

**Z-PAC THEATRE AUDITION**  
**SHOW: 'PRIDE AND PREJUDICE'**

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Contact Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Contact Email:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Are you prepared to join a 'Pride and Prejudice' Facebook or Messenger group to assist with instant group communications? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_**

**Please note: You must be a Financial Member of Z-PAC Theatre to be involved in a production. To be a member, go online to [zpactheatre.com.au](http://zpactheatre.com.au) .**

1. **Will you accept any character/role in the production? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_** If no, what role/s are you only interested in?

\_\_\_\_\_

2. Would you be interested in working back stage, if not cast in this show? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_
3. If yes, please circle or highlight what you would like to be involved with:

Props	Costumes	Lights	Assistant Stage Manager	Sound
Producer	Publicity	Set	Make-up	Hair

4. **Biography required! (NO AUDITION WITHOUT A BIOGRAPHY.)** Please write 3-4 sentences about your theatre or arts history, achievements or goals at Z-PAC or other theatres, or, what you enjoy most about theatre/performance.

## ACTOR 1

### JANE:

[Jane has a cold and is fretting about the impression she is making on Mr Bingley].

LIZZY: Jane, you gave me such a turn! I thought you were dying!

JANE: Budd I am, Liddy! Lidden to me!

LIZZY: It's just a cold-

JANE: Ids a DISADDSder. How can I go down dere and let Mr Bingley see me like dith, Liddy? I look word den Maryyyyy. *[She cries]*.

LIZZY: Now you are speaking nonsense, dearest- *[She wipes Jane's face]*. You're beautiful as ever!

JANE: You dink dat because you lub me, but Midder Bingley hardly knowd me, and first impreshiuns are vely *[She sneezes wetly]* impordand.

LIZZY: If he likes you at all, Jane, then he will like you even in an imperfect state. And I am certain that he does like you – very much.

JANE: Really? Beacude Liddy, I like him doo, DO much. He id de Perfect Mand. *[She smiles sweetly and blows her nose wetly]*.

LIZZY: Drink your tea, and tell me how such a paradox is possible.

[Jane and Lizzy discuss their mother's tantrum and the turn of events with Mr Bingley.]

LIZZY: At least she's stopped throwing things.

JANE: It won't last much longer. Charlotte has moved to Kent, and when you return from visiting her, Mamma will be too eager for gossip to hold a grudge. And as for-

LIZZY: Bingley?

JANE: He shall soon be forgotten – And all will be as it was! *[Beat]* I have nothing to hope for, Lizzy. It was an error of fancy on my side, nothing more.

LIZZY: He must have felt something for you!

JANE: Then why did he leave so suddenly? And then, no word- for a month? Lizzy, even if I do-did-love him, it doesn't mean that I know he is the right match. *[Pause]* How does one ever know?

**MISS DE BOURGH:**

[A gremlin child hidden beneath swaths].

MISS DE BOURGH:

Herr lerve mer, her lerves mer nert. Her lervs mer, her lerves mer nert. Her lervs mer –  
Ern her nerr wershers herz hernds when her gers to the chemberperrrt. Errrrr.

## ACTOR 2

### LIZZY:

[Lizzy explaining her disbelief about falling in love].

LYDIA: Why should you pretend love and marriage and all that is a joke? It seems very serious to me.

LIZZIE: That's because you are far away from it. When you're closer to the prospect, it becomes much too frightening, and you must laugh so you don't cry. Playing games keeps one sane, when the stakes involved threaten to drive one MAD.

LYDIA: How do you know if you have found the right match?

LIZZIE: Well, I shouldn't tell you, but-

LYDIA: [Breathless with excitement.] -yes?

LIZZIE: [She may enact this vividly.] A lightning bolt shoots down from the sky and fries you like an egg!

You probably decide he's your Perfect Match just after your mamma has finished counting his rich, sickly relatives and your papa has called on his bankers. These things are all arranged above one's head, Lydia.

[Lizzie is unimpressed with Darcy and his views].

DARCY: [Darcy bows]. I never had the pleasure of a formal introduction.

LIZZIE: And nobody can ever be introduced in a ballroom -Fitswilliam.

