**EVERYMAN THEATRE CARDIFF**

**UNDER MILK WOOD AUDITION PACK**

**DIRECTED BY MARILYN LE CONTE**

The play will be performed in the Seligman Theatre, Chapter in the week commencing Monday July 7th. Please note that there will be seven performances in all, including a matinee on Saturday July 12th.

This production will be presented as a “**Play for Voices**” (as per Dylan Thomas’ description) and staged as a broadcast from the BBC radio studio in Cardiff in July 1955. Under Milk Wood was commissioned for the BBC Third Programme and was first broadcast in January 1954 with Richard Burton as First Voice. This production is presented as a celebration of the centenary of Richard Burton’s birth in 1925.

Auditions are open, but anyone cast will be required to join Everyman Theatre. Prior to confirmed casting – not prior to auditioning.

**Rehearsals**

It is anticipated that rehearsal days will Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays. The schedule will be decided upon post casting. It is essential that all unavailability in April, May and June are fully and openly disclosed, so that reasonable non availability (e.g. pre booked holidays) can be accommodated.

**The Play**

Under Milk Wood perhaps requires little introduction. First performed in New York in 1953 with Dylan Thomas himself reading First Voice in advance of the Third Programme Broadcast, by which time sadly Dylan Thomas was no more. In this production the actors will be playing contemporary radio actors performing live on air.

However levels of visual performance will be added to entertain the “live radio audience” present in the “radio studio”, as the actors, unseen by those listening on their wirelesses, immerse themselves in the characters. The cast will therefore be reading from radio scripts. That is mandatory. No “off script performing” permitted, unless specifically directed. Whilst the script may become learnt in rehearsal, it is artistically essential that the script is being read, even if known, and of course, that is the convention, and insisted on, in professional radio acting. Consequently the script is not to be intentionally learnt.

This production is being directed by Marilyn Le Conte, a highly experienced radio actor, teacher and director who will help and support all the actors to bring their best audio selves to the production. This will give cast members the opportunity, as was the case in the Festival, to be directed by a professional.

**The Cast**

The cast will be 14 in total, 7 men and 7 women. The production is for an adult cast with the children of Llareggub played by the adults. Age of the cast actors is immaterial. Auditions will be by individual and group reading. So don’t learn anything! To access the script that we will be using (subject to only one minor amendment) go to <https://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks06/0608221h.html> Performance scripts will be provided.

**AUDITIONS**

|  |
| --- |
| **Before auditioning, please take a moment to consider the necessary level of commitment.**  **Although the rehearsal process takes place over a number of weeks, consistent and punctual attendance will be essential when you are called.**  **A high level of unavailability (except where agreed in advance re disclosed unavailability), persistent lateness and/or no-show will regrettably result in your being asked to leave the production.** |

**AUDITION DETAILS**

What are needed are different characterisations for each character being read as (for example) Mrs Ogmore-Pritchard is a very different character than Polly Garter. **Both Polly Garter and Mr Waldo have to sing unaccompanied**. **If you would like to be considered for Polly Garter or for Mr Waldo, please familiarise yourself with their songs, both of which can be found via a Google search**

For the auditions, please familiarise yourself two of the relevant audition pieces for your gender below to show a contrast in vocal characterisation. What is needed, and what is being looked for, is ownership of the characters rather than inherently comedic performances. So please come prepared to perform your chosen pieces as readings. No learning allowed! There may also be group readings subsequently if recalls are required.

**COSTUMING**

The plan and style of the show is for it to be token costumed, and will all be explained at the club night. So try and make it! No worries if you can’t, it can be explained to you later.

**AUDITION DATES**

**THURSDAY APRIL 3rd 7pm to 9.30pm**

**SATURDAY APRIL 5th 10am to 1pm**

**2pm to 5pm**

**SUNDAY APRIL 6th 10am to 1pm**

**2pm to 5pm**

**RECALLS: TUESDAY APRIL 8th 7pm to 9pm**

**N.B. Some may be cast without the need for a recall, so not being recalled does not mean “not cast”. To request an audition slot please email** [**peterhardingroberts@gmail.com**](mailto:peterhardingroberts@gmail.com) **or text 07813 798804.**

Below are groupings we will be working from initially, but they may adjust them once everybody has been heard, if there’s a better mix. We appreciate that not everyone is naturally Welsh or even from this corner of South Wales or further west, or even north! Please use an accent if you can and if you wish but otherwise use your own voice, and concentrate on the character, speaking style and agenda. Make them believable. Where necessary, accents can be attended to later.

