AUDITION PIECE FOR MRS APPLEYARD

Are we all present, Mademoiselle? Good. Well, young ladies, we are indeed fortunate in the weather for our picnic to Hanging Rock. I have instructed Mademoiselle that as the day is likely to be warm, you may remove your gloves after the drag has passed through Woodend. You will partake of luncheon at the picnic grounds near the Rock. Once again, let me remind you that the Rock itself is extremely dangerous and you are therefore forbidden to engage in any tomboy foolishness in the matter of exploration.

As I was saying, the Rock is somewhat of a geological marvel, and therefore you will be required to write a brief essay on Monday morning about it. I also wish to remind you that the vicinity is renowned for its venomous snakes and poisonous ants of various species. I think that is all. Have a pleasant day and try to behave yourselves in a manner to bring credit to the college. I shall expect you back, Miss McCraw and Mademoiselle, at about eight o’clock for a light supper. You may go.

AUDITION PIECE FOR ALBERT

I hear they had the bloodhounds out again yesterday. Something about calico underwear to match what the schoolteacher was wearing. But then nothing. What I say is this. If them Russell Street blokes and the abo tracker and the bloody dog can’t find ‘em, what’s the sense of you and me worrying our guts out? We may as well finish our bottles. Plenty of other people have got themselves bushed before today, and as far as I’m concerned that’s the stone end of it. If you take my advice, the sooner you forget the whole thing, the better.

It’s like this. Feeling is all very well but every inch of that bloody Rock has been gone over with a toothcomb. What the hell do you think you can do?
AUDITION PIECE FOR MICHAEL

Have they found something new? As far as I’m concerned, it’s not the end of it. I wake up in a cold sweat every night wondering if they’re still alive, dying of thirst somewhere on that infernal rock at this very minute... while you and I sit here drinking this cold beer.

I can’t forget, I never will. It’s not really so much a plan as a feeling. All my life I’ve been doing things because other people said they were the right things to do. This time I’m going to do something because I say so. Even if you and everyone else think I’m mad. I’ll be going up there alone.

I’ve got my flask filled with brandy and matches. You see, I am beginning to know something about the bush. Was there anything else?

AUDITION PIECE FOR ADULT CHARACTERS

There is no reason why we should be late tonight, even if we linger for an extra hour at the Rock. Mr. Hussey knows as well as I do that two sides of a triangle are together that the third must be also. This morning we have driven along two sides of a triangle... Am I correct, Mr. Hussey? Very well, then... You have only to change your route this afternoon and return by the third side. In this case, since we entered this road at Woodend at right angles, the return journey will be along the hypotenuse.

I’m not referring to the Camel’s Hump, Mr. Hussey. Thank you for your explanation all the same. Knowing little of horses and roads, I tend to become theoretical. Marion, can you hear me up there in front? You understand what I mean, I hope.
AUDITION PIECE FOR ALL SCHOOLGIRL ROLES

(Please familiarize yourself with all parts as you may read as more than one girl)

MIRANDA: Edith, don’t look at your boots. Look up at the sky.

MARION: Those peaks... they must be a million years old

EDITH: A million. Oh, how horrible. Miranda, did you hear that? Miranda! It’s not true, is it?

IRMA: My papa made a million out of a mine once- in Brazil. He bought Mama a ruby ring.

EDITH: Money’s quite different

MARION: Whether Edith likes it or not, that fat little body of hers is made up of millions and millions of cells.

EDITH: Stop it, Marion. I don’t want to hear about such things.

MARION: And what’s more, you little goose, you’ve already lived for millions and millions of seconds

EDITH: Stop it! You’re making me feel giddy!

MIRANDA: Don’t tease her, Marion. The poor child’s over tired

EDITH: Yes, and those nasty ferns are pricking my legs. Why can’t we all sit down on that log and look over at that ugly old Rock from here?

MARION: Because... You insisted on coming with us, and we three seniors want a closer view of the Hanging Rock before we go home.

EDITH: It’s nasty here, I never thought it would be so nasty or I wouldn’t have come

MARION: I always thought she was a stupid child and now I know.

IRMA: Never mind, Edith. You can go home soon and have some more of Saint Valentine’s lovely cake and be happy.
MIRANDA: Everything begins and ends at exactly the right time and place. I have a feeling there used to be a track somewhere up there. I remember my father showing me a picture of people in old-fashioned dresses having a picnic at the Rock. I wish I knew where it was painted.

MARION: They may have approached it from the opposite side. In those days, they probably drove from Mount Macedon. The thing I should like to see are those queer balancing boulders we noticed this morning from the drag.

MIRANDA: We can’t go much further. Remember, girls, I promised Mademoiselle we wouldn’t be away long.

IRMA: Well, let’s at least climb these rises. Whoever invented female fashions for nineteen hundred should be made to walk through bracken fern in three layers of petticoats. There’s Mr. Hussey. There’s Mademoiselle’s parasol open like a blue flower!

MARION: Let’s rest a bit up here before we head back to the creek to join them.

IRMA: If only we could stay out all night and watch the moonrise. Now, don’t look so serious, Miranda, darling. We don’t often have a chance to enjoy ourselves out of school.

MARION: And without being watched by and spied on by that little rat of a Lumley.

EDITH: Blanche says she knows for a fact Miss Lumley only cleans her teeth on Sundays.

MARION: Blanche is a disgusting little know all. And so are you.

EDITH: Blanche says Sara writes poetry. In the dunny, you know. She found one on the floor all about Miranda.

IRMA: Poor little Sara. I don’t believe she loves anyone in the world except you.
MARION: I can’t think why.

MIRANDA: She’s an orphan.