

the limelight theatre company

Audition Packet



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All Auditions and Callbacks at

SOUTH POINT (810 Preston Lane)

Story Time LIVE! Monologues

Story Time LIVE! will be a series of fairy tales and fables performed for young audiences. Actors will be using an exaggerated, over the top performance style to engage and entertain a preschool-kindergarten aged audience.

Prepare one of the five following monologues or prompts

Fables: Perform one of these fables using the text below as a starting point. Feel free to enhance and embellish to bring the story to life. Be sure to deliver the moral of the story at the end.

The Lion and the Mouse "*Little friends may prove great friends*"

Once when a Lion was asleep a little Mouse began running up and down upon him; this soon wakened the Lion, who placed his huge paw upon him, and opened his big jaws to swallow him.

"Pardon, O King," cried the little Mouse: "forgive me this time, I shall never forget it: who knows but what I may be able to do you a turn some of these days?"

The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse being able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go.

Some time after the Lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters who desired to carry him alive to the King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him on.

Just then the little Mouse happened to pass by, and seeing the sad plight in which the Lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of the Beasts.

"Was I not right?" said the little Mouse.

The Crow and the Pitcher "*Little by little does the trick*"

A Crow, half-dead with thirst, came upon a Pitcher which had once been full of water; but when the Crow put its beak into the mouth of the Pitcher he found that only very little water was left in it, and that he could not reach far enough down to get at it.

He tried, and he tried, but at last had to give up in despair.

Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher.

At last, at last, he saw the water mount up near him, and after casting in a few more pebbles he was able to quench his thirst and save his life.

The Tortoise and the Hare “*Slow and steady wins the race*”

The Hare was once boasting of his speed before the other animals.

“I have never yet been beaten,” said he, “when I put forth my full speed. I challenge any one here to race with me.”

The Tortoise said quietly, *“I accept your challenge.”*

“That is a good joke,” said the Hare; “I could dance round you all the way.”

“Keep your boasting till you’ve beaten,” answered the Tortoise. “Shall we race?”

So a course was fixed and a start was made.

The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but soon stopped and, to show his contempt for the Tortoise, lay down to have a nap.

The Tortoise plodded on and plodded on, and when the Hare awoke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise just near the winning-post and could not run up in time to save the race.

Then said the Tortoise: *“Slow and steady wins the race.”*

OR

Fairy Tales: Pick your favorite fairy tale and tell the story as a secondary character in the tale. Present the events from that character’s point of view.

Disney's Frozen KIDS Monologues & Music

Prepare one of the following **music** selections (found after monologues):

- Let it Go (measures 100-125, Elsa)
- Do You Want to Build a Snowman? (measures 30-44, Middle Anna)
- In Summer (measures 3-15, Olaf)
- Love is an Open Door (measures 4-18, Anna & Kristoff)

All songs will be performed acapella. We will be able to provide a starting pitch, if you would like one.

Monologue Choices:

Prepare one of the five following monologues

Monologue #1: Storytellers

Welcome, one and all, to the story of *Frozen!* Our tale begins a long time ago in the Kingdom of Arendelle on a beautiful summer day! Once there was a family: a king, a queen, and two princesses, beloved by all. And the story starts when they were small. But this family had secrets to keep, as rulers in a land where respect for the crown runs deep.

Monologue #2: Anna

Nice to meet you Kristoff the ice harvester. I am Anna, Princess of Arendelle. I'm looking for my sister. She kind of went "ice crazy" and set off an eternal winter... everywhere. But it was my fault. I got engaged to Prince Hans, and Elsa freaked out because I only just met him, you know, today. I don't know why everyone is so hung up on that. I've got good instincts! Anyway, if you think you can help me get up the North Mountain, then Kristoff, you're hired. Let's go.

Monologue #3: Elsa

Anna! I'm so happy to see you. Isn't this place incredible? I never knew I could create something like this. (*Pause.*) You don't have to apologize for what happened, it wasn't your fault. I nearly killed you with my magic when you were six years old, and now my powers are much stronger. You should probably go. I'm trying to protect you. Go back to Arendelle, Anna. Your life awaits. Please go back home, I can't control this curse. I can't!

Monologue #4: Olaf

Hi! I'm Olaf, and I like warm hugs! Isn't winter so beautiful? I love it! But it's so white. You know, how about a little color? Must we bleach the joy out of it all? I'm thinking like maybe some crimson, chartreuse... How 'bout yellow? No. Yellow and snow is a no go. Am I right? Oh, and summer?! I don't know why, but I've always loved the idea of summer, and sun, and all things hot. Sometimes I like to close my eyes and imagine what it'd be like when summer does come...

Monologue #5: Hans

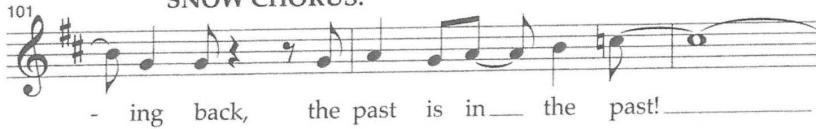
You don't have to be embarrassed around me. I'm the thirteenth son of a king. Three of my older brothers pretended I was invisible... literally... for two years. I'm Prince Hans of the Southern Isles. I'd like to formally apologize for hitting the Princess of Arendelle with my horse... and for every moment after. It's like, I've been searching my whole life to find my place, but now I see your face, and I know I'm home. Anna, can I just say something crazy? Will you marry me?

