Charlotte's Web Audition Sides

FERN

Please review all enclosed sides for your audition, as each actor will play multiple roles.

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FERN

(FERN sees WILBUR. She looks at him lovingly for a moment, then starts toward him. JOHN ARABLE, Fern's father, enters from another direction carrying an ax.)

-START-

FERN *(shielding WILBUR who cringes behind her)*. Papa, please don't kill it. It's unfair. *(WILBUR nods vigorously.)*

ARABLE. Fern, I know more about raising a litter of pigs than you do. A weakling makes trouble. Now run along!

FERN. But it's unfair. The pig couldn't help being born small, could it? *(WILBUR shakes his head.)* This is the most terrible case of injustice I ever heard of. *(WILBUR nods. FERN and WILBUR fold their hands pleadingly.)*

ARABLE *(after a pause)*. Oh... All right. I'll let you take care of it for a little while. *(WILBUR collapses in relief.)*

FERN *(hugging ARABLE)*. Thank you, Papa. *(She runs to WILBUR and pets him.)*

~~ARABLE *(or MRS. ARABLE, if she is onstage)*. You can start him on a bottle, like a baby.~~

Jump to monologue →

~~*(AVERY, Fern's older brother, enters carrying an air rifle in one hand and a wooden dagger in the other.)*~~

~~AVERY. What's going on? What's Fern doing over there?~~

~~ARABLE. Your sister has a guest for breakfast, Avery. In fact, for a little while, she's going to be raising that pig.~~

~~AVERY *(taking a closer look at WILBUR)*. You call that miserable thing a pig? *(WILBUR turns his nose up at*~~

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~~*the romantic.)* He's nothing but a runt. *(WILBUR tries to draw himself up in a "big man" pose, but is not very successful. AVERY laughs.)*~~

~~ARABLE. Come in the house and eat your breakfast, Avery. The school bus will be along in half-an-hour. *(He and AVERY exit, as well as MRS. ARABLE if she is onstage.)*~~

FERN. My very own pig. *(WILBUR smiles.)* Now, I have to name you. A perfect name for a perfect pig. *(She thinks for a moment.)* Fred. That's a good name...but not for you. Clarence...no, you don't look like a Clarence...Maximillion. Because you're worth a million to me... *(A pause. They BOTH laugh and shake their heads.)* Maybe I'm trying too hard. Let's see... Barney, Herman, Newton, Warren, Willie, Wilbur, William—*(WILBUR nudges her.)* Wait a minute. Wilbur. *(WILBUR nods. Trying it out.)* Willl-bur. *(WILBUR smiles and nods vigorously.)* Wilbur. What a beautiful name!

MRS. ARABLE's VOICE *(off)*. Breakfast, Fern!

FERN. I'm coming! I mean *we're* coming. Fern and *Wilbur!*

— END —

(FERN takes Wilbur's hand, and they exit. The NARRATOR enters.)

NARRATOR. Fern loved Wilbur more than anything. Every morning as soon as she got up, she warmed his milk, tied his bib on and warmed his bottle for him.

(WILBUR enters wearing a bib and sucking a bottle.)

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FERN #2

(TEMPLETON sets the egg down by the trough and exits hurriedly. AVERY enters.)

-START

AVERY. Mother sent me to get you. You're going to miss supper.

FERN. Coming. Bye, everybody. And thank you, Charlotte, for whatever it is you're going to do to save Wilbur.

AVERY. Who's Charlotte?

FERN. The spider over there.

AVERY. It's tremenjus! *(He picks up a stick.)*

FERN. Leave it alone.

AVERY. That's a fine spider, and I'm going to capture it. *(He advances toward CHARLOTTE.)*

FERN. You stop it, Avery.

AVERY. I want that spider. *(FERN grabs the stick, and they fight over it.)* Let go of my stick, Fern!

FERN. Stop it! Stop it, I say! *(WILBUR waves to FERN that he has an idea. He rushes behind AVERY and kneels, then makes a "pushing" motion with his hands. FERN pushes AVERY over WILBUR, and AVERY falls into the trough. The GANDER exits.)*

AVERY. Help!

FERN. I warned you, Avery.

AVERY. That's not fair. You and Wilbur ganged up on me.

