

AUDITION SIDE 4—HEBE, CONSTANCE, ELIZA (AND RELATIVES CHORUS)

Choose a role that best appeals to you. Hebe, Constance, Eliza are solo-singing roles. Instructions—If auditioning for RELATIVES Chorus, you may read two different characters. Try to find two characters that don't conflict, emotionally.

SIR JOSEPH. Cousin Hebe, I shall return [*handing HEBE his hat*].

HEBE. [*Taking hat and reaching for JOS.*] Oh, cousin Joseph! Don't go.

SIR JOSEPH. Fear not, these are fine sailors, and shall not harm you.

[*SIR JOSEPH motions SAILORS away and exits with CAPTAIN; HEBE despondent, near crying*] [*SAILORS busy themselves*]

DEIRDRE. [*watching Sir J. exit*] Sailors? He thinks she's frightened of these sailors? [*Sailors react*]

CONSTANCE. [*Sweeping Hebe SL*] Sailors, indeed! Oh, you poor dear.

HEBE. [*beginning to cry*] Constance... I... Oh! Whatever shall I do?

ELIZA. [*reaching for hat*] Is this in your way? I'll take it off your hands.

HEBE. [*HEBE reaches to stop her, but is too late. Muttering a quietly*] No!

... *Some dialogue deleted* ... *Hebe gets back the hat.*

DEIRDRE. [*still looking off*] It is astounding! How could he believe you're afraid of sailors? [*crosses to REL.*] Does he not see the honest love you have for him?

HEBE. [*Caressing Sir J.'s hat*] Oh, Deirdre, he does not return my love. His eyes rest solely upon Josephine.

VICTORIA. He is very far-sighted. He's only seen her from a distance—at the Officer's Ball—and he never even spoke to her, excepting one official utterance!

ELIZA. And to think. We've spent all of our time with him, going from ship to ship, and I needn't remind you of the horrors of the ship's sway! Well, I don't think he's ever looked at any one of us.

REBECCA. If only he would open his eyes. Or, better yet. I wish we could cast some magic spell to make Josephine disappear!

PHOEBE. Perhaps we could persuade the Pirates of Penzance to kidnap her! [*REL. laugh.*]

HEBE. [*Wiping tears, beginning to laugh*] Now that is an idea.

... *Some dialogue deleted* ...

CONSTANCE. [*To HEBE*] When you find your love, he shall know it as certainly as do you.

DEIDRE. If he has any sense at all!

HEBE. Joseph has my heart. But... If he cannot love me in return, then I shall see to it that he finds the woman of his dreams. His happiness is what matters most. [*She starts to leave*]

VICTORIA: How noble!

KATHLEEN: How selfless!

ADELAIDE: How... Romantic! [*they sigh.*]

TABITHA. [*finally noticing HEBE's departure*] Where are you going?

HEBE. To help him!

RELATIVES. Help him?

HEBE. Yes! I shall see to it that he gets his Josephine.

AUDITION SIDE 5—ELIZA, CONSTANCE—FIRST AUDITION (JOSEPHINE-CALLBACKS)

Background: ELIZA and CONSTANCE are helping JOSEPHINE prepare to sneak off the ship to marry Ralph. The two are excited, and JOSEPHINE is pensive.

ELIZA. You must be so excited, dear Josephine. Are you ready?

CONSTANCE. Your bag is packed, but we must wait until the ship is still and silent.

JOS. I know. How long?

ELIZA. Only a few short hours now. And then you will be wedded to your dear sailor!

JOS. Thank you for your help, but now I would like some time alone.

CONST. Will you be alright?

JOS. Yes. Fine. I... will see you when it is time.

ELIZA. Yes, until then. [*ELIZA and CONSTANCE Turn to leave*]

CONST. You look lovely tonight.

JOS. Thank you -- both of you. All of you. For everything.

