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**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

**KINGS**  
THEATRE **PORTSMOUTH**

## Audition Information



***Lads of the Village*** is a spy comedy set in the WW1 and is a cross between Blackadder and Allo Allo. There is lots of dressing up, mistaken identity and musical hilarity! This Hilarious play was shown at the height of war and would have provided much needed morale and laughter for the troops watching at Kings Theatre.

It is an engaging, well-paced original play that highlights the futility of war, whilst presenting likeable characters the audience can easily identify with, and root for; loveable army rogues, caricatures of German Spy's, forbidden love and harem girls!



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## **Audition: 21<sup>st</sup> May 2017**

Open to all abilities, enthusiasm and energy welcomed!

### **Location:**

#### **Kings Theatre**

Please enter via stage door Collingwood Road.

### **Time:**

**11-1pm Male auditions**

**2-4pm Female auditions**

Please register your attendance by returning **Audition Application** to [education@kingsportsmouth.co.uk](mailto:education@kingsportsmouth.co.uk) by Friday 19<sup>th</sup> May 2017

**Please chose one monologue and one song.**

### **Monologue Options**

**Please choose from one of the below:**

1. Monologue adapted from the poem 'Dulce et Decorum Est' by Wilfred Owen
2. Monologue of a young soldier
3. Blackadder: The Army Years

**Song Options-** *All song choices will be accompanied by backing track.*

**Please choose from one of the below:**

1. Ship Ahoy (All the nice girls love a sailor)
2. It's a long way to Tipperary
3. Goodbye-ee
4. Keep the Home Fires Burning



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## **Key Dates for the Diary**

**Dress Rehearsal:** Monday 10<sup>th</sup> July- evening (all must attend)

**Performance:** Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup> July – all day (all must attend)

### **Rehearsal Dates and times: subject to change**

Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> May – Meet and Greet – 12-5pm

Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> June – 12-5pm

Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> June – 12-5pm

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> June – 12-5pm

Monday 19<sup>th</sup> June – 6.30-9pm

Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> June – 6.30-9pm

Monday 26<sup>th</sup> June- 6.30-9pm

Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> July – 6.30-9pm

Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> July – 12-5pm

**Rehearsal Location:** The Barn, Milton Park, Portsmouth,



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## Audition Application

### Contact information

<b>Name:</b>	
<b>Address:</b>	
<b>Contact Number:</b>	
<b>Contact Email:</b>	
<b>Date of Birth:</b>	
<b>Gender:</b>	

<b>Height:</b>	<b>Weight:</b>	<b>Eye colour:</b>	<b>Hair Colour:</b>

<b>Vocal Range</b>	<b>Can you sight read?</b>	<b>Do you play an instrument?</b>

### Performance Experience

Name of show	Character	Production Group	Year

### Additional Information

<b>Education and Training</b>	
<b>Special Skills</b>	

Please list any unavailable dates from May- August:.....

If you're not cast, would you be interested and willing to work back stage? Yes/ No

Thank you for application. Please return to: [education@kingsportsmouth.co.uk](mailto:education@kingsportsmouth.co.uk)

## Monologue Option 1.

### Monologue adapted from the poem 'Dulce et Decorum Est' by Wilfred Owen

*Dulce et Decorum Est pro patria mori*, it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. Yeah right. Every single soldier of this plague of a war would hurl their rifles down at the mere mention of a cease. If we were to throw away our uniforms we'd be equals; that Tommy over there could be my *brother* for all they'd know.

Smell that? That's the smell of fear, the smell of weakness and death. The Brits are good soldiers you know, good people I expect too. I can see them now, beyond No Man's Land they're marching, knees bent like strained beggars or something. It kind of reminded me of my Oma, but some of those Tommies were around *sixteen* years old! I'm angry; this war has turned me bitter. It's turned us into murderers and I'm sorry, so *unbelievably* sorry for the lives I've taken. Sometimes I can hear them, see them. I replay the moment when the bullet penetrates the skull, and watch as their accusing eyes roll back and their limbs fall limp... at least they don't have to face this horror anymore. I'm standing still but I feel as if I'm marching, forever marching; I march in my sleep, we all do. Like phantoms of the battlefield we curse on through this mud.

That British lad yesterday had lost his boots; he limped on like a lame horse. I can't forget the noise his feet made in the mud, they squelched and smacked as they were absorbed by hungry sludge. A sticky battle in each step. It actually feels a bit like we *are* horses sometimes, useful until injured, and then one bullet will free us. That's if the gas doesn't get us first. It envelopes our trenches, it's like a green sheet thrown in slow motion, following the screeching shells as they plunge towards the trenches. For me, when one person is suffering and crying out, we all suffer.

