Fort Wayne Youtheatre AUDITION PACKET

Shuddersome Tales of Poe

Directed by
Christopher J. Murphy
Kimberlee Gearhart
Heather Clossen
Todd Frymier
Leslie Beauchamp

OPEN AUDITIONS: Sept. 9 & 10, 2024 (4:30-6:30PM)
CALL-BACK: Sept. 11, 2024 (4:30-6:30PM)

CONTENTS:
Audition Notice & Info
Audition Tips
Audition Sides (Scenes)

Open Audition Spots by Reservation Only.
Sign up at FortWayneYoutheatre.org/auditions
OPEN AUDITIONS: Monday, Sept. 9 & Tuesday, Sept. 10, 2024
- EVERYONE must SIGN UP online for a one hour (4:30-5:30PM / 5:30-6:30PM) audition spot one of these days.
- Fill out & bring an audition form and ACCURATELY COMPLETED conflict sheet. Paper copies will be available at auditions if you need to fill it out there.
- Arrive at least 5-10 minutes prior to your audition time (more if you need to fill out the audition form there).
- Location: Auer Center for Arts & Culture, 300 East Main Street. (Enter the Main Lobby entrance & look for Youtheatre audition check-in.)

Everyone should be prepared to...
- Read from the Audition Sides provided here as assigned by the Directors at the audition.

CALL-BACK: Wednesday, Sept. 11, 2024
- 4:30- 6:30PM
- Location: Auer Center for Arts & Culture, 300 East Main Street. (Enter the Main Lobby entrance & look for Youtheatre audition check-in.)
- Actors needed at Call-Backs will be notified via call or text Monday or Tuesday following Open Auditions.
- Call-Backs will primarily use the same Audition Sides found in this packet.
- Some may be asked to dance & should dress appropriately & wear appropriate shoes if so.

CAST LIST AVAILABLE: Friday, Sept. 13 or Monday, Sept. 16 on Youtheatre's FB & Instagram.
REHEARSALS: Mondays- Fridays, Sept. 23- Oct. 10 (4:30- 6:30/7:00PM).
TECH SUNDAY: Sunday, Oct. 13 (Noon- 5:00PM)
TECH WEEK: Monday, Oct.14- Thursday, Oct. 17 (4:30- 8:00PM)

IMPORTANT NOTE ABOUT REHEARSALS:
Each of the 5 stories will feature a different director and cast. This will allow for a shortened rehearsal process. While the full pre-tech rehearsal process is 3 weeks long, NOT all stories will rehearse every day. Depending on cast & director schedules, a story may rehearse 2-3 days per week for 3 weeks, or it could rehearse every day for 2 weeks (taking the 3rd week off). Because of this shortened schedule and flexibility, we encourage even actors who don't always feel they have the time to commit to a production to audition.

MAINSTAGE PERFORMANCES:
Public Performances @ FPT: October 18 (7PM), 19 (2PM), 20 (2PM)
School Performance @ FPT: Oct. 21 (10AM)
Sensory Friendly Performance @ FPT: Oct. 19 (4:30PM / 4PM- Touch Tour)

OUTREACH PERFORMANCES:
Downtown Allen County Public Library Performances: Oct. 5 (3PM / 3:45PM / 4:30PM)
School Tour Date: TBA ASAP
WBOI Recording Date: TBA ASAP

ABOUT THE SHOW:
Just in time for Halloween season, Youtheatre is digging up the original master of horror himself. For nearly 100 years, Edgar Allen Poe's tales of murder, madness and the supernatural have delighted readers of all ages. Now, The Tell-Tale Heart, The Masque of the Red Death, The Raven and more of his spine-tingling stories come to life in this vivid theatrical adaptation from the author of last season's The House. Audiences will be on the edge of their seats as Poe's words rise like corpses from the grave. So get your tickets and miss the spooky fun...NEVERMORE.
Fort Wayne Youtheatre seeks 16-30 performers ages 9 - Seniors in High School for the following roles. We encourage performers of all races and ethnicities, genders and abilities to audition. Reading skills required.

