

AUDITIONS

CSR-CASTLE SHAKESPEARE REPERTORY

at PAX AMICUS CASTLE THEATRE

973-691-2100 23 Lake Shore Road, Budd Lake, NJ 07828 www.paxamicus.com

presents

The Life, Loves and Tales of Terror of Edgar Allan Poe

SEEKING TO HIRE: 3 MALES, ONE FEMALE

(ages 18-35)

OPEN CAST CALL:

Monday, SEPTEMBER 9, 2024

and

Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 11, 2024

at Noon

or by appointment

CONTACT: Director, Stan Barber: stanbarber42@yahoo.com

REHEARSES: as Scheduled*: Monday-Thursday 10 AM - 4 PM:
SEPTEMBER 16 - OCTOBER 18, 2024

*We do not rehearse every weekday except tech week, if necessary; usually 3 days per week

PERFORMS: Monday-Friday at 10 AM (9 AM Call)
OCTOBER 21 – NOVEMBER 22, 2024*
and *Friday, NOVEMBER 15 at 8 PM

COSTUMES provided.

Actors will be responsible to provide their own shoes/boots

LENGTH of Show plus Q and A: Approx. 2.5 hours.

Barring emergencies, there are no rehearsals after the show opens.

FINANCIAL:

\$500 for Rehearsal Period

\$200 toward Travel Expenses (if you drive over 25 miles from the Castle)

\$85 per performance

SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS: Physical agility (not necessarily dance experience) is required, as all four actors play all the roles, changing quickly onstage with the addition of a costume piece or prop.

THE AUDIENCE: Weekdays at 10 AM is primarily Middle and High School students, their teachers and chaperones. The Friday, November 15 at 8 PM performance is primarily for adults, college students, agents, the press, friends, colleagues, and season ticket holders.

A CAR IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY

AS THERE IS NO PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION THAT IS TIMELY,
AND THE COST IS PROHIBITIVE. Housing is not available.

About

The Life, Loves and Tales of Terror of Edgar Allan Poe,

now in its 25th year, combines the tragic life (the family and professional setbacks that plagued America's great gothic storyteller) with some of his most masterful poems and stories, to show how an artist's works reflect, and even help to heal, the growing panic and darkness of his soul.

Four actors, three men and one woman, play a multitude of characters in Poe's life, including Poe himself at different ages, his flamboyant actress mother, the father who abandoned him, his doting stepmother, his disap-proving stepfather, his child wife (she was 13 when they wed), and the line of editors who adored and despised him - and then made fortunes from his work.

The same four actors become characters in his poems and stories: the conniving murderer of *Tell Tale Heart*, the fatally ill and possibly-incestuous brother and sister of *The Fall of the House of Usher*; the tortured victim of the Spanish Inquisition in *The Pit and the Pendulum*; the great lovers of *Annabelle Lee*; the walled-up wine aficionado of *The Cask of Amontillado*; the grieving lover of *The Raven*, and the doomed and dying noble dilettantes of *The Masque of Red Death*.

Six wooden cubes covered with blood-red fabric and a backdrop of a looming sky and foreboding castle make up the simple set, as the four actors seamlessly weave in and out of Poe's life and works, accompanied by the music and sounds that compliment his greatest gothic tales. Props and costumes are in full view of the audience.

This is an extremely physically and vocally challenging show as the cast almost never leaves the stage.

Please be familiar with the **following side** from *The Tell Tale Heart*, as all four actors jointly re-create the murder and ensuing madness.

So I opened the door . . . You cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily. . . until, at length, a single dim ray, like a thread of a spider, shot out from the crevice and full upon the vulture eye!

I could see nothing else of the old man's face, for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?

Now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.

I knew that sound well too. It was the beating. . . beating...beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless.

Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew. . . Quicker! Quicker! Louder! Louder! The *old* man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder and louder every minute!

Other sides will be provided after you have made contact with Director Stan Barber
stanbarber42@yahoo.com
upon determining that it would be to both parties' benefit for you to make the trip to Budd Lake to audition.