**BROC presents…**

***Badger!***

a new musical

by Ethan Cruxton

Audition Information

**Open Rehearsal / Read & Sing Through**

Sunday 5th January, 13:30-16:30 – Erdington Methodist Church, Station Rd.

Come along to see what *Badger!* is all about. The composer and writer, Ethan Cruxton, will be leading from the piano. Everyone can read a part, or a portion, and music will be available digitally to sing or follow along with the songs. By the end of the rehearsal everyone will have an idea of the roles available, the style of music, and what the show is about ahead of auditions!

**Open Auditions**

Saturday 11th January, 10:00-13:00 – Erdington Methodist church, Station Rd.

Our auditions are open to anyone at all, member or not. The process is quite straightforward. You will be required to do two things:

1. Sing a song you have prepared. This can be anything, though it is recommended to be in the Musical Theatre / Light Operetta tradition. The piece should aim to show your voice off in its best light. Although an A Capella performance is acceptable, it is preferred that you bring sheet music so a pianist may accompany you. It is asked that performers *perform* their pieces too, rather than ‘park and bark’, as this will be taken into account in the casting process.
2. Perform a short scene from the show. The scenes are below. Choose one that you enjoy performing the most. A reader for the other character will be provided. It is not necessary to learn the scene from heart but being familiar & able to perform more will be an advantage!

And that is it! During the afternoon you will be emailed with the casting decisions. If you **cannot make the date**, please let us know and **alternative provisions** can be arranged.

If you have difficulties with some dates, or a regular attendance issue (e.g. work) that you know will be a problem, please highlight this on the audition form. We can be flexible with commitments in planning our rehearsals.

**The Roles**

PETER WOODGATE *(a young Composer)* [Baritone]

THE BADGER *(a sly Figure from Peter’s mind)* [Baritone]

BARNABY HAWTREY *(a failed old Ham)* [Tenor]

HELEN POPLAR *(a Nurse and Peter’s Fiancée)* [Mezzo Soprano]

EMILY OLDBURY *(an aspiring Singer)* [Soprano]

HOLLY WOODGATE *(a successful Banker and Peter’s Sister)* [Alto]

MADAME HUGO *(a respected Director and Choreographer)* [Alto]

SIR CHARLES RENNIE JAMES *(an influential West End Producer)* [Speaking Role]

MADELINE *(an Actress in ‘Guernsey Girls’)* [Mezzo Soprano]

HARRIET *(an Actress in ‘Guernsey Girls’)* [Speaking Role]

PAPA SOFIA *(a generous Italian Restaurateur)* [Tenor]

MAMA SOFIA *(his equally jolly Wife)* [Alto]

GRANDE DAVE *(a large Diner)* [Bass]

WAITER *(a hipster Waiter)* [Speaking Role]

PERFORMER 1 *(a female recital Songstress)* [Soprano]

PERFORMER 2 *(a male recital Songster)* [Baritone]

*Note on Performers 1 & 2*: A reasonable number of songs in the show (7) are performed by these two performers. They represent imagined performances of shows ‘Peter’, the lead character, is writing. Theoretically their songs would be performed by just these two performers but, depending on the jigsaw-like nature of casting, they could be carved up between other performers.

During casting we may decide to double cast people. This will be decided upon after the auditions have finished.

The chorus is un-auditioned for this show. As with any BROC production, all cast will be expected to participate in all chorus numbers as appropriate.

**Audition Scenes**

**Scene 1**

Read either Barnaby (**BH**) or Peter (**PW**)

*BH has knocked the door. PW, who is hungover, has slowly made his way to answer it.*

**BH:** Took your time old fellow! By Jove, the only person who has ever kept Barnaby Hawtrey waiting was Olivier himself! And that was only when he was under the muse.

**PW:** (*completely dumbstruck*) How are you even awake?

**BH:** (*very sarcastically*) Well I climbed out of my bed, by which I mean the chaise-longue, and waltzed into the bathroom, for my morning ablutions, and then...