**THE OVAL PORTRAIT: Directed & Choreographed by HEATHER CLOSSON**
A painter is obsessed with painting a young, vibrant dancer. But with each session the young woman’s soul is being slowly drawn out of her. The painter ignores her pleas to stop the painting; he must finish. As the painting becomes more and more lifelike, the young lady becomes more and more gaunt. The moment the painting is finished, she dies.

- **PAINTER:** Obsessed, egotistical, arrogant, single-minded.
- **YOUNG LADY:** A dancer. At first, bright and full of light. Her bright light is slowly sucked away.
- **PICTURE LADY:** An image of the Young Lady. Bright and full of light.
- **SOUL SUCKERS:** Evil ghouls who taunt the Young Lady.

**LIONISING: Directed by KIMEE GEARHART**
A comic scene about the absurdity of celebrity. A vain young man knows that having a big nose will make him the talk of the country. And for a while the rich and the royalty are totally entranced. But he takes it a step too far when in a duel he shoots off the other man’s nose. A man with no nose will always be more interesting than a man with a big nose.

- **ROBERT JONES:** A Narcissist with a big nose. Dedicated to the study of noseology.
- **MOTHER:** Thinks her son is a genius.
- **FATHER:** Doesn't think his son is a genius.
- **DUCHESS:** In love with Robert’s nose. Ostentatious. Thinks she is smart.
- **COUNTESS:** In love with Robert's nose. Ostentatious. Thinks she is smart.
- **MARQUIS:** In love with Robert's nose. Ostentatious. Thinks he is smart.
- **PRINCE:** In love with Robert’s nose. Ostentatious. Thinks he is smart.
- **ARTIST:** In love with Robert’s nose. Will pay anything to paint it.
- **ELECTOR:** Not in love with Robert’s nose. Arrogant. German.

**THE RAVEN: Directed by TODD FRYMIER**
A young man or woman mourning the loss of their deceased love, Lenore, is taunted and haunted by a large, ominous raven.

- **YOUNG MAN/WOMAN:** A heart-broken young man or woman who feels tormented, angry, sad...all the feels.
- **SHUDDERS:** The scene may also be populated by between 2-6 performers who help tell the story and manipulate the raven puppet, etc.

**THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH: Directed by LESLIE BEAUCHAMP**
A prince and a thousand of his courtiers have shut themselves up in the castle while a plague devastates the country. But walls are no match for the Red Death.

- **PRINCE PROSPERO:** Powerful, egotistical, childish. Puts himself before all others. Only wants to have fun.
- **NARRATORS:** 3 or more. Evil, eerie, scornful. They know a secret.
- **GUESTS:** 4 or more. Merry, rich, lighthearted, purposefully ignorant.
- **SPECTRE:** Silent. Ominous. Creepy. The Red Death.

**THE TELL-TALE HEART: Directed by CHRISTOPHER J. MURPHY**
A young man or woman tries to convince the audience they are sane after killing their neighbor, chopping up the body, and placing it under the floorboards. They think they’ve gotten away with it, to the point that when the police come to investigate a shriek, they bring them right into the room where the body is buried. The young man/woman starts to hear the beating of the dead man’s heart until they are driven to surrender and confess.

- **THE YOUNG:** Selfish and self-centered. Thinks he or she intelligent and sane and acts as such...but is insane.
- **THE OLD:** An old rich man or woman. Afraid of death. Thinks The Young is a loyal friend.
- **POLICEMEN:** 2. Both are polite and conscious of doing a good job. They’re not exactly observant and get caught up in their own stories.
- **SHUDDERS:** Evil ghosts who act as the voices inside The Young’s head.
AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION TIPS

Remember...

Don’t think of an audition as a competition. Think of it as a chance to do something you love to do- perform! For however long you’re up there, that role is yours. Make the most of it. Be creative. HAVE FUN! The Directors are all rooting for you to succeed!

General Audition Tips...

• **BE PREPARED.**
  Directors are impressed by actors who care. Know the show. Read the script. Listen to the music.

• **BE ON TIME.**

• **ALWAYS PAY ATTENTION.**
  Listen quietly to others. It is polite...PLUS you learn from what they do.

• **REMEMBER, YOU ARE AUDITIONING ON-STAGE & OFF.**
  The directors are always watching.

