

HIVE Audition Script

Character: THE HERMIT

CONTEXT: The newly arrived 'cast members' question the enigmatic HERMIT over the nature of their abduction and captivity.

GRACE strides back to the front set, slowing as she approaches the **HERMIT**.

GRACE

Excuse me? Can I ask you a question? You're not a part of this, are you? You're like us, I mean - You're not like... them?

The **HERMIT** rocks back, rubbing her hand across her head. She seems to be considering the question, amused and/or indignant about it. She lets out a laugh and looks up at **GRACE**.

HERMIT

You might want to rephrase that s-

VIVIAN

So some of these guys can talk? How long has this been a thing?

HERMIT

"How long?" Now that's a good question...

GRACE

How long have you been here?

HERMIT

Y'know, I'm not really certain. Let's see... This was a high school once... I think I was a student, not a teacher so... the space voyage was later. That, I'm sure of. I was Peita then, but I think... I think I was Peter in the Tudor court, too...

THE **HERMIT** trails off into memories, muttering and seemingly forgetting her company. **VIVIAN** has had enough-

VIVIAN

Okay, terrific - I think I've heard enough from the kooky hobo.

The **HERMIT** interrupts excitedly -

HERMIT

-It was time travel! That's why! We were time travellers, so I was the same person in the future and past!

VIVIAN snaps -

VIVIAN

I told you, I'm done playing your fucking game-

HERMIT

- And exactly what do you think you're doing right now? You started playing the moment you staggered out that door, Gloria Vanderbilt.

VIVIAN turns and storms away. The HERMIT turns to the other cast members-

HERMIT

Does that reference still land? "Gloria Vanderbilt", as in... ugh, cultural references never hold up long in here anyway...

GRACE

Can you tell us how to get out of here?

HERMIT

No.

GRACE

Do you know *why* we're here?

The HERMIT doesn't answer.

GRACE

Do you know who brought us here?

The HERMIT waves her arm in the air, indicating 'everything'. GRACE is confused. The HERMIT waves her arms again, with growing frustration. GRACE tries to be polite but she doesn't understand. DAVE chimes in-

DAVE

What about the 'zombies', or whatever they are - should we fight them....?

HERMIT

You don't "fight" them. You can't.

(a moment)

You can *direct* them.

DAVE

“Direct”? What does that mean, like... actors? Or a river? Should we be more like... water? No, you’re being metaphorical... right?

HERMIT

(Hn. I give *you* about a month...)

The music begins again, signalling the start of Act Three. GRACE drops to the HERMIT’S side - her eyes betray how hard she is struggling to keep it together.

GRACE

I don’t understand what’s happening. I’m actually... I’m really scared. Because I think I might have lost my mind.

THE HERMIT shifts slightly, somewhat affected by this vulnerability. After a moment she meets GRACE’S gaze.

HERMIT

-Mm, shhh, that’s enough, shush.

(a beat)

It is a game, you know. You can’t break the rules, but you can massage them, if you’re careful. Read the cues. The game will tell you what it wants you to do.

(a beat, bitter)

And never underestimate the power of sentimentality.

END OF SCENE.