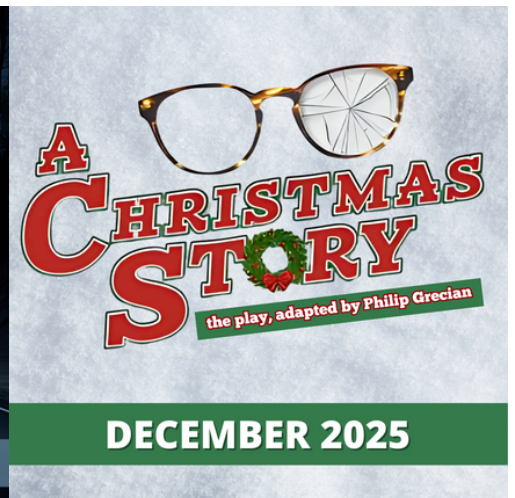
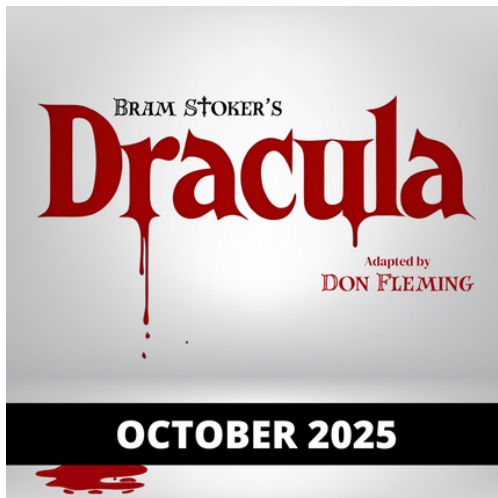


Fort Wayne youth theatre

AUDITION PACKET



OPEN AUDITIONS FOR ALL SHOWS

Sunday, August 17 (2-6PM)

CALL-BACKS

DRACULA & HALLOWEEN TALES: Monday, August 18 (4:30-6:30PM)

A CHRISTMAS STORY: Tuesday, August 19 (4:30-6:30PM)

CONTENTS:

Audition Notice: Dates & Times

Audition Notice: Synopsis & Characters

Audition Tips

Audition Sides (Scenes)

Open Audition Spots by Reservation Only
Sign up at FortWayneYouththeatre.org/auditions

AUDITION NOTICE: DATES & TIMES

OPEN AUDITIONS: Sunday, August 17 (2-6PM)

- EVERYONE auditioning for any of these 3 productions must SIGN UP online for a one hour audition spot this day.
- 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: Fort Wayne Youth Theatre, 2426 Lake Avenue (Park Lake Professional Center. Enter through the front.)
- If you are ABSOLUTELY unable to attend this day, contact Murphy@fortwayneyouththeatre.org to make arrangements.

Everyone should be prepared to...

- Read from the Audition Sides provided here as assigned by the Directors at the audition.
-

CALL-BACKS...

DRACULA & HALLOWEEN TALES: Monday, August 18 (4:30-6:30PM)

- 4:30- 6:30PM
- Location: FW Youth Theatre, 2426 Lake Avenue (Park Lake Professional Center. Enter through the front.)
- 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.

A CHRISTMAS STORY: Tuesday, August 19 (4:30-6:30PM)

- 4:30- 6:30PM
 - Location: FW Youth Theatre, 2426 Lake Avenue (Park Lake Professional Center. Enter through the front.)
 - 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.
-

CAST LISTS AVAILABLE...

DRACULA & HALLOWEEN TALES: August 22 or 25 on Youth Theatre's Facebook & Instagram.

A CHRISTMAS STORY: Sometime August 25-29 on Youth Theatre's Facebook & Instagram.

REHEARSALS & PERFORMANCES...

DRACULA

REHEARSALS: Mondays-Fridays, Sept. 2- 26 (4:30- 6:30/7:00PM).

TECH SUNDAY: Sunday, Sept. 28 (Noon- 5:00PM)

TECH WEEK: Monday, Sept. 29- Thursday, Oct. 01 (4:30- 8:00PM)

PERFORMANCES: Oct. 3 (7PM), Oct. 4 (2PM & 7PM), Oct. 5 (2PM)

SCHOOL PERFORMANCE: Oct. 6 (10AM)

HALLOWEEN TALES

REHEARSALS: Mondays, Wednesdays & Fridays, Sept. 2-26 (4:30-6:30/7PM)

PERFORMANCES: During October, show will tour to various locations- schools, libraries, etc. It will also be recorded to air on WBOI 89.1FM. Specific dates are being finalized and should be available by auditions.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

REHEARSALS Mondays- Fridays, Oct. 13-Nov. 21 (4:30-6:30/7:00PM)

TECH MONDAY: Nov. 24 (4:30-7:30PM)

TECH TUESDAY: Nov. 25 (4:30-7:30PM)

TECH WEEK: Dec. 1-4 (4:30-8PM)

PERFORMANCES: Dec. 5 (7PM), Dec. 6 (3PM), Dec. 7 (3PM), Dec. 12 (7PM), Dec. 13 (12PM & 3PM), Dec. 14 (3PM)

SCHOOL PERFORMANCE: Dec. 8 (10AM)



AUDITION NOTICE: "DRACULA" SYNOPSIS & CHARACTERS

Fort Wayne Youththeatre seeks 16-30 performers ages 9-High School Seniors for the following roles.

We encourage performers of all races and ethnicities, genders and abilities to audition.

Reading skills required.

