Westside Spring 2025 Greek Play & Spring Musical Auditions

Auditions will take place the second week of the second semester Monday 1/13 & Wednesday 1/15. Auditions will go until 4, but students are allowed to leave once they have auditioned. Students are encouraged to prepare ahead of time, but auditions are open to everyone, regardless of prep.

The Greek Play, *Trojan Women,* will rehearse every Monday until 6, with the show dates March 20-22. The week of the show will have rehearsals every day.

The Musical, *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee,* will rehearse every Friday until 6, with show dates May 2-3. The week of the show will have rehearsals every day. Once the Greek play is done, the musical will rehearse both Monday and Friday.

At Auditions, students should have their complete schedule with any necessary conflicts. No conflicts are allowed the week of the show. Only conflicts brought to auditions will be considered excused. Any excessive absences may impact role and future production participation. Additional rehearsals will be scheduled if necessary for success.

*The Trojan Women*

Cast:

Women:

THE GODDESS PALLAS ATHENA. Horrified by these atrocities perpetuated by the winning army in her name.

HECUBA, *Queen of Troy, wife of Priam, mother of Hector and Paris*. The Queen of the destroyed city. Everything has been taken from her.

CASSANDRA, *daughter of Hecuba, a prophetess*. Insane. Cursed with the gift of prophecy, but no one will believe her.

ANDROMACHE, *wife of Hector, Prince of Troy*. A Princess whose husband and

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta; carried off by Paris, Prince of Troy*. The most beautiful woman in the world. Was either abducted or ran off with Paris, providing the cause of the Trojan War.

CHORUS OF CAPTIVE TROJAN WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD, MAIDEN AND MARRIED. (Female Ensemble)

Men:

THE GOD POSEIDON, fiery in rage. Horrified by these atrocities perpetuated by the winning army in her name.

TALTHYBIUS, *Herald of the Greeks*. Conflicted and sympathetic, but has a job to do.

MENELAUS, *King of Sparta, and, together with his brother Agamemnon,  
General of the Greeks*. The head king. The one Helen fled/betrayed. The reason so many are dead.

SOLDIERS ATTENDANT ON TALTHYBIUS AND MENELAUS. (Male Ensemble)

Students interested in any of the lead roles should prepare the below monologues for each character they are interested in. Male ensemble should come prepared to move and march. Female ensemble should come prepared for group movements and cold readings of group scenes.

**Athena**:

No man rose and smote him; not a frown Nor word from all the Greeks!

Therefore with thee I stand To smite them.

An homecoming that striveth ever more And cometh to no home.

When the last ship hath bared her sail for home!

Zeus shall send rain, long rain and flaw of driven

Hail, and a whirling darkness blown from heaven;

To me his levin-light he promiseth

O'er ships and men, for scourging and hot death:

Do thou make wild the roads of the sea, and steep

With war of waves and yawning of the deep,

Till dead men choke Euboea's curling bay.

So Greece shall dread even in an after day

My house, nor scorn the Watchers of strange lands!

**Hecuba**:

Up from the earth, O weary head!

This is not Troy, about, above—

Not Troy, nor we the lords thereof.

Thou breaking neck, be strengthenèd!

Endure and chafe not. The winds rave

And falter. Down the world's wide road,

Float, float where streams the breath of God;

Nor turn thy prow to breast the wave.

Ah woe!… For what woe lacketh here?

My children lost, my land, my lord.

O thou great wealth of glory, stored

Of old in Ilion, year by year

We watched … and wert thou nothingness?

What is there that I fear to say?

And yet, what help?… Ah, well-a-day,

This ache of lying, comfortless

And haunted! Ah, my side, my brow

And temples! All with changeful pain

My body rocketh, and would fain

Move to the tune of tears that flow:

For tears are music too, and keep

A song unheard in hearts that weep.

