

Audition ★ Audition ★ Audition

BAT BOY **THE MUSICAL**

Saturday, January 27

1:00 - 4:00pm

Monday, January 29

6:30 - 9:30pm

Auditions to be held at the Columbia Center for the Arts, 215 Cascade Ave, Hood River, at the corner of 3rd Street. Please enter through the studio door on Cascade Ave. to the left of the main door.

CGOA presents *Bat Boy* the first three weekends of May. Come try out for this wacky, weird, dark comedy with heart!

There are roles in this show for all ages and genders. No experience in theater is necessary. We love to see new faces!

Rehearsals will begin the second week of March, usually 3 days per week on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Some conflicts are fine, but you must be available for a majority of rehearsals, mandatory dress rehearsals, and all performances.

If you'd like to learn more about the show, we recommend this video breaking down the plot, songs, and themes of the show:

https://youtu.be/YMFbPNEp-69c?si=F_7OTXIVHabc0ds4.

Watching bootlegs of the musical is highly discouraged as there are no good examples online.

Please bring a song to sing—no longer than 3 minutes. You can use a karaoke backing track for your audition, an accompanist will not be provided.

Side readings - we will read some scenes from the script. There will be no dance audition.

Please email director Ashly Will, ashlydwill@gmail.com, with any questions and to request the audition scenes. Sides from the script are available ahead of time for you to read and practice with.

We hope to see you there!

BAT BOY

THE MUSICAL

ACT ONE

Scene 1

A cave. In darkness, the sound of running water. Out of the darkness comes the voice of Bat Boy, singing.

BAT BOY. *(Offstage.)* Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo. *(His melodious nonsense syllables reverberate off each other. He harmonizes with his own echoed voice. Then, from above: Three spotlights pierce the darkness. The spotlights come from the miner's helmets of Rick, Ron and Ruthie, who descend into the cave on rappelling ropes. All three are awestruck. They pan their spotlights across the audience.)*

RICK. Whoa ... Look at this.

RUTHIE. We've never been this deep before.

RON. What's that smell?

RICK. I don't know. But this cave rocks.

RUTHIE and RON. Fully.

RON. Are we gonna run out of rope?

RICK. *(Landing on stage.)* Nope. We have *got* to celebrate going deeper than any human being has gone before. *(Ruthie and Rick land, too.)*

RUTHIE. Where are we, Rick?

RICK. That was a major vertical. This could be virgin territory.

RON. C-c-can we go back up now?

RUTHIE. *(Looking over downstage edge.)* It keeps going. Straight down!

RICK. This is a total scoop.

RUTHIE. All right, who's packing?

RICK. Reading my mind. *(Rick produces a small, serviceable bong. Rick and Ruthie turn off their lights and spark up while Ron explores his surroundings. The light on his head and the occasional sparking of the lighter are the only lights on stage. Suddenly Ron's helmet-light crosses the face of Bat Boy. Bat Boy screeches.)*

RON. *(Turning away.)* Sweet Jesus!

RICK. What?

RON. *(Turning light back again to a blank cave wall.)* The cave monster!! The cave monster!!

RICK. Shut up, Ron.

RON. I saw him, Rick! I swear.

RUTHIE. There's no such thing as a cave monster, Ron.

RICK. *(Approaching Ron, mocking him.)* Ooh! It's the cave monster, Ron! The scary caaaave monster! *(Ron finds Bat Boy again with his light and points hysterically; finally, Rick looks.)* Whoa! *(Rick and Ruthie turn their lights back on. All three spelunkers scramble. The helmet-lights flash around everywhere.)*

RUTHIE. What?

RICK. It was over there. But then I turned back and ...

RUTHIE. Ahhhh! Over here! *(Bat Boy scurries about the stage and the spelunkers chase after him. Occasionally lights cross Bat Boy's body or the back of his head, but the audience never sees Bat Boy's face. Eventually, the spelunkers have Bat Boy caught in the glare of their helmet-lights. His back is to the audience and he is frozen with fear. He slowly backs up toward the downstage ledge. He is naked.)*

RON. What is it?

RUTHIE. It's some deformed kid.

RICK. It's a Bat Boy. It's okay, little guy. I'm Rick Taylor. This is my brother Ron. And this is my sister Ruthie.

RUTHIE. Can you say "Ruthie"?

RON. Shut up, Ruthie!