DRACULA

SYNOPSIS: Youththeatre kicks off Spooky Season with a story you can really sink your teeth into. The classic vampire tale begins when young attorney Jonathan Harker travels to the Transylvania castle of the mysterious Count Dracula, unwittingly opening the door to an ancient evil that soon spreads all the way to London. This faithful, fast-moving adaptation tells the story of Dracula's timeless obsession with the lovely Mina, battle with the vampire hunter Van Helsing, and ultimate demise. Step into the shadows, if you dare, and witness the legend of the world's most infamous vampire in this up-close and intimately creepy experience.

CHARACTERS:

- **Dracula (Age- Ancient but Ageless):** A vampire. Charming, but evil. Transylvanian.
- **Jonathan Harker (Age- 25-35):** An English attorney. Good and sincere.
- **Innkeeper (Age- 40+):** A simple Transylvanian Innkeeper.
- **Innkeeper's Wife (Age- 40+):** The Innkeepers Transylvanian wife.
- **Preema (Age- Ageless):** A female vampire,
- **Satkana (Age- Ageless):** A female vampire.
- **Tairsha (Age- Ageless):** A female vampire.
- **Bereft Mother (Age: 20+):** A distraught Transylvanian peasant woman.
- **Jitar Szekelya (Age 20+):** A tough Transylvanian tribesman
- **Goftul Szekelya (Age 20+):** A tough Transylvanian tribesman
- **Ivar Szekelya (Age 20+):** A tough Transylvanian tribesman
- **Renfield (Age 20+):** An insane man. English.
- **Dr. James Seward (Age 25+):** A young English psychiatrist.
- **Quincey Morris (Age 20+):** A hearty Texan.
- **Lord Arthur Godalming (Age 20+):** An English Lord.
- **Ship Captain (Age 40+):** Captain of the Demeter
- **Mina Harker (Age 18+):** Jonathan's lovely wife
- **Lucy Westenra (Age 18+):** Lord Godalming's fiancée; later, a vampire
- **Dr. Van Helsing (Age 40+):** A German vampire hunter. Renowned, intelligent and cunning.
- **B'ooiful Lady Child (Age 9-14):** A victim of the vampire Lucy. English country girl.

Note: Listed character ages are the approximate ages of the character, not the actors.



AUDITION NOTICE: "HALLOWEEN TALES" SYNOPSIS & CHARACTERS

Fort Wayne Youththeatre seeks 16-30 performers ages 9-High School Seniors for the following roles.
We encourage performers of all races and ethnicities, genders and abilities to audition.
Reading skills required.

HALLOWEEN TALES: CREEPY CLASSICS

SYNOPSIS:

Youththeatre digs up a fresh pair of spine-tingling tales for this year's edition of ***Halloween Tales***: our annual collection of ghostly stories and haunting adventures that bring the magic, mischief, and fun of Halloween to life. This year, we present the creepy classics "The Monkey's Paw" and "The Hitchhiker." Perfect for 4th- 8th graders, it's a spellbinding experience that celebrates the thrills and chills of the season. If you love a good scare, you won't want to miss it!

In "The Hitchhiker," a young motorist is continually terrified by the sight of the same lonely hitchhiker as they drive cross-country. Who is this figure and how does he constantly get ahead of the motorist no matter how fast they drive? Eventually, the motorist realizes that they died crossing the Brooklyn Bridge near the beginning of their journey. The hitchhiker is "death" waiting patiently to be accepted and invited in.

W.W. Jacobs' classic "The Monkey's Paw" finds an old couple in possession of a cursed monkey's paw that grants wishes. When they wish for riches, their prayers are answered in the most horrible way with an insurance payout from the death of their only child. The mother then wishes her child alive again, but does not take into account the fact that the child was hideously mangled in a work accident before being buried. As the zombie-like child claws at the front door, the father uses his final wish to wish the child dead and buried once again.

CHARACTERS:

THE HITCHHIKER

- **Alex Cook (Age 18-30):** A pleasant young person who becomes more and more desperate and scared. Male or Female.
- **Mrs. Cook (Age 50+):** Alex's kindly, loving and worried mother.
- **The Hitchhiker (Age- Any):** A ghostly and mysterious figure along the road.
- **Gas Station Attendant (Age 18+):** A friendly late night worker. Male or Female.
- **Female Hiker (Age 16+):** A friendly but soon to be frightened and confused young woman.
- **Telephone Operator (Age 30+):** A no-nonsense telephone operator. Male or Female.
- **Mrs. Whitney (Age 50+):** An old lady.

THE MONKEY'S PAW

- **Announcer (Age- Any):** A host with a hint of mystery and authority. Male or Female.
- **John White (Age 45+):** A good husband and father. An honest man.
- **Mary White (Age 45+):** John's equally good and honest wife. A loving mother.
- **Sammie White (Age 18+):** The Whites' only child. Male or Female.
- **Morris (Age 45+):** A mysterious traveler of the world who knows too well the curse of the paw.
- **Sampson (Age 30+):** An apologetic but official-acting business representative.

Note: Listed character ages are the approximate ages of the character, not the actors.



AUDITION NOTICE: "A CHRISTMAS STORY" SYNOPSIS & CHARACTERS

Fort Wayne Youththeatre seeks 16-30 performers ages 9-High School Seniors for the following roles.
We encourage performers of all races and ethnicities, genders and abilities to audition.
Reading skills required.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

SYNOPSIS:

Rediscover the magic of the season with ***A Christmas Story***, the hilarious & heartwarming play based on the timeless holiday film. Follow 9-year-old Hoosier Ralphie Parker on his quest for the ultimate Christmas gift- a Red Ryder BB gun. Along the way, he must navigate the trials of childhood, a grumpy Santa, a freezing flagpole, and, of course, his father's infamous leg lamp. This nostalgic romp captures the wonder and chaos of Christmas through the eyes of a kid with big dreams and an even bigger imagination. Complete with all your favorite moments from the movie and more, ***A Christmas Story*** is a festive treat for the whole family. You'll shoot your eye out if you miss it!

