

AUDITION PACKET

**THE THEATRE DEPARTMENT IS
SEEKING SCSU STUDENTS OF
ALL MAJORS FOR ITS UPCOMING
PRODUCTION**

A SKIN OF VEILS

BY EMMA JOY HILL

DIRECTED BY

GRACY BROWN

**No experience necessary. We'd
love to have you join the team.**

A SKIN OF VEILS

Presented by The Southern Connecticut State University
Department of Theatre and The Crescent Players

This packet contains information about the SCSU/Crescent Player's upcoming production of *A Skin of Veils*. There are many different ways to be involved in this production whether it is auditioning for an onstage role, assisting one of several design teams, or joining the production crew. If you are excited by the information here and would like to be involved, please email Gracy at Keirsteadg3@southernct.edu. Or, just show up at our auditions! We are very excited to share this story, and hope that you will join us on this incredible adventure. –Gracy Brown

Important Dates!

Auditions: Oct 13th & 14th at 7pm in the Kendall Drama Lab

Call Backs: Oct 15th at 7pm

Rehearsals: Rehearsals will begin Monday Oct 20th at 7pm

Performances: The play will be performed in the Kendall E. Drama Lab Nov. 20th-22nd with Mandatory Strike on Nov. 23rd at 10am

CONTACT INFO

Director: Gracy Brown Keirsteadg3@southernct.edu

Theatre Department Chair: Mike Skinner skinnerm2@southernct.edu

Production Manager: Nicole Bouclier Plummer Plummern1@southernct.edu

A Skin of Veils

Synopsis

War-time. Miriam, a glorified young woman betrothed to an old rebel and in love with a neighboring woman, faces trouble as a pack of soldiers wreaks havoc on the town, consuming women as they cross their paths. While learning the necessities of evil and the chaos of sexuality, Miriam comes to a crossroads of conception and identity. A ravishing by one hand and a kindness by another, who's to tell which cycles fester within us?

Here is a link to reading the whole play:

<https://acrobat.adobe.com/id/urn:aaid:sc:VA6C2:53e750c6-4b80-4b9d-badb-61449bcda6c1>

Here is a QR code for the script:

ACTING ONSTAGE

Auditions for *A Skin of Veils* will be held October 13th and 14th, with call backs on the 15th at the Kendall Drama Lab starting at 7pm. Those interested should add their name to the sign-up sheet outside the Drama Lab on callboard.

Choose one or more characters and scenes to perform at auditions. **You don't need to be memorized.** Note: The Soldiers will depict war, pillaging and more through movement work.

Characters:

- Miriam (Female Presenting) — young, the “ideal woman”, underneath passion-heart, guts & blood that hits the surface a beautiful voice
- Neighbor (Female Presenting)— young, a woman, a poet most likely, strong and dirty and lovely hands
- Joe (Male Presenting) — old, a gentleman, a scholar, a rebel
- Father (Female Presenting) — frightened but tries to hide it, jaw always clenched
- Mother (Female Presenting)— she's rigid and silk
- Panther (Male Presenting) — the head soldier, biggest baddest of the bunch, a bull full of hate and hurt
- Wounded Soldier (Male Presenting)— a man caught in a cycle, we try not to feel pity for him
- Liz (Female Presenting) — a city of a woman, full of life, antiquity, talks fast.
- Woman (Female Presenting)
- Soldiers

*Mother and Father are played by the same actor. Slight differentiation between their appearance. The actor must identify as a woman.

*The Soldiers as an ensemble can be puppets, objects, weapons, shadows, voices in the dark.

*Liz and Woman are played by the same actor.

AUDITION SIDES

Miriam Monologue

Today I realized. Something was lifted in me. He lifted the fabric from my eyes and the crowd all cheered for the girl they watched. They watched my entire life. Wanted this for me, my entire life. And I watched and I looked for you and you weren't there. And something lifted in me then. And then I saw you and I watched you as we watched the woman in the same city square. And something lifted in me then. Living amongst soldiers and rebellion, how can we not lift the fabric from our eyes and look a bit more closely at the world? And when I look at this world more closely. When I sit with fear and love and all that horridness in between. How can I not look for you? Look for you and see you throwing stones at stick houses and small men and all that horridness in between. How can I not pick up one myself?