Can you hear that? The piercing screams across the field, an erupted shell in a British trench has left them drowning in gas. I hope they fit their gas masks in time. You know the worst thing is when *you* are safe, *you* can breathe, but someone else is choking and dying. That memory sticks with you. The screams don't stop either; I hear them day after day, night after night and they're deafening, they pierce your very core like a dagger. The rattling of the body wagon each day has become a painful ritual. We throw our dead into that moving grave and watch the pale faces and white eyes of past companions stare blankly back into ours. Only ours are lifeless too. And the blood... the blood splatters to the ground like a dripping tap, leaving a dark trail just to remind you what could become of you.

I saw this soldier a few of months back, well he was just a boy really, and he'd been hit. He had just stood up in the trench and a sniper shot him smack bang in the middle of his forehead, it was what he wanted, he *knew* that would happen. I guess that's the brutality of war; if the other side don't get you your own mind will. I find myself asking why I signed up for this, but everyone else in this war signed up for the same god damn reasons. Glory, pride, to fight for loved ones. Look around us, look at this place! There's nothing here but torn buildings and rubble, listen to the broken glass grinding beneath your feet. Smell that foul stench and try to remember what all the best things smelt like back home, you just can't. War is slowly erasing my past life, everything that once was is becoming a faint memory and this is now my past, present and future. Ask yourself, where's the glory in that? Where's the pride? '*Dulce et Decorum est pro patria mori*', these words are nothing. Nothing but lies.

## Monologue Option 2.

### Monologue of a Young Soldier

It's been ages, well it seems like ages, but it has only been the past few months.

I wonder when I got myself into this hellhole about 3 months ago to be exact, while walking down the street to go get some flour for my mother's baking project. There was an enlistment booth, for the current war that is going on.

I thought that I could get good pay out of the job, so I signed up for it right away. I took the role of a front line soldier, wanting to do a very good job for my country.

What happened next, came very quickly. I was already set out for the battlefield. It felt like only yesterday that I was in that intense boot camp training, for a number of weeks.

But no matter how much training I had, it would have never prepared me for what I was about to see.

Sitting in the back of the truck heading towards the battlefield. I was looking around to check out the site around the others and me. It was literally a sea of the dead. Bodies stuck in barbed wire fences and also body parts laid all over the grounds.

The road was bumpy to start with and I painfully found out why it was. The ground that early morning was covered in mist and it was finally starting to clear up. As it was clearing I saw that we were driving over dead bodies. I was so shocked and disgusted that I leaned over the side of the truck, throwing up while it was in motion. I had a few of the men rub my back while I cried at the awful site.

Later that night while lying in the trench, with tears sliding down my cheeks. I started to feel afraid, feeling of not wanting to be there, and a feeling of not belonging... But one of my fellow soldiers came to comfort me. Sam was 25, he went into the war scene about a month ago, he wasn't sure, but he had the same thought that I did when I signed up for this.

He became my best friend... well my best friend for only 2 days. He died during battle. Was shot in the back of the head after his helmet was knocked off. I wanted to go back for him, but two other men in my group dragged me away. I was literally digging up the earth with my nails while they pulled me away. It felt like 1000 needles piercing my heart all at the same time. It was painful and I wanted to die.

I was left out on the next attack, just so I could let my mind cleared about Sam dying. I asked if I could go home, but the General wouldn't allow it. During the next attack our enemy's got past our defences and were on a rampage.

Without warning a grenade blew up so close to me that I lost the lower part of my left leg. And since I was behind enemy lines no one came for me. I faked being dead, for the hope of being found by an ally. This is how I spent what time I had left.

Oh how I wished that I stayed home with my mother, but I cannot change the past. So I looked ahead, I saw a bright future ahead, with peace in mind. The flowers bloomed and the birds sang, with the steady flow of the river by the mountain's base. The sun was bright and warm. And the air clean and pure, also the water was as well. I saw my mother there and Sam. I was happy and ran over to the both of them.

While dreaming of a better tomorrow, with a single tear resting on my cheek, I died.

### **Monologue Option 3.**

#### **Blackadder: The Army Years**

All right, settle down, settle down. Your Royal Highness, ladies and gentleman. The world is changing and Her Majesties Armed forces must change with it. Consider Britain and it's position in the world today.

At the beginning of the last century just 200 years ago, Britain kept the peace in a quarter of the entire globe. The sun they say never set on the British Empire. Now what have we got? The Channel Islands... The Germans have bought Rolls Royce... All the newsreaders are Welsh, although that may not be relevant. And most foreigners think that the Union Jack is based on an old dress design for one of the Spice Girls.

So what is to be done? Well the answer to my mind is very simple. If we are to re-establish our position in the world, the army must return to its traditional role, the very reason for which it existed in the first place. We must invade France.

No No, No No I'm serious. Our advanced guard of Mad Cows has already done a superb job. And the French are in disarray. Now is the time for actual occupation. Now you may say why France? Well that's a very good question. But I can think of three reasons.

Firstly whenever we try to speak their language they sneer at us and talk back to us in English. God they are so irritating. Secondly they deliberately won the world cup by maliciously playing better football than us. And thirdly, simple political strategy, look at the history books whenever Britain fought the French we were top dog.