**MALE 1**

First Voice or Second Voice

**MALE 2**

Second Drowned

Preacher

The Reverend Eli Jenkins

Ocky Milkman

# MALE 3

Fourth Drowned

Mr Pritchard

Willy Nilly Postman

Cherry Owen

A Voice

Old Man

Fisherman

Dai Bread

**MALE 4**

Captain Cat

# MALE 5

Fifth Drowned

Mr Waldo

Little Waldo

Voice of Guidebook

Jack Black

Lord Cut Glass

Utah Watkins

# MALE 6

First Drowned

Mr Mog Edwards

Mr Ogmore

Butcher Beynon

A Drinker

# MALE 7

Evans the Third Drowned

Nogood Boyo

Death PC Attila Rees

Mr Pugh

Organ Morgan

Sinbad Sailors

**FEMALE 1**

First Voice or Second Voice

# FEMALE 2

Rosie Probert

Gossamer Beynon

Mrs Pugh

Mrs Waldo

# FEMALE 3

Fourth Neighbour

Fourth Woman

Mrs Dai Bread 2

Mrs Willy Nilly

Mrs Cherry Owen

Mrs Utah Watkins

Children

Mother

# FEMALE 4

First Neighbour

First Woman

Bessie Bighead

Mrs Butcher Beynon

Children

Mae Rose Cottage

Child

# FEMALE 5

Fifth Woman

Myfanwy Price

Mrs Ogmore-Pritchard

Lily Smalls

Little Girl

Children

# FEMALE 6

Third Neighbour

Third Woman

Mary Anne Sailors

Mrs Dai Bread One

Mrs Organ Morgan

Children

Another Mother

# FEMALE 7

Second Neighbour

Second Woman

Polly Garter

Everyman Theatre Cardiff

**UNDER MILK WOOD**

Name…………………………………………………………………………………………………….

Address………………………………………………………………………………………………….

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………

Postcode………………………………… email address…………………………………………….

Tel.no [home]………………………………………............ [work/mobile]………………………….

Please state **any and all commitments** [family/work/holidays/other shows *etc*] that ***may*** conflict with the rehearsal period. At this stage please just indicate main periods of unavailability between now and the end of June 2025)

PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE (brief summary)

Are you already a member of Everyman Theatre? Yes / No

**PLEASE NOTE – everyone cast must become an Everyman member. Everyman membership is currently £40 a year for adults.**

**PLEASE DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS LINE**

NOTES:

Not cast/recalled/cast as…………………………………................…………………………………….. written acceptance rec’d **yes/no**

**AUDITION PIECES**

**FIRST VOICE (softly)**

To begin at the beginning:

It is spring, moonless night in the small town, starless

and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched,

courters'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the

sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboatbobbing sea.

The houses are blind as moles (though moles see fine to-night

in the snouting, velvet dingles) or blind as Captain Cat

there in the muffled middle by the pump and the town clock,

the shops in mourning, the Welfare Hall in widows' weeds.

And all the people of the lulled and dumbfound town are

sleeping now.

Hush, the babies are sleeping, the farmers, the fishers,

the tradesmen and pensioners, cobbler, schoolteacher,

postman and publican, the undertaker and the fancy woman,

drunkard, dressmaker, preacher, policeman, the webfoot

cocklewomen and the tidy wives. Young girls lie bedded soft

or glide in their dreams, with rings and trousseaux,

bridesmaided by glowworms down the aisles of the

organplaying wood. The boys are dreaming wicked or of the

bucking ranches of the night and the jollyrodgered sea. And

the anthracite statues of the horses sleep in the fields,

and the cows in the byres, and the dogs in the wetnosed

yards; and the cats nap in the slant corners or lope sly,

streaking and needling, on the one cloud of the roofs.

**AUDITION PIECES FOR MEN**

**MOG EDWARDS (in love with Myfanwy Price)**

I am a draper mad with love. I love you more than all the

flannelette and calico, candlewick, dimity, crash and merino,

tussore, cretonne, crepon, muslin, poplin, ticking and twill

in the whole Cloth Hall of the world. I have come to take

you away to my Emporium on the hill, where the change hums

on wires. Throw away your little bedsocks and your Welsh

wool knitted jacket, I will warm the sheets like an electric

toaster, I will lie by your side like the Sunday roast.

I love you until Death do us part and then we shall be

together for ever and ever. A new parcel of ribbons has

come from Carmarthen to-day, all the colours in the

rainbow. I wish I could tie a ribbon in your hair a white

one but it cannot be. I dreamed last night you were all

dripping wet and you sat on my lap as the Reverend Jenkins

went down the street. I see you got a mermaid in your lap

he said and he lifted his hat. He is a proper Christian.

Not like Cherry Owen who said you should have thrown her

back he said. Business is very poorly. Polly Garter bought

two garters with roses but she never got stockings so what

is the use I say. Mr Waldo tried to sell me a woman's

nightie outsize he said he found it and we know where. I

sold a packet of pins to Sinbad Sailors to pick his

teeth. If this goes on I shall be in the workhouse. My

heart is in your bosom and yours is in mine. God be with

you always Myfanwy Price and keep you lovely for me in His

Heavenly Mansion. I must stop now and remain, Your Eternal,

Mog Edwards.

**REV. ELI JENKINS** (in love with his town – and words)

Dear Gwalia! I know there are

Towns lovelier than ours,

And fairer hills and loftier far,

And groves more full of flowers,

And boskier woods more blithe with spring

And bright with birds' adorning,

And sweeter bards than I to sing

Their praise this beauteous morning.

By Cader Idris, tempest-torn,

Or Moel yr Wyddfa's glory,

Carnedd Llewelyn beauty born,

Plinlimmon old in story,

By mountains where King Arthur dreams,

By Penmaenmawr defiant,

Llaregyb Hill a molehill seems,

A pygmy to a giant.