**PW:** Ha-ha, very funny. You know exactly what I mean! I should still be unconscious! Urgh, my head is throbbing, I feel like crap, but you’re... You drank more than me – how?!

**BH:** Did I? I lost count after the fourth bottle of claret...

**PW:** Fourth? I only saw two!

**BH:** Oh Peter, dear, sweet Peter - you started talking about your latest idea for a show – something about the forests. It was either 'keep the extra bottles hidden' or 'Goodnight Vienna!'

**PW:** But... but... You’re old!

**BH:** Age is in the eye of beholder; Noël Coward told me that once.

**PW:** No he bloody-well didn’t.

**BH:** He did too! There’s a picture in the Coward Biography released last year which clearly shows the two of us, in my youth, sharing a drink. And underneath the caption reads “Age is in the eye of the beholder”.

**PW:** *You* wrote that biography and it didn’t come out; you printed it on my printer and shoved it in my face...

**BH:** ...gifted...

**PW:** ...*badgered* me until I took a personal copy. Anyway, the photos in it were obviously, and badly, photoshopped.

**BH:** Now, now Peter, there’s no need to be jealous. One day you shall be a famous Broadway composer and will count the next Robbins, Paige, even dare I say Elton, amongst your intimate circle.

**PW:** Here we go.

**BH:** Did I tell you about the time...

**PW:** ...that Elton hit on you in a bar, and you had to turn him down but you did kindly agree to set him up with David Furnish, who happened to have been another friend, and that’s how they met? Yes. Yes you did.

**BH:** Fair enough. If my stories are becoming a bit ‘ham-hock’...

**PW:** They’ve always been fairly hammy.

**BH:** (*outraged momentarily*) I don’t have to stay here, Peter! I have other friends you know!

**PW:** (*blank look and pause before placating him*) No, no I’m sorry Barnaby. I’m just grumpy because of the hangover. I *love* to hear all of your *enlightening* stories.

**BH:** Even the one about my bizarre date with Dame Judi Dench?

**PW:** Especially that one.

**BH:** (*instantly jovial once more*) Apology accepted, m’boy!

**Scene 2**

Read either Helen (**HP**) or Peter (**PW**)

*PW has been ‘working’ at home all day and is engrossed in his ‘lyric writing’ still. HP, a nurse, has been on the wards all day and has just gotten home. PW hasn’t particularly noticed her come in, and has so far not responded to her.*

**HP:** “Hallo Helen, my love! How overjoyed I am that you have opted to return to me this fine evening!” (*running back to the door*) Oh, hallo Peter, my sweet! I likewise am thrilled by our reunion. (*running back again*) “How was your day? Did any of the old people on your ward pop their clogs?” (*ditto*) No, quite a boring day actually. Even old Mr Corbett’s still clinging on. (*ditto*) “Well, that is good and makes me pleased to my very core.” (ditto) I am touched by the sincerity of your tone. Would you like me to bring forth to you a drink?

**PW:** (*stirring at the thought of coffee*) Yeah, a coffee’d be nice.

**HP:** Of course your highness! After a quiet day cleaning bed-pans, changing drips, wiping all sorts of fluids up, and dealing with cantankerous old ladies and their verbally abusive offspring, nothing would be more pleasurable to my mind than catering for the artist at work.

**PW:** Cheers.

 *She sighs and puts the kettle on*

**HP:** (*from the ‘kitchen’, encouraging him to talk*) So, how was your day?

**PW:** It happened.

**HP:** That’s exciting. No dark battles with that witch of a choreographer? What’s her name, Mrs...?

**PW:** Madame Hugo.

**HP:** Sorry “*Madame Hugo*”.

**PW:** (*Stops to think, gradually warming up to the conversation*)She said that my playing had more in common with a Jack Russell going at a postman’s slipper than it did with the funktastic grooves of the Four Elements.

**HP:** She actually listened to you play today then? (*Peter doesn’t respond or listen – she hands him his coffee*) Oh, I give up!

