

OCTOBER 18-27

**DOGFIGHT
DOGLIGHT**

**MUSIC AND LYRICS BY BENJ PASEK AND JUSTIN PAUL
BOOK BY PETER DUCHAN**

**WCLOC Theater Company
Audition Packet**

Production Team:

Directed by Eric Butler

Music Directed by Lenny McGuire

Choreography by Kaitlyn Ekstrom-Doig

Audition Dates:

Sunday, July 14 at 6:30 pm

Monday, July 15 at 6:30 pm

Potential callbacks: Sunday, July 21 at 1:00 pm

Performance Dates:

October 17-27

Rehearsal Dates:

Dogfight will rehearse three days a week: Sundays, plus two weekday nights based on the availability of ideal casting.

Regular scheduled rehearsals will begin in August. We may schedule 1-2 rehearsals in late August for select cast members to learn music.

Audition Requirements:

- Fill out [this audition form](#) and select an audition date and time.
- Prepare a selection from the show (or a song in the style of the show). Selections provided.
 - Male Selections
 - [Hey, Good Lookin'](#), m12-27
 - [Come to a Party](#), m2-16
 - Female Selections
 - [Pretty Funny](#), m43-57
 - [Nothing Short of Wonderful](#), m1-32
- Prepare a scene from this audition packet. Memorization not required for auditions.
- Be prepared to participate in a group movement audition with our choreographer on the evening of your audition.

About Dogfight:

The hauntingly beautiful musical, *Dogfight*, by Pasek and Paul (*Dear Evan Hansen*) and Peter Duchan, was praised by countless critics and nominated for numerous awards, winning the Lucille Lortel Award for Best Musical. Based on the 1991 Warner Brothers film, *Dogfight* takes audiences on a romantic and heartbreaking theatrical journey.

It's November 21, 1963. On the eve of their deployment to a small but growing conflict in Southeast Asia, three young Marines set out for one final boys' night of debauchery, partying and maybe a little trouble. But, when Corporal Eddie Birdlace meets Rose, an awkward and idealistic waitress whom he enlists to win a cruel bet with his fellow recruits, she rewrites the rules of the game and teaches him the power of love and compassion.

Studded with impressive songs, an unexpected love affair and a genuine and charming soul.

Characters:

Eddie Birdlace

A Marine private first class. He is well respected and a natural leader amongst his comrades. Initially a hothead; a cocky smooth talker. He eventually sheds his brash exterior when he falls for Rose.

Gender: Male; Ethnicity: Any; Age: Passes as 18 to 25; Vocal range top: A4; Vocal range bottom: A2

Rose Fenny

A diner waitress who dreams of life as a musician. She is a naturally shy girl, naive of the world around her. Becomes smitten with Birdlace and discovers a lot about her self-respect and confidence along the way. A plus, if she can play guitar.

Gender: Female; Ethnicity: Any; Age: Passes as 18 to 25; Vocal range top: E5; Vocal range bottom: G3

Bernstein

A Marine private first class and Birdlace's good friend. A bit nerdy and very inexperienced with the opposite sex.

Gender: Male; Ethnicity: Any; Age: Passes as 18 to 25; Vocal range top: B4; Vocal range bottom: B2

Boland

A Marine private first class and Birdlace's closest friend. A poor Southern cad, he is the most vocal supporter of the dogfight and fairly crude in his behavior and language.

Gender: Male; Ethnicity: Any; Age: Passes as 18 to 25; Vocal range top: B4; Vocal range bottom: B2

Fector

U.S. Marine, Private, not too bright

Gender: Male; Ethnicity: Any; Age: Passes as 18 to 25

Stevens

U.S. Marine, Private First Class, cocky
Gender: Male; Ethnicity: Any; Age: Passes as 18 to 25

Gibbs

U.S. Marine, Private First Class, Midwestern
Gender: Male; Ethnicity: Any; Age: Passes as 18 to 25

Marcy

Boland's date for the dogfight. She is a nearly toothless and homely prostitute. Crass and brash, but sneaky and cunning.

Gender: Female; Ethnicity: Any; Age: 25 to 35; Vocal range top: Eb5; Vocal range bottom: F#3

Mama

The owner of the local diner. She is unamused by the Marines' antics and protective of her daughter, Rose.