DARCY: -Perhaps I am ill-qualified to recommend myself to strangers.

*[Lizzy and Darcy talk "through" Charlotte, as if she is not there.]*

LIZZIE: Shall we ask this gentleman the reason? Shall we ask him why a man of sense, who has lived in the world, is "ill-qualified to recommend himself to strangers"?

DARCY: I do not have the talent of conversing naturally with those I have never seen before. I cannot catch their tone, or appear interested in their concerns. I cannot easily say polite things which I know are not true, or be otherwise...

LIZZY: unserious? My fingers do not move over this instrument in the masterly manner which I see so many women's do, though they are as capable of expression. They have not the same force, or rapidity, or charm. But I know, Charlotte, that it is my own fault, because I will not take the trouble of *practicing*.



## ACTOR 3

### LYDIA:

[Having just been brought home after eloping, Lydia tries to justify her behaviour.]

JANE: How could you behave in such a manner?

LYDIA: I watch, you know; I listen- and I have learned many lessons! *You* never act on your impulses and always try to be perfect, and so you lost Mr Bingley. Did you get what you wanted?

JANE: Lydia!

LYDIA: I knew Mr Wickham would come' round to marriage eventually! And once Darcy found us, we were at the church the next day!

JANE: ...Mr Darcy?

LYDIA: He tracked us down at the inn in London. And Darcy and Wickham talked in private, but I listened at the latch, as I do. And Darcy told Wickham if he married me – which of course he would have wanted to at any rate – Darcy would pay off all Wickham's debts to keep us out of trouble!

MARY: So a man had to be *paid* to marry you.

LYDIA: No-

MARY: Yes-

LYDIA: NO-

MARY: YES-

LYDIA: YOU HUSH, YOU! All of you with your grave faces! How would any of you girls know how to make a match? I thought you would be happy! I have won the game; I have married, as I ought; and soon I will make you lovely maiden aunts! I thought that's what you wanted!

### LADY CATHERINE:

[Lady Catherine berating Lizzie on her audacity to connect with Darcy].

LC: -I AM HERE. Because A SCANDALOUS FALSEHOOD has recently been brought to my attention! – You know what matter I am speaking of!

LIZZY: I-

LC: Do not play games, Miss Bennet! I KNOW that you have been SPREADING NONSENSE about certain INTERACTIONS with my nephew!

LIZZY: Do- do you mean his propos-

LC: AHA! EXPOSED! THIS IS THE FICTION OF WHICH I SPEAK!

LIZZY: Lady Ca-!

LC: Fitzwilliam cannot possibly have made an Offer To You, Miss Bennet! For Darcy Is Already Engaged – TO MY Daughter!

You do know that any connection you may have with Darcy would absolutely disgrace him, don't you?! That such a ridiculous mismatch would only bring him shame and misery? Do you wish to make him the laughingstock of the world?

## ACTOR 4

### DARCY:

[The first ball after meeting the Bingleys. Lizzie has accidentally spilled punch on him.]

DARCY: Bingley, I must take my leave.

BINGLEY: So soon?

DARCY: I am not fit to be seen. I look- *[It's a big deal.]* laughable! And it would be a punishment to dance with any lady here!

BINGLEY: How can you say such a thing? Miss Jane Bennet, for example, is beautiful as an angel-

DARCY: Then you have found the one tolerable woman in the whole room!

BINGLEY: *[Noticing Lizzie behind him.]* Darcy-

DARCY: All these vulgar country mothers, pushing their daughters at one like choice cows at a meat market! I loathe strange company, I detest dancing, and I have no desire to give a thrill to some awkward, desperate spinster- LET ALONE while COVERED in RUM PUNCH.

[No longer able to deny his affections for Lizzie.]

DARCY: -Bells.

LIZZY: Pardon?

DARCY: Bells. They never will ring if they are made imperfectly, you know. *[He is getting more worked up.]* But if they are cast of stronger stuff, of quality, nothing can stop them! *[He begins to pace; Lizzie is concerned about the carpets.]* And whether they sound for alarm or benediction, they CANNOT BE UNRUNG! They ring and ring until the energy is spent, or they CRACK!

