

The Girl on the Train at Sharnbrook Mill Theatre

Audition Material

Megan Hipwell

Gender: Female

Playing age: 25-35

Accent: British

Appearance: Any ethnicity and body type.

Content: Megan will be required to kiss Scott and Kamal. She will be the target of physical violence and discuss sensitive content matters around child loss.

Character Description

Megan Hipwell is the girl Rachel wants to be. She's a beautiful hipster who looks like she has the world at her feet, a woman that other women want to be, and one that men easily fall in love with. Despite appearances, Megan is unhappy in life, and often seeks comfort and excitement with men she shouldn't be with. Megan's disappearance shapes the story of the play, as the mystery of her life unfolds, mostly told through flashbacks and memories.

Audition Material

Pages 62 - 64

Megan is always portrayed through flashbacks and memories in the show. In this scene, Megan finally gets to tell her story (through Kamal's retelling of a therapy session), which uncovers some of the trauma she went through as a young girl.

We're looking for your portrayal of Megan's release of the story she's telling for the first time after keeping it hidden for years. Although her story is a heartfelt and emotional release, she is also conscious of the dramatic impact, as she's telling it to Kamal, her therapist, who she had a romantic interlude with.

(Back to the present.)

RACHEL. Megan had a baby...

KAMAL. Is that difficult for you?

MEGAN START RACHEL. What happened to the baby?

(Back to MEGAN.)

MEGAN. It was too late, when I realised... We pretended it wasn't happening. Neither of us wanted it. I was only sixteen. I got bigger. Tired. We began to fight. I gave birth at home. We never even registered her. Only a handful of people even knew she existed. It was like she was a secret, right from the start.

I expected everything to be so hard, but it wasn't. I was surprised by how maternal I felt. How complete. I used to lie there, with her on me, and we'd sleep. Sleep like I hadn't slept since Ben died.

I've wanted to tell someone this for so long.

KAMAL. Are you sure it's me you want to tell?

MEGAN. I have to finish my story.

KAMAL. I can refer you to someone else -

MEGAN. Please. I can't start again.

KAMAL. Once it's out the bag, you can't put it back in. And now - the way things have become with us - you'll be dealing with it on your own.

MEGAN. We deal with everything on our own. When it comes to it. Let me tell you what happened, and then I'll leave, and we can go back to our own lives.

I've kept this for so long, it feels like the words could choke me in my sleep.

Please. Please listen.

The baby. We called her Elizabeth. Libby.

One night, we had a fight, Craig and I. He walked out.
I remember the roof was leaking.

(The sound of water, dripping into a bucket.)

It was cold, the wind driving off the sea.

(We hear the wind. Curtains billowing.)

Whistling through the cracks in the window panes. It'd been raining for days, we had no heating. I started drinking, to warm up...but it didn't work so I filled the kettle and saucepans with water, to make a bath...

(Reliving it.) I got in, Libby with me, and it was so warm. She lay on my chest, her head under my chin.

I can feel her.

*(KAMAL waits. Lights shift. A candle flickers.
We hear the sounds as described.)*

There's a candle, flickering, just behind my head. I can still smell the wax. Feel the chill of the air, round my neck, my shoulders. I'm heavy. My body's sinking, into the warmth, into the...and I'm so tired, I'm so tired...

(The candle goes out.)

When I wake up, I'm cold, really cold. The house feels like it's shaking, the wind screaming, tearing at the slates on the roof.

KAMAL. And Libby?

MEGAN. She was wedged between my arm and the edge of the tub. Her face in the water.

I killed her.

Scott wants us to have a baby. I keep putting him off but now...

How could I ever have a child? I lie there at night, still feeling her on me. I hear her crying. I smell her skin.

We buried her in our garden, beneath the daisies. I'd put my cardigan round her, I couldn't bear how cold she was. We used stones to mark her grave.

I never saw Craig again.

MEGAN STOP

KAMAL. Did you ever try to find him?

MEGAN. Why would he want to see me? He must have nothing but hate for me.

KAMAL. Perhaps he left because he felt guilty too. He took in a young, vulnerable girl, and left her alone when she needed support.

If you did speak to him, you could forgive each other. Would that give you permission to forgive yourself?

MEGAN. I don't want to forgive myself.

KAMAL. Is it too late to try to find him?

MEGAN. Do you really think I should?

KAMAL. It might help you understand that it wasn't all your fault.

(He holds her.)

(Then she slowly disengages.)

MEGAN. Do you think I'm a monster?

KAMAL. Monsters don't exist.

MEGAN. This is the last time we should see each other. Isn't it?

KAMAL. It's the right thing to do. For you and Scott.

MEGAN. Will you be all right?

KAMAL. I'm a grown man.

(Beat.)

MEGAN. So you think I should find Craig. For closure.