

# Day's Dying Glory

Virginia F K Crow

## VIDEO AUDITION

- Auditions Close on MONDAY 20<sup>th</sup> MARCH
- You must be aged 14+
- You will have to be available for rehearsals on a Friday Evenings, and possible Saturdays, at the Ropewalk in Barton.

*We're looking for a number of our young people to take part the book launch for Virginia Crow's 'Day's Dying Glory' on the **11<sup>th</sup> April 2017** by performing scripted sections from the book.*

*We need Eight actors to play different characters as well as some chorus work.*

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*If you are interest what we would like is to choose a section from the rough script attached and video yourself (this can either be in pairs as a joint audition or solo with someone reading in) reading in one of the characters.*

*The recording doesn't have to be amazing quality, but it would be useful to see and hear you as clearly as possible.*

*Feel free to have a go at a couple of the parts, particularly one of the accented ones, if you want to try some range.*

*When you've done, send this video to [jonah@duckegg.org.uk](mailto:jonah@duckegg.org.uk).*

### CHARACTER LIST:

**HAMISH- (M) Scottish Accent\***

**ARABELLA- (F)**

**IMOGEN- (F)**

**MR DERMOT- (M)**

**POTTINGER- (M)**

**PORTLAND- (M)**

**KEITH- (M) Scottish Accent\***

**CATHERINE- (F)**

*\*Regionally; its specified that **Hamish** has a highland accent, but not where **Keith** comes from. Don't let this put you off if you want to have a go at the accented part, as its only a minor detail.*

# Day's Dying Glory

*Virginia F K Crow*

Scripted Section:

## Chapter 1. Page 6:

*Hamish is tied to a chair in the dark space.*

*I've included the passage before to set a bit of the scene, we can decide whether it works or not during rehearsal. I've abridged it slightly.*

PASSAGE: "Hamish, or Mish as the girls came to know him, was caught by Major Tenterchilt poaching on Lodge land. He had been the son of a local family, but both his parents had died and he had been forced from his home under the regime of clearance that seemed so rampant in the Highlands and gave the haunting and enchanting emptiness to the glen in which the lodge was situated. If Mish was repentant of his crime, he never showed any sign of it, even as Major Tenterchilt caught and beat him for it. Hamish was to be charged with an offence the moment Major Tenterchilt could find an official, but somehow, as fate so often does, the course of this doomed boy turned."

*Arabella enters. She is carrying a candle and humming a quiet tune. She does not seem to be aware of the boy tied to the chair, so jumps when he speaks.*

HAMISH: There are words.

*In the surprise, Arabella drops her candle. She doesn't scream, but*

HAMISH: Don't weep!

ARABELLA: Why are you in our kitchen? You cannot be the first course for tomorrow's meal?

HAMISH: Why not?

ARABELLA: There is not nearly enough meat on you. *(She looks at him for a beat)* What were you telling me?

HAMISH: There are words. To the song that you were humming.

ARABELLA: I heard it when Papa took us to concert in Edinburgh.

*They stare at each other for a long moment before **Arabella** stands to move away.*

HAMISH: *English bribes were all in vain,  
And ever purer we may be  
Silver cannot buy the heart  
That only beats for thine and thee.*

ARABELLA: I trust you do not mean that. (*Whispering*) Is that why Papa has tied you up here? He has killed men for less, and with just cause.

HAMISH: You are his daughter?

ARABELLA: Yes. And you his prisoner?

HAMISH: Yes, indeed, but for nothing so noble as the king's cause. He caught me hunting on his land. Your land.

ARABELLA: (*Correcting him*) Poaching. My father has right and a duty to uphold the law on our land.

HAMISH: And I have less right to eat?

ARABELLA: What's your name?

HAMISH: Hamish.

ARABELLA: Well Hamish, I shall do what I can to dissuade my father from persecuting you, though in return I am certain he will expect something.

HAMISH: That is how the English work.

ARABELLA: It is how life works, and you would do well to remember there are rules to it.

HAMISH: What is your name, mistress?

ARABELLE: Arabella Tinterchilt. And now I must leave you, for I came down only for some water and I have discovered more than I ever thought to.