Gender: Female; Ethnicity: Any; Age: 40 to 55

Lounge Singer (plays multiple characters)

A crooner, Gender: Male; Ethnicity: Any; Age: 25 to 40

Ensemble with Doubling in speaking and singing roles

Marines (Fector, Stevens, Gibbs, Sergeant); Bus Passengers; Party Dates (Ruth Two Bears, Suzette, etc.) Pete, Peggy, Librarian, Praying Drag Queen, Dinner Patron, Chippy, Waiter, Big Tony, Singers; Hippies,

Audition Scenes:

Scene 1: Pete and Birdlace

Scene 2: Birdlace, Boland, and Bernstein

Scene 3: Birdlace, Rose

Scene 4: Rose and Mama

Scene 5: Boland and Marcy

Scene 6: Birdlace and Rose

Scene 1: Pete and Birdlace

Pete: You a marine?

(Birdlace is momentarily startled out of his daze)

Birdlace: Yes, sir.

Pete: I was an Army man myself - Korea.

(No response from Birdlace)

This your first trip to Frisco?

Birdlace: *(after a moment)* I been before - just once - back in '63.

Pete: Make the trip about once a year. Still can't stand the long bus ride. What about you, a Sergeant?

Birdlace: Staff.

(Birdlace looks at the tattoo on his forearm: three bees.)

Pete: Good for you. I was working my way up to Corporal by the time I got out. Hey, that's quite a tattoo you got. Bumblebees, right?

Birdlace: ...Yeah. Three of 'em.

Pete: Do they do anything? They don't fly?

Birdlace: No sir.

Pete: I got one that dances. *(pats his belly)* This is no place to be showing off my belly, or else I'd let you see her movies. So what're they supposed to mean.

Birdlace: *(with effort)* Don't mean nothing, sir. Just something we did, my buddies and me.

Scene 2: Birdlace, Bernstein, Boland

Birdlace: All right, gang. Fall in!
Roll call: Birdlace!

Boland: Boland!

Bernstein: Bernstein.

Birdlace: One question, men; are we assholes or Marines?

Boland/
Bernstein: Sir, assholes, sir!

Birdlace: Wrong! We're Marines! And tonight we got a special mission!

Boland/
Bernstein Sir, yes, sir!

Birdlace: Tell me, Bernstein, just what is that mission?!

Bernstein: To get laid, sir?

(wrong answer)

Birdlace: 'Scuse me?

Bernstein: I want a handful of grade-A San Francisco tit, sir, and I want it now!

(Birdlace and Boland help getting Bernstein back on track)

Birdlace: Boland -

Boland: Sir!

Birdlace: - will you kindly remind the bottom-feeding waste of oxygen: what were our Orders?!

Boland: to find us some droolin' and sloberin' dogs, sir!

Birdlace: Attaboy.

Scene 3: Rose, Birdlace, Mama

Birdlace: Wow. Please don't stop. You sound real good.

Rose: Gee, thanks.

Birdlace: What's that song you're playing? I just love that kind of music.

Rose: You do?

Birdlace: It's all I listen to. Actually, that song reminds me a lot of...

(improvising, making it up on the spot)

...of Jim Swain's music. You know that I mean?

Rose: Swain?

Birdlace: Oh wow, Jim Swain?

Rose: I don't know him.

Birdlace: Well he's just - you've heard of Dylan, right? Bob Dylan?

(Rose laughs; of course she knows Dylan)

Jim Swain's music is a major influence on Dylan.

Rose: I thought Woody Guthrie was Dylan's influence.

Birdlace: Well, yeah. There's Woody - and then there's Jim Swain. In fact, I think Swain and Guthrie wrote some songs together, if I'm not mistaken.

Rose: I always thought Woody wrote pretty much on his own.

Birdlace: Sometimes he did, he did, most definitely. But sometimes he would, you know, get together with Swain. In other words, Woody would write the words and Swain wrote the music. Other times, they'd switch and Swain wrote the words and Woody wrote the music. See what I'm saying? Like that famous song of his. You know the one I mean.

Rose: "This Land Is Your Land?"

(interrupting, pretending to finish her sentence, as if that's what he meant all along.)

Birdlace: "This Land Is Your Land." Exactly. Yeah that was an original by Swain and Guthrie.

Rose: I've got the sheet music upstairs. I don't remember seeing his name.

Birdlace: He was a ghostwriter. Sometimes. In fact, most of the time.

Scene 4: Rose and Mama

Mama: Rosie, what are you doing up here?