• **DON’T APOLOGIZE OR MAKE EXCUSES.**
  Director’s can tell when you’re sick. Just do the best you can.

• **GIVE IT 150%.**
  Do your absolute best, then...

• **LET IT GO.**
  Whatever happens happens. IT’S ONLY A PLAY!!!

Reading Audition Tips...

• **BE SEEN!**
  Don’t hide behind your script. Hold it about chest level so we can see your face.

• **BE HEARD!!**
  Project your voice so directors can hear & understand you.

• **BE CONFIDENT (even if it’s fake)**
  Plant your feet. Use your face, your hands, your whole body to communicate.

• **LISTEN TO YOUR FELLOW ACTORS!!!**
  Pay attention & react to what they do.

• **DON’T JUST READ, ACT!!!!**
  Directors know you can read. Show them you can ACT!

Youtheatre Musical Vocal Audition Procedure...

• Enter
• Go to your spot in front of the Directors & plant your feet firmly on the ground.
• Say “Hello, my name is (YOUR NAME) and I will be singing (SONG TITLE) from (TITLE OF SHOW).”
• Make eye contact with the Music Director/Accompanist & nod to them when you’re ready to start.
• Sing your song. Be loud. Be clear. Be confident. Don’t just sing- ACT.
• When finished singing, say “Thank you” before walking away.
• Exit.
THE TELL-TALE HEART- 1

SHUDDERSOME: TALES OF POE

YOUNG: (pointing) He had no idea. No idea what I was doing. What I was thinking. The eighth night. Midnight. Latch. Door. Slowly...

SHUDDERS: Creeeeeeeaaaak. Shh!

OLD: (sitting up sharply, looking around) Who's there?

THE SHUDDERS inhale sharply.


YOUNG: A whole hour I stand in the door.

SHUDDERS: Thump, thump.

YOUNG: The room is dark as pitch. He can't see me.

OLD: (in fear) Groan...

YOUNG: (whispering) He is listening for death.

SHUDDERS: Thump, thump.

OLD: Groan...

YOUNG: The sound of terror. I know it well. It rises from the bottom of my soul. Night after night, while the world sleeps terror echoes up from my soul.

Here everyone in the SHUDDERS picks a different sentence and repeats it until they are cut off by YOUNG. The SHUDDERS move forward, closing in on the YOUNG.

SHUDDERS: (all sentences overlapping) The eye, the evil, the evil, the eye. Coming to get me. Death watches me. Death is coming to get me. Fear, fear, fear, fear, fear, fear, fear, fear, fear, fear.

YOUNG: (cutting off the SHUDDERS) No, no! Not mad! Not mad! (pause, calm) I know it well, that's all. I know what the old man felt. But I...I chuckle at heart. Ha, ha.

SHUDDERS: Thump, thump.

YOUNG: His fears are growing.

OLD: It is nothing but the wind in the chimney.

YOUNG: He tries to wave them away.

SHUDDERS: Thump, thump.

OLD: It is nothing but a mouse on the floor.
YOUNG: Trying to comfort himself in vain.
SHUDDERS: Thump, thump.
OLD: It is merely a cricket.
SHUDDERS: Thump, thump.
YOUNG: But he knows in his heart,
OLD: Is anyone there?
YOUNG: It is too late. Death stands with his black shadow before him.
OLD: It is nothing. Nothing.
YOUNG: (whispering) Death approaches.
OLD: (pointing) Ah there!
YOUNG: (pointing) Ah there! Do you see? The eye has opened!
   As the SHUDDERS continue their heartbeat, the additional sound of a heartbeat swells underneath.
SHUDDERS: Thump, thump. Thump, thump. (continuing underneath)
YOUNG: (holding his head) Do you hear? The old man’s heart.
SHUDDERS: (quickening) Thump, thump. Thump, thump. (continuing)
YOUNG: Quicker! Quicker it beats!
SHUDDERS: Thump, thump. Thump, thump. (continuing)
YOUNG: And louder! (holds ears) Louder, the heart will burst!
SHUDDERS: Thump, thump. Thump, thump. (continuing)
YOUNG: Someone will hear. (looking around) The neighbours!
SHUDDERS: Thump, thump. Thump, thump. (continuing)
YOUNG: The time is now! His hour has come!
   The SHUDDERS attack, surrounding as YOUNG drags OLD to the floor. OLD lets out a loud shriek.
OLD: No, no!
   The SHUDDERS stand in a tight circle, clawing toward the centre as the heartbeat continues. We can’t see what’s happening, only the writhing, clawed figures of the SHUDDERS.
SHUDDERSOME: TALES OF POE

PRINCE PROSPERO steps forward and poses.