**PW:** Oh, sorry dear, I’m in a world of my own. What happened at work then?

**HP:** (*sitting down at the other end of the* settee) Did I tell you about the senior Nurse on our Ward?

**PW:** Nurse Starling?

**HP:** Yes.

**PW:** Yes.

**HP:** About how she...

**PW:** …re-rota’d the whole nursing staff because she wanted to see her son’s dog in Crufts?

**HP:** Yes, and that...

**PW:** …Angela had booked the Tuesday off to go to her Aunt’s funeral in Kidderminster, but Starling didn’t care because that’s when Crufts is on so rota’d her on anyway?

**HP:** Well, yes.

**PW:** Yes, you did.

**Scene 3**

Read Holly (**HW**)

*PW & HP have just joined HW, PW’s sister, for a reluctant dinner. She is an arrogant city-banker. They are at a hipster restaurant.*

**HP:** Good to see you again Holly.

**HW:** You too ‘Hels’!

**HP:** Helen, if you could.

**HW:** Can. Chose not to. So, baby bro how’s life in my world?

**PW:** How’s life in *your* world…?

**HW:** Glad you asked! Brill. The bank have made me senior money wizard, ordered with sitting in a corner office all day counting £50 notes like Scrooge McDuck on amphetamines.

**HP:** That’s not a thing, is it?

**HW:** No, of course not! But it might as well be. Grease up some big name clients, take them to lunch, sign them up, get a bonus. A big bonus.

**HP:** Wow, that sounds very, um, fortunate. Must be more than we make between us in a yer, ‘ey Pete?

**PW:** Well, that’s not hard.

**HP:** Glad to hear you’re doing well though ‘Hols’.

**HW:** Holly.

**HP:** Not again before Christmas.

*Peter smirks at Helen’s comment. She smirks back. Holly ignores them.*

**HW:** So, baby bro, ask me how you’re doing.

**PW:** How *I’m* doing?

**HW:** Terribly. Horribly. Am I right Hels?

**HP:** I think that’s a bit strong…

**HW:** (*shouting at the waiter*) Unlike this gin, mini-Brian Blessed! Another two, and make them properly this time.

**HP:** We’re OK, actually Holly…

**HW:** Good, they’re both for me.

**PW:** (*irritated and interrupting*) Terribly?! I’m doing fine! I have a job, a flat, friends…

**HW:** You play piano every other afternoon for a group of boys…

**PW:** …girls…

**HW:** …doing samba…

**PW:** …musical theatre…

**HW:** …and rent a flat which, last time I checked, I paid for.

**HP:** She makes a fair point Peter.

**PW:** (*incredulous*) Whoa, working in tandem! I thought Madame Hugo’s rooms felt a bit cold today – must have frozen over.

**HP:** We’re just worried.

**HW:** Worried – yeah, worried that I’m losing money on a flat I could flog to a Russian oligarch or rent to some other ‘poor, starving artist’ whose parents can actually afford to pay the rent it deserves.

**Scene 4**

Read Emily (**EO**) or Peter (**PW**)

*PW is spiralling out of control. He has just upset BH (Barnaby) who has stormed out. EO has important news for him. TB (The Badger) is not interested.*

**EO:** Well, what now Peter?

**PW:** Oh, yeah, I need to work.

**EO:** Oh. (*with much uncertainty*) So do you still want me?

**PW:** (*looks over at Emily with dawning realisation*) More than anything.

**EO:** More than what you have at the moment?

**PW:** (*he moves over to her*) More than all I have and hope to have (*he takes her hands in his*). Emily, I lo…

**TB:** (*interrupting Peter’s thought. Emily can’t hear him, so this is just for Peter)* Boo! Don’t listen to her – she’s a distraction!

*Peter pulls back and turns, following instructions*

**EO:** You know that audition I had yesterday?

**PW:** Yes, I do. What was it for again?

**EO:** A cruise ship. Eight months experience, brilliant pay, fully fed, travelling the Caribbean.

**PW:** Fancy!

**EO:** I got it.

**PW:** (*disappointed*) Oh. So, you’re going away?

**EO:** Yes! And you can come too! (*she grabs his hands in excitement*) I explained that I had a *fiancé*, to really make us seem important, and they agreed that you could bunk with me. It leaves next week! Isn’t that amazing?

