

AUDITION PACK

# LOVESONG

by Abi Morgan



Presented by Allentertainment

PIP Theatre, Milton QLD

29 July —8 August 2026

Directed by Harrison Allen

FOR AUDITION PURPOSES ONLY

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Lovesong by Abi Morgan · Allentertainment · PIP Theatre, Milton QLD · 2026





# About the Production

Lovesong is a tender and unflinching exploration of love in all its stages. Moving seamlessly between past and present, two versions of one couple share the stage —their lives echoing, colliding, and diverging in ways both intimate and profound.

The story follows a couple in the wife's final days, as they are visited by memories of their past. Based on *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* by T.S. Eliot, the work was first performed by Frantic Assembly in 2011.

## Key Themes

Love and loss across a lifetime · Memory and its fragmentation · Degenerative disorders · Voluntary euthanasia · Infertility · The passage of time · Identity and routine · Dementia

## Production Details

Season	29 July — 8 August 2026 (8 performances)
Venue	PIP Theatre, Savoir Faire, 20 Park Rd, Milton QLD 4064
Duration	90 minutes, no interval
Capacity	100 seats per performance
Director	Harrison Allen
Presenter	Allentertainment
Honorarium	\$500 Per Actor for the Season
Rehearsals	In Negotiation with Actors' and Venue availability

## Performance Schedule

Date	Day	Time	Notes
29 July	Wednesday	6:30 PM	Preview (\$35)
30 July	Thursday	7:30 PM	Opening Night
31 July	Friday	7:30 PM	
1 August	Saturday	7:30 PM	
6 August	Thursday	7:30 PM	
7 August	Friday	7:30 PM	
8 August	Saturday	2:00 PM	Matinee
8 August	Saturday	7:30 PM	Closing

# Roles Available

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Lovesong is a four-actor play. Two actors portray the younger couple (Billy and Maggie), and two portray their older selves (William and Margaret). All four are on stage simultaneously —past and present coexist in shared space.

## WILLIAM (Older)

Age Range: 65–75 · Gender: Male

William is stoic, sterile, and the modernist ideal of man. In his final days alongside Margaret, he navigates the weight of a lifetime —its routines, its regrets, and its quiet devotions.

Physical movement is required in this role, and will be choreographed to work with your physical abilities.

## MARGARET (Older)

Age Range: 65–75 · Gender: Female

Margaret is ethereal, warm and romantic. In her final days, she contends with degenerative memory loss while holding onto the beauty of a life lived fully.

Physical movement is required in this role, and will be choreographed to work with your physical abilities.

## BILLY (Younger William)

Age Range: 25–35 · Gender: Male

The young William is anxious, insecure and deeply in love. Billy is starting a dentistry business, has high stress and is a man at the beginning of his life with Margaret.

Movement: Physical theatre training desirable. The play will be choreographed to work with your physical abilities.

## MAGGIE (Younger Margaret)

Age Range: 25–35 · Gender: Female

The young Margaret, a modern woman, full of life and driven. Maggie is the counterpoint to Billy's anxiety. She is freer flowing, opposing Billy's highly strung personality.

Movement: Physical theatre training desirable. The play will be choreographed to work with your physical abilities.



# Audition Information

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## What We're Looking For

Actors with previous training in physical theatre and movement are strongly encouraged to audition. The production involves choreographed sequences requiring uncommon body positions and intimate physical storytelling. A choreographer will be engaged to support this work.

## What to Prepare

1. A contemporary monologue (2 minutes maximum) exploring themes of love, loss, memory, or ageing.
2. Be prepared for cold readings from the script.
3. Wear comfortable clothing suitable for movement work.
4. Please bring a current headshot and CV.

## What to Submit

Please submit the following on [allentertainment.com.au/audition](http://allentertainment.com.au/audition)

- Headshot and acting CV
- A brief cover letter indicating which role(s) you are interested in
- Any relevant movement/physical theatre training or experience

## Have Further Questions?

Send us an email! [Support@allentertainment.com.au](mailto:Support@allentertainment.com.au)



# Cold Read Excerpts

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## BILLY

MAGGIE: I just worry. How you'll look after yourself?