NARRATOR ONE: There was no Red Death in the court of Prince Prospero.

GUEST THREE: Three cheers for Prince Prospero!

SHUDDERS: Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!

NARRATOR TWO: When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned a thousand friends from among the knights and dames of his court,

NARRATOR THREE: And there retired to the deep seclusion of one of his abbeys.

NARRATOR ONE: The abbey was surrounded by a strong, high wall with gates of iron.

NARRATOR TWO: And when the courtiers, entered, welded the bolts shut.

NARRATOR THREE: There was no way in (she shares a private smile) or out.

The SHUDDERS laugh and babble joyfully to each other. They move amongst each other, chatting as they do. The PRINCE moves.

PRINCE: Did someone call my name?

Everyone gives a deep bow.

GUEST ONE: We were just counting our lucky stars, dear Prince.

GUEST TWO: We’re so thankful to be in here and not out there facing the –

PRINCE: Ah ah ah. There will be no talk of death! I command you to merry and lighthearted.

ALL: Yes Prince!

PRINCE: It’s folly to even think about what’s happening out there. What is coming up? The buffoons?

GUEST TWO: I believe, the improvisatori plays in but five minutes!

GUEST ONE: Wonderful!

PRINCE: My friends, the world will take care of itself. Bring on the players! Bring on the wine! Let us have nothing but merriment!
SHUDDERSOME: TALES OF POE

The SPECTRE slowly enters and stands off to the side, standing with his back to the audience. The SPECTRE wears a red cape, a red hat and a mask.

PRINCE: Dancing, dancing! We must have more dancing!

Everyone cheers and continues to dance.

PRINCE: Beat beat, the heartbeat of life!
GUEST TWO: I hope the party never ends!
PRINCE: The dreams live!
GUEST THREE: Three cheers for the Prince!
GUESTS: Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip –

The cheer is cut short by the chiming of the clock.

SHUDDERS: Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

There is silence. Everyone stops dancing, standing awkwardly.

GUEST ONE: What’s happened?
GUEST TWO: Why has the music stopped?
GUEST THREE: Is something happening?

The SPECTRE slowly turns around. We now see that he wears a skull mask stained with red.

NARRATOR ONE: Before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence,

NARRATOR TWO: Many individuals in the crowd became aware of the presence of a masked figure,

NARRATOR THREE: Who had caught the attention of no single individual before.

GUEST ONE: Who is that?
NARRATOR ONE: The figure was tall and gaunt.
NARRATOR TWO: And shrouded in clothes from the grave.
GUEST TWO: Look at his face.
NARRATOR THREE: The mask, which covered his face, was made to resemble a stiffened corpse.

GUEST THREE: The mask, it looks like...

GUEST ONE: Like he's bleeding out his eyes.

GUEST TWO: There is blood on his costume.

NARRATOR TWO: The figure had assumed the Red Death.

   The SPECTRE starts to slowly, slowly (count to five between each step!) cross the stage.

PRINCE: Who dares? Who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise.

NARRATOR ONE: (mocking) But a certain nameless awe found the whole party.

NARRATOR TWO: And none put forth their hand to seize the figure.

PRINCE: No one! Bah! Out of my way. (raising a hand as if holding a knife) How dare you. Death to those who invade our space!

   The PRINCE lunges forward as the SPECTRE turns to stare at the PRINCE. The PRINCE cries out and falls to the ground.

GUEST THREE: The prince has fallen!

GUEST ONE: (pointing at the SPECTRE) Get him!

   Everyone rushes the SPECTRE, clawing at the air around him. The NARRATORS look at each other and shake their heads.