This production will feature all your favorite scenes and characters from the film version, plus a soundtrack of vintage Christmas music performed live on-stage.

CHARACTERS:

- **Ralphie Parker (Age 9-14):** The hero of the story, determined to get a Red Ryder BB gun. (May be played by a male or female.)
- **Randy Parker (Age 6-10):** Ralphie's annoying baby brother. (May be played by a male or female.)
- **Flick (Age 9-14):** One of Ralphie's best friends and sidekicks. (May be played by a male or female.)
- **Schwartz (Age 9-14):** Another of Ralphie's close friends. (May be played by a male or female.)
- **Esther Jane (Age 9-14):** Ralphie's classmate and crush.
- **Helen (Age 9-14):** The prototype nerd and classmate of Ralphie.
- **Scut Farkas (Age 12-16):** The schoolyard bully. (May be played by a male or female.)
- **Ralph Parker (Age- Adult):** The adult version of Ralphie, serving as the radio host story-teller.
- **The Old Man (Age- Adult):** Ralphie's grumpy, contest-obsessed father.
- **Mother (Age- Adult):** Ralphie's frazzled, loving mother.
- **Miss Shields (Age- Adult):** Ralphie's bewildered teacher.
- **Tree Lot Owner (Age- Adult):** Owner of the local Christmas tree lot. (May be played by Adult Ralph.)
- **Delivery Man (Age- Adult):** Delivery Man who delivers the infamous Leg Lamp. (May be played by Adult Ralph.)
- **Cowboy (Age- Adult):** Character in one of Ralphie's fantasies. (May be played by Adult Ralph.)
- **Santa Claus (Age- Adult):** An ill-tempered department store Santa.
- **School Kids, Store Shoppers, Neighbors, Etc. (Various Ages):** An ensemble of character actors to play the residents of Hohman, Indiana
- **Vocalists (Various Ages):** Strong singers to perform vintage Christmas music throughout the show.

Note: Listed character ages are the approximate ages of the character, not the actors.



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!!!**

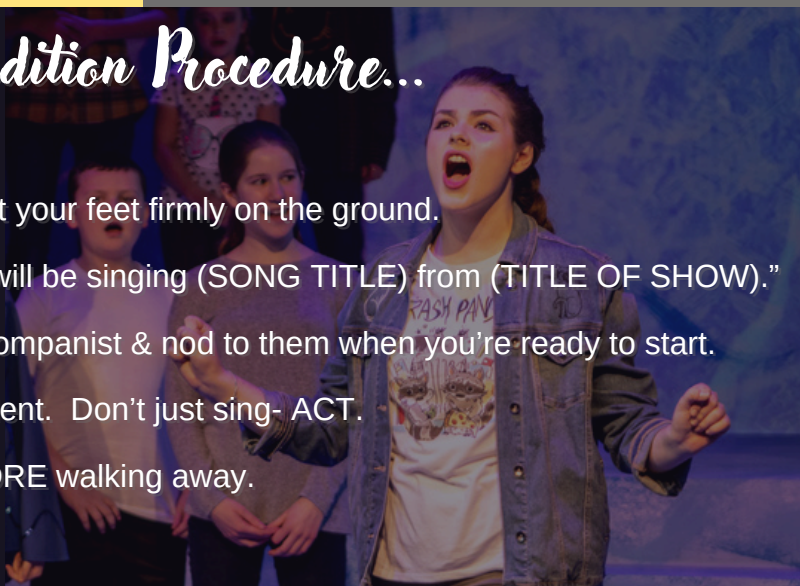
Pay attention & react to what they do.

- **DON'T JUST READ, ACT!!!!**

Directors know you can read.
Show them you can ACT!

Youth theatre 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.





AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

HALLOWEEN TALES 1

ALEX:
Hitchhike much?

FEMALE HIKER:
Sure. Only it's tough sometimes in these great open spaces to get the breaks.

ALEX:
Yeah, I'd think it would be, but I'll bet, though, if you got a good pick up in a fast car you could get to places faster than, well, say another person in another car.

FEMALE HIKER:
Huh?

ALEX:
Well, you take me for instance. Suppose I'm driving across the country at a nice steady clip of about forty-five miles an hour. Couldn't a girl like you, just standing beside the road waiting for lifts, beat me to town after town provided she got picked up every time in a car that was doing sixty-five or seventy miles an hour?

FEMALE HIKER:
I don't know - maybe. What difference does it make?

ALEX:
Oh, no difference. It's just a crazy idea I had sitting here in the car.

FEMALE HIKER:
(Laughing.) Oh, imagine spending your time in a swell car thinkin' of things like that.

ALEX:
What would you do instead?

FEMALE HIKER:
If it was me, I'd sit back and relax and if I saw a good-lookin' guy along the side of the –

(SFX: Car swerves...)

FEMALE HIKER:
Hey!



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

HALLOWEEN TALES 1

ALEX:

(Breathlessly.) Did you see him too?

FEMALE HIKER:

See who?

ALEX:

That man! Standing beside the barbed-wire fence!

FEMALE HIKER:

I didn't see anybody.

ALEX:

Right there!

FEMALE HIKER:

It was nothin', just a barbed-wire fence.

ALEX:

There was a man there I tell ya! I was trying to run him down.

FEMALE HIKER:

Run him down?

ALEX:

I'm trying to get rid of him- or at least prove that he's real. But you say you didn't see him back there.
You sure?

FEMALE HIKER:

(Confused.) I didn't see a soul. And as far as that's concerned –

ALEX:

Well, watch for him! He'll turn up again. Maybe any minute now. There, right there!