Miriam/ Neighbor

Miriam: Don't touch me.

Neighbor: Are you -

Miriam: I said don't.

Neighbor: Mary -

Miriam: Don't call me that.

Neighbor: You used to like -

Miriam: It's not my name.

Neighbor: Let me be with you a moment.

Miriam: Not this moment. Please.

Neighbor: Just a moment. To get the water.

Miriam: Neighbor.

Neighbor: Mary.

Miriam: Please.

Neighbor: What? What?

Miriam: You have just come from work. Have you not?

Neighbor: And I have worked up a sweat.

Miriam: You can't touch me here.

Neighbor: Where? Here?

Miriam: Neighbor.

Neighbor: Mary.

Miriam: Please.

Neighbor: Helping. I'm helping.

Miriam: Perhaps you should go inside and rest.

Neighbor: Could use something to quench my thirst.

Miriam: Neighbor, you are in my way.

Neighbor: I'll always be in your way, Mary. My oath to you.

Miriam: And are you aware I have already made an oath to someone else?

Neighbor: No.

Panther/Miriam/Neighbor

Panther: Pretty girl like you. Out so late. Out so much. Aren't women supposed to stay inside for safety's sake? Aren't young girls supposed to find husbands to fix them in for the night? A pretty girl like you, we meet again. Same day. Different conditions. Tell me, did you ever fill your bucket?

(The Neighbor takes a stone.

Throws it. Misses.)

Panther: Your friend has terrible aim.

Miriam: I have a husband.

Panther: Is that so? Who might he be?

Miriam: A rich man. A powerful man.

Panther: Ah. As all men are.

Miriam: Not all.

(The Neighbor rushes over to her.)

Panther: And who might you be?

Miriam: Don't.

Neighbor: Miriam.

Panther: Ah. It is you then.

Miriam: That isn't her name.

Panther: You're the girl they speak of.

Neighbor: I suppose so.

Panther: I should say so. The woman of purity, duty, et cetera et cetera et cetera.

Miriam: I have a husband. He will be here any moment.

Panther: Let's wait for him, shall we? Miriam, what do you say? Your husband is quite notorious in these parts, is he not?

Neighbor: Eh. He's not as impressive as you might think.

Miriam: Don't.

Panther: You don't say? Why's that?

Neighbor: Oh, you know men like him.

Panther: I do actually. They don't take a liking to our protection of you all here.

Miriam: You've mistaken my friend here with someone else.

Panther: No. I've heard the name. There was the ceremony today. Congratulations are in order.

Neighbor: Hardly anything to celebrate.

Miriam: Stop. Please.

Panther: You must know who I am.

Neighbor: You're just a soldier.

Panther: I am more than just a soldier. I am a known soldier. They call me Panther. Do you know why?

Neighbor: That's a silly name, no?

Miriam: Don't.

Neighbor: Trust me.

Panther: It's not silly, it's heavy. Weighted with a sense of nobility and respect.

Neighbor: If you say so.

Panther: You don't know who I am. You didn't see me today, did you?

Neighbor: I saw you.

Panther: She saw me.

Neighbor: I saw her.

Panther: I saw your bucket.

Neighbor: I saw your bucket.

Panther: I don't have a bucket.

Neighbor: I'll give you a bucket.

Panther: It was empty, ready to be filled.

Neighbor: Oh don't worry. I filled it for her. I'm a good friend that way.

Panther: I know women who are friends. I've taken them. Together even.

Neighbor: That could be interesting. Though we are married. Between you and me, I could be convinced.

Panther: Tell her what you saw today. The woman you saw today. What I did?

Neighbor: Don't bring her into this. Bring me into this. Parther.

Panther: Panther.

Neighbor: Oh Pantter?

