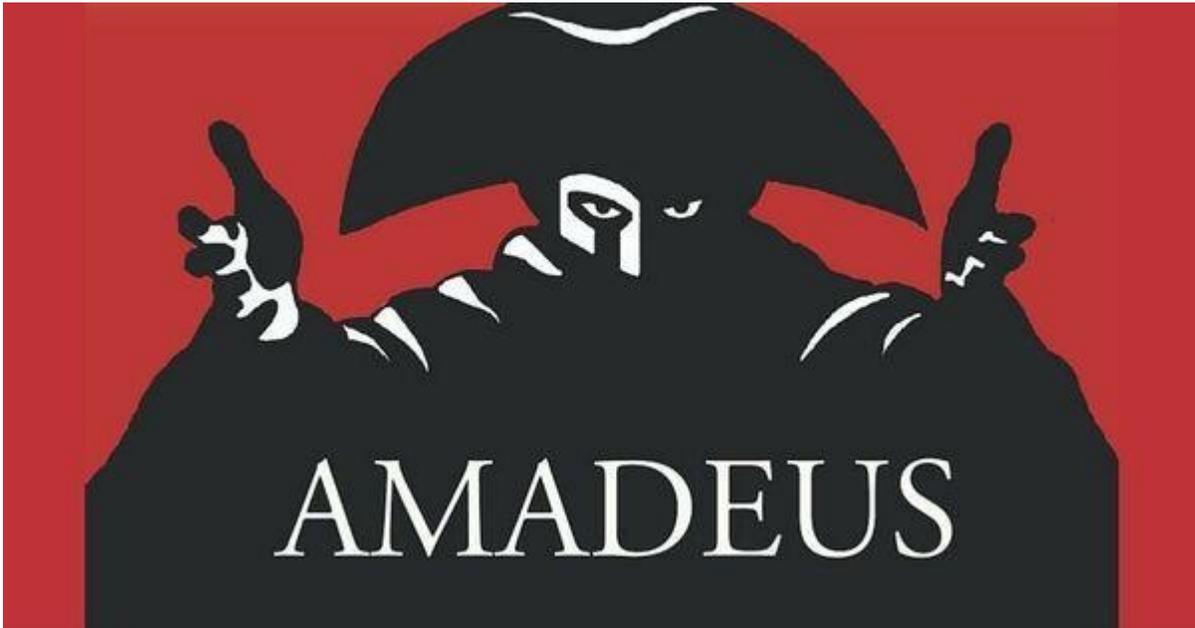


Amadeus

Audition Information



Written by: Peter Shaffer

Auditions

January 24-25, 6:30pm

Callbacks, if necessary

January 25, 7:30pm

Temple Theatre

201 N. Washington St

Saginaw, MI 4860

Performance

Saturday, April 2, 8:00pm

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for this unique performance of *Amadeus*. This production represents a highly integrated collaboration between three strong community arts organizations: the Saginaw Bay Symphony Orchestra, Pit & Balcony Community Theatre, and the Saginaw Valley State University's Concert Choir. The actors, orchestra and choir are integrated throughout this production to create a powerful, one-night experience for everybody.

Amadeus, by Peter Shaffer, is a fictionalized reimagining of the lives of Antonio Salieri and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The story opens on the eve of old man Salieri's death who weaves a story of envy, lust and perhaps...the murder of the impetuous savant Amadeus. In this, the "last hour of life," Salieri presents to the audience, "And now! Gracious ladies! Obliging gentlemen! I present to you – for one performance only – my last composition, entitled 'The Death of Mozart – or, Did I Do It?'"

Opening on Broadway in 1981, *Amadeus* had 11 Tony award nominations, winning nine including Best Play, Best Actor in a Leading Role, and Best Direction. In 1985, the movie version, with screenwriting by Peter Shaffer, added to its award collection with eight Oscars including Best Picture.

Covid-19 Considerations

You must be fully vaccinated in order to audition for this production (full round(s) of Pfizer, Moderna, or Johnson & Johnson vaccine). It is recommended that you receive the booster shot as soon as you are eligible (5 months after your final dose of Pfizer or Moderna vaccine, 2 months after you final does of J&J vaccine, or 6 weeks after a full recovery from Covid-19 illness.)

Actors and production team may be required to wear masks during rehearsals depending on the requirements of the rehearsal space.

Cast

Actors of all races, ethnicities, genders and abilities are encouraged to audition for any role.