(SFX: Car screeches to a halt.)



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

HALLOWEEN TALES 1

FEMALE HIKER:

No! How's this door work? I'm gettin' outta here.

ALEX:

Did you see him that time? Did you see him?

FEMALE HIKER:

(Sharply.) No, no, I didn't see him that time. You must be crazy...

ALEX:

Look, I'm sorry. I - I don't know what came over me. Please, don't go.

FEMALE HIKER:

So, if you'll excuse me.

ALEX:

Please, you can't go. Listen, how'd you like to go to California. I'll drive you all the way to California.

FEMALE HIKER:

Hallucinating the whole way? No thanks. There, I got it now.

ALEX:

No, no, you can't go!

FEMALE HIKER:

(Screams.) Let go of me! Let go!

(SFX: Car door opens & closes.)

ALEX:

Come back here, please! Come back!

ALEX:

She ran from me as if I was some kind of crazy person. A few minutes later, I saw a passing truck pick her up, and then I was utterly alone.

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES**HALLOWEEN TALES 2****ALEX:**

Maybe I shoulda' spoken to him right there, because then he began to appear everywhere. Whenever I stopped even for a minute - for gas, a cup of coffee, a sandwich - he was there. I saw him standing outside the auto camp in Amarillo that night when I dared to slow down. He was standing near the drinking fountain at a little camping spot just inside the border of New Mexico. saw him in Albuquerque where I bought ten gallons of gas. I was afraid now, afraid to stop. I began to drive faster and faster. And now he didn't even wait for me to stop, unless I drove at eighty-five miles an hour over those endless roads. He waited for me at every other mile. I could see his figure, shadowless, flitting before me, still in its same attitude over the still and lifeless ground, flitting over dried up rivers, over broken stones cast up by old glacial upheavals, flitting in the pure and cloudless air. I was beside myself, beside myself, when I finally reached Gallup, New Mexico, this morning. I stopped at a diner and found a payphone. I had the feeling that if I could speak to somebody familiar, somebody that I loved, I could pull myself together.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

HALLOWEEN TALES 3

MARY: What's that?

JOHN: (Mastering his horror.) A rat. The house is full of 'em.

(SFX: A louder single knock.)

MARY: No. It's not a rat. It's my girl! It's Sammie! I forgot the cemetery's a mile away! Let go of me- I must open the door!

JOHN: Mary- don't!

MARY: Let me go!

JOHN: Don't open that door!

MARY: Let me go!

JOHN: Think what you might see!

MARY: Do you think I fear the child I bore! Let me go! I'm coming, Sammie! Mother's coming!

JOHN: Don't do it! Don't do it!

(SFX: Unlocking door, chain, etc.)

JOHN: (Suddenly.) The paw! Where'd I set the monkey's paw?

MARY: John! The top bolt's stuck. Come and help. Quick!

JOHN: The paw! There's a wish left.

MARY: Do you hear her? John! Your child's knocking!

JOHN: Where is it?

MARY: Will you keep your child from her home?

JOHN: I can't find it— I can't find —

MARY: Sammie! Sammie- my girl! Wait! Your mother's opening to you!



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

HALLOWEEN TALES 3

SFX: Latch starting to move.)

MARY: Ah! It's moving! It's moving!

JOHN: God forbid! Ah- the paw- there it is!

MARY: Sammie!

JOHN: I wish her dead. I wish her dead and at peace!

(SFX Note: Silence. Music & knocking stop.)

MARY: Sammie —

(SFX: Door opens. Slight wind.)

MARY: No one there.

JOHN: (Soothingly.) That's right, love. It was just the wind. Nothing out of place.

MARY: You- you wished our daughter dead. You wished her back to her grave.

JOHN: You wouldn't have wanted her alive like that- so mutilated- in such agony. Why didn't you wish for her alive- and whole?

MARY: Why didn't you? With your last wish?

JOHN: (Realizing his mistake.) Oh, God. Why? Why didn't I?

MARY: (Numb, repeating, fading out.) It was just the wind.Nothing out of place...

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES**DRACULA 1**

RENFIELD

Oh, Dr. Seward. You are so kind, have taken such good care of me here, may I have a kitten? A sweet little playful sleek kitten? Life after life after life after life after . . .

SEWARD

Mr. Renfield!

RENFIELD

Sugar. You gave me sugar. I liked the sugar. Well. My flies like the sugar. Hm, hm, don't you? And I like the flies, so that's the same thing, hm? And my spiders like the flies, too - don't you don't you don't you life after life after . . . oh. I have . . . oh, doctor, look. A birdie! She likes the spiders. Oh, Doctor, it would be very good for me. A kitten? A little kitten to look after and play with and feed and feed and . . .

SEWARD

Mr. Renfield. I have had reports from the orderlies that you have been eating flies.

RENFIELD

Oh, no! No, no, no, no, no. Well. I did. I used to. And they were good, good for me, very wholesome. Little lives, but strong lives. But no more. I don't need to now. You must build them up.

SEWARD

Build them up?

RENFIELD

It's exponential, you see. Geometric. Take life. Give life. Take life. Give life. A kitten?

SEWARD

Why a kitten? Why not a cat?

RENFIELD

Oh, I should like a cat! I only asked for a kitten because I thought no one could refuse me a little kitten.

SEWARD

We shall see.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 2

SEWARD

Dr. Van Helsing!

QUINCEY

You know this man?

SEWARD

This is my old teacher and great friend, Dr. Abraham Van Helsing. I telegraphed him after I spoke to you.

VAN HELSING

Forgive me. When I saw the wounds on her throat, I forgot myself.

SEWARD

He is the greatest expert in the world on diseases of the blood; when I described the case to him he seemed to think it very important.