RICK. We are totally keeping this thing.

RON. We won't hurt you.

RICK. Take my hand. Come on.

RON. Don't be afraid. It looks scared.

RUTHIE. See if it likes Fritos. *(Produces some and offers them to Bat Boy.)* Fritos. See? Fritos. *(Bat Boy attacks Ruthie.)* AAAAAHHHHHHH! *(Ron and Rick jump on top of Bat Boy and pummel him.)* I'm bit! I'm bit!

RON. Ruthie's bit! Ruthie's bit!

RICK. Get him, Ron!

RON. I'm getting him! *(Ron pulls Bat Boy off of Ruthie and pins him to the ground.)*

RUTHIE. Oh, mama! I don't wanna die!

RICK. You freakin' animal! *(Rick leaps up and stomps Bat Boy on the head.)*

MEREDITH. Well, we can name him, sweetheart. What would you like to call him?

SHELLEY. Bat Boy. You gotta eat something, Bat Boy.

MEREDITH. That's cruel, dear.

SHELLEY. That's what he looks like —

MEREDITH. — we're not calling him Bat Boy —

SHELLEY. — but that's what he looks like —

MEREDITH. *Shelley.*

SHELLEY. *(Beat.)* What do you want to call him?

MEREDITH. Perhaps Montgomery ...

SHELLEY. How about Ugly?

MEREDITH. Or maybe Edgar. *(Calling.)* Ed-gar! ...

BAT BOY. *(Looks at Meredith.)* Gggnnnnwwgwoooo?

MEREDITH. Look! He likes that name.

SHELLEY. *(Calling.)* Ug-ly! *(Bat Boy looks at Shelley.)* He likes Ugly better.

MEREDITH. Edgar it is! Well, I'm going to try to make something else for him. You stay away from the cage, sweetheart.

SHELLEY. Okay. *(Meredith exits. There is a loud knock at the door.)* Rick! *(Shelley goes to the door and opens it. Rick comes tearing into the living room.)*

RICK. Are you guys okay? I heard the Sheriff brought the Bat Boy over here and — *(Sees Bat Boy; points; mouth open in shock.)* He's still alive?! He's in your house?!

SHELLEY. It's okay, Rick. He's confined.

RICK. That cage'll never hold him! My sister's in the hospital with a big ol' ... *(Indicates a neck wound.)* ... I can't believe you have him in the house!

SHELLEY. Mom says we gotta keep him till Dad comes home.

RICK. Your dad's just going to kill it, right?

SHELLEY. *(Shrugging, "I don't know.")* Mm-mm-mm. So whatcha wanna do tonight?

RICK.

(To Bat Boy, rapping loudly and whitey.)

HEY THERE LITTLE FREAK YOU REMEMBER ME?
WE WERE NEVER INTRODUCED PROPERLY.
HEY, YOU GONNA CRY?
YOU DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH BY THE LIGHT OF DAY.
BUT WE AIN'T GONNA MURDER YOU RIGHT AWAY.
FIRST WE GONNA BUY
YOU LOTS O' FANCY CLOTHES!
AND MAKE YOU CLIP YOUR TOES!
AND WATCH YOU WALK AROUND IN MAKEUP

Scene 4

Hope Falls Slaughterhouse. Maggie, Sheriff, Lorraine, Daisy, Bud, Ned, Roy.

MAGGIE. As the honorable mayor of Hope Falls, West Virginia, I hereby call this meeting of the Town Council to order. (*Gavel.*) Okey-doke. I want to thank you all for coming out in this storm tonight. So, let's get this meetin' going. First order of business.

DAISY. (*Writing.*) Number One.

MAGGIE. Lorraine, I believe you have a report for us from the Revival Committee.

LORRAINE. That's right, Mayor Maggie, I do. I am pleased to confirm that the Reverend Billy Hightower *will* be bringing his Tent Revival Meeting and Barbecue to Hope Falls come spring.

CROWD. (*Ad-lib.*) That's great. / Good job, Lorraine. / I can't wait.

LORRAINE. And the Revival Committee has decided that we should put the Revival Tent behind the VFW Hall with the back of it facing west so the afternoon sun illuminates the cross. You see, Reverend Hightower has but this translucent vinyl cross on the back of the tent — like stained glass but vinyl? — and we just thought that the sun shining through there would synergize the spiritual aesthetic.

