

Halloween Trilogy

This production will include the performance of three one-act plays, performed as Radio Dramas. Each performer will be seen reading from the script and speaking into a microphone, just as if they were in a radio theatre. Sound effects will be created by cast members. Commercials of the time era will also be performed by the cast. Cast members will most likely perform in several of the one-acts.

FOR AUDITIONS – pick two audition scenes to perform.

Mark of the Beast - by Rudyard Kipling

Fleete, an officer of the Royal Navy and who knows little of India, gets drunk at the Club on New Year's Eve, and on the way home desecrates a temple of the Monkey God, by stubbing out his cigar on the image of the God. A priest, who is a leper, clasps Fleete to him, and bites him on the chest, leaving a livid mark. Soon after, Fleete starts to behave like a man possessed, gnawing raw meat and howling like a wolf, despite help from a doctor. When Fleete's howls call the beasts of the night to doctor's office, Fleete's friends and the doctor hide out in a closet while chaos tears apart the room. Come morning, Fleete is gone.

Characters:

Preacher	Hughes
Fleete	Strickland
Indian	Priest
Weiss	Speaker

Audition Scene 1 – Hughes – *describing the incident where his friend Fleete barges in on a local ceremony in a drunken state (narrated as dramatically as possible):*

The temple was a ruin of stone columns open to the moonlight and the jungle. Fleete knocked the priest aside and marched up to a large altar in the middle of the temple where sat a great stone monkey. The ceremony was already in progress. Their chanting... their chanting was hypnotic. Of course Fleete was oblivious to anything but his own rage. Fleete pulled out a pistol and shot one of the little monkeys preening itself at the base of the statue. Before Fleete could fire again, the priest wrestled it from him. Then that fool bounded up the altar steps, took the lit cigar and snuffed it out – right in the center of the monkey statue's forehead. We were horrified. The eyes of the stone monkey began to glow like rubies. Yet before we could fathom the significance, a man dropped from a tree above – a leper he was, wearing a light cloth over his ashy skin; his feet toeless; his hands – stumps; a blackened gash where the nose once was; and a gaping hole for a mouth. He let out the most blood-curdling scream!

Audition Scene 2 – Hughes – *describing the morning after the attack from all the night animals. Fleete had turned crazy from a bite from the leper (narrated as dramatically as possible):*

At dawn, we emerged from our hiding place to find the room in shambles. Fleete was gone. Only shreds of his clothing littered the floor. Strickland and I never spoke of the incident. Whenever I saw him I saw in his face my own haunted fear. Fleete disappeared into the night with the raving beasts, but who's to say that we, too, Strickland and I, do not carry our own mark of the beast. Weiss, the doctor that tried to help Fleete after he was bit by the leper, disappeared last year without a trace. And every day, wherever I look, the beast is all around me!

The Canterville Ghost - by Oscar Wilde

The story begins when an American family moves into Canterville Chase, an English country house, despite warnings that the house is haunted. At first, none of the family believe in ghosts, but shortly after they move in, none of them can deny the presence of Sir Simon de Canterville. When the ghost makes his first appearance, Mr. Otis promptly gets out of bed and pragmatically offers the ghost oil to quiet his chains. Crestfallen, the ghost leaves. The story is narrated by Virginia, the family's beautiful and wise fifteen-year-old daughter, who feels sorry for the ghost. Simon expresses his vulnerability during an encounter with Virginia. He tells her that he has not slept in three hundred years and wants desperately to do so. Virginia is the only one who can help him.

Characters:

Virginia	Father
Mother	Washington
Canterville	Mrs. Umney
Simon	Angel of Death

Audition Scene 3 – Virginia – *describing the morning after the first haunting took place:*

The next morning at breakfast, the conversation was all about the ghost. Father explained how the ghost, Simon, shook and rattled but he told the ghost that in no uncertain terms what he expected. Mother shared that Simon seemed too young and far too handsome to be really frightening. I wondered just how handsome he really was. That night after dinner everyone retired to their bedrooms – except me. I hid in a little closet just off the landing. Right at the stroke of midnight Simon came riding in as a knight on a horse!

Audition Scene 4 – Virginia and Simon – *their very first conversation:*

VIRGINIA: Sir Simon?

SIMON: (*frightened*) Aaaaaccch!

VIRGINIA: I didn't mean to frighten you.

SIMON: Your entire uncouth family means to frighten me. And you're trespassing. This is *my* room.

VIRGINIA: My family is not uncouth! Well, maybe my brother, a little, but he's a boy. Perhaps if you were less noisy, you'd be treated better.

