

Audition Materials Part 1

NO REFUND THEATRE
PRESENTS
PATRICK HAMILTON'S
ROPIE

FRIDAY MARCH 16
AT 8:00 PM

SATURDAY
DIRECTED BY BEN SEREDA
MARCH 17
AT 2:00 PM

ASSISTANT
DIRECTED BY JOHN REDDY AND
RACHEL SUFFIAN
& 8:00 PM



What is *Rope*?

Rope is a lot of things. Being eerily similar to the Leopold and Loeb trial it questions the legitimacy of the Nietzsche Superman—the ideal intellectually superior human being whose civil duty becomes to eliminate the inferior out of the need for adventure and stimulation. In order to do this the two men, Brandon and Granillo, kill their fellow student Ronald Kentley and then choose to throw a dinner party that same night for Sir Kentley and a host of others. And to put the macabre cherry on top they place the hors d'oeuvres and drinks on top of the chest! The night goes smoothly until Granillo becomes sloppily intoxicated and begins to drop subtle hints about the events that preceded the party to one of the guests, Rupert. Rupert turns the night into a detective game as he tries to piece everything together. In the end beliefs are dramatically shifted and a universal truth is discovered. It all come together in an exciting conclusion involving an umbrella sword and a whistle.

If you would like a detailed synopsis, don't be afraid to ask me: BJSereda12191@gmail.com

Who is *Rope*?

Wyndham Brandon—Male

Young. Brandon has recently slain his fellow undergraduate Ronald Kentley along with Charles Granillo. He is a wealthy and well-dressed man built like a boxer; he has been involved in the committing of a murder merely for the thrill of it. He is confident they will get away with it, hence inviting the guests to their house whilst the body is still in the room. He has a natural calm about him which most interpret as arrogance and priggishness.

Charles Granillo—Male

A Spaniard, young. Granillo is not as tall as Brandon nor has he got such an air of confidence about him. He is expensively dressed and clearly well off but he is more courteous than Brandon. He is also more panicked about the recent murder he has committed and has to be calmed down more than once. Most who know him fairly well think he is first-rate.

Sabot—Either Male or Female

Sabot is Brandon and Granillo's French servant. S/he is only working for a couple of hours on this particular evening, setting up and serving the party because Brandon and Granillo are driving to Oxford later that night. S/he is dutiful and attentive; s/he always does his best to please his/her masters and their guests.

Kenneth Raglan—Male

Raglan is very young. He is younger than both Brandon and Granillo with whom he used to go to school and now attends university with. He admits he used to look up to Brandon at school and it is clear he still does. He is simple and quite hopeless but inherently good and

very likeable. He has a sense of humour and is fun-loving.

Leila Arden—Female

Leila is also young and like Raglan quite simple, although she hides it much better than he does with a show of refined intelligence. This is a complete farce with nothing behind it, she has no ideas and waits for other people to make up their mind about something before agreeing or disagreeing with them depending on their stature in her eyes.

Sir Johnstone Kentley—Male

Sir Johnstone Kentley is the father of the murdered boy, he is naturally much older than the others, having a son their age. He is a very nice, placid man who has always been in a position of power but never abused it unlike the two central characters. He is a book collector and is very interested in Brandon's collection, which he has been left by his uncle. His wife is described as 'being an invalid' by Brandon so Mrs. Debenham is invited to the party instead of her.

Rupert Cadell—Male

Rupert Cadell is the teacher of Brandon and Granillo, he is 29. His right leg is lame from when he served in the First World War and he uses an Umbrella to move around which adds to the air of pretension that already lingers around him. He is easily aggravated, especially by young people such as Leila and Raglan who he aims to irritate and is very sarcastic in doing so, i.e. he's a huge troll. He is observant and detects oddities about the party and its hosts that the rest of the guests neglect to notice.

Mrs. Debenham—Female

Mrs Debenham is Sir Johnstone Kentley's sister, she is about 50. She barely talks and when she does her input is vague and invaluable. She is distant and dull.