MAGGIE. That's just great. Lorraine, that is excellent work. Okey-doke. Agenda Item Number Two.

DAISY. Two.

MAGGIE. Now the reason that I've called this Town Council meeting here in the slaughterhouse, is because we've got a crisis on our hands! I want you to take a look at these meat hooks. There's something peculiar about 'em, isn't there? There's no meat on 'em! Now we got three ranchers in attendance. Bud, Roy, Ned — let's have the report. How come this slaughterhouse ain't slaughterin'?

BUD. Well, Mayor Maggie, that's a complicated question and it deserves a complicated answer. You see, the state of West Virginia has rules about how heavy a heifer's got to be in order that you can bring it to slaughter. And our cows just aren't up to the standard.

MAGGIE. So what you're saying is that the cows are too skinny to kill.

NED. Well, that's what the state regulations are saying. Me personally, I think that, sure, they're a mite listless, but overall their spirits are good and —

LORRAINE. Oh, you boys are in denial. I went out to that ranch of yours yesterday, and every one of those bony cows was lying around like a welfare mother. And correct me if I'm wrong, but it didn't seem like there was one hundred of them, either.

MAGGIE. Is that right, Bud? Did some of our cows run away?

BUD. No, Mayor Maggie. We got electrified security. What's happened with the twenty-two dead cows is that —

LORRAINE and MAGGIE. Twenty-two dead cows?!

ROY. It's better to think of it as a streamlining of the herd. It's a perfectly common anomaly.

MAGGIE. Bud, it's time for you boys to wake up and smell the music: We obviously got ourselves a predicament here.

BUD. All right! I admit it!

"ANOTHER DEAD COW"
(Bud, Ned, Roy, Lorraine, Maggie)

BUD.

BOSSIE'S THIN AS A FISHIN' POLE.

NED.

BESSIE'S FLAT AS A FLOUNDER.

ROY.

LITTLE BONNIE, GOD REST HER SOUL,
WAS BARELY ONE QUARTER-POUNDER.

BUD.

I CHECK MY BOVINE MANUAL
AND I FIND NO DEFINITION;

BUD and NED.

EVEN THIS REVISED EDITION
DOES NOT MENTION MALNUTRITION!

ROY.

GUSSIE DIED OF A HACKIN' COUGH.
CLARA DROWNED IN THE FEEDING TROUGH.

ALL THREE.

WHY WOULD THE LORD WANNA CARRY THEM
OFF?

ALL but BUD.

DANG!

WE GOT ANOTHER

BUD.

DANG!

WE GOT ANOTHER

PARKER. What?

MEREDITH. Please. Don't.

PARKER. Well, why not? *(He leans in to inject Bat Boy.)*

MEREDITH. Please!

PARKER. *(Annoyed.)* What!?

MEREDITH. Let him live. He's just a boy.

PARKER. You know what this is, don't you?

MEREDITH. Yes, I know. You could save him if you wanted to, couldn't you? You could make him well again?

PARKER. Are you kidding me? The ranchers would go nuts. They're already blaming their problems on anything they can think of.

MEREDITH. But if you wanted to ...

PARKER. I can hear it now. "There goes Dr. Parker. He couldn't manage to save our cattle, but he saved the Bat Boy. He's Hope Falls' finest citizen, maybe we won't run him out on a rail after all ..."

MEREDITH. ... but we could just keep him here in the house ...

PARKER. ... They'll have my head for something like this, Meredith. And I'll bet you dollars to donuts that Sheriff Reynolds expects me to put it down, don't try to tell me any different. There's just no way around this. Sorry, little fella, there's just no way around it. *(He moves to Bat Boy, pushes his head to the side and bares his neck for the needle.)*

MEREDITH. *(Falling to her knees.)* No, please! I'm begging you. *(Parker pulls up short.)* You can't just kill him like an animal. Please, please.

PARKER. So, now you've got all this love in your heart, do you?

MEREDITH. You have to let him live. We can take care of him.

PARKER. Where'd you find the room for all this love in your heart all of a sudden?

MEREDITH. We have to let him live.

PARKER. Who do you love?

MEREDITH. Oh, please, Thomas.

PARKER. Tell me who you love. Who do you love, Meredith?

MEREDITH. Please don't do this.

PARKER. Me, right? It's me you love.

MEREDITH. Of course I do. I'm your wife.

