

SIDES FOR HEAD OVER HEELS AUDITIONS

Scene 8 pp. 43-44

PAMELA (Oldest daughter of the King, very self-involved, she reads a poem she has written about herself where she has a hard time confessing her truest feelings of her perfect suiter)

Indeed. The Artist now descends
To this, your Drab and common plane.
Now hearken as I recite my cycle unto thee.
Oh. A "cycle" is a poet's term. So....

Tis called:
"The Ideal Suitor for Sweet Pamela."
This verse is first, and almost finishèd:

"If you have one, I'll smile on thee,
For two I'll fall to bits.
Yet ONE won't win my ardency –
I need a PAIR of –"
Of "Mitts." No. "Wits?" No.

Why, verse is worse to write than read! Enough!
Forget that one; let's move on to the next:
"My beauty's known in many lands,
From India to China.
If you desire to take my hand
You must have a..."

I cannot find a proper word with which
To Rhyme! – Oh, I've
Gone dry.

Mopsa (Handmaiden)

Pp. 96

GYNECIA (The Queen. Very powerful, controlled and all knowing. As she takes over the crown from her husband, she empowers the people of Arcadia with a heartfelt speech)

“No true paradise in place
remains forever” spake the Oracle.
We must craft a beat anew from our hearts
Within, and let a new Arcadia
Commence—one more tolerant and generous.
Let us pray that the heavens will steer us
From suffering and injustice, and guide
Us to our better, nay, to our best selves.
I shall now, hand to heart, begin.

Pp. 57-58

PHILOCLEA (Youngest daughter of the King. Sweet, lovely and kind. [Think Juliette.] She is speaking of her young love who she misses with her whole heart and of course she is speaking to him in a disguise)

Ay. ‘Twas one so true of heart and ardor
At night while sleep eludes me, I reflect
On him, my heavy head at rest upon
A pillow wet with tears. His ardency
Was made a laughingstock that I could not
Prevent. ‘

Tis odd how our short time together feels
To me like a kinship of many years.
I'm grateful for thy kindness, Cleophila.
For—given Pamela's uneven mood
Of late—thou art more sister than my sister.

Pp. 17

PYTHIO (The oracle. All knowing, loves being in charge in a mystical way. She or He or They gives the King a prophesy of what will happen to him and his family in a very dramatic and fun and over the top fashion.)

Hark! Thy younger daughter brings a liar to bed:
He thou shalt forbid; she he'll then assume!
Thy elder daughter shall consent to wed;
She'll consummate her love -- but with no groom!
Thou with thy wife adult'ry shall commit.

This fourth and last prophecy is crucial:
You will meet and make way for a better King.
And when each of my Prophecies proves true
A silken flag shall flutter to the ground.
On four of a kind you forfeit your beat;
Just one prevent, and Pythio you'll cheat.

Scene 6 pp. 36

MUSIDORUS (a sweet and simple Shepard boy, he has set out to follow his love Philoclea and finds himself alone in the forest with no supplies)

In the distance they do make encampment.
My tracking Philoclea proves ill-planned.

(He discovers a large pile of rubbish covered by a sheet.)

But hey, what's that there? Yon rubbish pile might
Prove treasure for a trav'ler unequipp'd.

(He lifts a blanket, revealing two skeletons. He screams.)

Unlucky pair, will you become a trio
Ere long? When dead I shall not put you out
By eating much. But look – I do espy
A note within one clutched and bony hand.

(He takes the note and reads.)

“O traveler, behold and now applaud:
These sad remains are of our theater troupe,
Starved for lack of Serious Message.”
O 'tis a cruel business, that, and glad
Am I that I did not that life pursue.

Pp. 56-57

MUSIDORUS AS CELOPHILA (Musidorus is now disguised as a female named Cleophila and has joined the group on their travel. She encounters Dametas who is keeping watch on the princess. Muisdoris uses his/her charm to get past.)

My teeny tiny feet do carry me
To bid a fond goodnight to Philoclea.

“Tis thy charge to guard the Princesses
From all “masculine”
Distraction. But a woman here you see,
She's harmless, soft – thoug fierce when she need be,
Though certainly she'd ne'er so be with thee.

Forsooth, I've only come to help

Philoclea with some maidenly chores—
O how mountainous grows the laundry pile!

Pp. 69

BASILIOUS (The King, he believes he is right in all his choices and refuses to believe the oracle/Pythio prophesy on the changes to his kingdom. He has great confidence in all things.)

Put it all together and what have you?
These two rags aren't worth a tinker's fart.
Comes it clear to me now that Pythio
Has the whole thing spitefully invented.
When we reach Bohemia I'll file suit
And send their bottom on a plate to Zeus
For reducing you to a worrywart
With their bogus sense of danger.
I bid Thee go—and take thy dark cloud with thee.

Pp. 32

DAMETAS (The right-hand man to the King. He is the father of Mopsa and had turned his back on his Wife who has now been gone for many years. He thinks of her fondly and the mistakes he has made in his past).

After I gave my hand to my sweet bride,
She put our Love through many trials and hoops
And set challenges to my dominion.
Too rash was I in turn, so too fast
From me she fled. I might have ended all
Had Mopsa, my child, not been given me.
From husband to father to widower,
And my emotions ever since detached.