

**PLEASE ENSURE YOU HAVE READ
THE INFORMATION IN THIS PACK**

Audition Pack

***The Importance of Being Earnest* by Rowntree Players**

Directed by Hannah Shaw

Key Information

Audition Date: 17th December 2025

Callback: 18th December 2025

Venue: Door 84, Lowther Street, York, YO31 7LX

Performance Dates: Thursday 19th – Saturday 21st March 2026

Rehearsal Schedule: *TBC*

About Rowntree Players

Rowntree Players is York's longest-running community theatre company, based at the Joseph Rowntree Theatre. Dedicated to creating high-quality, accessible productions that celebrate both classic and contemporary theatre, Rowntree Players brings together actors, creatives, and technicians from all walks of life, united by a shared love for community live performance.

About the Production

“The truth is rarely pure and never simple.”

— Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* is one of the most famous comedies ever written. It follows two young men (Jack and Algernon) who both invent false identities so they can escape the expectations of polite society. Their double lives cause chaos when love, lies, and family secrets collide.

The play is full of Wilde's trademark wit and sharp observations about class, manners, and romance. It pokes fun at how people behave when they're trying to look proper or important, and it reminds us how funny (and human) it is to take ourselves too seriously.

At its heart, *Earnest* is a story about truth and identity; about the masks we wear and what happens when we finally take them off. It's fast-paced, full of clever wordplay, and bursting with memorable characters. More than a century after it was written, it still makes audiences laugh while asking questions that feel surprisingly modern.

Directorial Vision

Our version of *The Importance of Being Earnest* keeps all the clever humour and sparkle of Wilde's writing but looks at it through a York lens. York is a city full of contrasts; old buildings and new shops, hidden corners and open spaces. It's a place that constantly reinvents itself while staying proud of its history. That mix of tradition and change fits perfectly with Wilde's story about identity, honesty, and the faces we show the world.

The setting won't be locked into any one time period. Instead, it will have a timeless feel; a world that could be now, or then, or somewhere in between. We might see a smartphone next to an antique chair or a modern suit with a historical twist. The idea is to create a space that feels familiar but slightly heightened, where the comedy and emotion can really shine.

We're also taking quiet inspiration from Anne Lister (Gentleman Jack), a Yorkshire woman who lived bravely and refused to hide who she was. Her story connects beautifully to Wilde's themes of truth, identity, and living honestly, and helps ground our version in the city of York.

A key creative choice in this production is that **Algernon will be played by a woman** who presents masculine when pretending to be "Earnest." This gives a fresh angle to the play's ideas about disguise, gender, and how we present ourselves.

Overall, this production will be full of energy, warmth, and fun. We'll keep the fast-paced comedy that makes *Earnest* such a joy to watch, while also exploring what it means to be yourself in a world that often expects you to be someone else.

Character Breakdown

We welcome actors of all genders, backgrounds, and identities to audition for any role. We encourage everyone to perform in their own natural accent.

John “Jack” Worthing *Late 20s - Mid 30s*

A man of sincerity and secrets. Leads a double life; respectable in the country, reckless in the city. Charming but tightly wound; learns to laugh at himself by the end.

PLEASE PREPARE SIDES 1 + 7

Algernon Moncrieff *Late 20s - Mid 30s*

Traditionally Jack’s witty bachelor friend. In this production, Algernon is played by a woman who presents masculine when adopting the persona of Ernest. A performer, a trickster, and perhaps the most free spirit in the room.

PLEASE PREPARE SIDES 1 + 3

Gwendolen Fairfax *Mid 20s - Early 30s*

Sophisticated, intelligent, and romantic, a woman who knows what she wants and doesn’t hesitate to say so. Has her mother’s sharpness but her own sense of humour.

PLEASE PREPARE SIDES 4 + 7

Cecily Cardew *Early - Mid 20s*

Jack’s ward; imaginative, rebellious, and just as clever as Gwendolen, though she hides it under her youthful curiosity. A rebellious dreamer.

PLEASE PREPARE SIDES 3 + 4

Lady Bracknell *50s - 70s*

Formidable, commanding, and hilarious. Obsessed with appearances and propriety but ultimately driven by pride and affection. We welcome bold interpretations of this iconic role and are open to Lady Bracknell being played by any gender.