PARKER. *(Turning back to Bat Boy.)* You haven't been a wife to me in years.

MEREDITH. I could be.

PARKER. *(Freezes.)* Tonight? *(Beat.)* Tonight?

MEREDITH. Let me get you a drink.

PARKER.

(Grabbing her hand.)

Scene 9

Parker home — living room. Bat Boy is standing downstage wearing linen pants and a light cotton shirt. Shelley puts a linen sport coat on him. She turns him around and looks at him.

SHELLEY. You look great.

BAT BOY. *(Very proper English accent.)* Thank you, Shelley, you're looking splendid yourself.

SHELLEY. You look, like, you're ready to go to the dance hall in Wheeling.

BAT BOY. Oh. *(A bow.)* May I have the pleasure, Miss Shelley?

SHELLEY. *(A curtsy.)* Why, I'd be delighted, Master Edgar. *(Bat Boy puts both hands on Shelley's waist. A moment as they take each other in. Shelley recovers first.)* Um ... no. It's like this. Your right hand stays there, but your left goes up here.

BAT BOY. Oh, yes, I see. *(Another moment as they stare into each other's eyes. They awkwardly start to dance ... In the kitchen Meredith readies a tea service.)*

PARKER. It's just for the weekend.

MEREDITH. I don't like the Town Council telling me what to do with my family.

PARKER. I know. I don't either. But these are stubborn people, and we're not holding many cards, dear. I think we have to let them win this one.

MEREDITH. Well, I suppose it will be good for Edgar to get away for a few days.

PARKER. Thank you, Meredith. *(Meredith and Parker enter the living room.)*

MEREDITH. Edgar! Shelley! *(Bat Boy and Shelley separate. Meredith brings a tea service out on a tray and sets it at the head of the table. Parker follows.)* Oh! You're already here. Don't you look lovely, Edgar.

BAT BOY. Thank you, Mrs. Parker. You're looking splendid yourself.

MEREDITH. Why, thank you. Those BBC language tapes are really helping your diction.

SHELLEY. And his vocabulary.

BAT BOY. Indubitably. *(All laugh.)*

MEREDITH. Come, let's sit down. *(Parker sits at the head of the table, and prepares to pour tea.)*

BAT BOY. May I serve?

MERED
Shelley a
sandwich
BAT BO
MERED
BAT BO
Hightow
Bible ag
SHELL
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MEREDITH. Of course you may. *(Parker slides the tea service to Bat Boy as Shelley and Meredith take their places at the table. Bat Boy flawlessly serves tea and sandwiches during the following.)*

BAT BOY. You know, I was reading the newspaper this morning.

MEREDITH. Is that right?

BAT BOY. Yes. And I noticed that, beginning tomorrow, the Reverend Billy Hightower is holding a weekend revival. And, as I have just finished reading the Bible again, it would mean so much to me if I could attend.

SHELLEY. Yes! That would be so cool. You could wear your new suit and I could wear my new dress. Oh my God. I can just see everybody's faces.

BAT BOY. I did think it would be a nice coming out for me.

PARKER. Actually, we were thinking that maybe we'd go away on a camping trip for the weekend. Just us? Alone in the woods?

MEREDITH. Wouldn't that be nice, Edgar?

BAT BOY. Oh, yes! But we can do that anytime. The revival is the social event of the season.

MEREDITH. Oh, Edgar, I feel horrible telling you no, but it just isn't the right time for that sort of thing.

SHELLEY. But the way people talk about him, it's not fair.

PARKER. *Shelley.* This is not up for discussion right now.

BAT BOY. *(To Shelley.)* What is it that people ... say about me?

PARKER. People can be very cruel. It doesn't mean anything about you —

BAT BOY. — They say *cruel* things? Is that it?

MEREDITH. Some people —

BAT BOY. — they don't know me.

PARKER. That's why they're so cruel.

"A HOME FOR YOU REPRISE"

(Bat Boy)

BAT BOY.

BUT I'M NOT HERE TO HARM THEM,
I ONLY WANT TO LEARN,
THEY ALL WALK IN SUNLIGHT,
I DESERVE A TURN.
I WANT TO KNOW MY NEIGHBORS,
I'M NOT SOME GARDEN GNOME ...

BAT BOY. (*Rising furiously.*) I might as well be in a cage! You must allow me to show myself!

