

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

Please also prepare a short ballad to sing.

MARCELA

Side 1 of 3

DIANA. Marcela!

MARCELA. My lady.

DIANA. So then...
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.

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

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'.
And he begs for a strand of hair.
To bind his thoughts and words, he says.
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;

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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,
I could desire nothing more.
Your anger swiftly melts away,
in the warmth of your noble heart.
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.

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MARCELA

Side 2 of 3

MARCELA. Teodoro, can we talk?

TEODORO. My love,
What could ever stop us talking?
I'd move mountains for you, die for you.

MARCELA. I died a thousand times last night
waiting for dawn, like a tiny bird
lost in the dark, too scared to move,
but when dawn came flaring in the sky,
like Apollo stirred by Aurora,
my heart sang and I thought to myself:
'Soon I shall see my Apollo'.
I have things to tell you. She knows.
She wouldn't rest till she found out,
from so-called friends whose envy
of my joy and my happiness
helped loosen tongues already loose.
There's no honour among servants,
and there's no friendship that's sincere.
Diana's restless like the moon,
never sleeping, always watching,
she came out and saw our secret.
No...no...no...don't panic, my love,
for it will all be for the best,
I told her you want to marry me,
that you desire no one else,

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TEODORO. Simply babbling with joy, my love.

We spoke. She gave no indication
she knows it was me left your room
last night, cloaked and muffled...she knows?

MARCELA. She's being discreet, for if she knew-
that is, if she knew officially-
she'd have no choice but to punish us.
Although some might say that marriage
is the most divine of punishments.

TEODORO. And the most divine of cures.

MARCELA. Do you want to?

TEODORO. I'm a lucky man.

MARCELA. Acknowledge receipt.

TEODORO. With these arms,
the flourishes and curlicues
of love's pen and love's composition,
sealed with the signature of a kiss.

MARCELA. My secretary...

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MARCELA

Side 3 of 3

MARCELA. So, Teodoro, you're leaving?

TEODORO. Because of you; the odds are stacked
much too high against us. That's why...

MARCELA. Your excuse is as false as ever.
You turned your back on me for her,
and now your dreams have fallen through,
you're left with nothing, but failure.

TEODORO. Her? Who are you talking about?

MARCELA. I'm talking about Diana.
How can you deny that it's her?
Your desire's there for all to see,
and it's turned you into a coward
and a rash fool; yes, a coward
because you've not dared go beyond
the respect that rank demands,
and a rash fool, because you dreamed
that one day perhaps you might.
When can honour and love ever meet?
There are too many mountains,
too many icy slopes, in between.
Even as you leave, I still love you;
but at least I have my revenge,
and revenge helps us to forget.

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That's love's way of keeping us intact.
If you think of me, then imagine
that I have forgotten you.
And you will feel desire cut through you,
into your flesh, like a sharp knife.
Men only want the impossible.

TEODORO. You've invented all this nonsense.
because you're marrying Fabio.

MARCELA. Forced by your hand! By your contempt!