PLEASE PREPARE SIDES 2 + 5

Miss Prism *40s - 60s*

Cecily’s governess. She is earnest (in every sense) and full of repressed energy. A mix of morality and unfulfilled romanticism.

PLEASE PREPARE SIDE 8

Rev. Canon Chasuble 40s - 60s

A kindly country reverend whose polished manners hide a surprisingly romantic heart. Publicly, he's the picture of respectability; thoughtful, formal, and dedicated to his parish. But privately, he harbours a clear affection for Miss Prism.

PLEASE PREPARE SIDE 8

Lane / Merriman 30s - 50s

The servants and often the most observant characters in the play. Dry humour, subtle wit, and perfect timing. (These roles may be doubled.)

PLEASE PREPARE SIDE 6

Side/Scene Breakdown

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AUDITION SIDE #1 – JACK, ALGERNON

ALGERNON. Didn't it go off all right, old boy? You don't mean to say Gwendolen refused you? I know it is a way she has. She is always refusing people. I think it is most ill-natured of her.

JACK. Oh, Gwendolen is as right as a trivet. As far as she is concerned, we are engaged. Her mother is perfectly unbearable. Never met such a Gorgon... I don't really know what a Gorgon is like, but I am quite sure that Lady Bracknell is one. In any case, she is a monster, without being a myth, which is rather unfair ... I beg your pardon, Algy, I suppose I shouldn't talk about your own aunt in that way before you.

ALGERNON. My dear boy, I love hearing my relations abused. It is the only thing that makes me put up with them at all. Relations are simply a tedious pack of people, who haven't got the remotest knowledge of how to live, nor the smallest instinct about when to die.

JACK. Oh, that is nonsense!

ALGERNON. It isn't!

JACK. Well, I won't argue about the matter. You always want to argue about things.

ALGERNON. That is exactly what things were originally made for.

JACK. Upon my word, if I thought that, I'd shoot myself. [A pause.] You don't think there is any chance of Gwendolen becoming like her mother in about a hundred and fifty years, do you, Algy?

ALGERNON. All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his. By the way, did you tell Gwendolen the truth about your being Ernest in town, and Jack in the country?

JACK. [In a very patronising manner.] My dear fellow, the truth isn't quite the sort of thing one tells to a nice, sweet, refined girl. What extraordinary ideas you have about the way to behave to a woman!

ALGERNON. The only way to behave to a woman is to make love to her, if she is pretty, and to some one else, if she is plain.

JACK. Oh, that is nonsense.

ALGERNON. What about your brother? What about the profligate Ernest?

JACK. Oh, before the end of the week I shall have got rid of him. I'll say he died in Paris of apoplexy. Lots of people die of apoplexy, quite suddenly, don't they?

ALGERNON. Yes, but it's hereditary, my dear fellow. It's a sort of thing that runs in families. You had much better say a severe chill.

JACK. You are sure a severe chill isn't hereditary, or anything of that kind?

ALGERNON. Of course it isn't!

JACK. Very well, then. My poor brother Ernest is carried off suddenly, in Paris, by a severe chill. That gets rid of him.

ALGERNON. But I thought you said that... Miss Cardew was a little too much interested in your poor brother Ernest? Won't she feel his loss a good deal?

JACK. Oh, that is all right. Cecily is not a silly romantic girl, I am glad to say. She has got a capital appetite, goes long walks, and pays no attention at all to her lessons.

ALGERNON. I would rather like to see Cecily.

JACK. I will take very good care you never do. She is excessively pretty, and she is only just eighteen.

ALGERNON. Have you told Gwendolen yet that you have an excessively pretty ward who is only just eighteen?

JACK. Oh! one doesn't blurt these things out to people. Cecily and Gwendolen are perfectly certain to be extremely great friends. I'll bet you anything you like that half an hour after they have met, they will be calling each other sister.

ALGERNON. Women only do that when they have called each other a lot of other things first. Now, my dear boy, if we want to get a good table at Willis's, we really must go and dress. Do you know it is nearly seven?

JACK. [Irritably.] Oh! It always is nearly seven.

ALGERNON. Well, I'm hungry.