By Sawdde, Senny, Dovey, Dee,

Edw, Eden, Aled, all,

Taff and Towy broad and free,

Llyfnant with its waterfall,

Claerwen, Cleddau, Dulais, Daw,

Ely, Gwili, Ogwr, Nedd,

Small is our River Dewi, Lord,

A baby on a rushy bed.

By Carreg Cennen, King of time,

Our Heron Head is only

A bit of stone with seaweed spread

Where gulls come to be lonely.

A tiny dingle is Milk Wood

By Golden Grove 'neath Grongar,

But let me choose and oh! I should

Love all my life and longer

To stroll among our trees and stray

In Goosegog Lane, on Donkey Down,

And hear the Dewi sing all day,

And never, never leave the town.

**CAPTAIN CAT** (spoken to Rosie Probert) (Blind retired sea captain and lover)

I'll tell you the truth.

Seas barking like

seals, Blue seas and green,

Seas covered with eels

And mermen and whales.

As true as I'm here

Dear you Tom Cat's tart

You landlubber Rosie

You cosy love

My easy as easy

My true sweetheart,

Seas green as a bean

Seas gliding with swans

In the seal-barking moon.

I'll tell you no lies.

The only sea I saw

Was the seesaw sea

With you riding on it.

Lie down, lie easy.

Let me shipwreck in your thighs.

**AUDITION PIECES FOR WOMEN**

**MARY ANN SAILORS** (Sinbad Sailor’s grandmother). She dreams of -

The Garden of Eden…..away from the cool scrubbed cobbled kitchen with the

Sunday-school pictures on the whitewashed wall and the

farmers' almanac hung above the settle and the sides of

bacon on the ceiling hooks, and goes down the cockleshelled

paths of that applepie kitchen garden, ducking under the

gippo's clothespegs, catching her apron on the blackcurrant

bushes, past beanrows and onion-bed and tomatoes ripening

on the wall towards the old man playing the harmonium in

the orchard, and sits down on the grass at his side and

shells the green peas that grow up through the lap of her

frock that brushes the dew.

**LILY SMALLS** (Mrs Butcher Beynon’s young maid)

Oh there's a face!

Where you get that hair from?

Got it from a old tom cat.

Give it back then, love.

Oh there's a perm!

Where you get that nose from, Lily?

Got it from my father, silly.

You've got it on upside down!

Oh there's a conk!

Look at your complexion!

Oh no, you look.

Needs a bit of make-up.

Needs a veil.

Oh there's glamour!

Where you get that smile,

Lil? Never you mind, girl.

Nobody loves you.

That's what you think.

Who is it loves you?

Shan't tell.

Come on, Lily.

Cross your heart then?

Cross my heart.

**POLLY GARTER** (who has lots of babies)

**Speaking:**

Me, Polly Garter, under the washing line, giving the breast

in the garden to my bonny new baby. Nothing grows in our

garden, only washing. And babies. And where's their fathers

live, my love? Over the hills and far away. You're looking

up at me now. I know what you're thinking, you poor little

milky creature. You're thinking, you're no better than you

should be, Polly, and that's good enough for me. Oh, isn't

life a terrible thing, thank God?

**Singing** (link to sing on YouTube- <https://youtu.be/ZtQFEmPJ6Uk>)

I loved a man whose name was Tom

He was strong as a bear and two yards long

I loved a man whose name was Dick

He was big as a barrel and three feet thick

And I loved a man whose name was Harry

Six feet tall and sweet as a cherry

But the one I loved best awake or asleep

Was little Willy Wee and he's six feet deep.

O Tom Dick and Harry were three fine men

And I'll never have such loving again

But little Willy Wee who took me on his knee

Little Willy Wee was the man for me.

Now men from every parish round

Run after me and roll me on the ground

But whenever I love another man back

Johnnie from the Hill or Sailing Jack

I always think as they do what they please

Of Tom Dick and Harry who were tall as trees

And most I think when I'm by their side

Of little Willy Wee who downed and died.

O Tom Dick and Harry were three fine men

And I'll never have such loving again

But little Willy Wee who took me on his knee

Little Willy Weazel was the man for me.

**ROSIE PROBERT** (Speaking softly – to Captain Cat. She is his long dead lover – and lover of many a sailor.)

What seas did you see,

Tom Cat, Tom Cat,

In your sailoring days

Long long ago?

What sea beasts were

In the wavery green

When you were my master?

What seas did you sail

Old whaler when

On the blubbery waves

Between Frisco and Wales

You were my bosun?

What seas were rocking

My little deck hand

My favourite husband

In your seaboots and hunger

My duck my whaler

My honey my daddy

My pretty sugar sailor.

With my name on your belly

When you were a boy

Long long ago?

Knock twice, Jack,

At the door of my grave

And ask for Rosie.

Remember her.

She is forgetting.

The earth which filled her mouth

Is vanishing from her.

Remember me.

I have forgotten you.

I am going into the darkness of the darkness for ever.

I have forgotten that I was ever born.