Antonio Salieri (Male, 75 & 30-40) Court composer and later imperial chapel leader to Joseph II, emperor of Austria, Salieri is ambitious and has promised to dedicate his life and talents to God in return for fame as a composer. Once Mozart arrives on the scene and Salieri hears his exquisite work, he feels betrayed by God and lets his feelings of mediocrity, jealousy, and bitterness consume him. He vows to destroy Mozart as a way to get back at God.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Male, plays 25) A child prodigy from Salzburg, Austria, and a genius composer, Mozart is seeking a position in the emperor's court. He is extravagant, arrogant, juvenile, foul-mouthed, and impulsive in social and political situations, but creates unbelievably remarkable music. He eventually loses support in court, and, unable to secure a steady income, becomes a poverty-stricken alcoholic and struggles to survive.

Constanze Weber (Female, plays 19-29) Mozart's wife whom he married against his father's wishes, Weber loves and supports him in his work through every humiliation and hardship. Though both are cavalier and juvenile, she is more responsible and practical and even willing to sacrifice herself for him.

Joseph II (Male, plays 30-40) Emperor of Austria and brother of Marie Antoinette, Joseph II enjoys and supports Mozart's music but is ultimately persuaded by Salieri and others at court to cut him off.

Count Johann Kilian Von Strack: (Male, plays 30-55) groom of the Imperial Chamber; stiff and proper; humorless; official to the bone.

Count Franz Orsini-Rosenberg (Male, plays 30-55) director of the Imperial Opera; supercilious opera director; grand and slightly pretentious.

Baron Gottfried Van Swieten (Male, plays 30-55) prefect of the Imperial Library; solemn and lacking any sense of humor; dogmatic.

Venticello (2 parts) (Male, plays 25-40) "Little Winds": purveyors of information, gossip, and rumor; absolute need for chemistry and impeccable timing; the two Venticelli often act as one mind; ability to move well/fluidly is a must.

Rehearsal Planning

Most rehearsals will take place at the Temple Theatre.

PLEASE NOTE ANY CONFLICTS YOU MAY HAVE. CONFLICTS DO NOT AUTOMATICALLY ELIMINATE YOU FROM CONSIDERATION BUT ALLOW US TO PLAN REHEARSALS AS CONVENIENTLY AS POSSIBLE. NOT ALL CAST MEMBERS WILL BE CALLED EVERY NIGHT.						
JANUARY 2022						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
23	24 Auditions 6:00pm	25 Auditions + Callbacks 6:00pm	26 No Call	27 No Call	28 6:30pm – 9:00 Paperwork/ Readthrough	29 No Call
30 1:00-4:30	31 6:30 – 9:00					
FEBRUARY 2022						
		1 6:30 – 9:00	2 6:30 – 9:00	3 No Call	4 No Call	5 No Call
6 No Call	7 6:30 – 9:00	8 6:30 – 9:00	9 6:30 – 9:00	10 No Call	11 No Call	12 No Call
13. 1:00-4:30	14 6:30 – 9:00	15 6:30 – 9:00	16 6:30 – 9:00	17 No Call	18 No Call	19 No Call
20 No Call	21 6:30 – 9:00	22 6:30 – 9:00	23 6:30 – 9:00	24 No Call	25 No Call	26 No Call
27 1:00-4:30	28 6:30 – 9:00					
MARCH 2022						
		1 6:30 – 9:00	2 6:30 – 9:00	3 No Call	4 No Call	5 No Call
6 No Call	7 6:30 – 9:00	8 6:30 – 9:00	9 6:30 – 9:00	10 No Call	11 No Call	12 No Call
13 1:00-4:30	14 6:30 – 9:00	15 6:30 – 9:00	16 6:30 – 9:00	17 No Call	18 No Call	19 No Call
20 No Call	21 6:30-9:00	22 6:30 – 9:00	23 No Call	24 7:00 – 10:00	25 7:00 – 10:00	26 Hold TBD
27 1:00 – 4:30	28 7:00 – 10:00	29 7:00 – 10:00	30 Orchestra	31 First Dress		
April 2022						
					1 Final Dress	2 Performance

AUDITIONS

Please fill out the online audition form here: <https://forms.gle/wRwva1Rb4VCjae7Y8>
This form is *required* for your audition to be considered.