VAN HELSING

Yes. It is very important. Miss Lucy. I am a friend. Abraham Van Helsing is my name. You must sleep.

LUCY

No! No, he will come.

VAN HELSING

He will not.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 2

LUCY

And when I wake, I am weak. Drained. Oh, why did this come upon me when I was so happy? At least, if I die, I will die knowing Arthur loves me.

ARTHUR

Lucy! Don't talk so.

VAN HELSING

My dear girl, you must sleep tonight.

VAN HELSING TAKES OUT FLOWERS

VAN HELSING

These are for you, Miss Lucy.

LUCY

For me? Oh, Dr. Van Helsing!

VAN HELSING

This is not gallantry; it is medicine. I will put them in your window, and make a wreath for your neck. They will protect you. No one will come.

LUCY

Oh, Professor, you are jesting. These flowers are only common garlic.

VAN HELSING

I never jest.

LUCY

I never liked garlic before, but tonight it is delightful! There is peace in the scent. I feel . . . sleepy . . .

VAN HELSING

She sleeps, good. Now, we must prepare for siege.

ARTHUR

Siege?

QUINCEY

You make it sound like we're in a war, doc.

VAN HELSING

A war. Yes.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 2

ARTHUR

But, Doctor Van Helsing, do you know what is wrong with Lucy?

VAN HELSING

Know? I do not. Suspect? Yes, I suspect. But about my suspicions I will not say too much right now. You must trust me.

SEWARD

I would place my life in his hands without hesitation.

VAN HELSING

The flowers must stay in the room. The windows and doors must remain closed. And you men must let nothing and no one in this house until morning.

QUINCEY

Seems easy enough.

VAN HELSING

But it may not prove so. Is there anyone else in the house?

ARTHUR

Mrs. Harker. A friend of Lucy's. Her husband is away on business. She is already asleep.

VAN HELSING

Then do not wake her. We men will provide the protection. Invite no one in to the house. No one at all. Not a delivery man, not an old friend. Now, come. We must seal this place against intrusion.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 3

DRACULA

How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I had forbidden it? Back, I tell you all! This man belongs to me!

PREEMA

Did you not say he would be ours, Vlad, Voivode of Transylvania?

DRACULA

Not yet. Have patience! I must complete my business with him, and see to it that no one is suspicious over his disappearance. Tomorrow night he will be yours!

TAIRSHA

We only want to kisss.

SATKANA

. . . to love him.

PREEMA

You do not understand. You have never loved. You are leaving us. You can never love!

DRACULA

Yes, I can love. You yourselves know that from the past. Is it not so?



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 3

PREEMA

We know only that the sound of his heart . . .

SATKANA

. . . and the scent of his blood . . .

TAIRSHA

. . . call to us.

ALL THREE SIRENS

We thirst.

DRACULA

I promise you; when I am done with him, when I leave, you shall kiss him at your will, and he shall nourish you for years. Now go! Go!

PREEMA

And what of tonight?

SATKANA

Are we to have nothing tonight?

DRACULA TOSSES THEM THE SACK, WITH A WRIGGLING FORM WITHIN IT. THEY DESCEND UPON IT HUNGRILY.

BEREFT MOTHER (OFFSTAGE)

Vrolok! Mal kinder ashtaname!

THE BABY IN THE SACK CRIES

BEREFT MOTHER (OFFSTAGE)

Mal kinder! Mal kinder! Nyeeentaaa!

THE HOWLING OF WOLVES DROWNS OUT THE BEREFT MOTHER. THE SIRENS LEAVE AND HARKER SNAPS TO CONSCIOUSNESS. HE GASPS FOR AIR.

DRACULA

My friend. You are troubled with dreams?

HARKER

Dreams? Yes, it must have been a dream. My God, it was horrible . . .

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES**DRACULA 3**

DRACULA

You were tired. You fell asleep. You are in a strange country. So you had a strange dream.

HARKER

I saw . . . I dreamt . . . you . . . and three . . . women? No, they were not women. Creatures, beautiful, horrible, thirsting, thirsting for . . .

DRACULA

Will you not go to bed? It will soon be dawn.

HARKER

I do not think I could sleep. Count Dracula, I thank you for your hospitality, but I wish to leave.

DRACULA

Of course. Tomorrow evening, my friend, when our business is complete.

HARKER

But our business is complete. If you are satisfied with the house we have procured for you, it is yours as soon as you sign these papers. I wish to go now.

DRACULA

Because of a bad dream? My coachman and horses are away.

HARKER

I will walk with pleasure. It will be dawn soon.

DRACULA

Very well. Not one minute shall you stay in my house against your will.

DRACULA THROWS OPEN THE DOOR. WOLVES BEGIN TO HOWL.

DRACULA

The children of the night? They will not trouble you?

THE WOLVES BEGIN TO SNARL.

HARKER

Please shut the door! I shall stay.

DRACULA

As you wish.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 3

HARKER

It was only a dream, after all. I'm sorry.

DRACULA

Mr. Harker, It is I who am sorry that I could not oblige you.

DRACULA TURNS TO LEAVE. DRACULA TURNS BACK. DRACULA BEGINS TO EXERT HIS WILL OVER HARKER, PUTTING HIM INTO A SEMI-TRANCE.

There is one thing, Mr. Harker, in which you could oblige me. It will take me time to truly understand these documents, and so our business together will take longer than I had thought. If you would write to your wife, that you are well, and will be delayed. For a month. So that she, who cares for you very much I am sure, will not worry. Write. Please. Now.

HARKER WRITES. DRACULA TAKES THE LETTER.

Thank you, Mr. Harker. Sleep well.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 4

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

What you doing here, gents?

VAN HELSING

What are you doing here, child?

