



February 2 & 3, 2024, 7:00 pm

February 4, 2024, 2:00 pm

Co-Directed by Jeff & Cathy Lincourt

Produced by Amanda Gault

The Show

Noises Off is a farce — a British sex farce to be precise. (Webster's defines farce as: *a light dramatic composition marked by broadly satirical comedy and improbable plot... to improve or expand something as if by stuffing.*) *Noises Off* is also a play within a play. It is about a group of actors in a farce called *Nothing On*. The first act of *Noises Off* is a final dress rehearsal of *Nothing On* during which the actors are feverishly trying to get through their lines, cues, and prop assignments the night before opening while exhausted, making endless mistakes and planting the seeds of being at each other's throats. The second act takes us backstage during a matinee performance of *Nothing On* after the company has been on the road for a month. (The set rotates to reveal the backstage area). The confusion and exhaustion from the first act have morphed into a display of severed relationships, retaliation, and revenge due to romantic entanglements within the company. Finally, in the third act we are back to watching the closing performance of *Nothing On* during which sabotage among the company members is the operative word.

NOTE: There are four things about this show that anyone auditioning should be aware of before considering signing up:

1. *Noises Off* is a VERY physical play with a lot of stairs, quick changes, stunts, and complicated movement. A great deal of focus, concentration, and physical stamina will be required of each actor.
2. *Noises Off* is also a very funny and very elaborate farce within a farce. Each role requires an actor that can demonstrate a range of emotions with clear intentions, a strong voice, excellent diction, and superior comedic timing.
3. *Noises Off* is a play that involves a certain level of physical intimacy between various characters at different times. The script calls for some characters to spend time in varying states of undress, but this will probably be moderated somewhat for our show. If you have any concerns in this regard, we ask that you make them known to us BEFORE accepting any roles offered so that we may ensure a smooth transition into the rehearsal process. Please know that we will do everything in our power to make our cast feel comfortable and we will not tolerate any abusive or disrespectful behavior.
4. Most importantly, the company of actors we end up with (unlike the characters they play on stage) **MUST** work together as an ensemble. *Noises Off* is an intricate

show requiring precision and professionalism. We don't need stars. We need hard-working team players who can get along with one another, rely on one another, be off book quickly for one another, and put their individual egos aside for the greater good of the show.

The Characters

Age suggestions seen below are just that...suggestions.

Lloyd Dallas: (Male, 30 - 50) The director of *Nothing On*, the farce that the characters in *Noises Off* are attempting to perform. Lloyd is passionate, suave, and extremely harried. He has a hot temper which he barely manages to keep in check, most of the time, as he watches his production go from bad to worse to disaster. He is secretly dating both Brooke and Poppy which leads to much trouble.

Dotty Otley/Mrs. Clackett: (Female, 50 - 70) Dotty is a once "much loved" English actress who is now in her twilight years and is having trouble remembering lines and stage direction. She has used her life savings to help finance the play to help with her retirement. Dotty is having an affair with the much younger Garry. She plays Mrs. Clackett, a cockney housekeeper in the Brent's home with a penchant for putting up her feet and have some sardines.

Garry Lejeune/Roger Tramplemain: (Male, 20 - 40) Garry is an actor who is easily fired up and always has a lot to say but never finishes a sentence. His good nature is replaced with jealousy when he believes Dotty has begun carrying on with Frederick. In *Nothing On*, Garry plays the part of Roger, a real estate agent who is attempting to rent the house; but uses it for a place to have an affair with Vicki.

Brooke Ashton/Vicki: (Female, 20 - late 30's) Brooke is a young, popular but inexperienced, British actress known for playing the sexy ingenue with very little costume. She learns her part by rote and will say the lines as written no matter what is going on around her. She is blind as a bat without her contacts, which tend to pop out at bad times. Brooke is secretly dating Lloyd. (NOTE:) Brooke IS NOT stupid, vain or a diva, she spends a lot of time thinking her own thoughts and

doesn't always connect with the world or her costars around her. She plays Vicki, a young office worker for Inland Revenue (English IRS) who is Rogers (hopeful) noon-er.

Poppy Norton-Taylor: (Female, 20 - 30) Poppy is the Assistant Stage Manager of *Nothing On*. She is overworked and often on the verge of tears and doesn't have a lot of experience as a stage manager. She works frantically to keep the show from completely falling apart, a hopeless task. Her affair with Lloyd leads to a surprise announcement.