SIMON: You presume to tell me how a ghost should behave? I know every rule of ghost-hood. After all, I've been at it three hundred years.

VIRGINIA: (to audience) He was so very sad, I couldn't help but pat his hand.

SIMON: Ahhh! No one has comforted me in a very long time. Three hundred and twenty-five years to be exact.

VIRGINIA: That must be very lonely.

SIMON: Yes, it is. But worse than the loneliness, I'm so very tired. You won't tell anyone I admitted this, will you?

VIRGINIA: Cross my heart and hope to die.

SIMON: You are far too young and too beautiful to die. But as for me, I was a very wicked man. I murdered my wife.

VIRGINIA: I'm sure you are very, very sorry for it.

SIMON: I have despised myself for three centuries...

VIRGINIA: But that is such a long time without a rest.

SIMON: That's a ghost's life – to remain forever unchanged... alone. Dear Virginia, I would like nothing better than to sleep and ream, but I'm afraid I am forced to live on, repenting for all eternity.

VIRGINIA: (*to audience*) And so the hours flashed by, as roses in autumn. He poured out his heart and I mine. And as the crystal moon rose, he whispered the saddest words to me.

SIMON: ... I want to die...

The Cask of Amontillado - by Edgar Allen Poe

The story's narrator, Montresor, tells of the day he took his revenge on Fortunato. Angry over numerous injuries to his family and his honor, Montresor plots to murder his "friend" by luring him in to taste a rare wine. Montresor proceeds to wall up the room, entombing his friend alive. At first, Fortunato, who sobers up faster than Montresor anticipated, shakes the chains, trying to escape. Fortunato then screams for help, but Montresor mocks his cries, knowing nobody can hear them.

Characters:

Montresor	Boatman
Fortunato	Caramella

Audition Scene 5 - Montresor – *introducing the morbid story:*

Revenge! Sweeter than wine, more alluring than gold, more consoling than love. Vengeance will be mine this very night. Vengeance against someone I hate, hate, hate with every fiber of my being, who has heaped ruin on my family and impoverished the great Venetian house of Montresor come to and end; and every offence, humiliation, and outrage I have registered in my memory's ledger will be accounted for by that most depraved liar and cheat, that foulest fool, that despicable... Aaaahhh... I will have him, tonight!

Audition Scene 6 – Montresor and Fortunato – *Montresor explains what he is doing to the drunken Fortunato who has been chained up in the wine cellar:*

FORTUNATO: Wh-what have you got there?

MONTRESOR: They are stones, my good friend. Ancient as time, older than the bones on which you stand. And mortar to hold them in place.

FORTUNATO: Stones? Mortar? Wh-wh-what are you doing?

MONTRESOR: I should think that would be apparent. I am bricking you up. I aim to squeeze the life's breath from you, you perfidious liar, you fat braggart, you thief, despoiler of my family.

FORTUNATO: Heh, heh! Ever the jester, eh, Montresor? You know how to extend the game. But, I think maybe it's time...

MONTRESOR: That, THAT stone was for my grandfather.

FORTUNATO: Surely you don't hold me responsible for something that occurred twenty years ago? (Panicking) Your grandfather was more of a philanthropist! That's it! Generous to a fault! Now, what say we stop this game.

MONTRESOR: This stone is for my father... a prince among men!

FORTUNATO: Yes he was, he was indeed. I remember the time... when I was a boy, why... he.. he... patted me on the head one day for no reason. Please Montresor, come to your senses.

MONTRESOR: My senses are tingling. I've never been more aware of joy than right now, imagining you decomposing over the next weeks and months before my very eyes.

FORTUNATO: No. NOOOOOOO... I will give you gold, rubies... (screams)

MONTRESOR: That stone is for my only son, blameless, loving... who died because of you!

FORTUNATO: Please please! The air is so close, oh, oh I beg you, I'll do anything, anything. Please help me!

MONTRESOR: I *am* helping you – helping you along in your pilgrimage to death – and, may I say, the work is exhilarating. Scream for me, now. (*to audience*) I left a little opening in the wall and before the last stone was in place, I thrust in my torch.

FORTUNATO: Pleeeeeze! Please forgive me! Please have mercy!

MONTRESOR: I'm short on mercy at the moment.

FORTUNATO: Montresorrrrrrrrr!

MONTRESOR: Alas, before the dawn the following day, I placed my ear against the opening just in time to hear a little death rattle that signaled the end of my sweet revenge. It was followed by the most foul of odors. With napkin round my nose, I plastered the final stone into position... and then arranged the bones of the family Montresor in front of my dear – my dearest friend's tomb. It was done. IN PACE REQUIESCAT! Rest in Peace.