BILLY: I won't –

MAGGIE: Bill.

BILLY: I won't. I'll grow my hair long and never get it trimmed the third Saturday of every other month as you've booked it all my life. I'll leave out the milk, let it go warm on the front step, let it pile up with the newspapers. I'll let the grass grow. I'll never pull hair out of the plughole when it clogs up. I won't wipe up after I've washed the dishes. I won't wash up dishes. I won't eat. I won't. If I do I'll eat straight from the freezer, with a spoon, fingers if I feel like it. Frozen pie mush. And the endless cans of salmon. For the fucking vanished cat. Which I'll open with a penknife. Why not? I'll stop opening mail. I'll stop opening anything. I won't answer the phone. If people ring I won't pick up. I won't open the front door much at all. I won't shovel snow like a good neighbour should do. I won't pick up my clothes. I won't wash my underwear. I'll wear the same socks. I'll stay in the house and if I do venture out I won't say hello to that kid with his fucking skateboard banging back and forth up and down the fucking kerb like a fucking moron. I will live as someone who used to have a life, who used to have a life with someone but that someone isn't here anymore. I will live my life as I fucking want. Without you.

*Silence.*

Without you.

*Silence.*

MAGGIE: Might you brush your teeth?

*Silence.*

You'll brush your teeth.

*Silence –*

BILLY: Always.

*Silence.*

MAGGIE: Thank you.

*Silence.*

# Cold Read Excerpts

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## MAGGIE

*MAGGIE on the telephone –*

MAGGIE: ...Annie... Are you there?... No you're not... Billy said you called... I'm fine... Not great but... We've been clearing out the loft... The things we have kept... It's shaming... really shaming... Remember that skull Bill had in his office... we've still got it... I found a load of Chinese lanterns... What do I want Chinese lanterns for... Anyway... I was wondering... Remember we talked about Biscuit... If the time came you'd take her... Well I think... Yes... I was thinking... It's time... It's nearly time... So would you... I can't think of anyone better I'd want to have her and... I'd leave her with Bill... but you know what he's like... I'm hoping... I want him to feel free after... He really should travel again... So I was thinking Sweetheart... Could we drop her over before Sunday? I have her basket and her bowl and her blanket... So you won't need to get her anything... She's had her jabs of course... She's really very easy... And you're the only one I know will love her as much as we have... Billy always says he'll be happy to see the back of her but... He gives her prime salmon when he thinks I'm not looking... They share a tin.  
*(Silence.)*

Funny huh... Is that alright? Annie dear... OK... There's the beep... I've been rambling and –

*The line goes dead. MAGGIE puts down the phone.*

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MAGGIE: Every night, I cream my face –

*MAGGIE caught in the bathroom window, creaming her face.*

As my mother did. And her mother did before that. Perhaps that's why I now see my mother staring back at me.

*MAGGIE stares at her reflection.*

I do this not just in an attempt to preserve my face. Though I like it when people say 'You're how old?' And then I tell them and they say 'No. No way.' And invariably they are lying. But I smile and look suitably flattered. They go away feeling good that they have bolstered the old girl and I go away knowing more than ever I look my age.

I do it because in doing it I am telling myself, 'your mother did the same.' She cooked. And she watched TV. And she raked leaves in her garden. And she creamed her face. And maybe just maybe if I do the same I will stave off the inevitable.  
I can see it's a kind of madness now.

*MAGGIE peers at herself more closely at the mirror.*

...The world changes and you with it.

*MAGGIE puts down her pot of cream.*

It's inevitable.

# Cold Read Excerpts

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## MARAGRET & WILLIAM 1/2

*MARGARET enters from outside, holding a pile of books and a pen.*

*WILLIAM enters going over to the fridge, filling up his glass with ice.*

MARGARET: They've filled that paddling pool too deep.

WILLIAM: It's ninety degrees out there. Let them have the cool.

*Distant laughter, the sounds of a party far off at the end of the garden.*

Josie's stripped off.

MARGARET: Yeah, I saw you looking.

WILLIAM: Me? Not me –

*WILLIAM slips his hands around MARGARET's waist.*

They offered me a beer. It was neighbourly.