**TB:** Sir Charles.

**PW:** Ah.

**EO:** You did say…?

**TB:** Sir Charles.

**PW:** (*He drops her hands and turns away*) It’s just I have this meeting.

**TB:** Helen. Security.

**PW:** And there’s Helen. These things take time. Think about it, Emily!

**EO:** You said you didn’t see her now.

**PW:** I don’t but things still need sorting.

**EO:** You said me. You said anything.

**PW:** I know, but…

**TB:** Unrealistic girl; another one of *their* gender trying to stamp on your dreams.

**PW:** It’s really unrealistic.

**TB:** Exactly.

**EO:** (*clearly hurt, fighting back tears*) You either do want me or you don’t Peter. I can’t... I can’t cope with this in-between state. You, you have to choose - I’m tearing myself apart!

**PW:** Emily, I do want to be with you, really, but this is my chance.

**EO:** (*upset and leaving*) I’ll see you tomorrow for a last practice. Maybe.

 *Emily rushes out. Peter is visibly confused.*

**Scene 5**

Read The Badger (**TB**) or Peter (**PW**)

*PW has isolated himself and is trying to follow TB’s instructions to write a badger musical. It isn’t going well. He has also skipped a job interview that HW had prepared for him.*

**PW:** “Come over here, Ratty”. “No, you come over here Badger!” “This is my house and you will…”

**TB:** Have you ever read *The Wind in the Willows*?

**PW:** Not exactly… I saw the film with Terry Jones in. And the Disney cartoon.

**TB:** Both reputable sources… Are you sure this is the direction you want to take? Hasn’t there already a Willows musical in the West End recently?

**PW:** I don’t know! I don’t know anything! You’ve given me no decent ideas and the interview is in three hours! All I have are scraps of random scenes and songs!

**TB:** Calm down! You can blag it! You have panache and talent – and he’s old and mad, (*looks at the completely delirious Peter*) although maybe not quite so obviously mad by comparison.

**PW:** Fine! Fine! I’ll head to the studio. I’ll see if Barnaby and Emily can sing through these before I meet him.

**TB:** Why do you need them when you’ve got me?

**PW:** To act in my scenes? I need more than whatever you are. And anyway, you just criticise and pass judgment, and rather unhelpfully too. Come on, we’re…

 *There is a furious knock at the door*

**PW:** There’s no time!!

**TB:** *Sweeney Badger*?

 *The knocks continue. Peter storms to the door, opens it angrily, and is instantly pushed back into the flat by a clearly outraged Holly.*

**HW:** What are you playing at?!

**PW:** Me?

**HW:** Yes you, you lazy, lie-about waste-of-space!

**PW:** What are you on about? I haven’t got time for this – I have an interview.

**HW:** Oh, you remember this interview then!

**PW:** Of course!

**HW:** But Monday’s was too much.

**TB:** Oh, that pot of fool’s gold. You were working.

**PW:** I was working.

**HW:** No, you weren’t; you were throwing your life away and getting me into loads of trouble. I went out of my way for you, you useless sack of rubbish!

**TB:** You didn’t ask her to!

**PW:** I didn’t ask you to.

**HW:** Well I did, ‘cause someone has to get your life together!

**TB:** Look who’s talking?!

**PW:** My life isn’t the one that’s barely held together! You may have money, Holly, but you have no values, dreams, or love. You’re hollow. Completely morally bankrupt!

**TB:** Well that went a bit further than I suggested.

**HW:** (*shocked, stung, and incredibly upset*) Fine, if that’s what you think then you’ll fully believe me when I say that I have no problem with, with, with throwing you out of this disgusting flat. Be out, out of my flat by midnight, and NEVER, NEVER, TALK TO ME AGAIN YOU SELF-CENTRED, CRUEL GIT!

 *She storms out slamming the door behind her.*

**TB:** That may, possibly, have been a bit far… We do need to have somewhere to stay…