Rose: He's taking me to a party?

Mama: Now?

Rose: Which dress, Mama?

Mama: Sweetie, you can't accept a date the night of. Then you weren't the first one he asked.

Rose: Well, I'm the one he got - and he doesn't seem to mind.

Mama: We don't know him, Rose.

Rose: Not yet.

Mama: Honey, slow down. What's gotten into you?
Rose, just be careful. You're letting yourself-

Rose: I will, Mama. Tell him I'll be right down.

Mama: Rose - really

Rose: Go!

Scene 5: Boland and Marcy

Boland: So whaddya say? You comin' or what?

Marcy: Gimme a drag of that.

Boland: I got one thing on my mind tonight, Marcy - and it's winning that prize.

Marcy: What kinda grub they got at this place?

Boland: Who cares? Ain't no blue plate space in the deal. You come along, you get the fifty bucks, that's all.

Marcy: If I gotta put up with you all night, fifty bucks don't sound like enough. I do better business down at the Kiwanis Club, and they at least buy me carnations,

Boland: All right, how's this: you win me that prize, I'll give you seventy-five.

Marcy: I ain't got time for small peckers with small pockets. Gotta get a full night's work in before Perry Mason.

Boland: Okay, okay: eighty bucks. And remember, it's our secret. You keep your trap shut or there ain't gonna be a payday for neither one of us.

Marcy: You got any idea how lucky you are to find me? There ain't more than handful of girls out there that can do what I do.

Boland: You are trying my patience, little lady. I'll give you a hundred - not a penny more.

Marcy: With all you stand to take in? I deserve half.

Boland: Half! You gotta be kidding me!

Marcy: Not with my serious face on.

Boland: You think you're worth half the pot?

Marcy: I know I am. And I know you're gonna give it to me.

Boland: You're a fine one to be barkin' orders. You're talking to a United States Marine.

Marcy: *(big laugh)* You think you got balls as big as the A-bomb, don't ya? God's give to women, my ass. You wanna have a good time with me, you're gonna give me half the dough - and a goddamn steak dinner.

Scene 6: Rose and Birdlace

Rose: It's so good to get away from the restaurant. You're the first person all day I didn't have to read the specials to.

(beat)

Wanna hear 'em?. Nah.

Birdlace: C'mon, Rose. Keep up.

Rose: So...how long have you been with the Marines?

Birdlace: Almost five months now. But I'm just getting started.

Rose: Five months. Must be hard to be so far away from home.

Birdlace: Gonna be a hell of a lot farther before they're done with me.

Rose: Where are you gonna be?

Birdlace: Well, first. I'm off to Okinawa. But I'm aiming for this little country near India they call Vietnam.

Rose: (*concerned*) Vietnam? But they're fighting there.

Birdlace: So? Kick a little ass, take a few names, be back in a couple months.

Rose: The way you talk it sounds like a buncha guys getting rowdy at a bar.

Birdlace: You got something against Marines, Rose?

Rose: No, I just mean - well, you don't seem worried.

Birdlace: Nothing to worry about. We're going over there as advisors more than anything. Somebody's got to teach 'em how to take care of the Commies.

Rose: Well, it sounds dangerous to me.

Birdlace: Rose, I got thirteen weeks of training under my belt.

Rose: (*warm, compassionate*) Eddie, aren't you scared at all?

Birdlace: That's a first class waste of time. Besides, I got a little extra protection. See:

(Birdlace pulls a Medal of Honor from his pocket. He shows her proudly.)

Rose: Is it - is this a real medal?

Birdlace: Looks real, don't it? My old man won it. Damn near took that beach all by himself. They're still talking about it.

Rose: It's lovely. But I'd still be scared. I mean, I don't know much about fighting. One day, maybe, I wanna join the Peace Corps, help out in some village or somewhere.

Birdlace: That's chicken shit. Just a buncha Melvins looking for a reason not to shave. If you wanna change the world, ROse, you join the Marines and start shooting. Shooting changes things pretty quick.

Rose: But you shoot at people and, what, you got people shooting back. I don't know that's helping anything.

Birdlace: All I know is President Kennedy's sending us across the big waters to make some changes, and he didn't issue us no guitars. There's talking and there's doing - and there's a pretty big difference.

Rose: But why's the doing always gotta be done the same way?

Birdlace: (*changing the subject*) You know, you got real nice lips.