEATRE RALEIGH

ROLE: CELESTE

Present in the room will be director, producing team & casting.

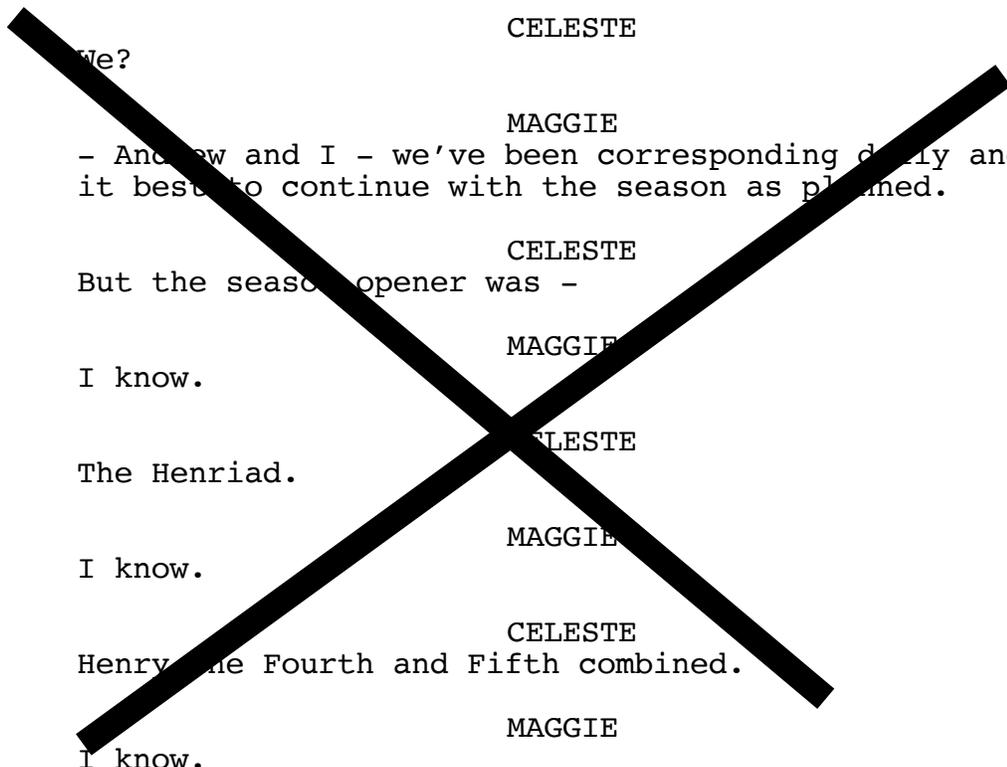
For this audition please prepare:

- The FULL MATERIAL in this packet. You may or may not be asked to read ALL of this at this appointment, but please have it prepared.

**INSTRUCTIONS:**

Be sure to bring your picture and resume, otherwise we will not have one in the room!

Thanks so much!  
W | S Casting



We?  
CELESTE

MAGGIE  
- Andrew and I - we've been corresponding daily and we think  
it best to continue with the season as planned.

CELESTE  
But the season opener was -

MAGGIE  
I know.

CELESTE  
The Henriad.

MAGGIE  
I know.

CELESTE  
Henry the Fourth and Fifth combined.

MAGGIE  
I know.

START

CELESTE  
Maggie, I realize it was Andrew's dream to present the  
Henrys, but may I remind you that they contain a grand total  
of three female roles.

MAGGIE  
Yes.

CELESTE  
The rest are men.

MAGGIE  
Yes.

CELESTE  
We have no men.

MAGGIE  
Ah, but that's where you're wrong.

*(Maggie walks to Celeste, lays her hand on her.)*

Here. Here is a man.

CELESTE  
Whatever could you possibly...?

MAGGIE

I've watched you, Celeste. Eighteen seasons, I've watched you play every role in the canon to perfection. You've made me swoon, explode into laughter, weep. But there is more to you than this.

CELESTE

More than Shakespeare?

MAGGIE

More than the Shakespeare you've been *given*. You - you contain multitudes, my dear, multitudes. And it's about time the world saw them.

CELESTE

I? I play a...

*(Maggie nods.)*

I'll...I'll be laughed off the stage.

MAGGIE

You?

CELESTE

No, I suppose not. Not that, never that. But the challenge of it - ! To temper the femininity that you see before you? Replace it with its opposite? That would be an heroic undertaking.

MAGGIE

And one we know you are capable of.

CELESTE

Andrew? He believes as well?

MAGGIE

Do you have to ask? You are his muse, after all.

CELESTE

*(blushing)* Oh, yes, yes, but even so, it's lunacy, is it not, it's...*(smiling, getting used to the idea)*...but if I succeeded?

*(Celeste picks up a prop sword, turns it over in her hands, feels its weight.)*

Henry? Prince Henry. The debaucherous pup who grows into glorious manhood. The conqueror of empires. Tempting, sorely tempting. But who would accompany me on this Saint Crispian's Day? Perhaps *I* can metamorphosize into a man if challenged, but who else could possibly - ?

MAGGIE  
I'm holding auditions Friday.

CELESTE  
You?

MAGGIE  
Me. I'll be directing.