FERN *(wrinkling her nose)*. What's that smell?

AVERY. I think we broke a rotten egg. Good night, what a stink! Let's get out of here.

-END-

(AVERY and FERN quickly exit. TEMPLETON emerges from his hiding place.)

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GOOSE

in the world. *(A beat.)* Fern was right. It *is* very nice here.

(WILBUR yawns, lies down and closes his eyes. A moment later, TEMPLETON, a rat, enters and regards the dozing WILBUR suspiciously.)

TEMPLETON *(out of Wilbur's earshot)*. So, this is our new resident. That's right. Relax and enjoy yourself—while you can. Oh, yes. They'll treat you very well. And fatten you up very nicely. Then suddenly one day you wake up and—*(He makes a slitting sign across his neck with his finger.)*—it's all over. Oh well, I will admit it's nice to have a pig around the place again. That means leftover slops for me. I'm sure you'll find it in your charitable little heart to share your food with dear old Templeton.

(TEMPLETON chuckles with a sneer, then creeps away as he hears the GOOSE and the GANDER entering. They circle WILBUR, studying him carefully.)

-START-

GOOSE. Hello, hello, hello.

WILBUR *(a bit startled)*. Who...who are you?

GOOSE. The Goose.

WILBUR. Oh. Hi, Goose.

GOOSE. And this is my friend, the Gander, Gander, Gander.

WILBUR. But I only see one Gander. You introduced me to three.

GOOSE. No, no, no.

GANDER. We tend to repeat, repeat, repeat ourselves.

GOOSE. Do you have a name...besides "pig"?

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WILBUR. Yes. They call me Wilbur.

TEMPLETON's VOICE *(off)*. Wilbur? That's a pretty tacky name, if you ask me.

GOOSE. Well, nobody, nobody, nobody asked you.

WILBUR. Who was that?

GANDER. Templeton, the rat.

(TEMPLETON enters.)

TEMPLETON. In person.

SHEEP's VOICE *(off)*. What's all the commotion in here?

GOOSE. It's the old, old sheep.

(The SHEEP enters.)

GANDER. We have a new resident.

GOOSE. His name is Wilbur.

SHEEP. Oh, yeah. I overheard the Zuckermans discussing him.

WILBUR *(pleased)*. Discussing me?

SHEEP. They plan to keep you nice and comfortable. And fatten you up with delicious slops.

WILBUR. Oh, I *am* going to like it here.

SHEEP. Just the same, we don't envy you. You know why they want to make you fat and tender, don't you?

WILBUR. No, I don't.

GOOSE. Now, now, now old sheep. He'll learn soon enough.

WILBUR. Learn what? *(A beat.)*

SHEEP. Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. Nice to meet you... Wilbur. *(He exits.)*

WILBUR *(a bit concerned)*. My pleasure, I'm sure.

END

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SPECTATOR

(Two SPECTATORS enter. CHARLOTTE eaves to the background.)

1st SPECTATOR. Well, here's a good-looking fellow. *(Reading the sign.)* "Zuckerman's Famous Pig." *(WILBUR smiles.)*

2nd SPECTATOR. Look at his silky white coat. And his nice curly tail.

1st SPECTATOR. I think he's the finest pig we've seen today.

2nd SPECTATOR *(looking off)*. Let's go look at that pig over there. *(He exits.)*

1st SPECTATOR *(to WILBUR)*. I think I've heard of you. Aren't you that "radiant" pig who's supposed to be "terrific"? *(WILBUR smiles and nods.)*

2nd SPECTATOR *(off)*. Look over here at this pig. *(1st SPECTATOR exits.)* He's gigantic.

1st SPECTATOR's VOICE *(off)*. And he seems to be very confident.

2nd SPECTATOR's VOICE. He may get the blue ribbon after all.

1st SPECTATOR's VOICE. Well, let's go look at the horses and see if we can pick the winner over there.

WILBUR. Oh, dear. Did you hear that, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE. Chin up, young friend. Those weren't the judges. They were merely the spectators. The judges are the ones who count.

(TEMPLETON enters carrying an article torn from a newspaper.)

TEMPLETON *(handing it over to CHARLOTTE)*. Well, here's your order.

Please read BOTH 1st and 2nd as if same person

END

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