Let it Go

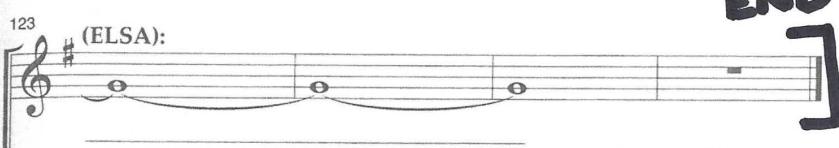
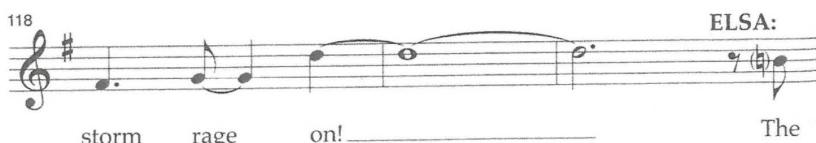
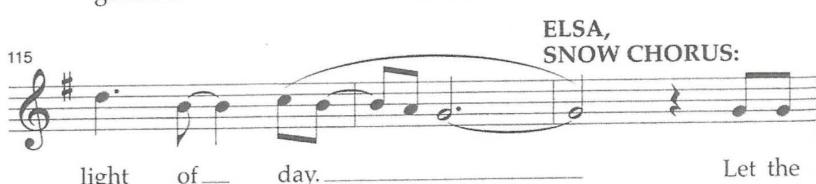
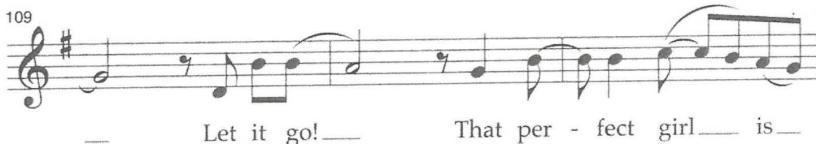
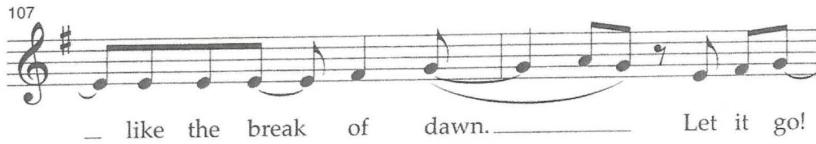
START
ELSA:

I'm nev - er go-

ELSA,
SNOW CHORUS:



(The mighty ice palace is
complete. ELSA stands in
the middle, finally free.)



END

Do You Want to Build a Snowman?

START

MIDDLE ANNA:

30

Do you want to build a snow-man?

32

Or ride our bike a-round the halls?

34

I think some com-pa-ny is o-ver-due, I've star-ted

(MIDDLE ANNA gestures
to a painting of Joan of Arc.)

36

talk-ing to the pic-tures on the walls. Hang in there,

38

Joan. It gets a lit-tle lone-ly, all these

40

emp-ty rooms. Just watch-ing the hours tick

3

42

(tongue clicks)

by.

END

In Summer

OLAF: Nope!
(A SUMMER CHORUS enters.)

START

OLAF,
SUMMER CHORUS:
Bees - 'll buzz,

OLAF:
kids - 'll blow dan - de - li - on - fuzz, and

I'll be do - ing what - ev - er snow does in —

OLAF,
SUMMER CHORUS:
— sum-mer.

A

drink in my hand, my

The musical score consists of five staves of music. Staff 1 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of four sharps, and a time signature of 12/8. Staff 2 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of four sharps. Staff 3 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of four sharps. Staff 4 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of four sharps. Staff 5 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of four sharps.

9

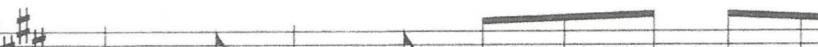
 snow up a - gainst the burn - ing sand, —

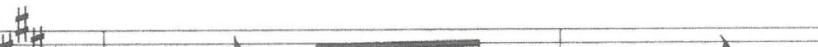
10 OLAF:

 prob - 'ly get - ting gor-geous - ly tanned in —

11 SUMMER CHORUS:

 sum - mer. I'll

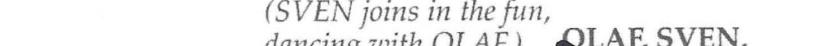
12

 fin - 'lly see a sum - mer breeze blow a -

13

 way a win - ter storm and

14

 find out what hap-pens to sol - id wa - ter when

(SVEN joins in the fun,
dancing with OLAF.)

15

 it gets warm.