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

Go way! Go way, or the boo'ful white lady won't come out.

VAN HELSING

She won't?

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

She never does, not when there's grownups 'round.

VAN HELSING

And you want her to come out, do you?

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

Oh, yeh. She's so boo'ful and fun and she does all sorts of tricks.

THE CHILD IMITATES THE B'OOFUL LADY

"Oh, come here, my child, oh come here!"

VAN HELSING

Tricks? What sort of tricks?

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

Can't tell. Issa secret. Woncha go 'way?

VAN HELSING

Yes. We will. Soon. Won't you come a bit closer? Perhaps we can help you find this white lady?

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

Yeh?

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD TAKES A STEP CLOSER, LOOKS UP.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 4

QUINCEY

Look there! Jist exactly like the wounds Lucy had!

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

What's this?

THE B'OOFUL LADY CHILD BACKS OFF

VAN HELSING

Come back!

B'OOFUL LADY CHILD

Hey! Run, run, as fast as you can, can't catch me like the darkness can!

THE B'OOFUL LADY CHILD RUNS AWAY

QUINCEY

She's gone!

ARTHUR

We'll never find her in the dark.

VAN HELSING

This makes our task more urgent.

ARTHUR

What task?

VAN HELSING

What do you think of the marks on that child's neck?

QUINCEY

Well, whatever er whoever marked that kid, I'd bet the same thing marked Lucy.

VAN HELSING

You would lose your bet, Mr. Morris.



AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

DRACULA 5

LUCY

Red eyes. Red eyes.

MINA

Lucy. Try to rest.

LUCY

Red eyes! Red eyes! You know I was so sorry to make Quincey unhappy but he kissed me anyway and then dear Arthur he came and I was so happy and he was kissing me again and why am I so weak?

MINA

Lucy, you are feverish. Try to get some sleep.

LUCY

Sleep? No.

MINA

You do not want to sleep?

LUCY

No. When I sleep, that's when he comes.

MINA

When who comes? You are in Arthur's house, Lucy. There are only friends around you.

LUCY

And the red eyes! Calling to me.

MINA

Those are only fever dreams.

LUCY

I can't face him. Don't let me sleep! I feel the eyes calling me, calling me all the time.

MINA

Worse again. It is strange, during the day, she seems to grow stronger, but every evening, she . . .

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES**A CHRISTMAS STORY- 1**

RALPH. And there it is. The house on Cleveland Street in Hohman, Indiana, where I spent the festering years of my childhood. Yes sir, Hohman, Indiana—ragged vacant lots, American Legion halls and bowling alleys woven together with a compact web of high tension wires, telephone lines and sewer pipe. This time every year the wind would come screaming over frozen Lake Michigan, laying down great drifts of snow. The air would crack and sing and power lines would creak under caked ice. Christmas was on its way. Lovely, beautiful, glorious Christmas, around which the entire kid year revolved.

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 2

FLICK. Ouch! That's my sore arm! Hey! Hey!

RALPH. Flick's arm was always sore. There was never enough healing time between sessions with Farkas.

FLICK. Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

RALPH. Fortunately, Flick was left-handed.

FARKAS. Say, "I'm a dirty little chicken." (*FLICK, grimacing, shakes his head.*) Say it! Say it!

FLICK (*the pain is too much for him*). I'm a dirty little chicken.

FARKAS. What? (*He gives an extra tug on FLICK's arm.*)

FLICK (*a yelp, then*). I'm a dirty little chicken!

FARKAS (*twisting even harder*). Louder!

FLICK. I'm a dirty little chicken!

FARKAS (*hurling FLICK away*). Fly away, chicken.

SCHWARTZ. Oh yeah?

FLICK. Yeah!

RALPH. At recess a select group of us always gathered around a lamppost in the corner of the playground to discuss the deep philosophers and share information based on the latest research.

SCHWARTZ. All right then, if you don't believe me, I double dare ya!

RALPH. The exact exchange and nuance of wording in this phase of the "dare" ritual is very important.

FLICK. So you're sayin' if I put my tongue on this post it'll stick!

SCHWARTZ. Yeah!

FLICK. That's dumb! It wouldn't happen!

SCHWARTZ. Then go ahead! Prove I'm wrong!

RALPHIE. Go ahead, Flick.

FLICK. Heck no!

SCHWARTZ. That's 'cause you know it'd stick!

FLICK. Would not!

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 2

SCHWARTZ. Would too!

FLICK. Would not!

SCHWARTZ. All right then, I double dog dare ya!

*(The other children react with surprise and concern.
FLICK is thrown a bit off balance.)*

RALPH. This was getting serious. A double dog dare.
There was nothing left but a “triple dare you” and, finally, the *coup de grace* of all dares, the sinister “triple dog dare.”

SCHWARTZ. I triple dog dare ya!

(Unconcealed shock and sharp intakes of breath all around. Significant looks exchanged.)

RALPH. Hm. Schwartz created a slight breach of etiquette
by skipping the triple dare and going right for the throat.

FLICK *(nervous)*. All right, all right.

RALPHIE. Do it, Flick.

SCHWARTZ. Go on, smart pants, do it. *(He gives FLICK a poke in the arm.)*

FLICK *(wincing)*. Hey! That’s my sore arm, okay?

RALPHIE. Do it.

FLICK. Don’t rush me. *(He cracks his knuckles, shakes out his hands, steps up to the lamppost and sticks out his tongue as RALPH speaks.)*

RALPH. There was no going back now. Flick’s spine stiffened. His lips curled in a defiant sneer. His tongue went into docking mode and he moved toward consummation.