Monologues

Brandon

[Granillo is unsettled by the fact that the body will remain in the chest and in the room. He fears that it will undoubtedly get them found out. Brandon, annoyed, explains to him why they're in the clear]

Are you suggesting that some psychic force, emanating from that chest there, is going to advise Sir Kentley of the fact that the remains—or shall I say the lifeless entirety—of his twenty-year old son and heir is contained therein? *(Pause)* my dear Granillo, if you are feeling in any way insecure, perhaps I had better fortify you with a brief summary of facts—with mathematics as it were.

Rupert

[Rupert has just said that he approves of murder and his lack of sympathy for human life. The other guest are shocked by this statement. Rupert explains his reasoning]

It is simply a question of scale. You, my friends, have, paradoxically, a horror of murder on a small scale, veneration for it on a full scale. That is the difference between what we call murder and war. One gentleman murders another in a back alley in London for, let us say, since you have suggested it, the gold filling in his teeth, and all society shrieks out for revenge upon the miscreant. They call that murder. But when the entire youth and manhood of a whole nation rises up to slaughter the entire youth and manhood of another, not even for the gold fillings in each other's teeth, then society condones and applauds the outrage, and calls it war.

Sir Johnstone Kentley

[*He has just gotten a call that his son has not come home yet. Concerned about his whereabouts he decides to leave the party*]

Yes. I think I'd like a taxi. I'd rather like to get back. I can't think there that boy's got to...thank you. I've never known him fail when he's said he'd be back.

Brendon: then he must be very filial, sir.

Yes. He is. Well, then it only remains to thank you or the most charming evening, to say nothing of the most charming company, the company being even more delightful than the books, and that's saying an enormous amount. (*He smiles*) well, good night.

Raglan/Leila

[*the two are engaging in a light hearted conversation of cinema. The two barely know anything about what they're talking about, but it is rather small talk after just meeting each other. The pace is fast*]

Leila: of course, the man I've got a passion for is William Powell.

Raglan: is *he* good?

Leila: My dear, *absolutely marvelous!* You know, my dear—*strong, silent*. In fact, I think I like him better than John Gilbert now.

Raglan: oh do you like John Gilbert?

Leila: Oh—rather. I think he's terribly good.

Raglan: Yes—he is good. Not as good as Ronald Colman, though.

Leila: Oh—don't you think so? Did you see him in the old version of *The Merry Widow*?

Raglan: Yes, he was good in that. Of course, he had a moustache in that, didn't he?

Leila: but then John Gilbert *always* had a moustache, didn't he?

Raglan: oh no. Rather not. I've seen him in thousands of ones without. All the early ones.

Leila: By the way, did you see Robert Montgomery in that thing with Joan Crawford? I've forgotten what it was called..."The Wonderful Something"—or something—it was all sort of—you know...

Raglan: Yes I know what you mean. "The Wonderful"—I've forgotten what...it was jolly good, wasn't it? what do you think of her—Joan Crawford?

Leila: (*despairingly*) oh—I don't know...like all *these* things, you know.

Raglan: Oh—I think she's rather good.

Granillo

[After killing Kentley and stuffing the body in a chest, Granillo is really on edge about the whole thing.]

Granillo: Brandon?

Brandon: Yes?

Granillo: you remember when Ronald came in?

Brandon: what do you mean—"when Ronald came in?"

Granillo: when Ronald came in here—when he came in from the car. You were standing at the door.

Brandon: yes.

Granillo: did you see anyone there? Up the street—about seventy yards?

Brandon: well what of it?

Granillo: Oh, Nothing...Brandon...

Brandon: yes?

Granillo: when I met Ronald. When I met him—coming out of the Coliseum...when I met him, and got him into the car—why shouldn't someone have seen us?

Brandon: what do you mean someone?

Granillo: Oh, someone. Anyone. Did we think of that, Brandon?

Brandon: I *did*.

Pause.

Granillo: It's in the room, you know. Do you think we'll get away with it?

Brandon: When? Tonight?

Granillo: Yes.