Frederick Fellowes/Philip Brent/Sheikh: (Male, 20 - 40) Frederick is a neurotic, bumbling actor who is filled with self-doubt but is a sweet man. He is not the brightest bulb in the box. Always has a thousand questions about his lines and blocking. He has a serious fear of violence who gets nosebleeds at the sight of blood. In *Nothing On*, he plays the part of Phillip Brent who is currently living in Spain with his wife Flavia. He also plays the part of Sheikh who is interested in renting the home and is the spitting image of Phillip.

Belinda Blair/Flavia Brent: (Female, 30's - late 40's) Belinda is the self-assigned mother of the group. She is a goodhearted busybody who knows all the gossip about the company. Cheerful and sensible, she dislikes conflict and likes to make things run smoothly. She plays Philip Brent's wife. She is dependable and forward-thinking, though not one for household duties.

Timothy Allgood: (Male, 20 - 30) Tim is the Company and Stage Manager and a jack of all trades. He has a fatal flaw - he can't say no. If you want the set rebuilt overnight, need him to go without sleep, do your taxes or to understudy all your male actors at a moment's notice, he is there. Passed out on the floor, but there.

Selsdon Mowbray/Burglar: (Male, 60 +) Selsdon is a long-time stage actor who is best known for his short lived but popular TV series on the BBC. He is an actor of

the old school with greasepaint in his veins and a bottle of scotch always at the ready. Slightly befuddled, never really sober, and very hard of hearing, Selsdon is an old friend of Dotty who is giving him another shot with this show. He plays the Burglar, an old Cockney roustabout who longs for the good old days when stealing stuff meant something.

Performances

Our shows are Friday and Saturday, February 2 & 3, 2024 at 7:00 pm and Sunday, February 4, 2024, at 2:00 pm. The call time for each night will be on the rehearsal schedule.

Auditions

Auditions will be at the TCP Playhouse, 634, West Main Street, Greensburg, IN on Thursday and Friday, November 9 & 10, 2023 from 6:00 - 8:00 pm, and Saturday, November 11, 2023, from 10:00 - 12:00 am. Schedule your audition time [HERE](#).

Parts/Lines

After auditions we will contact each person who auditioned and let them know about our casting decisions. Those who receive a role will be asked to acknowledge the fact and agree to work. There will be a table-read the week of November 13, 2023, where each cast member will receive their script. This table-read is important because it will be recorded so each cast member can use it to help memorize their lines.

Costs

You will have the opportunity to purchase a cast shirt for \$10-\$15, but this is not a requirement. Also, it is highly encouraged (but not required) to support our organization by purchasing an individual membership (\$10) or a family membership (\$20) to Tree County Players or becoming a Tree County Players benefactor (\$50+). Our organization is supported by members, and we do not charge for our performers to be a part of the show. We use membership money to pay for the fixed costs of running our organization like utilities, insurance, building maintenance and repairs, business/janitorial expenses, and office expenses. You can become a member through our website at www.treecountyplayers.com.

Audition Excerpts

The following are some excerpts from the script for use in the audition. It is NOT a requirement to have them memorized. Other excerpts may also be used during auditions.

Dotty Otley/Mrs. Clackett

Mrs Clackett It's no good you going on. I can't open sardines and answer the phone. I've only got one pair of feet. *(She puts the sardines down on the telephone table by the sofa and picks up the phone.)* Hello... Yes, but there's no one here, love... No, Mr. Brent's not here... He lives here, yes, but he don't live here now because he lives in Spain... Mr. Philip Brent, that's right... The one who writes the plays, that's him, only now he writes them in Spain... No, she's in Spain, too, they're all in Spain, there's no one here... Am I in Spain? No, I'm not in Spain, dear. I look after the house for them, but I go home at one o'clock on Wednesday, only I've got a nice plate of sardines to put my feet up with, because it's the royal what's it called on the telly -the royal you know - where's the paper, then...? *(She picks up the newspaper lying on the sofa and searches in it.)*... And if it's to do with letting the house then you'll have to ring the house agents, because they're the agents for the house...Squire, Squire, Hackham and who's the other one...? No, they're not in Spain, they're next to the phone in the study. Squire, Squire, Hackham, and hold on, I'll go and look. *(She replaces the receiver Or so the stage-directions say in Robin Housemongers play, 'Nothing On'. In fact, though, she puts the receiver down beside the phone instead.)* Always the same, isn't it. Soon as you take the weight off your feet, down it all comes on your head.

Lloyd Dallas – Director

Lloyd Listen. Since we've stopped anyway. OK, it took two days to get the set up, so we shan't have time for a dress rehearsal. Don't worry. Think of the first night as a dress rehearsal. If we can just get through the play once tonight for doors and sardines. That's what it's all about. Doors and sardines. Getting on — getting off. Getting the sardines on - getting the sardines off. That's farce. That's the theatre. That's life.

