

**Theatre for Hope and Healing  
Auditions for Ghosts by Henrik Ibsen**

**Self-Tape Submission Guidelines**

- Submission Deadline: Sunday, January 19, 2025, 11:59 PM
- Email submissions to: [theatreforhopeandhealing@gmail.com](mailto:theatreforhopeandhealing@gmail.com)

This document contains monologues for self-tape submissions. Please choose the monologue for the character you're auditioning for and prepare your recording accordingly.

**Questions?**

Reach out to us at [theatreforhopeandhealing@gmail.com](mailto:theatreforhopeandhealing@gmail.com).

**For full audition details, visit our website:**

<https://theatreforhopeandhealing.org/auditions>

**Character: Oswald Alving**

*Male-presenting, early to mid 20s, any race or ethnicity. A vibrant artist returning home after years of independence abroad. He represents the younger generation's yearning to break free from outdated moral codes. Charismatic and progressive, he struggles with the disillusionment of confronting the truth of his family's past and his incurable, debilitating illness.*

**Oswald.** I couldn't work any longer. I would try and start some big new picture; but it seemed as if all my faculties had forsaken me, as if all my strengths were paralysed. I couldn't manage to collect my thoughts; my head seemed to swim—everything went round and round. It was a horrible feeling! At last I sent for a doctor—and from him I learned the truth. He was one of the best doctors there. He made me describe what I felt, and then he began to ask me a whole heap of questions which seemed to me to have nothing to do with the matter. I couldn't see what he was driving at— At last he said: "You have had the canker of disease in you practically from your birth"—the actual word he used was "vermoulu"... I couldn't understand—and I asked him for a clearer explanation, And then the old cynic said—(clenching his fist) "The sins of the fathers are visited on the children." I nearly struck him in the face. Naturally I assured him that what he thought was impossible. But do you think he paid any heed to me?

## **Character: Pastor Manders**

*Male-presenting, 40s to 50s, any race or ethnicity. A conservative clergyman and family friend. He embodies the rigid moral code of the time, often judgmental but well-meaning. He is deeply invested in appearances and social propriety. He represents the societal pressures that enforce conformity, though he is not without inner conflict.*

**Manders.** I know only too well what rumour used to say of him; and I should be the last person to approve of his conduct as a young man, supposing that rumour spoke the truth. But it is not a wife's part to be her husband's judge. You should have considered it your bounden duty humbly to have borne the cross that a higher will had laid upon you. But, instead of that, you rebelliously cast off your cross, you deserted the man whose stumbling footsteps you should have supported, you did what was bound to imperil your good name and reputation, and came very near to imperilling the reputation of others into the bargain. It was the height of imprudence, your seeking refuge with me; you should thank God that I possessed the necessary strength of mind—that I was able to turn you from your outrageous intention, and that it was vouchsafed to me to succeed in leading you back into the path of duty, and back to your lawful husband. I was but the humble instrument of a higher power.

## **Character: Regina Engstrand**

*Female-presenting, 18 to early 20s, any race or ethnicity. Mrs. Alving's maid and the daughter of Jacob Engstrand. She is intelligent, determined, and acutely aware of the limits society places on her. Regina's struggle represents the plight of those seeking empowerment in a rigid social structure that often denies them agency. A practical and independent thinker, she embodies the hope and frustration of those yearning for a better life.*

**Regina.** So mother was one of that sort too. I have even thought so myself, sometimes, but—. Then, if you please, Mrs. Alving, may I have permission to leave at once? Merci—If I had known Oswald was ill— And now that there can never be anything serious between us—. No, I really can't stay here in the country and wear myself out looking after invalids. A poor girl must make some use of her youth, otherwise she may easily land herself out in the cold before she knows where she is. And I have got the joy of life in me too, Mrs. Alving! If Oswald takes after his father, it is just as likely I take after my mother, I expect. The best thing I can do is to get away by the boat as soon as I can. Mr. Manders is such a nice gentleman to deal with; and it certainly seems to me that I have just as much right to some of that money as he—as that horrid carpenter. You might as well have brought me up like a gentleman's daughter; it would have been more suitable. Oh, well—never mind! I daresay someday I shall be drinking champagne with gentlefolk, after all. Mr. Manders takes an interest in me, I know. And if things should go very badly with me, I know one house at any rate where I shall feel at home—goodbye.

## **Character: Jacob Engstrand**

*Male-presenting, 40s to 60s, any race or ethnicity. A wily and amiable carpenter. He is Regina's supposed father and appears to seek personal gain by presenting himself as a reformed sinner interested in bettering himself. He is, however, a complex figure; a man from humble means who's had to hustle to survive in a harsh society. Though he can be manipulative and self-serving on the surface, his actions stem from a desire to provide a more secure future for himself and Regina.*

**Engstrand.** Money? I? Not a farthing. Ah, yes!—wait a bit; I remember now. Joanna did have a trifle of money, you are quite right. But I didn't want to know anything about that. "Fie," I said, "on the mammon of unrighteousness, it's the price of your sin; as for this tainted gold"—or notes, or whatever it was—"we will throw it back in the American's face," I said. But he had gone away and disappeared on the stormy seas, your reverence. So then Joanna and I decided that the money should go towards the child's bringing-up, and that's what became of it; and I can give a faithful account of every single penny of it. And I make bold to say that I have been a good father to Regina—as far as was in my power—for I am a poor erring mortal, alas! Yes, I do make bold to say that I brought up the child, and made my poor Joanna a loving and careful husband, as the Bible says we ought. But it never occurred to me to go to your reverence and claim credit for it or boast about it because I had done one good deed in this world. No; when Jacob Engstrand does a thing like that, he holds his tongue about it.