I will consider your casting based on your audition form and interests. Choosing to read a particular character does not assume that this is the only character for which you are being considered nor in which you are interested.

Venticelli

Venticello 1: I don't believe it.

Venticello 2: I don't believe it

Venticello 1: I don't believe it!

Venticello 2: I don't believe it!

Venticello 1: They say.

Venticello 2: I hear.

Venticello 1: I hear.

Venticello 2: They say.

Venticello 1 & 2: (together) I don't believe it.

Venticello 1: The whole city is talking.

Venticello 2: You hear it all over.

Venticello 1: The cafes.

Venticello 2: The Opera.

Venticello 1: The Prater.

Venticello 2: The gutter.

Venticello 1: They say even Metternich repeats it.

Venticello 2: They say even Beethoven, his old pupil!

Venticello 1: But why now?

Venticello 2: After so long?

Venticello 1: Thirty-two years!

Venticello 1 & 2: (together) I don't believe it.

Venticello 1: They say he shouts it out all day!

Venticello 2: I hear he cries it out all night!

Venticello 1: Stays in his apartments.

Venticello 2: Never goes out.

Venticello 1: Not for a year now.

Venticello 2: Longer. Longer.

Venticello 1: Must be seventy.

Venticello 2: Older. Older.

Venticello 1: Antonio Salieri

Salieri

I wanted Fame. Not to deceive you. I wanted to blaze, like a comet, across the firmament of Europe. Yet only in one especial way. Music. Absolute music! ... A note of music is either right or wrong absolutely! Not even time can alter that: music is God's an. (Excited by the recollection) Already when I was ten a spray of sounded notes would make me dizzy almost to falling! By twelve, I was stumbling about the fields of Lombardy humming my arias and anthems to the Lord. My one desire was to join all the composers who had celebrated His glory through the long Italian past! ... Every Sunday I saw Him in church, painted on the flaking wall. I don't mean Christ. The Christs of Lombardy are simpering sillies with lambkins in their arms. No: I mean an old candle-smoked God in a mulberry robe, staring at the world with dealer's eyes. Tradesmen had put him up there. Those eyes made bargains, real and irreversible. "You give me so-I'll give you so! No more. No less!" The night before I left Legnago forever, I went to see Him, and made a bargain with Him myself! I was a sober sixteen, filled with a desperate sense of right. I knelt before the God of Bargains, and I prayed through the mouldering plaster with all my soul.

"Signore, let me be a composer! Grant me sufficient fame to enjoy it. In return I will live with virtue. I will strive to better the lot of my fellows. And I will honor You with much music all the days of my life!" As I said Amen, I saw His eyes Hare. (As "God")"Bene. Go forth, Antonio. Serve Me and mankind, and you will be blessed!" ... "Grazie!" I called back. "I am Your servant for life!" (He gets to his feet again) The very next day, a family friend suddenly appeared - out of the blue - took me off to Vienna and paid for me to study music! Shortly afterwards I met the Emperor, who favoured me. Clearly my bargain had been accepted!

The same year I left Lombardy, a young prodigy was touring Europe. A miraculous virtuoso aged ten years. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Von Strack, Orsini-Rosenberg, Van Swieten, Salieri

Von Strack (to Orsini-Rosenberg): You are required to commission a comic opera in German from Herr Mozart.

Salieri (to the Audience): Johann von Strack. Royal Chamberlain. A court official to his collarbone.

Orsini-Rosenberg (loftily): Why in German? Italian is the only possible language for opera!

Salieri: Count Orsini-Rosenberg. Director of the Opera. Benevolent to all things Italian - especially myself.

Von Strack (firmly): The idea of a national opera is dear to His Majesty's heart. He desires to hear pieces in good plain German.

Van Swieten: Yes, but why comic? It is not the function of music to be funny.

Salieri: Baron van Swieten. Prefect of the Imperial Library. Ardent Freemason. Yet to find anything funny. Known, for his enthusiasm for old-fashioned music, as "Lord Fugue",

Van Swieten: I heard last week a remarkable *serious* opera from Mozart-Idomeneo, King of Crete.

Orsini-Rosenberg: I heard that too. A young fellow trying to impress beyond his abilities. Too much spice. Too many notes.

Von Strack (firmly, to Orsini-Rosenberg): Nevertheless, kindly convey the commission to him today.

