

Island at Heart

Casting Call

C/O: Nathan Paton

www.islandatheart.com

Overview:

Island at Heart is a blend of storytelling, song, and audience interaction that offers a 'down-home' take on Island life, with a focus on fun. Hosted by 'Rusty Gallant', this two-person show takes the form of an "Island 101" classroom, with the audience becoming the students. At the end of the show, one lucky audience member will be sworn in as an 'Honorary Islander'.

Filled with laughs, and far from serious, this show is intended for those 'from away' who want to get an insider's view of the Island, and for those 'from here' who can appreciate what a wonderful place it is that we call home.

The show is 1:45, with an additional fifteen-minute intermission, for a total of two hours.

Location and Dates:

Souris Show Hall, Souris, PEI

Three dates in July-August, with more to be added if desired

Additional dates and venues across the Island to be added, upon mutual agreement with successful applicant.

Casting Role: Jane Peters

Jane's role serves to help the host, Rusty, in his lessons to the audience. Jane offers practical assistance, tells stories from her perspective, and serves as a foil to Rusty's overconfidence.

In character, Jane is a university student who has grown up in Toronto, and has finally moved home to PEI for the summer. As such, she is full of questions about the Island and its traditions, and is quick to call Rusty out on his contradictions. Her character is witty, funny, and often sarcastic.

The successful Jane should:

- Be enthusiastic and outgoing
- Have a good sense of humor
- Be comfortable with some conversational improv
- Have a valid license and access to a vehicle
- Be believably within the age range of a university student

Ability to sing or play guitar would be deemed an asset.

About Me:

I am an English teacher at Souris Regional School during the school year, hence the theme, and in my 10 years at Souris Regional I have written and directed school plays for the past seven years, as well as having written and directed the Silver Threads Club annual Christmas play in 2022.

Otherwise, in the summer I also own and operate the Red Rock Adventure Company in Naufrage, PEI, where I take tourists on experiential adventure tours to the beach in order to make their very own dirt shirts using natural Island clay. (You can read some of our [reviews](#) here, if you'd like to get a better sense of who I am).

Both of these occupations permit me to share my passion for storytelling, entertaining, and educating, and I feel that *Island at Heart* can be understood as an extension of these passions.

I have a B.A. in English from St. Thomas University in Fredericton, with a focus in Dramatic Theory, a B.Ed. in Education from STU, and an M.Ed. in Education from UPEI.

Applicant Pay:

Island at Heart has entered into a deal with Souris Show Hall for a 70% take of all ticket sales. For a true partner who is able to contribute equally to the production of the show, I am happy to split our earnings 50/50. For someone who may be slightly less experienced, I would aim to share revenue in a commensurate manner.

As a teacher I am a strong advocate for students earning fair pay and funding their future education, and as someone who is doing this performance solely as a passion project, I am happy to be very fair and open about the pay.

Additionally, if the applicant is interested in being involved in our Dirt Shirt experiences, that is an option for further paid work.

How to Apply:

If you are interested in applying for this position, or if you would like further information, please contact me at peiredrock@gmail.com.

In your application, please include any form of cover letter that you deem appropriate, that outlines your interests and abilities. Please attach a complete resume and references, as well as a recent photo of yourself.

Script Sample:

I am including some sample lines from the script, to help convey a sense of the humor and character in the show. (See below)

WHAT'S AN ISLANDER?

Jane: *Thinking*. What about that boy that was born on the boat?

Paton: *Hesitatingly*. What do you mean?

Jane: He was born on the boat. On the car ferry! Was he an Islander?

Paton: *Trying to brush this conversation away. Evasive*. That's ridiculous! Don't be asking me that.

Jane: You said it was simple!

Paton: It is simple!

Jane: Alright, then is he?

Paton: *Slow*. Well, which side was he closer to?

Jane: It was right in the middle.

Paton: *Hesitating*. It can't be right in the middle!

Jane: It was in the middle. I saw it in The Graphic!

Paton: *Reluctant now*. That's a tough one. Where was the boat coming from?