JACK. I never knew you when you weren't..

AUDITION SIDE #2 – LADY BRACKNELL, JACK

LADY BRACKNELL. [Sitting down.] You can take a seat, Mr. Worthing.

JACK. Thank you, Lady Bracknell, I prefer standing.

LADY BRACKNELL. [Pencil and note-book in hand.] I feel bound to tell you that you are not down on my list of eligible young men. However, I am quite ready to enter your name, should your answers be what a really affectionate mother requires. Do you smoke?

JACK. Well, yes, I must admit I smoke.

LADY BRACKNELL. I am glad to hear it. A man should always have an occupation of some kind. There are far too many idle men in London as it is. How old are you?

JACK. Twenty-nine.

LADY BRACKNELL. A very good age to be married at. I have always been of opinion that a man who desires to get married should know either everything or nothing. Which do you know?

JACK. [After some hesitation.] I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL. I am pleased to hear it. I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square. What is your income?

JACK. Between seven and eight thousand a year.

LADY BRACKNELL. [Makes a note in her book.] In land, or in investments?

JACK. In investments, chiefly.

LADY BRACKNELL. That is satisfactory. What, between the duties expected of one during one's lifetime, and the duties exacted from one after one's death, land has

ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives one position, and prevents one from keeping it up. That's all that can be said about land.

JACK. I have a country house with some land, of course, attached to it, about fifteen hundred acres, I believe; but I don't depend on that for my real income. In fact, as far as I can make out, the poachers are the only people who make anything out of it.

LADY BRACKNELL. A country house! How many bedrooms? Well, that point can be cleared up afterwards. You have a town house, I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country.

JACK. Well, I own a house in Belgrave Square, but it is let by the year to Lady Bloxham. Of course, I can get it back whenever I like, at six months' notice.

LADY BRACKNELL. What number in Belgrave Square?

JACK. 149.

LADY BRACKNELL. [Shaking her head.] The unfashionable side. I thought there was something. However, that could easily be altered.

JACK. Do you mean the fashion, or the side?

LADY BRACKNELL. [Sternly.] Both, if necessary, I presume.

AUDITION SIDE #3 – CECILY, ALGERNON

ALGERNON. I hope, Cecily, I shall not offend you if I state quite frankly and openly that you seem to me to be in every way the visible personification of absolute perfection.

CECILY. I think your frankness does you great credit, Ernest. If you will allow me, I will copy your remarks into my diary. [Goes over to table and begins writing in diary.]

ALGERNON. Do you really keep a diary? I'd give anything to look at it. May I?

CECILY. Oh no. [Puts her hand over it.] You see, it is simply a very young girl's record of her own thoughts and impressions, and consequently meant for publication. When it appears in volume form I hope you will order a copy. But pray, Ernest, don't stop. I delight in taking down from dictation. I have reached 'absolute perfection'. You can go on. I am quite ready for more.

ALGERNON. [Somewhat taken aback.] Ahem! Ahem!

CECILY. Oh, don't cough, Ernest. When one is dictating one should speak fluently and not cough. Besides, I don't know how to spell a cough. [Writes as Algernon speaks.]

ALGERNON. [Speaking very rapidly.] Cecily, ever since I first looked upon your wonderful and incomparable beauty, I have dared to love you wildly, passionately, devotedly, hopelessly.

CECILY. I don't think that you should tell me that you love me wildly, passionately, devotedly, hopelessly. Hopelessly doesn't seem to make much sense, does it?

ALGERNON. Cecily!

CECILY. Uncle Jack would be very much annoyed if he knew you were staying on till next week, at the same hour.

ALGERNON. Oh, I don't care about Jack. I don't care for anybody in the whole world but you. I love you, Cecily. You will marry me, won't you?

CECILY. You silly boy! Of course. Why, we have been engaged for the last three months.

ALGERNON. For the last three months?

CECILY. Yes, it will be exactly three months on Thursday.

ALGERNON. But how did we become engaged?

CECILY. Well, ever since dear Uncle Jack first confessed to us that he had a younger brother who was very wicked and bad, you of course have formed the chief topic of conversation between myself and Miss Prism. And of course a man who is much talked about is always very attractive. One feels there must be something in him, after all. I daresay it was foolish of me, but I fell in love with you, Ernest.

