

Choose one of the sides below to record. Feel free to use side 1 if you don't have a partner to read side 2 with you. The audition does not need to be memorized, but try to keep your face up as much as possible towards the camera. Cell phone video is absolutely fine. Please record at least chest up or full body for this rather than in a close up for this. All actors in this piece play multiple characters, and actors auditioning will be considered for both open roles (unless you specify you're only interested in one role or the other), so feel free to read either Anna or Elizabeth if you choose to use side 1.

Video (or video link) should be emailed to [SparkTheatre4Youth@gmail.com](mailto:SparkTheatre4Youth@gmail.com). Please also include a headshot and resume, and any conflicts between March 20th and April 14th.

Deadline for auditions: January 27th, 2023

### **Miss Courageous SIDE 1**

Elizabeth (*narrating to the audience*): After St. Bartholomew's, I returned to America ready to be a doctor. But it was a constant struggle. No hospital wanted to hire me. No landlord wanted to rent space to me. Finally, I opened a clinic in the immigrant slums of New York City. They thought my medical ideas were shocking! (*Elizabeth begins speaking to a crowd*) Fresh air, exercise, a balanced diet. Children are born to live, not die! Fresh air can combat tuberculosis! If the body can't breathe, if the body isn't clean, if the body is malnourished, it cannot get well! (*Narrating again*) I worked around the clock seeing patients, sometimes I was the only figure on a darkened street hurrying through. The night to save someone. They never saw a lady doctor before, but they're going to see more of us. More and more. Just like me.

## Miss Courageous Side 2

*Elizabeth Blackwell is with her sister, Anna, recovering from eye surgery after an accident.*

Elizabeth: Anna, I can't give up. For years I've planned. For years!

Anna: we can't always do what we planned. Now, you must get your strength back.

Elizabeth: What's the point in getting well, Anna, unless I can follow my dream?

Anna: Shh.

Elizabeth: Anna!

Anna: What is it? What's wrong??

Elizabeth: I can see the lamp. On the table. It's like through a mist, but I can see it. I can see it!!

Anna: I've waited six months to hear you say that! Oh, Elizabeth. Finally! Your eyes are beginning to heal! A letter came this afternoon from St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London.

Elizabeth: Read it! Don't keep me in suspense. Quick! Is it yes or no?

Anna: It's...YES! For next fall. You've been accepted to study surgery. Or to study practical medicine.

Elizabeth: Surgery! They accepted me! Anna, cover my eyes. Quickly! One at a time. First the left.

Anna: What do you see?

Elizabeth: You. Better than before. You're wearing a yellow dress. And the brass lamp. The mist is lifting. And the flowered wallpaper. And tomorrow I'll see even more. The right eye is healing. It's healing! I'm sure of it! Now cover it.

Anna: Can you see anything?

Elizabeth: Darkness. A wall. Oh, Anna, how do you give up a dream?!

Anna: By dreaming another.

Elizabeth: Write St. Bartholomew's. Tell them I'm coming.

Anna: Coming?

Elizabeth: Not surgery. That door is closed. But dear sister, didn't you just say "dream another"?

Anna: But I meant-

Elizabeth: Practical medicine! If I can't be a surgeon, Anna, I will be a doctor!