SHUDDERS: Death! Death! Death!

NARRATOR ONE: Summoning the wild courage of despair,

SHUDDERS: Death!

NARRATOR TWO: A throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black chamber,

SHUDDERS: Death!

NARRATOR THREE: They seized the figure,

SHUDDERS: Death!
LIONISING- 1

ROBERT: I am, that is to say I was, a great man. My name is Robert Jones. I was born somewhere in the city of Fum-Fudge. And I, have, a nose. (he poses his nose)

MOTHER: (stepping forward) Oh what a genius!

ROBERT: Said my mother.

FATHER: (stepping forward) Son,

ROBERT: Said my father,

FATHER: You've got a big one.

ROBERT: And to that I grasped my nose with both hands. (grabs hold of his nose) All through my childhood until the day I came of age.

FATHER: My Son,

ROBERT: Said my father.

FATHER: (clapping ROBERT on the shoulder) What is the chief end of your existence?

ROBERT: My father, it is the study of nosology (he poses his nose)

FATHER: And what Robert,

ROBERT: He enquired.

FATHER: (he imitates ROBERT's nose pose) Is Nosology?

ROBERT: Sir, it is the science of noses. (he switches sides with his nose pose)

FATHER: And can you tell me,

ROBERT: He demanded.

FATHER: What is the meaning of a nose?

ROBERT: A nose, my father, has been various defined by a thousand different authors. It is now noon, we shall have time enough to get through all of them by midnight. To begin: the nose according to Bartholinus is –

FATHER: (interrupting) Robert, Robert, Robert. I am... (claps ROBERT on the shoulder) thunderstruck at the extent of your information. It is very...that's a lot of stuff. You should consider your education finished and done and really it's time for you to fend for yourself. Follow your nose.

ROBERT: Such a smart man.

FATHER: Follow it and you will arrive at Lionship.

ROBERT: Do you really think so, Father?
LIONISING- 2

FATHER: Throw that nose around and you’ll be treated like a celebrity in no time. (turns ROBERT around and gives him a gentle kick on the butt) So, get out of my house and God bless you!

ROBERT staggers a bit from the kick and then rights himself. He tidies his clothes and poses. MOTHER and FATHER step back.

ROBERT: I considered this fortunate. And I resolved to be guided by my paternal advice. I determined to follow my nose, (he poses his nose) and wrote a pamphlet on nosology on the spot. Fum Fudge was in a uproar.

FEMALE SHUDDERS: Wonderful genius!
MALE SHUDDERS: Superb physiologist!
FEMALE SHUDDERS: Clever fellow!
MALE SHUDDERS: Fine writing!
FEMALE SHUDDERS: Profound thinker!
ROBERT: Oh go on. (pause) I mean it, go on.
MALE SHUDDERS: Great man!
FEMALE SHUDDERS: Divine soul!
MALE SHUDDERS: One of us!
FEMALE SHUDDERS: Who can he be?
MALE SHUDDERS: What can he be?
SHUDDERS: Where can he be?
ROBERT: Where, indeed. I pay these people no mind.
NARRATOR:
(Angry) “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Heaven,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
(Pause)
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

(Yelling.) “Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting
—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
(Pause)
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

(Defeated.) And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—

Nevermore!

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Use this translation as a tool to better help understand and give feeling to the text.

NARRATOR:
“Prophet!” I said, “thing of evil- but still a prophet- whether you are a bird or a devil-
By Heaven that is above us- by the god we both worship-
Tell my sad soul if, within heaven,
There is a pure maiden the angels call Lenore-
The Raven said only, “Nevermore.”

“Let that word be our goodbye, bird or demon, whichever you are,” I shrieked, getting up-
“Go back to the storm and the shores of Hades!
Leave no black feather as a sign of the lie you have told me!
Let me stay lonely! Leave the statue above my door!
Take your beak out of my heart, and take yourself off my door!”
Said the Raven, “Nevermore!”

And the Raven, never moving, still is sitting
On the statue of Pallas just above my door;
and his eyes seem like those of a demon
And the lamp light that streams over him casts a shadow on the floor
And for the rest of my life, my soul will be trapped under the shadow which flickers across the floor.