Lloyd Tim, let me tell you something about *my* life. I have the Duke of Buckingham on the phone to me for an hour after rehearsal every evening complaining that the Duke of Gloucester is sucking boiled sweets through his speeches. The Duke of Clarence is off for the entire week doing a commercial for Madeira. Richard himself — would you

believe? — Richard III? (*He demonstrates*) — has now gone down with a back problem. I keep getting messages from Brooke about how unhappy she is here, and now she's got herself a doctor's certificate for nervous exhaustion — she's going to walk! I have no time to find or rehearse another Vicki. I have just one afternoon, while Richard is fitted for a surgical corset, to cure Brooke of nervous exhaustion, with no medical aids except a little whisky — you've got the whisky? — a few flowers — you've got the money for the flowers? — and a certain faded charm. So, I haven't come to the theatre to hear about other people's problems. I've come to be taken out of myself, and preferably not put back again.

Tim Allgood – Stage Manager

Tim Lloyd! I didn't know you were coming today!

(Lloyd comes in. He is carrying a bottle of whisky.)

Lloyd I wasn't. I haven't.

Tim Anyway, thank God you're here!

Lloyd I'm not. I'm in Aberystwyth. I'm in the middle of rehearsing Richard III.

Tim Dotty and Garry ...

Lloyd I don't want anyone to know I'm in.

Tim No, but Dotty and Garry ...

Lloyd I just want two hours alone and undisturbed with Brooke in her dressing room between shows, then I'm on the 7.25 back to Wales. (*Gives Tim the whisky.*) This is for Brooke. Put it somewhere safe. Make sure Selsdon doesn't get his hands on it.

Tim Right. They've had some kind of row...

Lloyd Good, good. (*Takes money out of his wallet and gives it to Tim*) There's a little flower shop across the road from the stage-door. I want you to buy me some very large and expensive-looking flowers.

Tim Right. Now Dotty's locked herself in her dressing-room...

Lloyd Don't let Poppy see them. They're not for Poppy.

Tim No. And she won't speak to anyone...

Lloyd First house finishes just after five, yes? Second house starts at seven-thirty?

Tim Lloyd, that's what I'm trying to tell you — there may not be a show!

Lloyd She hasn't walked out already?

Tim No one knows what she's doing! She's locked in her dressing-room! She won't speak to anyone!

Lloyd You've called Beginners?

Tim Yes!

Lloyd I can't play a complete love-scene from cold in five minutes. It's not dramatically possible.

Tim She's had bust-ups with Garry before, of course.

Lloyd Brooke's had a bust-up with Garry?
Tim Brooke? Not Brooke — Dotty!
Lloyd Oh, Dotty.
Tim I mean, they had the famous bust-up the week before last, when we were playing Worksop.
Lloyd Right, right, you told me on the phone.
Tim She went out with this journalist bloke ...
Lloyd Journalist — yes, yes...
Tim But you know Garry threatened to kill him?
Lloyd Killed him, yes, I know. Listen, don't worry about Dotty — she's got money in the show.

Garry Lejeune/Roger Tramplemain – Brooke Ashton/Vicki

Roger What did you say?
Vicki I didn't say anything.
Roger I mean, first the door handle. Now the hot water bottle...
Vicki I can feel goose-pimples all over.
Roger Yes, quick, get something round you.
Vicki Get the covers over our heads.

(Roger is about to open the bedroom door.)

Roger Just a moment. What did I do with those sardines? *(He goes downstairs. Vicki makes to follow.)* You — wait here.
Vicki *(uneasily)* You hear all sorts of funny things about these old houses.
Roger Yes, but this one has been extensively modernized throughout. I can't see how anything creepy would survive oil-fired central heating and...
Vicki What? What is it?

(Roger stares at the telephone table in silence. The bedroom door opens, and Flavia puts Roger's flight bag on the table outside without looking round. The door closes again.)

Vicki What's happening?
Roger The sardines. They've gone.
Vicki Perhaps there is something funny going on. I'm going to get into bed and put my head under the...

(She freezes at the sight of the flight bag.)

Roger I put them there. Or was it there?
Vicki Bag

(Vicki runs down the stairs to Roger, who is directly underneath the gallery.)

Roger I suppose Mrs. Sprockett must have taken them away again... What?
What is it?
Vicki Bag!
Roger Bag?
Vicki Bag! Bag!

(Vicki drags Roger silently back towards the stairs. Enter Flavia from the bedroom with the box of files. She picks up the flight bag as well and takes them both off along the upstairs corridor.)