*MARGARET pulls away.*

MARGARET: Liar.

WILLIAM: What does that mean?

MARGARET: You spent the last half hour talking to that poor young thing who lives with Sandy Nichols.

WILLIAM: Who?

MARGARET: The blonde girl? Looks after Sandy's kid when she's not home. Apparently she is an au pair.

WILLIAM: Oh her...

MARGARET: Yeah her you were just talking to while ten six-year-olds nearly drowned. Some au pair.

WILLIAM: There are fourteen adults out there and it's less than a couple of inches of water. It's not our party. Why do you care?

MARGARET: You're drunk.

WILLIAM: I'm not drunk.

*MARGARET leans in close to him, sniffs.*

WILLIAM: I had a beer. I've moved on to lemonade.

MARGARET: Liar.

*MARGARET pours herself a glass from the jug in his hand. Drinks.*

Liar. Liar. Liar. You have stood out there for the last hour, giggling like a teenager. You got her number.

WILLIAM: No.

MARGARET: Yes.

WILLIAM: I didn't.

MARGARET: Liar.

WILLIAM: When did you get so old?

MARGARET: When I married you. I got old when I married you. You make me old Billy.

WILLIAM: Please –

MARGARET: I never know when you're coming home. I never know where you've been. I call the office and they tell me you left an hour ago, and then you don't get home until three hours after that. It's Adam's birthday. It's our neighbour's six-year-old's birthday and you are working that poor delusional twenty nothing girl into believing you can offer her a good time. Well you can't Billy I should pack my bags tonight, and just leave, get away from this fucking country, really I should. Sell the house and –

# Cold Read Excerpts

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## MARGARET & WILLIAM CONT. 2/2

WILLIAM: It's in my name too. This house is in my name too.

MARGARET: Great. We'll split it. Your half will pay back the money you owe my dad.

WILLIAM: And I'll enjoy paying it.

*Silence – Distant sound of voices singing Happy Birthday.*

MARGARET: Did he like the bat? Adam? Did Adam like the bat.

WILLIAM: He did. We had a knock about.

MARGARET: That's good. They're moving.

WILLIAM: Yeah.

MARGARET: Josie... And the family.

WILLIAM: Yeah. They just said.

MARGARET: Right. Apparently it's a big promotion. She's very excited.

They didn't think he'd get it. But he did. They've been looking at schools.

WILLIAM: Yeah.

MARGARET: Five, six hours away.

WILLIAM: Good for them.

MARGARET: Yes. That's what I said.

*Silence.*

WILLIAM: You know we should go on a trip.

MARGARET: Where?

WILLIAM: Asia. I've always wanted to see Asia.

MARGARET: I've got an exam.

WILLIAM: After.

MARGARET: I'm not so –

WILLIAM: We should do it. Life is for living.

*Silence.*

MARGARET: Asia.

WILLIAM: Asia.

*The distant noise of kids' laughter –*

MARGARET: You should go out. Get some cake.

WILLIAM: You come too. It's chocolate.

MARGARET: In a minute. I just want to finish up...

*WILLIAM nods. MARGARET resumes working.*

Anyway your au pair is waiting.

*WILLIAM hesitates by the door.*

WILLIAM: I want you. You are still the only woman in the room for me.

*MARGARET buckles a little.*

You are always, you will always be the only woman in the room for me.

MARGARET turns to look at him.

MARGARET: Chocolate?

*WILLIAM nods, MARGARET smiles, puts down her pen, stands and exits.*

*WILLIAM reaches in his pocket, searching for matches, finding instead a folded piece of paper, a telephone number. He looks at it –*

# Cold Read Excerpts

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## ALL CHARACTERS 1/2

*MAGGIE sits opposite BILLY at the kitchen. There are several bottles of pills laid out on the table.*

MARGARET: Are they here yet?

MARGARET enters the kitchen carrying a pie, from the pantry.

WILLIAM: Not yet.

*WILLIAM stands on the porch.*

*MAGGIE does not look up. BILLY resumes counting the pills.*

*MAGGIE looks at him, nods.*

MARGARET comes through on to the porch.

MARGARET: Bill, you haven't even got the table up.

WILLIAM: Doing it... Doing it...

