

The Shakespeare Theatre Company  
AUDITION SIDES – THE DOG IN THE MANGER

**DIANA**

Side 1 of 3

DIANA. ...it was you who compromised this house?

MARCELA. Whatever she told you, my lady,  
My only loyalty is to you.

DIANA. Loyalty! You?

MARCELA. What have I done?  
In what way have I offended?

DIANA. You talk to a man in my house,  
in my chambers, and you wonder  
how it is you've offended me!

MARCELA. Teodoro's such a lovely fool.  
He comes out with all sorts of things,  
the sorts of things that lovers say  
he comes out with...by the dozen...

DIANA. By the dozen? Very fertile...  
his imagination.

MARCELA. I mean,  
it doesn't matter where we are,  
what we're doing, his thoughts...translate  
into such words.

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DIANA.                    Strange word to use.  
                              These translations, are they faithful?

MARCELA. My lady?

DIANA.                    His thoughts are just for you?  
                              What does he say?

MARCELA.                I don't recall.

DIANA. I think you do.

MARCELA.                One day he'll say  
                              'My soul swims through the dark river  
                              of your eyes'. Then 'My soul drowns  
                              in your absence, without you I die'.  
                              What interest can such ravings have  
                              for my lady?

DIANA.                    They interest *you*.

MARCELA. I believe his words are faithful  
                              to what lies within. He loves me;  
                              in a way that's honourable and true  
                              since it has marriage as its goal.

DIANA. Then I approve of your desire.  
                              Shall I arrange it?

MARCELA.                My lady,

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I could desire nothing more.  
Let me tell you this: I love him.  
He is the cleverest and best,  
the wisest man in this city.

DIANA. I know. He's my secretary.

MARCELA. Although there can be no compare  
between writing letters on business  
and the warmer whisperings  
of the heart.

DIANA. Yes. You shall marry,  
when the time's ripe. You have my word.  
But it cannot be less than I am.  
My anger is both just and known,  
and therefore I must sustain it.  
There is no choice. Be more prudent  
and I shall find the right moment.  
Teodoro is a good man,  
who's lived in this house all his life,  
and I'm bound to you by kinship,  
Marcela. I owe you both a favour.

MARCELA. And I am your faithful servant.

DIANA. Go.

MARCELA. I kiss your feet.

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DIANA. Leave me now.

[DIANA *is left alone*]

DIANA. And there've been many times, at work, at rest,  
I've bathed in his beauty's warmth, like the sun,  
and felt how his grace and wit possessed  
a charm that melts, or at least I would have done.  
The property of our nature, they say's to love  
but nature sits uneasy with honour and with name,  
and though I might dream of swooping from above,  
a noble birth regards low-born things with shame.  
Envy, how well I know your sting,  
living here as I watch the joy of others,  
and though I feel this poor heart bursting,  
I cling to rank, and memory smothers  
everything but one resentful hope in store:  
if only I were less, if only he were more.

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**DIANA**

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DIANA. So you don't love Marcela then?

TEODORO. I could live without her.

DIANA. Really?  
She says you've lost your wits for her.

TEODORO. It's no real loss. They're not great wits.  
But I would have my lady know  
that Marcela's undoubted charms  
have awoken no response in me.

DIANA. So you've made no pretty speeches,  
whispered no blandishments that might  
beguile a lady who's better born.

TEODORO. Words, my lady, come cheap.

DIANA. Tell me,  
secretary, this way with words,  
how does it work? What do you say?

TEODORO. You wrap a single truth- if that-  
in the clothing of a thousand lies;  
and you wrap that, in turn, in sighs.

DIANA. What words, exactly?

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TEODORO.                    You push me,  
My lady. ‘Your eyes,’ I told her,  
‘are the moons that light my night,  
guiding me to the coral of your  
celestial mouth.’

DIANA.                    Celestial? Her mouth?

TEODORO. Indeed, my lady, such language  
features in the standard repertoire  
of all lovers.

DIANA.                    You disappoint me.  
I expected...more discernment.  
I clearly have the finer eye,  
because I see Marcela’s flaws  
outnumber her good points by far.  
I mean her lips, coral? Blowzy,  
ruddy, florid, lobster-red, yes.  
More than once, you know I’ve had cause  
to bring matters of, well, hygiene,  
to her attention, women’s things.  
I’m sure you know... perhaps you don’t.  
Love is blind, and you love her so much.  
The things I could tell you about her,  
but perhaps we should say no more  
about her charms. Or lack of them.  
I want you to love and marry her,  
And I’m sure you’ll both be... in bliss.  
As you’re such a learned lover,



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her hand passes from mouth to mouth.

TEODORO. Marcela's a fool. I confess  
that I did dare to cool my own lips  
- although not without some unease -  
on the lilies and snow of her hand.

DIANA. Lilies and snow. I'm glad to know  
how well they seem to cool passion.

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**DIANA**

Side 3 of 3

DIANA. You want to leave?

TEODORO. I have to leave.  
They intend to have me killed.

DIANA. So,  
you want to die, but not be killed?

TEODORO. Die for you... not be killed uselessly.  
That's why I beg your permission  
to let me sail at once for Spain.

DIANA. That would be a... noble solution.  
Though I'll weep at your departure,  
removing the occasion of sin  
will bring you peace; and honour to my house.  
Since the day he saw me strike you,  
Federico's been suspicious.  
He's asked me time and again  
to have you thrown onto the street.  
Go to Spain. I'll make arrangements  
for you to have six thousand crowns.

TEODORO. Your enemies will be silenced  
by my departure. I kiss your feet.

DIANA. I'm made of flesh and blood... please go.

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I can't bear this.

[TEODORO *moves away*]

TEODORO. She's weeping, but what can I do?

DIANA. So you're leaving?

TEODORO. I am, my lady.

DIANA. Safe journey. Wait!

TEODORO. My lady?

DIANA. Nothing.  
Go.

TEODORO. I'm going.

DIANA. This is torture.  
You're still here?

TEODORO. I'm going, my lady.

[TEODORO *leaves*]

DIANA. The door's slammed; he's gone,  
and I'm left alone.  
So damn you honour,  
and damn your harsh laws.

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You're some men's fiction  
to keep life at bay,  
to deny desire.  
Damn you and damn them  
for thinking you up.  
But without you, what then?  
this world's in chaos,  
and only honour  
keeps us where we are,  
maintain's life's balance.

[TEODORO *returns*]

TEODORO. Forgive me, I wanted to be sure  
I have your leave to go today.

DIANA. I don't know... and nor can you know  
how much seeing you here again  
causes me the most bitter pain,  
or else you'd not have returned.

TEODORO. I've returned in search of myself,  
because I find myself nowhere,  
and like a judge returns a corpse  
to a grieving family, bereft,  
I beg you, release me. Give me back.

DIANA. Tell me, how can I release you  
if you keep coming back to me?  
Love's in such dispute with my honour  
that your presence will make me stumble.

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Go, Teodoro; don't ask any more.  
Though part of you will always stay,  
just as part of me goes with you.

TEODORO. God be with you, your ladyship.

[TEODORO *leaves*]

DIANA. Your ladyship's lost me everything.

Damn my lady. I'd have been his  
were it not for her. And he's gone.  
The man who brought light to these eyes.  
So let them suffer,  
eyes that saw wrong.  
Let them weep long.  
My eyes, you are to blame for this,  
for casting your gaze down so low,  
and seeing love there was seeing wrong.  
Do not weep, for tears bring relief.  
So let them suffer,  
eyes that saw wrong.  
Let them weep long.  
The looking's innocent enough,  
they'll say; if the sun shines on mud  
there's no mud will stick to the sun.  
Stop weeping, my eyes, you've no cause for tears.