HAMISH: Then let this be farewell, Arabella Tinterchilt, I am in no doubt that I shall be removed before you arise from sleep to speak words in my defence on my sorry behalf.

**Chapter 4. Page 50:**

*Imogen enters. She is tidying the room, pulling dustsheets from the furniture.*

*Mr Dermot, enters behind her, unseen.*

*Imogen is startled when he speaks.*

MR DERMOT: I saw the insides of a clock once. I'm not engineer but I fascinated me, how it just kept going despite extreme temperature or humidity, the pendulum just kept swinging and the cogs just kept turning, and everyone benefited from it for knowing the time.

IMOGEN: Pray, do not think me rude, Mr Dermot, but I do not understand.

MR DERMOT: You are like that clock. You keep going through thick and thin and this family benefits from that. I must speak with you in regards to your father's marriage.

IMOGEN: Sir, I am a woman. I have no grasp upon the law.

MR DERMOT: That is a shame. I was told that you had a great grasp of everything, and I must admit that I am currently agreeing with that highest of character references.

IMOGEN: Whoever told you that-

MR DERMOT: Sargent, Major Gordon holds your knowledge in the highest esteem. And I can see by your face that you hold him in a similar position.

IMOGEN: Hamish? He is my brother Mr Dermot, it is his duty to pay me compliments.

MR DERMOT: You make a mistake if you think that, as a Gordon, he believes anything a duty towards the English. He told me you were the one I should speak to concerning any... Worries I might have surrounding your father's marriage.

IMOGEN: And what worries do you have?

MR DERMOT: My worries concern all of you. As you are unaware of it, I shall explain a little of what I know of the match. Miss Hardale, who is your new mother, comes from a well to do family but is the youngest of nine children. I can scarcely imagine the inheritance that lies waiting for her, as her father has promised half to the eldest son and will divide the rest until, as number nine and a woman, only the tiniest share will be left.

IMOGEN: I am certain your research is sound, Mr Dermot, but why do you tell me this?

MR DERMOT: She is a woman used to comfortable living, Miss Imogen, and if there is one thing that is certain in all these cases it is that a woman of her calibre cannot survive living without.  
The late Mrs Tenterchilt left a substantial amount of money to her husband, and it should remain in your dowries, but she had not reckoned upon her husband being so brief in his mourning. Mr Gordon's concern, my dear Miss Imogen, was that you'd have nothing left to inherit.

IMOGEN: Thank you for being so candid, Mr Dermot. What else can you tell me about our new mother?

MR DERMOT: Do not suppose her wicked in her desire for money.

IMOGEN: Even money that belongs to us?

MR DERMOT: Indeed. She is London society and has the empty head to match. All that can fill it, in her eyes, is money.

IMOGEN: I do not care for money, Mr Dermot, it is more that mama left it for us. Arabella will be married soon, and I am certain even Mrs Tenterchilt cannot spend money so fast she will be without a dowry. For my part you need have no worries. I do believe it is poor cat who will suffer.

MR DERMOT: You speak with more truth than you know, Miss Imogen. The will that major Tenterchilt penned whilst he was still in the army leaves all his wealth to his son.

IMOGEN: But he has no son.

MR DERMOT: No he has not. But Mrs Tenterchilt is with child.

IMOGEN: This means nothing.

MR DERMOT: It could mean you left without a penny when your father dies.

IMOGEN: Papa will not die. Besides, I'm certain I will have found work by then. I have not a penny now either.

MR DERMOT: You are as sure and steadfast as Sergeant Major Gordon told me you were. My purpose in talking to you was to find out you wished me to

ask your father to reconsider the will. Shall I take it your answer is to the contrary?

IMOGEN: Sir, if you and Major Gordon conspire to trap me, I do hope I can escape from your words and webs. But if you truly came here to benefit my sisters and me, I have to tell you, my father's happiness means a great deal to me and I would forego money and marriage to maintain that.

MR DERMOT: Well spoken, Miss Imogen.

FIN

**Chapter 6. Page 86:**

*Battle Scene: A soundscape will probably be required to sell this. I've taken a couple of creative liberties with this section.*

*SFX: Distant marching.*

**Hamish** and Captain **Pottinger** enter. Behind them, the rest of the cast make up a small battalion of men. **Pottinger** looks on with telescope. After a moment, he notices **Hamish** is daydreaming.