Jane: Nova Scotia.

Paton: Ah, so that means---

Jane: It means the first land he'd reach would be the Island.

Paton: *Slowly*. That's true... *Beat*. And the parents, where were they from?

Jane: One from each.

Paton: And the Captain?

Jane: Manitoba.

Paton: Damn it. Why would a fella from Manitoba be driving a boat...? *Pause*. Where was the boy conceived---

Jane: Stop! Stop. Just give me the answer.

Paton: *Frustrated in defeat*. I don't know the answer. Maybe there is more to it.

ROADS AND TRAVEL

Paton: That's exactly right. There's three counties, and Queens is in the middle. That's where Kensington is. Prince County is up west, and King's County is up East.

Jane: But what's with all this east and west business? You think I carry a compass with me, like I'm on a treasure hunt?

Paton: That's the way it is around here.

Jane: So you have to always know your directions, wherever you are?

Paton: You get used to it. But there's more to it than that. See you've got your up east, which is Souris and the like, but then there's your down east, which is anywhere down past Montague, like Murray River, or Murray Harbour.

Jane: What's the difference between Murray River and Murray Harbour?

Paton: I refuse to answer that. I'm not looking to start a fight!

Jane: OK, so up east and down east.

Paton: Yep, then there's up West, which is of course Tignish and all that. But it's not to be confused with out West, which is Alberta. And by Alberta, I also mean Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. But not BC. You got that?

Jane: Sometimes I don't know if you're kidding or not.

Paton: I'm never kidding. This is serious business. *Beat*. So then there's your north side and your south side, of course. North side's get colder water, but better lobster. South sides got better beaches, and warmer water. But don't mix up the north side with the north shore, because those are separate things, too. And of course East Point is the farthest point in the East, but West Point isn't the farthest point in the West; That'd be North Cape, which is on complete opposite ends as North Lake. *To audience*. Are you writing all this down?

Jane: They'll do good just to hear it, let alone understand it.

Paton: So that gets all the directions out of the way. I guess I should mention that right in the middle is Charlottetown, which we only call Town, even though it's a city. And any towns just go by their name, and are never ever ever called Town. Because we don't want to have any confusion.

Jane: *Sarcastically*. No... we wouldn't want that.

RELIGION

Paton: Well, Annie and I got married in 2019, and it was turning out to be fairly non-traditional anyway, which was a horror to my mother. No church, no priest, no crowd. Just a small group. No meal afterwards either, just a 'get-together'.

Jane: Now that's an Island word, isn't it?

Paton: I believe so. In any case, my mother bore it all with that Catholic sense of suffering and scowling, which I suppose is bred into them. It wasn't going the way she'd always imagined it, but then again, it wasn't her wedding. But while she could bear most of it, she couldn't bear it all.

Jane: So what'd she do?

Paton: She put her foot down. And I don't know how, and I don't know why, but she decided that she'd take control of something, whether I liked it or not. So one night, not long before the wedding, she calls me and says, 'there's going to be potato salad'. And it wasn't a suggestion, it was a declaration.

Jane: Why? I thought you said there were no guests and no meal.

Paton: I don't know. I asked why. The answer was simple. "It's protocol," she said. "It's tradition."

Jane: That sounds like her.

Paton. *Nods*. Now where, and when, and who determined that a wedding would be null and void unless there was potato salad, well that may never be known. But whether there was a priest at my wedding, well, that was between me and God. We could hash that out at the pearly gates. But the potato salad, well, that was between me and my mother, and I knew well enough not to cross her.

Jane: So did you end up with potato salad?

Paton: You know the answer.

Jane: Did you eat it?

Paton: Absolutely. Some potato salads are optional. This wasn't one of them.

Jane: I guess that's not so bad.

Paton: That's what I thought too. It wasn't until afterwards that I learned she'd mixed a little bit of holy water into it, just so I'd get a little bit of the holy spirit into me.

Jane: You're kidding.

Paton: All I can say is, don't mess with tradition.