Orsini-Rosenberg (taking the paper reluctantly): I believe we are going to have trouble with this young man. (He strolls down the stage to Salieri) He was a child prodigy. That always spells trouble. His father is Leopold Mozart, a bad-tempered Salzburg musician who dragged the boy endlessly round Europe making him play the keyboard blindfold, with one finger, and that sort of thing. (To Salieri) All prodigies are hateful-non e vero, Compositore?

Salieri: Divengono sempre piu sterili con gli anni.

Orsini-Rosenberg: Precisamente. Precisamente.

Von Strack (calling suspiciously): What are you saying?

Orsini-Rosenberg (airily) :Nothing, Herr Chamberlain! .•. Niente, Signor Pomposo!... (exits with Von Strack)

Van Swieten (coming downstage): We meet tomorrow, I believe, on your committee to devise pensions for old musicians.

Salieri (deferentially): It's most gracious of you to attend, Baron.

Van Swieten: You're a worthy man, Salieri. You should join our Brotherhood of Masons. We would welcome you warmly.

Salieri: I would be honoured, Baron!

Van Swieten: If you wished I could arrange initiation into my lodge.

Salieri: That would be more than my due.

Joseph, Mozart, Salieri

Mozart: Majesty! Your Majesty's humble slave! Let me kiss your royal hand a hundred thousand times! (He kisses it greedily, over and over, until its owner withdraws it in embarrassment)

Joseph: Non, non, s' ii vous plait! A little less enthusiasm, I beg you. Come sir. levez-voiu! (He assists Mozart to rise) You will not recall it, but the last time we met you were also on the floor! My sister remembers it to this day. This young man - all of six years old, mind you - slipped on the floor at Schonbrunn –came a nasty purler on his little head -- Have I told you this before?

Salieri: (hastily) No, Majesty!

Joseph: Well, my sister Antoinette runs forward and picks him up herself. And do you know what he does? Jumps right into her arms - hoopla, just like that! - kisses her on both cheeks and says, "Will you marry me: yes or no?"

(all laugh)

Joseph: Tell me, Mozart, have you received our commission for the opera?

Mozart: Indeed I have, Majesty! I am so grateful I can hardly speak! I swear to you that you will have the best, the most perfect entertainment ever offered a monarch. I've already found a libretto. The story is really amusing, Majesty. The whole plot is set in a - (he sniggers)- in a ...

Joseph (eagerly): Where? Where is it set?

Mozart: It's- it's rather saucy, Majesty!

Joseph: Yes, yes! Where?

Mozart: Well it's actually set in a seraglio.

Joseph: A what?

Mozart: A pasha's harem. It's very funny, it's amusing! On my honour, Majesty, there's nothing offensive in it. Nothing offensive in the world. It's full of proper German values, I swear it! ...

Salieri: (blandly) Scusate, Signore, but what are those? Being a foreigner I'm not quite sure.

Joseph: You are being cattivo, Court Composer.

Salieri: Not at all, Majesty.

Joseph: Come then, Mozart. Name us a proper German value!

Mozart: Love, Sire. I have yet to see that expressed in any opera.

Salieri (smiling) Scusate. I was under the impression one rarely saw anything else expressed in opera.

Mozart: I mean manly love, Signore. Not male sopranos screeching. Or stupid couples rolling their eyes. All that absurd Italian nonsense.

(Pause. Tension.)

I mean the real thing.

Joseph: And do you know the real thing yourself, Herr Mozart?

Mozart: Under your pardon, I think I do, Majesty.

Joseph: Bravo. When do you think it will be done?

Mozart: The first act is already finished.

Joseph: But it can't be more than two weeks since you stoned!

Mozart: Composing is not hard when you have the right audience to please, Sire.

Constanze, Mozart, Salieri

Mozart: (nervously) Herr Salieri, is he angry?

Salieri: Not at all. He respects you for your views.

Mozart: I hope so. What did you think yourself, sir? Did you care for the piece at all?

Salieri: Yes, of course, Mozart - at its best it is truly charming.

Mozart: And at other times?

Salieri (smoothly): Well, just occasionally at other times - in Katherina's aria for example - it was a little excessive.

Mozart: Katherina is an excessive girl. In fact she's insatiable. I mean in regard to vocal ornaments.

Salieri: All the same, as my revered teacher the Chevalier Gluck used to say to me - one must avoid music that smells of music.

Mozart: What does that mean?

Salieri: Music which makes one aware too much of the virtuosity of the composer.