POTTINGER: Gordon! Sargent Major!

HAMISH: Sorry sir?

POTTINGER: God in heaven, Gordon. How can I protect you if you lose your mind?

HAMISH: Protect me sir?

POTTINGER: *(Looking through the telescope)* Lieutenant Portland's men are going across the inlet. You are the second in command of this Third. If we are attacked, see that the men are led back to the ship. There is no intelligence that you can bear to the enemy without me, for all of it is locked in my head.

HAMISH: *(Peering off the other way)* Sir! Lieutenant Portland is returning!

POTTINGER: *(Looking where Mish is pointing)* What in heaven's name for?

HAMISH: Look sir! Behind them! *(Turning to the other men)* Shoulder arms! We have to fight them, lads!

POTTINGER: This should not be happening. Gordon, take the men down to the shore and hide in the trees down there. We shall launch a counter attack if they should cross the inlet.

HAMISH: Yes sir!

**Pottinger** exits:

**Hamish** turns to the readying men. One soldier is struggling to get to his feet.

HAMISH: Private Goodbury.

GOODBURY: Sargent Major Gordon! I wasn't scared sir.

HAMISH: Just resting?

GOODBURY: Yes sir, I was just relieving my feet. They ache terrible sir.

HAMISH: So you weren't scared?

GOODBURY: No sir.

HAMISH: That's well. A scared soldier can make all manner of mistakes, and then he becomes a dead soldier.

GOODBURY: I wont let you down sir.

HAMISH: I know.

**Pottinger** reenters, **Lieutenant Portland** leaning on his shoulder.

POTTINGER: We have lost the boat!

HAMISH: Lieutenant Portland! Sir.

PORTLAND: There was only one boat, I was returning to take the captain across. I did not see the French until I was half the way across and the cannon had upturned the boat.

HAMISH: Can I reach the trees if I help you sir?

PORTLAND: Keith? Is that you?

HAMISH: Gordon, sir. Lieutenant Keith's men are not here yet.

PORTLAND: You have to warn them. Their boats will be across soon.

**Portland** slumps, unconscious.

POTTINGER: It was an ambush.

HAMISH: He seemed sure the French would be crossing soon.

POTTINGER: They will not manage a cannon in a rowing boat. We will have our own ambush waiting.

HAMISH: Sir, they would be fools not to expect one.

POTTINGER: They believe we have fled. We must remain silent.

HAMISH: Then someone should be sent to warn Lieutenant Keith's Third.

POTTINGER: You are right, he won't survive further conflict. Who shall we send?

HAMISH: (*Thinking*) Goodbury, Falkes.

*Two soldiers come forward.*

GOODBURY: Yes sir.

HAMISH: You must retrace our steps and return Lieutenant Portland safely to the ship. When you pass Lieutenant Keith, inform him of the situation here, advise him to approach with care and stealth.

FALKES: Yes sir.

*They two men lift the unconscious Portland, they exit.*

POTTINGER: I hope they make it back to the ship.

HAMISH: They will sir, for we will be their rear-guard.

POTTINGER: Round up the men, tell them to wait for my order to fire.

HAMISH: What are they to fire at sir?

POTTINGER: The French, Sergeant Major Gordon. Who else would they fire at?

HAMISH: What Frenchmen, sir?

POTTINGER: The French that even as we stand talking here are pulling their boats up the shore.

*SFX: The sound of fighting and gunfire rises to transition out of the scene.*



**Chapter 7. Page 97:**

*Again I'm going to suggest a bit of narration to set the scene: (I've edited it down a bit)*

**Catherine** enters: *Carrying her case she looks around bemused. Our other actors can enter as characters in the park.*

PASSAGE:                “It was surprising how early it got dark here in the city compared with Petrovia, and at last Catherine’s fears got the better of her. At the edge of the park, lights were appearing and it was towards these that she began to walk, but they seemed so remote and distant that she felt she was making no progress at all. She dropped the case and sat down on it, feeling foolish and fearful.”