ALGERNON. Darling! And when was the engagement actually settled?

CECILY. On the 14th of February last. Worn out by your entire ignorance of my existence, I determined to end the matter one way or the other, and after a long struggle with myself I accepted you under this dear old tree here. The next day I bought this little ring in your name, and this is the little bangle with the true lover's knot I promised you always to wear.

ALGERNON. Did I give you this? It's very pretty, isn't it?

CECILY. Yes, you've wonderfully good taste, Ernest. It's the excuse I've always given for your leading such a bad life. And this is the box in which I keep all your dear letters. [Kneels at table, opens box, and produces letters tied up with blue ribbon.]

ALGERNON. My letters! But, my own sweet Cecily, I have never written you any letters.

CECILY. You need hardly remind me of that, Ernest. I remember only too well that I was forced to write your letters for you. I wrote always three times a week, and sometimes oftener.

ALGERNON. Oh, do let me read them, Cecily?

CECILY. Oh, I couldn't possibly. They would make you far too conceited. [Replaces box.] The three you wrote me after I had broken off the engagement are so beautiful, and so badly spelled, that even now I can hardly read them without crying a little.

AUDITION SIDE #7 – GWENDOLEN, CECILY

CECILY. [Advancing to meet her.] Pray let me introduce myself to you. My name is Cecily Cardew.

GWENDOLEN. Cecily Cardew? [Moving to her and shaking hands.] What a very sweet name! Something tells me that we are going to be great friends. I like you already more than I can say. My first impressions of people are never wrong.

CECILY. How nice of you to like me so much after we have known each other such a comparatively short time. Pray sit down.

GWENDOLEN. [Still standing up.] I may call you Cecily, may I not?

CECILY. With pleasure!

GWENDOLEN. And you will always call me Gwendolen, won't you?

CECILY. If you wish.

GWENDOLEN. Then that is all quite settled, is it not?

CECILY. I hope so. [A pause. They both sit down together.]

GWENDOLEN. Cecily, mamma, whose views on education are remarkably strict, has brought me up to be extremely short-sighted; it is part of her system; so do you mind my looking at you through my glasses?

CECILY. Oh! not at all, Gwendolen. I am very fond of being looked at.

GWENDOLEN. [After examining Cecily carefully through a lorgnette.] You are here on a short visit, I suppose.

CECILY. Oh no! I live here.

GWENDOLEN. [Severely.] Really? Your mother, no doubt, or some female relative of advanced years, resides here also?

CECILY. Oh no! I have no mother, nor, in fact, any relations. I am Mr. Worthing's ward.

GWENDOLEN. Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. How secretive of him! [Rising and going to her.] I am very fond of you, Cecily; I have liked you ever since I met you! But I am bound to state that now that I know that you are Mr. Worthing's ward, I cannot help expressing a wish you were well, just a little older than you seem to be-and not quite so very alluring in appearance. In fact, if I may speak candidly

CECILY. Pray do! I think that whenever one has anything unpleasant to say, one should always be quite candid.

GWENDOLEN. Well, to speak with perfect candour, Cecily, I wish that you were fully forty-two, and more than usually plain for your age. Ernest has a strong upright nature. He is the very soul of truth and honour. Disloyalty would be as impossible to him as deception. But even men of the noblest possible moral character are extremely susceptible to the influence of the physical charms of others.

CECILY. I beg your pardon, Gwendolen, did you say Ernest?

GWENDOLEN. Yes.

CECILY. Oh, but it is not Mr. Ernest Worthing who is my guardian. It is his brother his elder brother.

GWENDOLEN. [Sitting down again.] Ernest never mentioned to me that he had a brother.

CECILY. I am sorry to say they have not been on good terms for a long time.

GWENDOLEN. Ah! that accounts for it. Cecily, you have lifted a load from my mind. I was growing almost anxious. It would have been terrible if any cloud had come across a friendship like ours, would it not? Of course you are quite, quite sure that it is not Mr. Ernest Worthing who is your guardian?

CECILY. Quite sure. [A pause.] In fact, I am going to be his.

GWENDOLEN. [Inquiringly.] I beg your pardon?