MEREDITH. (*Softening.*) Oh, Edgar.

PARKER. (*Rising also.*) No!

BAT BOY. Why not?

MEREDITH. Edgar, calm yourself, dear.

BAT BOY. Why not! (*His voice changes to a squeal.*) Why not? Why not?! WHY NOT! (*Bat Boy loses control of himself and breaks down and cries.*)

MEREDITH. Oh, I can't bear it. Thomas, can't we just let him go? Once they meet him for themselves, they'll change their minds, don't you think?

PARKER. (*Stunned.*) Well, no ...

MEREDITH. Sure they will. He's so charming, and well-spoken. Once they see what a proper young man he is —

PARKER. No no no no no! Meredith, I'm afraid I have to put my foot down on this. I've given my word of honor.

MEREDITH. Well, surely that's not more important than ...

PARKER. My word of honor, Meredith. This would humiliate me.

MEREDITH. But can't you see what this means to him?

BAT BOY. ... Please, Dr. Parker ...

PARKER. I'm putting my foot down. None of us will attend the revival, and that's final.

MEREDITH. (*Pause.*) Fine, don't go. Shelley and I will go with Edgar.

PARKER. (*Approaching her.*) No, I'm putting my foot down.

MEREDITH. Edgar, I'm afraid we'll have to go without Dr. Parker, but Shelley and I will be there for you.

BAT BOY. Really?

PARKER. But I'm putting my foot down.

MEREDITH. Yes, dear. And the rest of us are going to the revival. It's settled.

BAT BOY. You're not too ashamed of me?

MEREDITH. No, no, Edgar, never.

PARKER. Meredith ...

BAT BOY. Oh, this is wonderful.

MEREDITH. (*Ignoring Parker; to Bat Boy, kissing him.*) We're not ashamed of you, Edgar. We love you. We all love you so much. Don't you know that? You do know I love you, don't you? Say that you do.

PARKER. Meredith ...

BAT BOY. I know. I love you, too, Mrs. Parker.

PARKER. You made a promise to me.

MEREDITH. (*Kissing him again.*) Oh, Edgar.

PARKER. (*Grabbing her.*) How can you do this to me! (*Bat Boy suddenly attacks Parker. Like an animal, Bat Boy pounces on Parker and knocks him to the ground. Bat Boy pins Parker on the ground and is about to bite him on the neck. He is poised in this position when Meredith speaks, stopping the imminent fatal bite.*)

MEREDITH. No! Edgar, dear. Edgar? Honey, let's calm down, okay?

BAT BOY. (*Still over Dr. Parker.*) I, I'm sorry, I —

MEREDITH. I know. Get off Dr. Parker, honey. Come here. Come to me. (*Bat Boy finally dismounts Parker and turns to Meredith.*)

BAT BOY. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MEREDITH. It's all right, come here. (*Embracing him.*) I know, dear. It's just because you're hungry. It's okay now.

BAT BOY. I don't know what happened to me.

MEREDITH. (*To Bat Boy.*) Are you all right?

PARKER. (*Getting up.*) Yes, I'm fine, it's just a — (*Sees Meredith is not paying attention to him.*) Oh.

MEREDITH. (*To Bat Boy.*) It's okay. Edgar, I love you so much.

PARKER.

(*Quietly.*)

AND SO AT LAST I KNOW,
YOU WENT AND LIED TO ME ...

MEREDITH. (*To Bat Boy.*) We'll get you some food and you'll be okay.

PARKER.

I SAY BRAVO;
I WAS FOOLED QUITE A WHILE.

MEREDITH. (*To Parker.*) I think it's time for Edgar's medication.

PARKER.

(*With growing rage.*)

THOUGH YOU CAME BACK TO MY ARMS,

MEREDITH. (*To Bat Boy.*) Everything will be all right, sweetheart.

PARKER.

YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED HIM MUCH MORE;

MEREDITH. (*She kisses him; standing up.*) So, tomorrow we'll go to the revival.

PARKER.

AND EV'RY VOW THAT YOU SWORE
WAS AS FALSE AS YOUR SMILE! ...

MEREDITH. Edgar, I just know that when everyone sees you for who you really are, it's all going to be okay. Don't you think so, Thomas?

PARKER. (*Smiling.*) Yes. Yes, I do. Sure, it'll work out. Why, it's gonna be great!

BAT BOY. Really?