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 2

FLICK (*leans into the lamppost and his tongue makes contact*). Thith ith noth... (*And then he realizes.*) Thtuck! Thtuck! I'm Thtuck! (*He begins to wail.*)

SCHWARTZ (*his theory is proven out, but it still surprises him*). Jeepers! It really works!

(The bell rings to end recess. The children exit, save for RALPHIE, SCHWARTZ and, of course, FLICK. SCHWARTZ moves to leave.)

RALPHIE. Wait! Whadda we gonna do?

SCHWARTZ. I dunno. (*He points offstage in the direction of the school building. It is out of his hands.*) The bell rang. (*He exits.*)

RALPH. We lived by the bell. It told us when to come in, when to go to recess, when to go home. It was the voice of God, and could not be denied.

(RALPHIE turns to leave.)

FLICK. Auth! Oaaait! Cuh back! Doe lee nee! Cuh back!

RALPHIE (*with an apologetic shrug*). The bell rang.

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 3

MISS SHIELDS (*addressing class*). It's nearly time to go home, so let me give you next week's homework assignment. There will be no book report on Friday. (*Offstage cheering from a host of children.*) Instead, I want you to turn in a written theme on the following Monday, applying what we've learned in this unit: margins, spelling, paragraphing, everything. (*Offstage groans from a host of children.*)

RALPH. A theme! A rotten written theme! And right before Christmas! To a kid, theme writing is a torture that ranks right ~~up~~ there with dish washing, hedge trimming

and room cleaning! (*RALPH's proscenium light dims to black and he exits.*)

MISS SHIELDS. It will count heavily toward your final semester grade. Choose an appropriate subject and limit it properly. Now, what are the four purposes of a theme?

CHILDREN'S VOICES (*in unison*). "To inform, to describe, to persuade, to tell a story."

MISS SHIELDS. That's right. For this assignment, write a theme to inform or persuade. Your choice. Single page. Watch your margins. Since it's the holiday season, this will be your only homework assignment for all of next week. But with two weekends and five school days, I expect excellent work. Questions? (*Bell rings.*) Dismissed.

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 3

(Lights crossfade: down on MISS SHIELDS, up on apron D. Fence rolls back into place as HELEN and ESTHER JANE enter DR, walking home from school, moving DL as they talk.)

HELEN. Know what Roxane said?

ESTHER JANE. What?

HELEN. Roxane said Ralph Parker likes you.

ESTHER JANE. Really? Roxane said that? *(HELEN nods. After a pause.)* I think he's cute. Don't you think he's cute?

HELEN. I like older men.

ESTHER JANE. Older?

HELEN. Sixth-graders.

ESTHER JANE *(clearly impressed)*. Oh! *(Pause.)* Have you picked a subject for your theme?

HELEN. No. Something about politics, maybe.

ESTHER JANE. Maybe I will, too.

HELEN. Are you Democrat or Republican?

ESTHER JANE *(uncertainty, then, with conviction)*. Presbyterian.

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 4

THE OLD MAN (*reading stenciled word on crate*). "Fra-jee-lee." See there? Must be Italian. Yeah, that's it! Imported all the way from Italy!

MOTHER. I think that's...

THE OLD MAN. Here. Here. Quick. Quick. (*Takes the hammer and crowbar and begins working on the crate. Ad-libs as he pounds and pries.*) Man, that's...really nailed down...that's tight...doesn't want to let go...really did a job on this... (*Finally the top comes loose and THE OLD MAN pulls it off, setting it down U. He looks inside, pulls out wads of excelsior. In awe.*) There could be anything in here. (*He climbs into the box and throws excelsior.*)

MOTHER. Maybe they forgot to put anything in. Maybe...

THE OLD MAN. It's in here! It's gotta be in here! It's... Oh! Oh boy! Oh boy! Would you look at that! Would you just look at that!

MOTHER. What? What is it?

(*THE OLD MAN emerges holding a life-sized female leg in a black spike heel and mesh stocking. He dives back into the excelsior. A moment of silence, then MOTHER, stunned, repeats herself.*)

MOTHER. What is it?

THE OLD MAN. It's a leg. Like...like a statue.

MOTHER. A statue?

THE OLD MAN. Yeah. Statue.

RALPHIE (*who has stepped forward, begins to run his hand up and down the leg. Dreamy*). Yeah...statue.

MOTHER (*moving him back*). Ralphie...

THE OLD MAN. Omigosh! Do you know what this is? Would you believe it? (*He rises from the crate with a garish, pink satin lampshade trimmed in black fringe. He claps the shade on the leg which MOTHER has been supporting on the edge of the crate.*) It's a lamp! Isn't it

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 4

great? What a great lamp! Hold it. *(He climbs out of the packing crate.)* I know just the place for it... *(He crosses to the table near the window, moves the plant to the floor and moves the table away from the wall, then puts the lamp on it.)* ...right in the middle of our front room window. *(He holds the power cord aloft, looks along the baseboard for the wall socket, finds it, falls to his knees and sets to work in the cluttered knot of extensions, multiple sockets and plugs.)* Lessee...the radio...the Christmas tree...This goes to... *(Sparks. A puff of smoke rises, a floor lamp in the corner winks out, and the lights on the Christmas tree go off.)*

MOTHER. What happened?

THE OLD MAN *(blowing on it and replugging)*. I meant to do that. Nothin' to worry about. Got it under control. Just a minute...and...there! *(The lamp lights. THE OLD MAN steps back, enraptured.)* Oh! Look at that! Will you look at that! Isn't that glorious? It's...it's indescribably beautiful! It reminds me of the Fourth of July! *(MOTHER looks less certain.)* I've gotta see what it looks like from the street!

MOTHER *(as he moves to door and exits)*. Do we have to, um...? Wouldn't it look better down in the... *(She is pointing to the basement, but he is gone.)* Oh...dear. Um...boys, go get ready for bed. *(Looks around.)* Where's Randy?

