

WITCH

An inventive retelling of a Jacobean drama, this sharp, subversive fable debates how much our souls are worth when hope is hard to come by.

Director Jakob White is looking to cast the following characters to join Jodi Edwards (Elizabeth) and Peter Cook (Sir Arthur) in this darkly comedic play:

Scratch	M	20s /early 30s. The devil.
Cuddy Banks	M	20s/ early 30s. Sir Arthur's son, painfully shy, a morris-dancer. He is secretly in love with Frank (and also in hate.)
Frank Thorney	M	20s/ early 30s. A confident and successful young man, charming and ruthless. His ambition knows no bounds.
Winnifred	F	20s/ early 30s. Sir Arthur's servant, resigned and pragmatic, secretly married to Frank.

NOTE: These characters can be played by actors of any ethnicity or gender.

[Audition sides below...]

CUDDY

Frank Thorney??

I hate Frank Thorney!

(this gets more intense as it goes)

My dad gave him a horse and now he goes everywhere by horseback! It's like, you have legs, can't you walk? It's like, you're going three feet, just fucking walk! But nope, there's Frank Thorney on his goddamn horse. And I'm like, Hi Frank, and he always just *looks* at me, he just *looks* at me, and then he keeps going. And I'm like, Bye Frank. I'm like, your dad is a farmer, Frank! I'm like, fuck you Frank! I'm like, someday I'm gonna punch you in your perfectly-straight teeth, someday I'm gonna be like Hi Frank and then I'm gonna hit you so hard you fall off that stupid fucking horse and I'm gonna keep hitting you and keep hitting you and keep hitting you until all those straight square teeth are bashed into your stupid beautiful face and I'm gonna say BYE FRANK BYE FRANK BYEEEEEE FRAAAAAANK!

(A beat. Cuddy is breathing really hard. He gets it together. He is ashamed, and also liberated. He looks at Scratch. Scratch's face is encouraging. A long beat.)

You can have my soul.

I want you to kill Frank.

SCRATCH

What if you say, “No”?

(A beat.)

You know, people ask me this sometimes. And my sort of standard – the answer I like to give – I mean, I can get dramatic, I can be like: *I tear you apart, I rip you limb from — you know? — I burn your entire —* like, I can do that, but honestly, the answer I like to give is: I leave. I just leave. And your entire life continues on, exactly as it was, zero change, as if I were never here. And one day, maybe next week or maybe ten years from now...or maybe on your death-bed... One day you ask yourself why is it that you have been so relentlessly miserable, why is it that you never ever, not even once, had the chance to make yourself less unhappy. And then at that moment, whenever it comes, you think of this. You think of this conversation. And you think: *Oh. I did have the chance. I did have it. I just said No.*

FRANK

Here's the thing, my love
maybe I didn't explain this clearly
so let me try it again:

Sometimes men come along
born under a special star
and that's me.

I've always known it's going to be different for me.
I didn't scrape by for nothing,
working the land - that shitty rocky soil,
half the time you can't even get a potato out of it,
and some winters we get by, but some winters there's just nothing,
there's just nothing to eat, so we pull our belts tight and wait for spring
and then spring comes but actually, guess what, there's *still* nothing –

I don't plan to be nothing.

I got by because I could feel what I *could* be
just under the ribs, waiting to grow,
waiting for the right soil
and here it is
and here I am
and I am ready to be great.

You too, if you want greatness,
but maybe not you, maybe you don't
and that's OK -
people grow apart
people move on
people only take each other so far, sometimes,
— and that's always sad, when it happens,
but sometimes it does happen.

You're gonna be a great wife, Winn
And you'll probably be a great mother
and I love you to death but
nobody is getting in my way
not even a child
not even you.

(Like a switch, Frank is himself again.)

But I'd rather we did it together.