Panther: Panther.

Father/Miriam

Father: You're a little late with that.

Miriam: Yes. There was a delay.

Father: And what could that possibly be?

Miriam: The soldiers.

Father: Soldiers?

Miriam: Yes.

Father: Again?

Miriam: Again.

Father: Have you told Joe?

Miriam: Told him what? Told him when? In time, they'll clear.

Father: Was anyone hurt?

Miriam: People are hurt every day.

Father: Were you?

Miriam: Not by them.

Father: Miriam.

Miriam: Father, a woman died today.

Father: Who?

Panther Monologue

When I was a young boy had a father with callouses for hands. When he held me in the night, he'd scrape my skin and dust would fall off me. He was a soldier like I am a soldier. He carried tokens of his battles. Heads, toes, ligaments. He presented them to me in my crib as some sort of offering for a king. I got older, as boys always do before they become men, and with my age came questions. I said, Father, there's a woman's heart in your hand still beating, what use could it be to us? He laughed at me. I answered it myself many years later. A woman's heart holds a city, a town, a world inside it. Oh what men will do for them. Oh what men will do when they realize a woman's heart is a pin cushion.

Joe/Mother

Joe: You have a lovely daughter.

Mother: Thank you.

Joe: You must be proud.

Mother: I've never had any problems with Miriam. Some mothers have feisty daughters. The kind that bite their knuckles at you, but Miriam, Miriam has always kept her head down. Keeps to herself. Quiet.

Joe: I've heard her sing.

Mother: Oh, Miriam doesn't sing.

Joe: She doesn't?

Mother: She mustn't.

Joe: I must be mistaken then.

Mother: All a mother can ask of her daughter is to be a shadow. All you can wish for her is to have the strength to blend into the walls, to melt into the floor. It's important, especially now to remain still. I have tried to teach her that, please don't undo the work I've done.

Joe: And are you a shadow, lady?

Mother: I have tried to be. Oh, how I have tried to be.

Joe: And behaving that way, it brought you peace?

Mother: Inside, yes. I have no control over what goes on out there.

Joe: It's a troublesome state we're in.

Mother: It certainly is.

Panther/Wounded Soldier

Panther: A woman's heart holds a city, a town, a world inside it. Oh what men will do for them. Oh what men will do when they realize a woman's heart is a pin cushion.

Wounded Soldier: Where we store our swords.

Panther: That's right. You didn't have a father, did you soldier?

Wounded Soldier: No sir, died on the battlefield.

Panther: I can tell, you have a sort of innocence. Don't worry, in time it'll fade. You looked away today.

Wounded Soldier: Pardon, sir.

Panther: You're new at the ravaging.

Wounded Soldier: Been a soldier since I can remember.

Panther: I mean the ravishing.

Wounded Soldier: I see.

Panther: Part of the trade. No sparing. Hard lesson to be learned, but as all things, it must.

Wounded Soldier: Yes, sir.

Panther: But, you looked away. How you could turn your face from something so tempting, I don't know.

Wounded Soldier: Oh. Well. I had to sneeze, sir. Didn't want to disrupt your process.

Panther: Well, bless you.

Wounded Soldier: Thank you, sir.

Panther: You like women, don't you?

Wounded Soldier: Of course.

Panther: Their skin can fold it in your hands. Fold it into something new. Reconfigure. Disfigure. What I love about their shape is how it gives and gives. They do their best to conceal, but they're as translucent as can be. They always give way. You can hear it. They'll always let out a mew.

Woman Monologue

You see me now as a dream. And I am one. What's happened to you. I see it. You see it too. What grows inside you. I can see it on your face. Your pain. Your glow. That's what some people call it. I'm telling you something. Important, Mary. I can see it, what grows inside you. A man has planted and a man will grow. That's how they do it. They populate the world in cycles. So they'll be with you. They'll always be. You see me now as a dream. And I am one. You don't have to treat me as such.