Mozart (mischievously): Well- I would hate to offend a Chevalier. Even though I am one myself.

Salieri: Indeed?

Constanze (brighlly): Oh yes! The Pope made Wolfgang a Chevalier when he was only fourteen!

Salieri (smiling): Extraordinary.

Mozart: They say Gluck used the name all the time. He insisted on being addressed by it

Salieri: And you prefer not to be?

Mozart: I think titles are absurd, in connection with music.

Salieri: Ah. (Slyly) Even - "Court Composer"?

Mozart: What? ... (Realizing) Ah. Oh. Ha. Ha Well! That's different, of course. My father's right again. He always tells me I should padlock my mouth. Actually, I shouldn't speak at all!

Salieri (soothingly): Nonsense. I'm just being what the Emperor would call cattivo. Won't you introduce me to your charming fiancée?

Mozart Oh, of course! Constanze, this is Herr Salieri, the Court Composer. Fraulein Weber.

Salieri (bowing) Delighted, cara Fraulein.

Constanze (bobbing): How do you do, Excellency.

Salieri: May I ask when you marry?

Mozart (nervously): We have to secure my father's consent. He's an excellent man - a wonderful man - but in some ways a little stubborn.

Salieri: Excuse me, but how old are you?

Mozart: Twenty-six.

Salieri: Then your father's consent is scarcely indispensable.

Constanze (to Mozart): You see?

Mozart (uncomfortably): Well no, it's not indispensable -of course not!

Salieri: My advice to you is to marry and be happy. You have found-it's quite obvious - un tesoro raro!

Constanze: Ta very much.

(Salieri kisses Constanze' s hand. She is delighted)

Salieri: Good-night to you both. Constanze Good-night, Excellency!

Mozart: Good-night, sir. And thank you ... Come, Stanzi.

Constanze, Mozart

Constanze: I'm cold ... I'm cold all day ... Hardly surprising since we have no firewood.

Mozart: Papa was right. We end exactly as he said. Beggars.

Constanze: It's all his fault.

Mozart: Papa's?

Constanze: He kept you a baby all your life.

Mozart: I don't understand You always loved Papa.

Constanze: I did?

Mozart: You adored him. You told me so often.

Constanze (flatly): I hated him.

Mozart: What?

Constanze: And he hated me.

Mozart: That's absurd. He loved us both very much. You're being extremely silly now.

Constanze: Am I?

Mozart (airily): Yes, you are, little-wife-of-my-heart!

Constanze: Do you want to know what I really thought of your father? ...

Do you remember the fire we had last night, because it was so cold you couldn't even get the ink wet? You said, "What a blaze" -remember?

"What a blaze! All those old papers going up!" Well, my dear, those old papers were just all your father's letters, that's all-every one he wrote since the day we married.

Mozart: What?

Constanze: Every one! All the letters about what a ninny I am-what a bad housekeeper I am! Every one!

Mozart: Stanzi!

Constanze: Shit on him! ... Shit on him!

Mozart: You bitch!

Constanze (savagely): At least it kept us warm! What else will do that?

Perhaps we should dance! You love to dance, Wolfi! -let's dance!

Dance to keep warm!(Grandly)Write me a contredanze, Mozart! It's your job to write dances, isn't it?

Mozart: I'm frightened, Stanzi. Something awful's happening to me. The pains stay. And the dream!

Constanze (quietly): I can't bear it I can't bear much more of this.

Mozart (absorbed in himself): The figure's like this now-(Beckoning more urgently) Here. Come here. Here ... Its face still hidden. Always hidden.

Constanze (crying out): Stop it! Stop it, for God's sake! Stop it! ... Stop! ... It's me who's frightened ... Me! ... You frighten me ... If you go on like this I'll leave you. I swear it!

Mozart (shocked) Stanzi!

Constanze: I mean it ... I do ... (She puts her hand to her stomach, as if in pain)

Mozart: I'm sorry ... Oh God, I'm sorry... I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! ... Come here to me, little-wife-of-my-heart! Come ... Come ...

(He kneels and coaxes her to him. She comes half-reluctantly, half-willingly)

Who am I? ... Quick: tell me. Hold me and tell who I am. Who? -come on.

Constanze: Pussy-wussy.

Mozart: Who else?

Constanze: Miaouwy-powy.

Mozart: And you're squeeky-peeky. And Stanzi-manzi. And Bini-gini!