LIZZY: What-

DARCY: IN VAIN I HAVE STRUGGLED! MY FEELINGS WILL NOT BE REPRESSED! YOU MUST ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU HOW ARDENTLY I ADMIRE AND LOVE YOU!

LIZZY: [A subdued version of her mother's inarticulate squawk.] -Awk?

DARCY: I LOVE YOU!



*[He is losing it now – recklessly, almost happily.]* In spite of all my endeavours- in spite of the absolute unsuitability of the match and of your family and quite frankly your own conduct- you have ensnared me!

Your mother taught you well; I am yours entirely.

Miss Bennet – you win.

## ACTOR 5

### MR COLLINS:

[Self-important with an unfortunate tic in that he cannot land on the right word, he enters the Bingley residence.]

MR C: I tell you ladies [*Bows*] you young ladies [*Bows*] you young gracious ladies of youth and grace [*Bows*] ...you lay-diez. [*He loses himself for a second, then pops back up, lectures.*]

It is a grave duty- to act as tutor of the spirit-essence...SOUL. But as a clergyman, it is my place to promote-establish-INSPIRE Charity-and I have been sent on this quest-mission-CRUSADE by none other than the most Righteous LADY CATHERINE De BOURGH.

[*He pauses. Nobody knows who that is.*]

LADY. CATHERINE. DE BOURGH. – I flatter myself that my overtures are meritorious-creditable-COMMENDABLE, and that you will not reject-refuse-SPURN this proffered...olive...brrr-anch. [*He finishes with a flourishing bow.*]

### WICKHAM:

[Discussing Mr Darcy with Lizzie.]

LIZZY: Mr Wickham, I will lay myself bare – and tell you that I find the man very disagreeable.

WICKHAM: Then I will also expose myself entirely – and tell you that I am not surprised. [*They smile.*] We are expressing *dangerous* opinions, are we not?

LIZZIE: Not in this county, sir.

WICKHAM: How discerning you all are!

[*She flutters. He stares at her. Beat.*]

Well. It always pains me to see him, but I shall not be driven away from *this* place, too.

LIZZY: Oh.

WICKHAM: In normal conversation, Miss Elizabeth, I would never break my silence. But since we are being so... naughty... Mr Darcy's father was my grandfather. He loved me as another son, and he promised me that when I came to manhood, I would inherit a most valuable living. But I am afraid that after he died... that living was given elsewhere.

## **MISS BINGLEY:**

[Holding court at Mr Darcy's residence, addressing Lizzy.]

Miss B: NO woman can be called "accomplished" who doesn't possess a mastery of music, needlework, and the languages – And EVEN THAT is nothing if she does not know when to speak...and when to hold her peace! The Accomplished Woman is – irreproachable. *[She holds up her glass demonstratively.]* An elegant ornament in any room, a sparkling delight to any eye, a flawless vessel into which the confidences of the greatest men may be safely poured!

## ACTOR 6

### MR BINGLEY:

[As Jane convalesces at Netherfield Park.]

Mr B: Do you think Miss Bennet might need more tea?

MISS B: You just had some sent up, Charles. Do you want to drown the poor girl?

Mr B: [Bouncing the ball.] I just hate to think of her in bed, alone. *[He drops the ball and scrambles after it. They look at him.]* That is. She is a lovely creature, isn't she?

MISS B: Jane Bennet is perfectly...inoffensive.

MR B: I think her rather perfect, period. *[Bounce, bounce, bounce.]* Perhaps you are too inclined to see flaws, Darcy. And although I cannot stand in resistance to both of you at once, you must concede that Miss Jane Bennet is...amiable, at the least?

*[The doorbell rings.]* Miss Bennet!

### MARY:

[After returning home without Lydia who has run away with Mr Wickham.]

MARY: You're back.

LIZZY: [Opens her arms to hug her. Instead, Mary moves to the piano.]

MARY: She locked me in a closet.

LIZZY: She-?

MARY: Lydia. When she ran off with Wickham. I was there at least an hour. But I am recovering nicely.

*[Pause.]*

What? I am not sad Lydia has gone! She's always running off and leaving me behind – like you. Like everyone; I am never wanted in your games, am I?