*WILLIAM exits.*

MAGGIE: Go get changed. It's nearly noon. They'll be here by one.

*MARGARET re-enters the kitchen, sliding the pie down on the side.*

*BILLY looks up from counting the pills.*

BILLY: Huh?

MAGGIE: Don't be scared.

When I jump I have to know you're with me Bill.

*BILLY nods, stands.*

BILLY: Yes...yes.

*BILLY passes MARGARET. She puts a hand on his arm. He stops and looks up.*

MAGGIE: Wear the blue shirt I bought you.

*BILLY smiles, nods –*

It's in the closet, I ironed it yesterday.

BILLY: Thank you.

BILLY exits upstairs, to the bedroom.

MARGARET: (Calling out.) Can you carry out some chairs?

*WILLIAM just visible in the garden setting up a wooden table under the tree. He looks up, not hearing her.*

(Laughing.) Chairs.

*WILLIAM nods, enters the kitchen –*

WILLIAM: People won't be sitting, they'll be dancing. It's your birthday.

*WILLIAM picks up two kitchen chairs.*

MARGARET: Don will sit.

WILLIAM: Then he'll sing.

MARGARET: Then he'll sit and drink and Kate will get ratty. And Annie will watch and not say much –

*WILLIAM makes to go.*

They're good friends. We've got good friends, haven't we Bill.

WILLIAM: Yes.

*From upstairs –*

# Cold Read Excerpts

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## ALL CHARACTERS CONT. 2/2

BILLY: (Calling out.) Maggie – ?

*MAGGIE picks up the pie, heading outside.*

MAGGIE: (Calling back.) What?

BILLY: (Calling out.) Blue shirt?

MAGGIE: (Calling back.) Closet.

*BILLY enters the closet. MAGGIE stands in the garden putting down the chairs.*

*WILLIAM smiles, her hand brushing his arm in passing.*

WILLIAM: Beautiful day.

MAGGIE looks up –

MARGARET: Yep. It's going to rain.

*MARGARET now standing on the porch.*

WILLIAM: Maggie –

WILLIAM shakes his head wearily –

Can you not worry for just one day?

*MARGARET picks up a peach, offers it to him.*

WILLIAM: No, I don't want to get all sticky.

MARGARET: You're about to take a shower.

*MARGARET holds it out to WILLIAM. WILLIAM refuses.*

*BILLY bites the peach. He exits upstairs towards the bedroom.*

MARGARET: (Calling out.) One day we'll sell this house –

*WILLIAM stops on the stairs –*

*Silence –*

*WILLIAM enters the bathroom, it is now BILLY brushing his teeth. He is alone.*

MAGGIE: (Calling out.) You hung the lanterns.

*MAGGIE reaches up, touching a Chinese paper lantern from the tree.*

MARGARET: And then where will we go.

*BILLY turns off the bathroom light. WILLIAM enters the bedroom now wearing the blue shirt.*

After.

*WILLIAM hesitates, resumes dressing.*

Where will we go after?

*WILLIAM hesitates, steps out on to the landing –*

(Calling out.) Bill?

*WILLIAM comes down the stairs.*

*BILLY enters the kitchen, doing up the last button on his shirt.*

BILLY: I lost a button.

*MARGARET looks up, BILLY looks at her, seemingly missed it all.*

MAGGIE: Give it here.

*MAGGIE moves past MARGARET –*

MAGGIE: I'll sew it.

*MAGGIE hesitates, laughs, reaching for his shirt. MARGARET now gone.*

Give it here.

*BILLY takes off his shirt. MAGGIE takes the shirt, heads upstairs passing*

*WILLIAM on the stairs. WILLIAM looks at her as she passes –*

Blackout.

# Cold Read Excerpts

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## BILL & MAGGIE. 1/2

*The garden. MAGGIE stands watching BILLY string up the hammock in the garden.*  
MAGGIE: See. It's nearly rotted through.

*BILLY ignores her, MAGGIE turns to head back in.*

BILLY: You were up again last night?

MAGGIE: It's always if I mix the blue with the yellow and black. If I take blue on their own, I'm fine but with the yellow and black then that's it...I'm up til five.