Roger What do you mean, bag, bag?
Vicki Bag! Bag! Bag!
Roger What bag?

(Vicki sees the empty table outside the bedroom door.)

Vicki No bag!
Roger No bag?
Vicki Your bag! Suddenly! Here! Now — gone!
Roger It's in the bedroom. I put it in the bedroom.
Vicki Don't go in there!

Frederick Fellowes/Philip Brent – Belinda Blair/Flavia Brent

Philip No, it's Mrs. Clackett's afternoon off, remember. *(Enter Flavia, carrying a flight bag like Garry's.)* We've got the place entirely to ourselves.
(Philip closes the door.)
Flavia Home!
Philip Home, sweet home!
Flavia Dear old house!
Philip Just waiting for us to come back!
Flavia It's rather funny, though, creeping in like this for our wedding anniversary!
Philip It's damned serious! If Inland Revenue find out we're in the country, even for one night, bang goes our claim to be resident abroad. Bang goes most of this year's income. I feel like an illegal immigrant.
Flavia I'll tell you what I feel like.
Philip Champagne? *(He takes a bottle out of the box)*
Flavia I wonder if Mrs. Clackett's aired the beds.
Philip Darling!
Flavia Well, why not? No children. No friends dropping in. We're absolutely on our own.
Philip True. *(He picks up the bag and box and ushers Flavia towards the stairs)* There is something to be said for being a tax exile.
Flavia Leave those!

(He drops the bag and box and kisses her. She flees upstairs, laughing, and he after her.)

Philip Shh!
Flavia What?
Philip *(humorously)* Inland Revenue may hear us!

(They creep to the bedroom door. Enter Mrs. Clackett from the service quarters carrying a fresh plate of sardines.)

Mrs. Clackett *(to herself)* What I did with that first lot of sardines I shall never know.

(She puts the sardines on the telephone table and sits on the sofa.)

Philip and Flavia *(looking down from the gallery)* Mrs. Clackett!

(Mrs. Clackett jumps up.)

Mrs. Clackett Oh, you give me a turn! My heart jumped right out of my boots!
Philip So did mine!
Flavia We thought you'd gone!
Mrs. Clackett I thought you was in Spain!
Philip We are! We are!
Flavia You haven't seen us!
Philip We're not here!

Selsdon Mowbray/Burglar

Burglar No bars, no burglar alarms. They ought to be prosecuted for incitement. *(He climbs in.)* No, but sometimes it makes me want to sit down and weep. When I think I used to do banks! When I remember I used to do bullion vaults! What am I doing now? I'm breaking into paper bags! So, what are they offering? *(He peers at the television)* One microwave oven. *(He unplugs it and puts it on the sofa.)* What? Fifty quid? Hardly worth lifting it. *(He inspects the paintings and ornaments.)* Junk ... Junk... If you insist... *(He pockets some small item.)* Where's his desk? No, they all say the same thing... They all say the same thing...

Selsdon Yes? Line?
Poppy *(off)* 'It's hard to adjust to retirement.'
Selsdon What?
Lloyd *(wearily)* 'It's hard to adjust to retirement.'
Selsdon Hard to what?
Others *(variously, off)* 'Adjust to retirement.'
Selsdon It's also very hard to hear if everyone talks at once.

Poppy Norton-Taylor – Assistant Stage Manager

Poppy Lloyd...
Lloyd What? What's happened now?
Poppy The police!
Lloyd The police?
Poppy They've found an old man. He was lying unconscious in a doorway just across the street.
Lloyd Oh. Yes. Thank you.
Poppy They say he's very dirty and rather smelly, and I thought oh my God, because...
Lloyd Thank you, Poppy.
Poppy Because when you get close to Selsdon...
Belinda Poppy!
Poppy No, I mean, if you stand anywhere near Selsdon you can't help noticing this very distinctive...

(She stops, sniffing.)

Selsdon *(putting his arm round her)* I'll tell you something, Poppy. Once you've got it in your nostrils you never forget it. Sixty years now and the smell of the theatre still haunts me.

Poppy Lloyd, I've got to have a talk to you.
Lloyd *(kissing her)* Of course, honey, of course. Looking forward to it.
Poppy You got my message?
Lloyd Many, many messages.
Poppy Why didn't you answer?
Lloyd I did! I have! I'm here!
Poppy Lloyd, there's something I've got to tell you.
Lloyd Go on, then.
Poppy Well... *(She hesitates, embarrassed because other people can hear, then tries to keep her voice down)* I went to the doctor today...