*[She coughs and flounces down at the piano.]*

Besides – *[Assuming her Academic voice]* shocking as the event is, we may draw from it a useful lesson about PERFECTION.

LIZZY: Perfection?

MARY: Purity. Flawlessness. An ideal that we must fulfill. For one false step condemns a person – a female person – to ruin; one slip pollutes her forever. We also learn from poor stupid Lydia that loss of virtue is irretrievable; that reputation is no less brittle than it is beautiful; and that a lady can never be too irreproachable in her behaviour.

## ACTOR 7

### CHARLOTTE LUCAS:

[When she reveals her sudden and surprising engagement to Mr Collins.]

LIZZY: Charlotte, bless you. Have you rid yourself of Mr Collins?

CL: Not precisely. He has gone to Lucas Lodge – to ask consent from my father.

*[Pause as they all absorb that.]*

LIZZY: You don't mean to say – he has made another offer on the course of a walk?

CL: You refused him rather absolutely. He did come to select a wife. And I was... there.

LIZZY: You scarcely know him, Charlotte!

CL: A dance or two, a little conversation. We've been thrown together a bit, and that is all most couples have.

LIZZY: Mr Collins.

CL: Nobody is asking Lizzy! My parents have no money, I shall have no dowry, and I'm not – well, you and I, we're not exactly Janes, are we? The clock is ticking. Marriage is a serious matter and ought to be considered rationally. With Mr Collins, I shall have –

LIZZY: This. All of this.

CL: There doesn't need to be an awkwardness between us, does there? We will soon laugh at this, as we do at everything else!

### MR BENNET:

[His response to Mrs Bennet's hysteria around single men in town for the Season.]

MRS B: DO NOT BLAME YOUR father girls, when he DROPS DEAD –

MR B: I say –

MRS B: - before providing for your futures! For as you know this estate is entailed away from us after he dies...

MR B: Do not resolve on penury and death quite yet, my dear. *[He retrieves his paper.]* Live just long enough for me to introduce you to Mr Bingley. I met the gentleman yesterday.

LYDIA: Is he handsome? Is he a scholar?

MR B: I testify to nothing but that he has two eyes, one mouth – presumably two of everything that ought to be in pairs and one of everything single –

MRS B: Oooh-

MR B: - that he brings in five thousand pounds a year, and that he will attend the Longs' ball on Tuesday.

MRS B: Five thousand a year!!! Oh, Mr Bennet! Dear Mr Bennet! How good you are – *[She attacks and kisses him.]*

MR B: No No! I hope I have bought a moment's peace. Now Mary, cough as much as you choose. *[He clutches his paper and exits.]*

## ACTOR 8

### MRS BENNET:

[Opening scene. Mrs Bennet pops in ringing a bell.]

MRS B: MR BENNET! Mr Bennet. Mr Bennet! Come, sir! Come come come!

*[The Bennets' living room. Mr B is reading his paper. The girls are occupied.]*

Girls! Jane, Lizzy, Lydia – *[Little shock at seeing Mary.]* oh, God, Mary – Lydia! All of you, TRY to remain CALM-

*[She grabs the hands of Jane and Lizzy.]*

But NETHERFIELD PARK! IS LET AT LAST!

MR BENNET! *[She marches over to him and tugs him.]*

Out with you, up with you, gogogogo this moment, for it is lent to a MR BINGLEY, a fellow of LARGE INCOME! And Mr Bennet: HE! IS!...SINGLE!!!

*[No response.]*

What a CONQUEST for our daughters, if only you will call on him first – MR BENNET! I'm sure that he'll settle for *one* of them! But you must get there before horse-faced Charlotte Lucas!

JANE: Mamma! Charlotte is our friend.

MRS B: Well, your horse-faced *friend* Charlotte's MOTHER is a shameless fortune-hunter, Jane, and shall snap him up in a trice if you do not go gogoGO. And we NEVER SHALL be rid of them if you will not visit even one VERY PROMISING gentleman who has practically fallen INTO OUR LAPS – *[She pulls at Mr Bennet. Mary coughs.]* Stop that, Mary, you'll tear my nerves to pieces!

### SERVANTS:

SERVANT: Miss Elizabeth Bennet!