

THEATRE THREE's *Murder on the Orient Express*.

Please familiarize yourself with the material; sides need not be memorized. Auditioners may be asked to read for multiple characters.

Please attempt any listed accents in accordance with the characters for which you are interested in being seen.

Note: When preparing to audition for a character with an accent, try not focus on the accent at the expense of your performance.

SCENE: MARY and ARBUTHNOT

MARY: Oh, thank God! I thought you weren't coming!

ARBUTHNOT: What's the matter? I got your note.

MARY: I'll tell you what the matter is! I'm frightened because we shouldn't be doing this!

ARBUTHNOT: Now calm down.

MARY: I can't calm down! We have to stop this!

ARBUTHNOT: Now that's ridiculous.

MARY: No, it isn't! Oh, that's the trouble with you military men, you never show any real emotion, it's always stiff upper lip no matter what's going on!

ARBUTHNOT: Mary, we're doing nothing wrong! You have to remember that. There was a hill near my home in Scotland and I'd sit for hours watching the trains go by in the valley below. I knew they were heading to exotic locales, and I wanted to climb aboard in the worst way.

MARY: But you didn't.

ARBUTHNOT: No. I suppose I knew somehow that I'd break my mother's heart.

MARY: You're a very good man.

ARBUTHNOT: She was a very good woman.

MARY: Do you know what the worst of it is with all this traveling we've been doing? We don't get any privacy. It's just so maddening!

ARBUTHNOT: Well, I don't see anyone around at the moment, do you?

MARY: No, I suppose I don't.

SCENE: PRINCESS, GRETA, and MICHEL

PRINCESS: Greta, will you please put those suitcases down, you are driving me mad!

GRETA: No, no princess, do not concern, they are not so heavy as they look, I am sure.

PRINCESS: They are extremely heavy!

MICHEL: Princess Dragomiroff. How lovely to see you. *(To Greta.)* Please, let me help you, madame.

GRETA: It iss mademoiselle. I am not married, except to God almighty who lives in heaven.

PRINCESS: Oh, Greta please, not now. *(To Michel.)* This is Greta Ohlsson.

GRETA: I am a missionary, and I verk in Africa with little babies.

PRINCESS: I have agreed to pay her way if she will assist me as I travel to Paris.

MICHEL: But your usual companion, Miss Schmidt—?

GRETA: She iss very sick.

PRINCESS: The doctors are calling it a cardiac event, but she is German so it is very unlikely to slow her down.

GRETA: I vill pray for Miss. Schmidt and God vill protect her.

PRINCESS: Greta, please, that is enough, just get on the train.

MICHEL: You are in compartment eleven, Princess, as usual.

THEATRE THREE's *Murder on the Orient Express*.

Please familiarize yourself with the material; sides need not be memorized. Auditioners may be asked to read for multiple characters.

Please attempt any listed accents in accordance with the characters for which you are interested in being seen.

Note: When preparing to audition for a character with an accent, try not focus on the accent at the expense of your performance.

MONOLOGUES

GRETA: I have to confess to you Princess, that I am not liking trains since I am little girl. They are feeling very tight to me, like clothing that is made wrong size. I am also not liking the strangers and the clickety-clackety. But we will be sitting next to each other, ja? That part is good. In Africa once, I am on a train and there is noise and crying and animals. And I look up from my book and sitting there next to me, right on the seat, is a very old goat! Is true. Old goat! He is like my companion. And on this trip that we are taking together right now, I think it will not be so different, ja?

MACQUEEN #1 : My father was the District Attorney for the state of New York and he brought the case against that ... son of a bitch. I'm sorry, but you have no idea what he did to that family. And they were so kind to me. And there was a governess and a baby nurse, and then poor Suzanne. She was a French housemaid - she came from Paris - and my father's office thought she might be implicated, and ... and she was so distraught from the accusations that she - she killed herself. Only it turned out that she was innocent. My father was shattered. He never recovered.

MACQUEEN #2: Me? I-I-I don't know anything! He was fine last night when I put out his wine. He-he never spoke about himself at all. Frankly, I think he was hiding something. That's just an impression. I-I think he was fleeing from America to get away from something, and I think he managed until a few weeks ago. He began to get some threatening letters. They're in my room. Do you want to see them?

COUNTESS #1 : But I didn't kill him! I should have but I didn't! I didn't even know who he was until you discovered it. But then I realized that if you knew who I was, you would think that I killed him because he was a blackmailer. And a swine! And the murderer of a darling, sweet, innocent, child who deserved to live! It's the truth, I swear to God! But I'll tell you this; if I had known who he was - that he was Bruno Cassetti - the man who stole two of the people I loved most in this world - I would have pushed the dagger through his chest myself, and believe me, no other wounds would have been necessary!

COUNTESS #2: The famous detective. I am delighting to see you. I have read about you in the papers, monsieur, and I admire you greatly. (*Pause.*) Hélas, unfortunately my husband cannot join me this trip. But since I am visiting my mother, it works out nicely. He does not like her. Monsieur Poirot, I look forward to hearing of your wonderful adventures.

MICHEL: Messieurs et mesdames, L'Orient Express partira dans vingt minutes du quai numero dix. Veuillez faire attention aux marches, soyez prudent et bon voyage. Ladies and gentlemen, The Orient Express will depart in twenty minutes from platform ten. Please watch your step and have a safe trip.

MARY: I only caught a glimpse of him. He was in a kind of uniform. But I may have imagined it. I woke up this morning feeling disoriented, as though I'd been drugged or something, and I had this splitting headache. So, I looked through my suitcase for some aspirin, but I didn't have any. So, then I stumbled out of the room, and I saw that Mrs. Hubbard's door was ajar. I called to her, but she wasn't there and then - I know I shouldn't have - but I went into her room. My head was splitting open by this time and I wasn't thinking straight - so I looked for some aspirin in Mrs. Hubbard's makeup bag. And there was this knife, and it was covered with blood! I was frightened when I saw the knife and I must have backed into Mr. Ratchett's room, and then I turned and saw the body on the bed with all the blood and the wounds, and I - I screamed, and then I saw the man and the gun and that's all I remember!

THEATRE THREE's *Murder on the Orient Express*.

Please familiarize yourself with the material; sides need not be memorized. Auditioners may be asked to read for multiple characters.

Please attempt any listed accents in accordance with the characters for which you are interested in being seen.

Note: When preparing to audition for a character with an accent, try not focus on the accent at the expense of your performance.

ARBUTHNOT: I'm married! All right?! I'm in the process of getting a divorce - which I deserve because my wife is seeing another man - but I'll lose my case in court if it's known that I'm seeing a woman socially. When the divorce is behind us, we can stop hiding, which is why we've been trying to keep things private, no thanks to you! Some of us have emotions, Poirot! I'm sure you'd sacrifice your own mother if it led you to one of your damn solutions, and I don't think you know what the hell you're doing.

PRINCESS: No, my dear, his name is Bruno Cassetti, and what I pray is that his soul is damned and that he burns in hell for all eternity. He murdered a little girl named Daisy Armstrong and her grandmother is my dearest friend. You know her as the actress Linda Arden. And when her five-year-old granddaughter was murdered by this monster Cassetti, it took her years to recover, indeed she has not yet recovered! And it wasn't just that sweet little girl that was taken from us. First little Daisy, and then her mother, who was pregnant, died in childbirth, and the baby died too. And the little girl's father, Colonel Armstrong, who could not live with what happened and ended his own life. There is no forgiveness in a case like this. That Mr. Cassetti should have been flogged to death and his remains cut up and thrown onto a rubbish heap.