CELESTE  
Andrew's Parrot? Oh, I think not.

MAGGIE  
I - Andrew's Parrot?

CELESTE  
Oh, dear. Pardon, I thought that was a public nickname.

MAGGIE  
Wait, what?

CELESTE  
Forget I said a thing. Now, my dear, it wounds me to tell you, but you are no director.

MAGGIE  
I beg to -

CELESTE  
True, you may have assisted Andrew ably in the past -

MAGGIE  
- for eighteen seasons -

CELESTE  
- but holding the reins yourself? That is another matter entire.

MAGGIE  
And one I am ready for.

CELESTE  
Oh, but Maggie, how to say...? There is a certain *authority* necessary to direct a play, my dear, dare I say a *male* authority. I crave a *partner* on the other side of the lights, an iron hand, a force who can bring me to heel if need be.

MAGGIE  
Oh, believe me, I'd be happy to do that.

CELESTE  
You? Please.

MAGGIE

I have Andrew's full confidence. And he would be the first to tell you so. In fact...

*(Maggie produces a letter, hands it to Celeste, who looks it over.)*

It's hard to read, half-censored and all -

CELESTE

Mm. High praise.

MAGGIE

I don't mean to seem boastful or -

CELESTE

He entrusts you with the mantle. His Amapola.

*(Maggie takes the letter back, blushing.)*

MAGGIE

You weren't supposed to read that part, but yes, yes, he does.

CELESTE

Very well, very well. If our Andrew vouches for you, who am I to say nay? I can always step in and take over if need be.

MAGGIE

That won't be -

CELESTE

You have your Henry. Partner.

*(Celeste extends her hand. Maggie takes it and they shake.)*

MAGGIE

Partner.

CELESTE

Do you notice my grip? The firmness?

MAGGIE

I do.

CELESTE

The transformation is already underway. Rehearsals begin when?

MAGGIE

Next Wednesday.

CELESTE

Splendid. In the interim, I shall work on lowering my vocal instrument. A half-step a day, I think. Farewell. (*lower, as she exits*) Farewell. (*lower still*) Farewell.

**END**

(*Celeste exits vocalizing, sword in-hand. Maggie is alone a moment, breathes in the theatre's air. She caresses Andrew's letter, sings quietly to herself.*)

MAGGIE

Amapola, the pretty little poppy  
Must copy its endearing charms from you.  
Amapola, Amapola,  
How long to hear you say "I love you."

(*She puts the letter away for safekeeping.*)

Well, Andrew. On to Mr. Snow.

**SCENE 2. COUNTRY CLUB OF BUFFALO CLUBROOM THE NEXT DAY.**

(*Maggie is interrupting the cocktail hour of Ellsworth Snow, a gaunt, sour-faced man in his 60's, and his wife, Winifred, a benevolent, slightly vacant woman in her 40's. Both are dressed more conservatively, more expensively, than Maggie.*)

ELLSWORTH

No.

MAGGIE

No? But the Company is 100% behind the idea -

ELLSWORTH

The Company? What Company?

MAGGIE

Well, Celeste, Celeste. And she's already begun her process.

ELLSWORTH

Her what?

MAGGIE

Her process. She's half-way to becoming a man as we speak.

ELLSWORTH

Dear God.

IDA AS HOTSPUR

For I profess not talking. Only this -  
Let each man do his best. And here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace;  
For heaven to earth, some of us never shall  
A second time do such courtesy.

*(All applaud.)*

STUART

Well?

MAGGIE

Ida, Stuart, both of you, this is so generous, really it is -

IDA

But?

MAGGIE

Can I - can I sleep on it? Tell you tomorrow?

STUART

Tomorrow and tomorrow -

*(Maggie holds Ida and Stuart's hands.)*

MAGGIE

No, I promise, I will.

**START**

CELESTE

Tomorrow it is, then. Shall we move on to your experiment, Maggie?

MAGGIE

What?

CELESTE

You mentioned an experiment?

MAGGIE

Oh, that was - the scene between you and Grace, I wanted to -  
but let's forget it, it's probably just another one of the  
Parrot's bad ideas.

CELESTE

Come, come, Maggie, *partner*, where's that iron hand you  
promised me?

MAGGIE

The iron hand?

CELESTE

The iron hand!

MAGGIE

The iron hand! Yes! Grace, would you read Prince Henry for us?

GRACE

Prince Henry?

MAGGIE

Prince Henry, yes.

*(Celeste begins a slow burn.)*

CELESTE

Pardon me Maggie, I must have misheard you. You want us to do what exactly?

MAGGIE

*(uh-oh)* Iron hand?

CELESTE

Forget the iron hand. What are you proposing?

MAGGIE

Um, for you and Grace to switch roles, for an experiment.

CELESTE

Switch roles?

MAGGIE

Yes, just to - actually, if you wanted to put the old-age make-up on yourself, that would be fine.

*(Celeste stares Maggie down.)*

Just to make it more...convincing. Well? Grace?

GRACE

*(to Celeste)* Um, only if it's okay with - ?

CELESTE

*(shooting daggers at Maggie)* Go ahead, dear. Have at it.

*(Grace reads, tentatively, but well.)*

**END**