CECILY. [Rather shy and confidently.] Dearest Gwendolen, there is no reason why I should make a secret of it to you. Our little county newspaper is sure to chronicle the fact next week. Mr. Ernest Worthing and I are engaged to be married.

GWENDOLEN. [Quite politely, rising.] My darling Cecily, I think there must be some slight error. Mr. Ernest Worthing is engaged to me. The announcement will appear in the Morning Post on Saturday at the latest.

CECILY. [Very politely, rising.] I am afraid you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago. [Shows diary.]

AUDITION SIDE #5 – LADY BRACKNELL, ALGERNON

LADY BRACKNELL. And now, as regards Algernon!... Algernon!

ALGERNON. Yes, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL. May I ask if it is in this house that your invalid friend Mr. Bunbury resides?

ALGERNON. [Stammering.] Oh! No! Bunbury doesn't live here. Bunbury is somewhere else at present. In fact, Bunbury is dead.

LADY BRACKNELL. Dead! When did Mr. Bunbury die? His death must have been extremely sudden.

ALGERNON. [Airily.] Oh! I killed Bunbury this afternoon. I mean poor Bunbury died this afternoon.

LADY BRACKNELL. What did he die of?

ALGERNON. Bunbury? Oh, he was quite exploded.

LADY BRACKNELL. Exploded! Was he the victim of a revolutionary outrage? I was not aware that Mr. Bunbury was interested in social legislation. If so, he is well punished for his morbidity.

ALGERNON. My dear Aunt Augusta, I mean he was found out! The doctors found out that Bunbury could not live, that is what I mean-so Bunbury died.

LADY BRACKNELL. He seems to have had great confidence in the opinion of his physicians. I am glad, however, that he made up his mind at the last to some definite course of action, and acted under proper medical advice.

AUDITION SIDE #6 – LANE, ALGERNON

ALGERNON. Did you hear what I was playing, Lane?

LANE. I didn't think it polite to listen, sir.

ALGERNON. I'm sorry for that, for your sake. I don't play accurately-any one can play accurately-but I play with wonderful expression. As far as the piano is concerned, sentiment is my forte. I keep science for Life.

LANE. Yes, sir.

ALGERNON. And, speaking of the science of Life, have you got the cucumber sandwiches cut for Lady Bracknell?

LANE. Yes, sir. [Hands them on a salver.]

ALGERNON. [Inspects them, takes two, and sits down on the sofa.] Oh!... by the way, Lane, I see from your book that on Thursday night, when Lord Shoreman and Mr. Worthing were dining with me, eight bottles of champagne are entered as having been consumed.

LANE. Yes, sir; eight bottles and a pint.

ALGERNON. Why is it that at a bachelor's establishment the servants invariably drink the champagne? I ask merely for information.

LANE. I attribute it to the superior quality of the wine, sir. I have often observed that in married households the champagne is rarely of a first-rate brand.

ALGERNON. Good heavens! Is marriage so demoralising as that?

LANE. I believe it is a very pleasant state, sir. I have had very little experience of it myself up to the present. I have only been married once. That was in consequence of a misunderstanding between myself and a young person.

ALGERNON. [Languidly.] I don't know that I am much interested in your family life, Lane.

LANE. No, sir; it is not a very interesting subject. I never think of it myself.

ALGERNON. Very natural, I am sure. That will do, Lane, thank you.

LANE. Thank you, sir. [Lane goes out.]

AUDITION SIDE #7 – JACK, GWENDOLEN

JACK. Charming day it has been, Miss Fairfax.

GWENDOLEN. Pray don't talk to me about the weather, Mr. Worthing. Whenever people talk to me about the weather, I always feel quite certain that they mean something else. And that makes me so nervous.

JACK. I do mean something else.

GWENDOLEN. I thought so. In fact, I am never wrong.

JACK. And I would like to be allowed to take advantage of Lady Bracknell's temporary absence.

GWENDOLEN. I would certainly advise you to do so. Mamma has a way of coming back suddenly into a room that I have often had to speak to her about.

JACK. [Nervously.] Miss Fairfax, ever since I met you I have admired you more than any girl... I have ever met since... I met you.