END

~~OLAF, SVEN,
SUMMER CHORUS~~

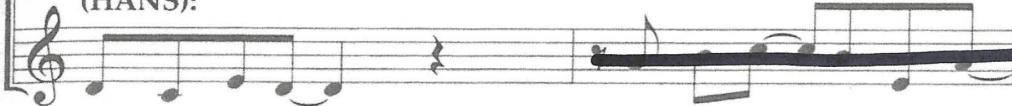
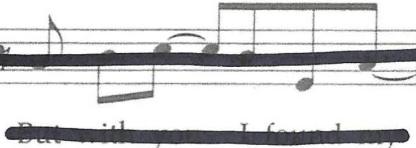
~~And I~~

Love is an Open Door

Sing BOTH Anna and Hans

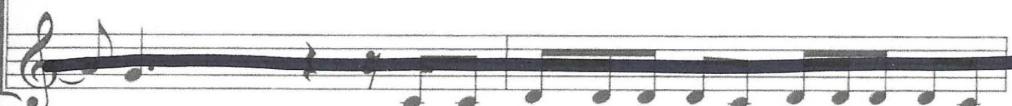
12 ANNA:

 But with you... _____

(HANS):

 choc'-late fon - due. 

(All of the TOWNSPEOPLE now dance nearby, enjoying the festive celebration.)

14

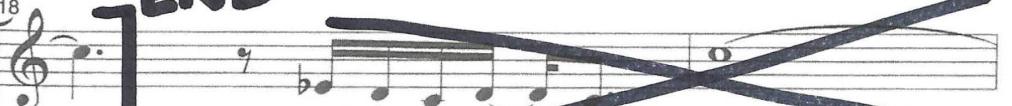
 I see your face, and it's noth-ing like I've ev-er known be-

 place, and it's noth-ing like I've ev-er known be-

16 ANNA, GROUP 1:

 fore. Love is an o - pen door! _____

HANS, GROUP 2:

 Love is an o - pen door! _____

18 **END**

 Love is an o - pen door! _____

Campfire Stories Monologues

Prepare one of the six following monologues:

Monologue #1: JASON (*camp counselor*)

Look, kids. I'm gonna level with you. The cabins are being fumigated. [...] The cabins are full of clover mites. It's a real infestation. [...] They're everywhere. [...] Anyway, the pest control service is here, and they're setting off a bunch of bug bombs in the cabins, so we had to clear out for the day. (*One of the campers objects*) Look, Bridget. If you go back in there, a fistful of clover mites are gonna be racing up the steps of your Philly Art Museum diorama like Rocky, all right?

Monologue #2: DIANE (*exhausted hiker*)

All right, Brad. We've got to surrender. Let's take the kids back down. [...] Look, it's been great. We've had a lot of fun. Girls, haven't we had fun? [...] But that fun is over. I want to feel my feet going downhill. Those bigger steps that are a little out of control. We almost made it. That's great. Let's just turn around. We didn't fail. We succeeded, because we chose to go back. And isn't that what's important? That we chose?

Monologue #3: DIANE (*exhausted hiker*)

We are never going hiking again. Not once. We are going to take all of these packs, these canteens, and these boots, and we are going to put them in a pile in the backyard, and we are going to burn them. And you, mister. You never even get to utter the word 'hike.' These are the last moments of your life when you can even countenance the idea of hiking. After today, you will no longer know what hiking means. When someone mentions it, you will look at them, puzzled, as though they were speaking another language. It is over. Is that understood? [...] Let's go.

Monologue #4: MARLEE (*a birdwatcher*)

Do I care about the Eastern Whip-poor-will? I guess I don't. No, I don't. I don't care about the Eastern Whip-poor-will, I don't care about seeing the Eastern Whip-poor-will, and I really don't care about looking at any birds. You're a birdwatcher. I just go along. I'm sorry. This is all coming as a bit of a shock to you, I'm sure. I've been pretending. I can't pretend anymore! [...] Wait, Carol, I'm very sorry. I didn't mean... You know I didn't mean it.

Monologue #5: TJ (*camper*)

So few things can really be known, I think. It's hard to define any absolute truths. Look at the grass. I see the color green. But who's to say that the green I see is the same as what you see? Maybe when we all look at the grass, we agree to say the word green, but it means different things to so many different people. Isn't that the way life is? [...] Swordfight!

Monologue #6: CHRISTOPHER (*self-righteous park ranger*)

Let me ask you a question. In Ohio, do they teach you to leave your state parks a frightful mess? [...] I've been standing in that grove of trees for the last twenty minutes watching these two dutiful park rangers cleaning up after your party. Popping corn. Barbecue-flavored potato chips. And the real topper—the careless dumping of a full fruit salad. [...] I'm not satisfied that this is your purse. And until I am, you two are not going anywhere. [...] I always tell my park rangers that the most important thing is to leave nature the way you found it. [...] And this purse, a processed and manufactured piece of non-biodegradable plastic, no doubt assembled in a factory somewhere in Southeast Asia, is very much not leaving nature the way you found it.

As You Like It Monologues

Prepare one of the three following monologues:

DUKE SENIOR:

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
And then the justice, full of modern instances.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

TOUCHSTONE:

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As is it a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.