RALPHIE *(with a shrug)*. I dunno. *(He exits.)*

THE OLD MAN *(offstage)*. Move it closer and more center. *(MOTHER doesn't move.)* Can you hear me? Move the table closer to the window! *(Looking around the room for RANDY, MOTHER crosses to the table, stands near it. Waves out the window.)* Yeah. Hi. I see you.

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 4

Move the table. (*MOTHER takes hold of the table, moves it an inch or two closer to the window.*) More! (*She moves it toward the window, and U, hiding it behind the tree.*) I can't see it! Where are you? (*She reaches D, waves at the window.*) You're too far to the right. Move it left. Move it left! (*MOTHER moves the table to her left, even farther from the window.*) I mean my left! Okay...move it...move it to your right! (*She does, barely six inches.*) More. More. More. More. More. More... (*With each word she moves it two or three inches along the wall and across the window. THE OLD MAN repeats the word until the lamp is where he wants it, centered in the window.*) Stop right there! Now forward. Forward. Forward. (*MOTHER moves closer in to the window, a tiny step at a time.*) Stop! Stop there! That's wonderful!

(*From the look on her face, it is clear that MOTHER does not think it is wonderful.*)

RALPH (*offstage*). Hey, Parker, what's that?

(*MOTHER is alarmed. Someone has spotted this monstrosity. She buries her face in her hands.*)

THE OLD MAN (*offstage*). That's a major award!

RALPH (*offstage*). Shucks, I woulda never a-knowed that. Looks like a lamp.

THE OLD MAN (*offstage*). It is a lamp! I won it! It was a prize in a big contest.

RALPH (*offstage*). No kidding! Hey! That your wife standing there?

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 4

THE OLD MAN (*offstage*). Sure is. She's helping me put my major award on display.

RALPH (*offstage*). Hi, Mrs. Parker! (*MOTHER waves back weakly.*) Congratulations on the major award! (*MOTHER acknowledges the congratulations with a deeply embarrassed shrug and crosses to the couch, her head low, to sit.*) Bet she's proud of you.

THE OLD MAN (*offstage*). Oh sure. (*MOTHER, with an ironic shrug, mouths the words, "Oh sure."* Her feelings are clear.) Hey, do me a favor, will ya? Tell everybody in the neighborhood. (*MOTHER reacts with horror.*) Everybody you know! Tell 'em it'll be in the front window. They can walk by ... maybe even drive by and see it!

RALPH. Sure! You bet! (*Fading.*) Parker won a major award! It's in his window! Parker won ...

THE OLD MAN (*offstage*). Honey! Honey! (*MOTHER lifts her head from her hands.*) Could you move it over just another inch or two so it ... (*Finally, we hear the Bumpus hounds attack.*) Hey! Shoo! Beat it! Go away! Hey! Hey!

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 5

RALPH. Over the years I got to be a connoisseur of soap. My personal preference was for Lux, but I found Palmolive had a nice piquant after-dinner flavor: heady with just a touch of mellow smoothness. Lifebuoy on the other hand... (*MOTHER removes the soap from RALPHIE's mouth.*)

RALPHIE (*with a grimace*). Yech!

MOTHER. Ready to tell me where you heard that word?

RALPH. Now, I had heard that word at least ten times a day from The Old Man. He worked in profanity the way other artists worked in oils or clay. It was his true medium, and he was a master at it. But I chickened out, and said the first name that came to mind.

RALPHIE. Schwartz!

MOTHER. Oh. I see. (*She puts the soap back into his mouth and crosses to the wall phone.*)

RALPHIE. Hmmmfmf! Naw! Naw!

RALPH. The moment all kids fear: When parents compare notes and hastily constructed cover stories dissolve. I tried to stop her, but the family-size bar of Lifebuoy was too much for me.

RALPHIE. Dnt caw ih gnong! Naw!

MOTHER. Hello, Mrs. Schwartz?

RALPHIE (*slumps in defeat. Barely audible*). Fuh.

MOTHER. Yes, I'm fine. Mrs. Schwartz, do you know what word Ralph said this evening?

MRS. SCHWARTZ (*a filtered and distorted voice; a mixture of Donald Duck and Punch and Judy*). Naw... wha wuh didée say?

AUDITION NOTICE: AUDITION SIDES

A CHRISTMAS STORY- 5

MOTHER. He said... (*Cups a hand around the mouthpiece and mumbles.*)

MRS. SCHWARTZ. Wack! Naw! Naw... Nahdat!

MOTHER. Yes. That. And do you know where he heard it?

MRS. SCHWARTZ. Prolly 'is fawdduh...

MOTHER (*shocked at the suggestion*). No. He heard it from your son.

MRS. SCHWARTZ. Wack! What! Quack quack quack! Son! C'mere!

SCHWARTZ (*also filtered and distorted*). Wha'deye-dooma? Owowowowow!

(*MRS. SCHWARTZ quacks and shrieks. SCHWARTZ screams and howls. Uncomfortable, MOTHER hangs up and crosses back to RALPHIE. She takes the soap from his mouth and hands him a glass of water, pre-set on the kitchen table.*)

MOTHER. All right. That's enough now. Rinse out. (*RALPHIE takes a mouthful of water, swirls it around and spits it back into the glass.*) Now go on upstairs to bed. (*RALPHIE moves to the stairs and climbs them to his room.*) No lights and no comic books, you understand? If I see any lights on I'm coming up there. (*She picks up the soap, starts a move to the sink, pauses, raises it to her nose, smells, takes a tentative lick, puts it in her mouth.*) Ew! (*The lights in the house come down.*)