For 500 years from Agincourt to the Battle of Waterloo, Britain went from strength to strength and gained the greatest empire the world has ever known. The minute we start getting chummy with the garlic chewers, within three short decades we're buggered.

## Song Option 1.

### Ship Ahoy (ALL THE NICE GIRLS LOVE A SAILOR)

When the man o' war or merchant ship comes sailing into port  
The jolly tar with joy, will sing out, Land Ahoy!  
With his pockets full of money and a parrot in a cage  
He smiles at all the pretty girls upon the landing stage...

All the nice girls love a sailor  
All the nice girls love a tar  
For there's something about a sailor  
(Well you know what sailors are!)  
Bright and breezy, free and easy,  
He's the ladies' pride and joy!  
He falls in love with Kate and Jane, then he's off to sea again,  
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

He will spend his money freely, and he's generous to his pals,  
While Jack has got a sou, there's half of it for you,  
And it's just the same in love and war, he goes through with a smile,  
And you can trust a sailor, he's a white man (meaning: honest man) all the while!

All the nice girls love a sailor  
All the nice girls love a tar  
For there's something about a sailor  
(Well you know what sailors are!)  
Bright and breezy, free and easy,  
He's the ladies' pride and joy!  
He falls in love with Kate and Jane, then he's off to sea again,  
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy

## **Song Option 2.**

### **It's a Long Way to Tipperary**

Up to mighty London came  
An Irish lad one day,  
All the streets were paved with gold,  
So everyone was gay!  
Singing songs of Piccadilly,  
Strand, and Leicester Square,  
'Til Paddy got excited and  
He shouted to them there:

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way to Tipperary  
To the sweetest girl I know!  
Goodbye Piccadilly,  
Farewell Leicester Square!  
It's a long long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way to Tipperary  
To the sweetest girl I know!  
Goodbye Piccadilly,  
Farewell Leicester Square!  
It's a long long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

### Song Option 3.

#### Good Bye-ee Lyrics

Brother Bertie went away  
To do his bit the other day  
With a smile on his lips and his lieutenant pips  
Upon his shoulder, bright and gay.  
As the train mov'd out he said  
"Remember me to all the Birds!"  
The he wagg'd his paw, and went away to war  
Shouting out these pathetic words  
"Goodbye-ee! Goodbye-ee  
Wipe a tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee,  
Though it's hard to part, I know  
I'll be tickled to death to go  
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee!  
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee  
Bon soir old thing! Cheerio, chin-chin!  
Nahpoo! Toodleoo! Goodbye-ee!

At a concert down at Kew,  
Some convalescents dressed in blue  
Had to hear Lady Lee, who had turned eighty-three,  
Sing all the old, old songs she knew.  
Then she made a speech and said  
"I look upon you boys with pride,  
And for what you've done I'm going to kiss each one!"  
Then they all grabbed their sticks and cried

Goodbye-ee! Goodbye-ee  
Wipe a tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee,  
Though it's hard to part, I know  
I'll be tickled to death to go  
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee!  
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee  
Bon soir old thing! Cheerio, chin-chin!  
Nahpoo! Toodleoo! Goodbye-ee!  
Little Private Patrick Shaw  
He was a prisoner of war.  
Till s Hun with a gun called him "pig-dog" for fun,  
Then Paddy punched him on the jaw.  
Right across the barbed wire fence  
The German Dropped, then, dear oh dear!  
All the wire gave way, and Paddy yelled "Hooray!"  
As he ran for the Dutch frontier-

Goodbye-ee! Goodbye-ee  
Wipe a tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee,  
Though it's hard to part, I know  
I'll be tickled to death to go  
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee!  
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee  
Bon soir old thing! Cheerio, chin-chin!  
Nahpoo! Toodleoo! Goodbye-ee!

## **Song Option 4.**

### **Keep the Home Fires Burning**

They were summoned from the hillside  
They were called in from the glen,  
And the country found them ready  
At the stirring call for men.  
Let no tears add to their hardships  
As the soldiers pass along,  
And although your heart is breaking  
Make it sing this cheery song

Keep the Home Fires Burning,  
While your hearts are yearning,  
Though your lads are far away  
They dream of home.  
There's a silver lining  
Through the dark clouds shining,  
Turn the dark cloud inside out  
'Til the boys come home.

Overseas there came a pleading,  
"Help a nation in distress."  
And we gave our glorious laddies  
Honour bade us do no less,  
For no gallant son of freedom  
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,  
And a noble heart must answer  
To the sacred call of "Friend."

Keep the Home Fires Burning,  
While your hearts are yearning,  
Though your lads are far away  
They dream of home.  
There's a silver lining  
Through the dark clouds shining,  
Turn the dark cloud inside out  
'Til the boys come home.