Liz Monologue 1

And yet I ran and ran, women were looking at me and then looking away and then running themselves in the other direction for they feared something was chasing me and they would avoid it at all costs. Oh. There's a seed. I hate seeds. Anyways, there I am running for no reason in the dirt. When I came to an olive tree. The one by your house, I think. And suddenly I was halted in my tracks. And I began to realize what was missing, what felt so wrong. I was stunted. You know? Really stunted. But, I began to grow.

Liz Monologue 2

What I'm trying to say, Miriam. What I'm trying to show you, is that you don't have to be this way or that. My entire life I have lived before a mirror. One set before me that I had to come to terms with. Or rather, that others had to come to terms with. I tried so hard to break the mirror, to feel its shattered blades in my hands. But, it's no use. You see, we will never look the way they intend us to.

Woman/Miriam

Woman: Oh, oh. oh. I'm sorry.

Miriam: Sorry. Sorry.

Woman: Me too.

Miriam: Me too.

Woman: Have I hurt you?

Miriam: No, yes, no. In my gut.

Woman: Could be fear.

Miriam: I don't have any of that anymore.

Woman: We all do.

Miriam: Or don't.

Woman: Yes or.

Miriam: Or once the bad has happened.

Woman: As it has happened.

Miriam: Yes it has happened.

Woman: It has yes.

Miriam: Yes.

Woman: There's always worse. I know, I know.

Miriam: How could -

Woman: And it did -

Miriam: And I -

Woman: Oh. Oh.

Miriam: Oh.

Woman: There are wounds, I know.

Miriam: Beyond what I can see.

Woman: Or I. Let me help you.

Miriam: I wanted to help you.

Woman: It's okay.

Miriam: It isn't. I wanted to.

Woman: What were you to do?

Miriam: I don't know. More.

Woman: It's no use.

Miriam: I wanted to help.

Woman: We all want to help.

Miriam: I wanted to, but -

Woman: But, we don't.

Miriam: But, I wanted to.

Woman: Then why didn't you?

Miriam: What?

Woman: If you wanted to, you could have.

Miriam: I couldn't.

A Skin of Veils: Working Backstage

I am incredibly excited to direct this production. If you don't want to act, but want to be involved, we invite you to consider one of these backstage production team jobs. **NO EXPERIENCE is necessary!** Anyone with an interest in the production will be trained and properly prepared.

Those interested in participating can email me, Gracy Brown Keirsteadg3@southernct.edu or the Theatre Department Chairperson, Mike Skinner skinnerm2@southernct.edu.

Here are some of the ways you can be involved:

Stage Manager: The SM is present at all rehearsals & performances and works in tandem with the director to create schedules, keep a record of staging/blocking, make a record of sound and light cues, and communicate with sound and light board operators during performances. The stage manager will also coordinate with any assistant stage managers or deck crews working backstage. This position is filled but, we will need 2 Assistant Stage Managers for this production.

Dramaturg: The Dramaturg is part detective, part historian, and in a play based on a classic, absolutely invaluable. The Dramaturg typically creates and distributes an information packet that contains historical context for the play, facts about the real people on whom the characters are based, information about other significant things happening in history during the time period, and production history of the play.

Lighting/Set/Sound/Costume Teams: There are several jobs available within each team depending on your skill set, availability, and interest.

Lights: We will need people to help hang the lights from the grid in the theatre as well as someone to operate the lightboard.

Set: The team will need people to build, transport, paint, and strike the set. We will likely need people to work backstage during the production to help change sets, move furniture, etc.

Sound: The sound team will operate the sound board and add music and sound effects to the production. The sound team may also arrange speakers and other equipment to best suit the show.

Costumes: The costume team is always looking for people who can help with sewing, pulling costumes from stock, shopping for materials, preparing dressing rooms, etc. This team will also likely be looking to have some folks to help actors with make-up and changing costumes quickly.

It is important to the Southern Theatre Department that all of our productions be diverse and inclusive. I hope you will consider joining the *A Skin of Veils* team and help our students and the surrounding community come together and engage with one another.