CONSTANCE. [*turning back*] Oh! I almost forgot! [*removes her brooch and presses it in JOSEPHINE'S hand*] Something borrowed! [*ELIZA and CONSTANCE exit*]

AUDITION SIDE 13—GENEVIEVE, DICK DEADEYE (& MORLEY)

GENEVIEVE. Where? Where is he?

MORLEY. Well, he's right there, but I wouldn't just...
[*SAILORS and RELATIVES move off, watching from without.*]

GENEVIEVE. [*Running up behind DICK.*] [*aside*] It is him! Oh, to be in his arms again. [*Taps him on shoulder*]

[*DICK swirls around, takes her in a headlock and puts a knife to her throat*]

GENEVIEVE. Oh my! This is unexpected! [*pushing away knife*]

DICK. Oh! [*releasing her*] Beg pardon, ma'am. But don't ever sneak up behind a sailor! [*Looking at her, realizing who she is. Whispers.*]. Gene... [*Turns to run.*]

GENEVIEVE. Richard Dempsey! How dare you run from me!

DICK. [*stopping, back turned to GENEVIEVE*] I don't know no Richard. The name's Deadeye. Dick Deadeye.

GENEVIEVE. Well, sir. I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. If you'd just turn this way so that I may make a proper apology. [*He continues out*] If you please! [*DICK turns toward her. She looks intently at him and recognizes him.*]

GENEVIEVE. [*Whispering*] Richard! It is you. I can see it in your eyes... Well, the one eye.

DICK. I didn't want you to see me like this.

GENEVIEVE. What... what happened to you?

DICK. What happened to me? You happened to me. You made me love you, then you abandoned me and left me to the wolves!

GENEVIEVE. I didn't...

DICK. I waited for you. Under the clocktower. Waited all night. And the next night. And the next. Until my ship sailed. Every time we got back in port, I looked for you, but you never came.

GENEVIEVE. I tried. I tried so very hard! But Papa found out. The servants held watch over me day and night. Didn't you get my letters?

DICK. There were no letters. No news. Nothing. Nothing for years. [*wresting with staying or going*] Get out of my sight. Or, what's left of it.

GENEVIEVE. But we've found each other now. We can start again. Where we left off.

DICK. [*reaching for her, hopefully whispering*] Genevieve. [*changing his mind*] Oh! Look at me. Look at me! I'm not the man I was. If you took me now, it would only be out of pity! No. It's best that we part ways now.

[*DICK exits. GENEVIEVE follows, running after him*]

GEN. Wait! I still make the best blueberry tart this side of Cornwall!

AUDITION SIDE 7—CAPTAIN, HEBE, SIR JOSEPH

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter.

HEBE. Yes, we are much disappointed with your daughter. We don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph?

HEBE. No, I'm afraid not.

SIR JOSEPH. I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance; but hitherto without success.

HEBE. I endorsed all Sir Joseph's remarks, and added some of my own, but, so far, ineffectually.

SIR JOSEPH. Cousin Hebe, your interference was well meant, but I do not think you materially assisted my cause.

HEBE. You do not?

SIR JOSEPH. I do not.

HEBE. Oh.

CAPT. Really Sir Joseph, I can scarcely account for it. Josephine is, of course, sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

HEBE. Yes. Naturally.

SIR JOSEPH. Don't.

HEBE. Oh!

CAPT. It may be that your exalted rank dazzles her.

HEBE. That may be so.

SIR JOSEPH. You think it does?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

AUDITION SIDE 8—JOSEPHINE, CAPTAIN

Background: Josephine has just told her father that she loves Ralph.

CAPT. A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOS. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! [*Weeps.*]

CAPT. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter—I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

JOS. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father, I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

**AUDITION SIDE 5—ELIZA, CONSTANCE FOR FIRST AUDITIONS
(JOSEPHINE FOR CALLBACKS ONLY—SAME SIDE ON P.2)**

Background: ELIZA and CONSTANCE are helping JOSEPHINE prepare to sneak off the ship to marry Ralph. The two are excited, and JOSEPHINE is pensive.