GWENDOLEN. Yes, I am quite well aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public, at any rate, you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. Even before I met you I was far from indifferent to you. [Jack looks at her in amazement.] We live, as I hope you know, Mr. Worthing, in an age of ideals, and my ideal has always been to love some one of the name of Ernest. There is something in that name that inspires absolute confidence. The moment Algernon first mentioned to me that he had a friend called Ernest, I knew I was destined to love you.

JACK. You really love me, Gwendolen?

GWENDOLEN. Passionately!

JACK. Darling! You don't know how happy you've made me.

GWENDOLEN. My own Ernest!

JACK. But you don't really mean to say that you couldn't love me if my name wasn't Ernest?

GWENDOLEN. But your name is Ernest.

JACK. Yes, I know it is. But supposing it was something else? Do you mean to say you couldn't love me then?

GWENDOLEN. [Glibly.] Ah! that is clearly a metaphysical speculation, and like most metaphysical speculations has very little reference at all to the actual facts of real life, as we know them.

JACK. Personally, darling, to speak quite candidly, I don't much care about the name of Ernest... I don't think the name suits me at all.

GWENDOLEN. It suits you perfectly. It is a divine name. It has a music of its own. It produces vibrations.

JACK. Well, really, Gwendolen, I must say that I think there are lots of other much nicer names. I think Jack, for instance, a charming name.

GWENDOLEN. Jack?... No, there is very little music in the name Jack, if any at all, indeed. It does not thrill. It produces absolutely no vibrations... I have known several Jacks, and they all, without exception, were more than usually plain. Besides, Jack is a notorious domesticity for John! And I pity any woman who is married to a man called John. She would probably never be allowed to know the entrancing pleasure of a single moment's solitude. The only really safe name is Ernest.

JACK. Gwendolen, I must get christened at once-I mean we must get married at once. There is no time to be lost.

GWENDOLEN. Married, Mr. Worthing?

JACK. [Astounded.] Well... surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.

GWENDOLEN. I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on.

JACK. Well... may I propose to you now?

GWENDOLEN. I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr. Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly before-hand that I am fully determined to accept you.

AUDITION SIDE #8 – MISS PRISM, CHASUBLE

MISS PRISM. You are too much alone, dear Dr. Chasuble. You should get married. A misanthrope I can understand-a womanthrope, never!

CHASUBLE. [With a scholar's shudder.] Believe me, I do not deserve so neologistic a phrase. The precept as well as the practice of the Primitive Church was distinctly against matrimony.

MISS PRISM. [Sententiously.] That is obviously the reason why the Primitive Church has not lasted up to the present day. And you do not seem to realise, dear Doctor, that by persistently remaining single, a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation. Men should be more careful; this very celibacy leads weaker vessels astray.

CHASUBLE. But is a man not equally attractive when married?

MISS PRISM. No married man is ever attractive except to his wife.

CHASUBLE. And often, I've been told, not even to her.

MISS PRISM. That depends on the intellectual sympathies of the woman. Maturity can always be depended on. Ripeness can be trusted. Young women are green. [Dr. Chasuble starts.] I spoke horticulturally. My metaphor was drawn from fruits.

Audition Details

Please prepare the extract(s) provided for your chosen character(s).

Please be prepared to read opposite another actor, you will be asked to stay after your audition, if this is the case.

We'd love to hear you in your own accent, RP is not necessary for this production.

If you'd like to be considered for multiple roles, you may prepare more than one extract.

We'll provide sides at the audition but recommend you read the full play beforehand, if you can.

You are not expected to be off book for the audition materials, but please be as prepared and familiar with the material as possible – this will work to your benefit.

Rehearsals & Commitment

Rehearsals will begin in early January 2026, with a regular weekly schedule to be confirmed once casting is complete. Please be prepared to rehearse on Friday evenings and Sunday afternoons.

Please make us aware of any known rehearsal or performance conflicts prior to the audition.

Final Note

This *Earnest* will be joyful, witty, and full of heart; a celebration of performance, identity, and self-expression. Whether you're a regular Rowntree Player or new to our stage, we'd love to meet you and see what you bring to this production.

“Be yourself; everyone else is already taken.”

— Oscar Wilde