BILLY: Then don't mix them. Take more blue.

MAGGIE: Take more blue and I never wake up.

*BILLY nods, resumes stringing up the hammock.*

MAGGIE: You want some help?

*BILLY shakes his head.*

BILLY: I dreamt last night I was talking to you and you looked –

*MAGGIE hesitates, smiles, in expectation –*

MAGGIE: I looked – ?

*BILLY shakes his head, dismissive.*

BILLY: Rope's gone on this. I might go into town and get some more.

MAGGIE nods.

MAGGIE: Can you pick up the meat?

BILLY: Sure.

*Silence –*

I'll get some wine.

MAGGIE: Do you think they'd prefer red or white?

BILLY: Red maybe.

MAGGIE: You think red.

BILLY: Red? White? How would I know, Maggie? I haven't seen the kid in –

*Silence.*

BILLY: Was he surprised? When you called?

MAGGIE: No... Perhaps a little. I said 'Adam, do you remember me. Bill said he bumped into you?' He said 'Of course Mrs Alton. I remember the house and the tree. And the paddling pool.' And I said 'No we never had a paddling pool. Your mother had one. You were in it all the time.' Then I said 'How's your mother?' 'Josie died six months ago.'

Then I said 'So Bill says you're back in town and you're looking for a house to live in...'

And so we thought...we thought...'

*Silence.*

And this house... This house has got too big for us... And we're hoping to travel again.'

*BILLY and MAGGIE look at one another.*

*BILLY resumes unwinding the rope from the tree.*

*MAGGIE holds out a peach picked up from the ground to him.*

*BILLY shakes his head.*

BILLY: I'll get all sticky.

*MAGGIE shrugs, scoops up a second and a third.*

MAGGIE: I'll make pie. The rest I'll put in the freezer.

BILLY: I know.

*BILLY winds up a reel of old rope, unwinding it from the tree.*

# Cold Read Excerpts

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## BILL & MAGGIE CONT. 2/2

MAGGIE: I'm just reminding you. So you'll know they're there.

BILLY: You don't have to keep telling me this.

MAGGIE: OK, but I've left a list in the kitchen drawer and another in the –

BILLY: Study. I know...I know.

MAGGIE: It's important, Bill, it's important that you know where everything is,

BILLY: I'm not a fucking baby.

*Silence –*

MAGGIE: Well they're there if you need them. Or we could always give them to Annie when we drop Biscuit off.

BILLY: I can look after the fucking cat.

MAGGIE: Do you have to – ?

BILLY: This is not a fucking holiday.

MAGGIE: Do you have to fucking swear?

BILLY: This is not some fucking...fucking...fucking...fucking –

BILLY slams down the rope.

...holiday where you come back.

*Silence –*

MAGGIE: I just worry. How you'll look after yourself?

BILLY: I won't –

MAGGIE: Bill.

BILLY: I won't. I'll grow my hair long and never get it trimmed the third Saturday of every other month as you've booked it all my life. I'll leave out the milk, let it go warm on the front step, let it pile up with the newspapers. I'll let the grass grow. I'll never pull hair out of the plughole when it clogs up. I won't wipe up after I've washed the dishes. I won't wash up dishes. I won't eat. I won't. If I do I'll eat straight from the freezer, with a spoon, fingers if I feel like it. Frozen pie mush. And the endless cans of salmon. For the fucking vanished cat. Which I'll open with a penknife. Why not? I'll stop opening mail. I'll stop opening anything. I won't answer the phone. If people ring I won't pick up. I won't open the front door much at all. I won't shovel snow like a good neighbour should do. I won't pick up my clothes. I won't wash my underwear. I'll wear the same socks. I'll stay in the house and if I do venture out I won't say hello to that kid with his fucking skateboard banging back and forth up and down the fucking kerb like a fucking moron. I will live as someone who used to have a life, who used to have a life with someone but that someone isn't here anymore. I will live my life as I fucking want. Without you.

*Silence.*

Without you.

*Silence.*

MAGGIE: Might you brush your teeth?

*Silence.*

You'll brush your teeth.

*Silence –*

BILLY: Always.

*Silence.*

MAGGIE: Thank you.