ELIZA. You must be so excited, dear Josephine. Are you ready?

CONSTANCE. Your bag is packed, but we must wait until the ship is still and silent.

JOSEPHINE. I know. How long?

ELIZA. Only a few short hours now. And then you will be wedded to your dear sailor!

JOS. Thank you for your help, but now I would like some time alone.

CONST. Will you be alright?

JOS. Yes. Fine. I... will see you when it is time.

ELIZA. Yes, until then. [*ELIZA and CONSTANCE Turn to leave*]

CONST. You look lovely tonight.

JOS. Thank you -- both of you. All of you. For everything.

CONSTANCE. [*turning back*] Oh! I almost forgot! [*removes her brooch and presses it in JOSEPHINE'S hand*] Something borrowed! [*ELIZA and CONSTANCE exit*]

AUDITION SIDE 3—SEE P. 8—JOSEPHINE AND RALPH (WITH CHORUS)

Background: Josephine has just spurned Ralph, and he plans to take his life.

The complete Audition Side is printed on page 8.

AUDITION SIDE 9—JOSEPHINE (SOPRANO), RALPH (TENOR),

JOS. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. [*Sees RALPH.*] Ralph Rackstraw! [*Overcome by emotion.*]

RALPH. Aye, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

JOS. [*aside*]. How my heart beats! [*Aloud*] And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady—rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences—thither by subjective emotions—wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope—plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

JOS. Perfectly. [*aside*] His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! [*Aloud*] Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH [*aside*] I will—one. [*Aloud*] Josephine!

JOS. [*Indignantly*]. Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

JOS. Sir, this audacity! [*aside*] Oh, my heart, my beating heart! [*Aloud*] This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! [*aside*] Common! oh, the irony of the word! [*Crossing, aloud.*] Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

AUDITION SIDE 10—JOSEPHINE, SIR JOSEPH

Background: Sir Joseph has told Josephine that it's alright to marry below one's social class.

JOS. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JOSEPH. I am officially of that opinion.

JOS. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

JOS. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I did hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

AUDITION SIDE 11—BUTTERCUP, BOATSWAIN, DICK

BOATSWAIN. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

BUT. Red, am I? and round—and rosy! Maybe, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thou thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOATSWAIN. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

[Enter DICK DEADEYE, pushing through sailors, and comes down]

DICK. I have thought it often. [All recoil from him.]

BUT. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOATSWAIN. Don't take no heed of him; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye?

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT. You are certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

ALL. We do!

DICK. There!

BOATSWAIN. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

DICK. No.

BOATSWAIN. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination It is human nature—I am resigned.

AUDITION SIDE 12—BUTTERCUP, CAPTAIN

BUT. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconsciousmoon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew—if he only knew!

CAPT. [coming down]. Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT. True, dear Captain—but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

BUT. Oh no—do not say “all”, dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are staunch to me. [Aside.] If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! [Aloud.] I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty—and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPT. Destinies?

BUT. There is a change in store for you!

CAPT. A change?

BUT. Aye—be prepared!

AUDITION SIDE 3—JOSEPHINE AND RALPH, WITH CHORUS

RALPH. My friends, my leave of life I'm taking. For oh, my heart is breaking. When I am gone, tell the maid that, as I died, I loved her well!

ALL. Of life, alas! his leave he's taking, For ah! his faithful heart is breaking; When he is gone we'll surely tell the maid that, as he died, he loved her well. [turning away, weeping]. [BOATSWAIN has loaded a pistol, which he hands to RALPH.]

RALPH. Be warned, my messmates all who love in rank above you—For Josephine I fall! [Puts pistol to his head. ALL stop their ears] [Enter JOSEPHINE]

JOS. Ah! stay your hand—I love you!

ALL. Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!

RALPH. [incredulously] Loves me?

JOS. Loves you!

ALL. Yes, yes—ah, yes,—she loves you!