**Cassandra**:

O Mother, fill mine hair with happy flowers,

And speed me forth. Yea, if my spirit cowers,

Drive me with wrath! So liveth Loxias,

A bloodier bride than ever Helen was

Go I to Agamemnon, Lord most high

Of Hellas!… I shall kill him, mother; I

Shall kill him, and lay waste his house with fire

As he laid ours. My brethren and my sire

Shall win again….

(Checking herself) But part I must let be,

And speak not. Not the axe that craveth me,

And more than me; not the dark wanderings

Of mother-murder that my bridal brings,

And all the House of Atreus down, down, down….

Nay, I will show thee. Even now this town

Is happier than the Greeks. I know the power

Of God is on me: but this little hour,

Wilt thou but listen, I will hold him back!

**Andromache**:

O Mother, having ears, hear thou this word

Fear-conquering, till thy heart as mine be stirred

With joy. To die is only not to be;

And better to be dead than grievously

Living. They have no pain, they ponder not

Their own wrong. But the living that is brought

From joy to heaviness, his soul doth roam,

As in a desert, lost, from its old home.

Thy daughter lieth now as one unborn,

Dead, and naught knowing of the lust and scorn

That slew her. And I … long since I drew my

bow

Straight at the heart of good fame; and I know

My shaft hit; and for that am I the more

Fallen from peace.

**Helen**:

One word yet thou hast,

Methinks, of righteous seeming. When at last

The earth for Paris oped and all was o'er,

And her strange magic bound my feet no more,

Why kept I still his house, why fled not I

To the Argive ships?… Ah, how I strove to fly!

The old Gate-Warden[41] could have told thee all,

My husband, and the watchers from the wall;

It was not once they took me, with the rope

Tied, and this body swung in the air, to grope

Its way toward thee, from that dim battlement.

Ah, husband still, how shall thy hand be bent

To slay me? Nay, if Right be come at last,

What shalt thou bring but comfort for pains past,

And harbour for a woman storm-driven:

A woman borne away by violent men:

And this one birthright of my beauty, this

That might have been my glory, lo, it is

A stamp that God hath burned, of slavery!

Alas! and if thou cravest still to be

As one set above gods, inviolate,

'Tis but a fruitless longing holds thee yet.

**Poseidon**:

I give thy boon unbartered. These mine hands

Shall stir the waste Aegean; reefs that cross

The Delian pathways, jag-torn Myconos,

Scyros and Lemnos, yea, and storm-driven

Caphêreus with the bones of drownèd men

Shall glut him.—Go thy ways, and bid the Sire

Yield to thine hand the arrows of his fire.

Then wait thine hour, when the last ship shall wind

Her cable coil for home!

How are ye blind,

Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast

Temples to desolation, and lay waste

Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie

The ancient dead; yourselves so soon to die!

**Talthybius:**

But from this crested wall

Of Troy be dashed, and die…. Nay, let the thing

Be done. Thou shalt be wiser so. Nor cling

So fiercely to him. Suffer as a brave

Woman in bitter pain; nor think to have

Strength which thou hast not. Look about thee here!

Canst thou see help, or refuge anywhere?

Thy land is fallen and thy lord, and thou

A prisoner and alone, one woman; how

Canst battle against us? For thine own good

I would not have thee strive, nor make ill blood

And shame about thee…. Ah, nor move thy lips

In silence there, to cast upon the ships

Thy curse! One word of evil to the host,

This babe shall have no burial, but be tossed

Naked…. Ah, peace! And bear as best thou may,

War's fortune. So thou shalt not go thy way

Leaving this child unburied; nor the Greek

Be stern against thee, if thy heart be meek!

**Menelaus:**

How bright the face of heaven, and how sweet

The air this day, that layeth at my feet

The woman that I…. Nay: 'twas not for her

I came. 'Twas for the man, the cozener

And thief, that ate with me and stole away

My bride. But Paris lieth, this long day,

By God's grace, under the horse-hoofs of the Greek,

And round him all his land. And now I seek….

