

ACTOR 1 – “THE MAN” Audition Sides

This role requires the performer to switch between three different characters and a narrator of sorts throughout the play, sometimes with very little time and without the use of any props or costumes to signify the change of character.

UNCLE – wealthy bachelor, 30s-40s

MRS. GROSS – housekeeper at Bly Manor

MILES - 10 years old (may or may not be possessed by the ghost of an adult man)

MILES:

(this monologue will be read by the narrator/adult Miles character, but should be performed as child MILES for the purposes of the audition)

“A ghost story – that tells the tale –of an apparition appearing to a child – always lends the tale a certain “turn of the screw.” But if *one* child – lends the tale a turn –what then can be said –of *two* children? (*Pause*) The answer of course –*two* children give *two* turns.” The woman was my sister’s governess. She was ten years my senior. A very agreeable woman; very *worthy*. She told me the story in the garden. “The best stories,” she said, “always begin in the garden. A man, a woman, a forbidden fruit; the loss of innocence, the discovery of something altogether ... *not*.” The details: a letter, a locket, a riddle, a name. The words are her own – written in her diary in the faded ink on the pages of seven days. This is the story she tells. It is a story of terror ... and horror ... and death. It made my very heart – *stop*.

MRS. GROSS:

She started a lady, miss. Like you. And he so below. She resisted at first, her Bible like a shield against her breast. But soon ... he did as he wished with her. It was what she desired. A *lady*, done to by the likes of him –wherever he liked, however he liked. They were infamous. Her always calling: “Peter Quint! Peter Quint, you devil!” In the garden. In the nursery. In your room. And the children watching –watching the vile things they did, and saying such horrors, all of them whispering such vile, horrible *words* into each other’s ears. The house hissed like snakes. And then it stopped ... and the house was filled with Jessel’s weeping. She drowned herself. In the lake. They found her Bible floating in the reeds. She was better off that way. Instead of seeing it through. A woman alone, in her “condition”? You know what they say, miss. The madhouses is full of governesses.