*Two characters pass in front of **Catherine** talking in hushed yet angry tones:*

PORTLAND:             It’s not that simple!

KEITH:                 Sir you must do this. Outside the army, there is no hope of being recognised.

PORTLAND:            Do not presume to tell me what I must or must not do! I want to, truly I do, but captain is not a rank that holds any office in such matters.

KEITH:                 It holds a greater office than lieutenant.

*As they move away, **Catherine** rises to catch them.*

CATHERINE:            Sirs!

*The men turn, startled to face her, one drawing a pistol.*

PORTLAND:            (Realising, putting away his pistol) I’m am so sorry Madame, you made no sound, I thought- we thought... you might be a villain.

CATHERINE:            I was taught to track deer, I cannot help that I now move silently all the time.

KEITH:                 Track deer?

CATHERINE: Are you Scottish? Praise God! I did not think to hear that accent in this place.

PORTLAND: Are you lost?

CATHERINE: Yes, I am trying to reach this address, (She hands over a piece of paper) But no one knows where it is and I have spent hours simply lost.

KEITH: This address? Who are you?

CATHERINE: (*Unsure*) What?

KEITH: What is your name, Madame?

CATHERINE: (*Backing away*) Catherine.

KEITH: Come, we will take you there, for this address is known to us.

CATHERINE: How, sir.

KEITH: We knew the gentleman who lives there. A Captain.

CATHERINE: Pottinger?

PORTLAND: Indeed, are you a friend of his, for I must advise against seeking him out.

CATHERINE: I thought he was dead.

KEITH: You are a curious specimen Madame. Yes, he was killed in battle in Prussia.

CATHERINE: Then Hamish did not kill him.

*The two men stop.*

CATHERINE: Pardon sirs, I meant no offence. I simply could not believe that Hamish, that is Sergeant Major Gordon, was capable of such a thing.

PORTLAND: You seem to know much of the regiment's news, and openly talk of it.

CATHERINE: Oh, I am sorry to have offended you, only my sister Imogen and I, we discuss these things quite openly.

PORTLAND: Imogen? Good God are you Catherine Tenterchilt, the major's daughter?

CATHERINE: Indeed, I have come to be what service I may to Arabella, that is Mrs Pottinger, my eldest sister.

PORTLAND: I am Lieutenant Portland. It was by my hand that such news reached you of the Captain's death and your dear Hamish's guilt.

CATHERINE: Hamish would not kill the captain. He would have followed wherever he led.

KEITH: Hamish Gordon was condemned to death, more than two weeks since.

CATHERINE: No! You're wrong!

*Catherine snatches her bag and turns to run from the men. If they're nearly off DS at this point she can run across US.*

*Arriving the other side. She drops her case and sobs into it.*

*Two figures, shabbily dressed, **MAN** and **BOY** enter from behind **CATHERINE**, taking her by surprise.*

MAN: A lady like yourself shouldn't be out at this time, alone.

BOY: He's right miss. I ain't seen no one as fair as you ever in London all alone.

MAN: Let me help you with your case miss.

CATHERINE: No, but thank you. My case stays with me.

*The **boy** darts forward and taking the case from **Catherine**.*

CATHERINE: Wait! Stop!

*The **boy** runs away from **Catherine**, through the audience?  
From behind **Portland** has entered and caught the old man in his grip.*

PORTLAND: Hold! Return the bag, boy, or you will face the inclement arm of the law and you shall hang from it.

MAN: Get going boy! Your brothers will be waiting!

*The **Boy** turns to run off. **Catherine** snatches the pistol from **Portland's** belt, levels it, and fires a shot after the escaping **boy**.*

*The **Boy** yelps and collapses. **Catherine** runs over to him.*

CATHERINE: It's only a graze. You will be fine.

*Catherine drags the boy back into the performing area, the **boy** limping on his injured leg.*

CATHERINE: *(To Portland)* Turn him in.

PORTLAND: I have never met a woman like you. Tracking deer? Shooting thieves? Is there no end to such attainments?

CATHERINE: Indeed there is. For I may not use my skills as you may, solely because I was born a lady.

PORTLAND: Let me escort you to you sisters house, once I have dealt with these.  
*(Gestures to Man and Boy)*

They exit.