Curse her! I scarce can speak the name she bears,

That was my wife. Here with the prisoners

They keep her, in these huts, among the hordes

Of numbered slaves.—The host whose labouring swords

Won her, have given her up to me, to fill

My pleasure; perchance kill her, or not kill,

But lead her home.

*25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee*

IMPORTANT: We will be using toned down lyrics for several songs to be more school appropriate. Notably, Chip’s Lament will entirely be using the alternate lyrics, entitled “My Unfortunate Distraction,” to be found below. It may not be feasible to find a recording of the appropriate version, though. All roles are open to anyone, regardless of gender.

Recommended audition songs are included after each character.

Olive Ostrovsky – “My Friend the Dictionary” & “The I Love You Song”

A young newcomer to competitive spelling. Her mother is in an ashram in India, and her father is working late, as usual, but he is trying to come sometime during the bee. Having found comfort in its words and vastness, Olive made friends with her dictionary at a very young age, helping her to make it to the competition. She starts enormously shy, and shyly blossoms.

William Barfee – “Magic Foot”

A Putnam County Spelling Bee finalist last year, he was eliminated because of an allergic reaction to peanuts and is back for vindication. His famous "Magic Foot" method of spelling has boosted him to spelling glory, even though he only has one working nostril and a touchy, bullying personality. He develops a crush on Olive.

Chip Tolentino – “Chip’s Lament (My Unfortunate Distraction)” See Lyrics below

An athletic, social, boy scout and champion of the Twenty-Fourth Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee, he returns to defend his title, but he finds puberty hitting at an inopportune moment.

Logainne Schwartzandgrubeniere (Schwartzy) – “Woe is Me”

Logainne is the youngest and most politically aware speller, often making comments about current political figures. She is driven by internal and external pressure, but above all by a desire to win to make her two fathers proud. She is somewhat of a neat freak, speaks with a lisp, and will be back next year.

Leaf Coneybear – “I’m not that Smart”

The second runner-up in his district, Leaf gets into the competition on a lark and finds everything about the bee incredibly amusing. He is home-schooled and comes from a large family of former hippies. He has severe Attention Deficit Disorder and spells words correctly while in a trance.

Marcy Park – “I Speak Six Languages”

The ultimate over-achiever, Marcy has never been given another option. She comes from a family where excellence is expected and so simply produced. A parochial school student, she assumes God, too, expects perfection. She sees herself as a mass of problems but she keeps them to herself. Having moved often because of her parents' work, she knows she can beat the local competition. Her many talents include piano, dance, martial arts, baton twirling, and/or whatever special gifts you can find in your casting pool.

Rona Lisa Peretti- “The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee” Aka the first song, just her little solos

The number-one realtor in Putnam County, a former Putnam County Spelling Bee Champion herself, and the returning moderator. She is a sweet woman who loves children, but she can be very stern when it comes to dealing with Vice Principal Panch and his feelings for her. Her interest in the competition is unflagging and drives it forward.

Douglas Panch – No Singing!

The Vice Principle. Frustrated with his life, he finds the drive of the young spellers alien to him. After five years' absence from the Bee, Panch returns as judge. There was an "incident" at the Twentieth Annual Bee, but he claims to be in "a better place" now, thanks to a high-fiber diet and Jungian analysis. He is infatuated with Rona Lisa Peretti, but she does not return his affections.

Mitch Mahoney – “The Prayer of the Comfort Counselor”

The Official Comfort Counselor. An ex-convict, Mitch is performing his community service with the Bee, and hands out juice boxes to losing students. He has no idea how to offer comfort, but does find himself wishing he could find a way to make the kids feel better.

Ensemble

Actors interested in being other spellers, siblings, friends, or parents, should either prepare one of the above songs or “Finale”

Olive’s Mom and Dad have elaborate singing in the “I Love You Song” that should be prepared if possible.

Chip’s Lament Alternate Lyrics:



