

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

*PLEASE ALSO PREPARE A SHORT BALLAD TO SING*

**FABIO**

Side 1 of 3

FABIO.                   He flew...like a hawk.  
                              Into the dark.

DIANA.                  Anything strike you?

FABIO. Strike me?

DIANA.                  His cloak was very rich.

FABIO. His hat... his hat nearly struck me...

DIANA. I'm surrounded by simpletons!

FABIO. ... when he threw it, I mean at the lamp,  
                              and he killed it. From the doorway,  
                              he was standing in the doorway.  
                              He pulled his sword... I heard it rasping.  
                              So I stopped.

DIANA.                  He flew like a hawk...  
                              while you stood and clucked like a chicken.

FABIO. What could I do?

DIANA.                  What could you do?

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Of course... Stop him? Kill him, if need be?

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His hat... it had plumes... bring it here.

FABIO. It'll be gone.

DIANA.                   The hawk paused in mid-flight  
to pick it up? Fool!

FABIO.                   I'll take a light.



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DIANA. But it had feathers...great big plumes.

    this piece of charred chicken carcass,  
    that you take for some burglar's cap,  
    it was a hat with fine feathers.

FABIO. It did, my lady, it did, but...

    they were burnt off, went up like a torch,  
    when the hat flew into the lamp.

    Wasn't it Icarus flew too close  
    to the sun and got his wings burnt,  
    so that he fell and drowned in the sea?

    Well, the hat was like Icarus,  
    and the lamp was like the sun.

    It flew too close, got its feathers burnt,  
    and down it went onto the stairs.

    Not the sea.



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MARCELA. Are you not like you?

FABIO. Like me? Yes...

MARCELA. If I say a false word to you,  
if I'm not made for you, obsessed  
by you, if I'm not yours, dear Fabio,  
then I will be punished gladly  
in the cruelest possible way.  
I shall die of unrequited love.

FABIO. Is this some sudden conversion,  
a death-bed scene where you make amends  
for all your past disdain and scorn?  
You broke my heart once before.  
Maybe you are dying... or playing  
with me again.

DOROTEA. This is your chance.  
Do you not see she needs to love you?

FABIO. Needs to? What about wanting to?

DOROTEA. Teodoro's flying high. He's dropped her.

FABIO. I'm going to look for him, Marcela.  
I'm good enough when he says no.  
Love's turned you into a letter,  
with his name on the envelope;  
and if Teodoro's not at home,

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just forward me to Fabio.

Then here's my reply: I accept  
your letter. Yours as ever,  
for better or for worse, Fabio.