PHANTOM PROJECTS theatre group

Charlotte's Web Audition Sides

TEMPLETON

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

TEMPLETON

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.

Monologue ONLY

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

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"?

TEMPLETON #2

(Two SPECTATORS enter. CHARLOTTE casts 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.)

-START-

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

CHARLOTTE. I hope you brought a good one. It is the last word I shall ever write.

WILBUR *(alarmed)*. Charlotte, what do you mean?

CHARLOTTE *(studying the article)*. Templeton, my eyes seem to be going. I'm having trouble reading this. What's that word?

TEMPLETON. Humble. *(Spelling it out.)* H-u-m-b-l-e.

CHARLOTTE. Humble has two meanings—"not proud" and "close to the ground." That's Wilbur all right.

TEMPLETON. Well, I hope you're satisfied. I'm not going to spend all my time delivering papers. I came to this Fair to enjoy myself.

CHARLOTTE. You've been very helpful, Templeton. You may run along now.

TEMPLETON. I'm going to make a night of it. The Goose was right. This Fair is a rat's paradise. What eating! What drinking! 'Bye, 'bye, my humble Wilbur. Fare-thee-well, Charlotte, you old schemer! This will be a night to remember in a rat's life. *(He exits.)*

END

WILBUR. Charlotte, what did you mean when you said this would be the last word?

CHARLOTTE. Shhh!

WILBUR. But, Charlotte..

(HOMER enters. CHARLOTTE hides.)

HOMER. Fern! Fern! *(He stops and looks around.)* Where on earth could that young lady be? *(Seeing WILBUR.)* Well, boy, I see you're awake. Hope you're all set for the big day tomorrow.

(FERN enters.)

TEMPLETON #3

NARRATOR exits. WILBUR wakens and yawns, then notices the web.)

WILBUR. Oh, look! There's the new word. Charlotte!

(CHARLOTTE enters.)

WILBUR. Thank you, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE. "HUMBLE." It fits you perfectly.

WILBUR *(looking at the egg sac)*. And what's that object up there? It looks like cotton candy. Did you make it?

CHARLOTTE. I did indeed. It's my egg sac. The finest thing I've ever made.

WILBUR. What's inside it? Eggs?

CHARLOTTE. Five hundred and fourteen of them.

WILBUR. You're kidding. Are you really going to have five hundred and fourteen children?

CHARLOTTE *(with a touch of sadness)*. If nothing happens, yes. Of course, they won't show up till next spring. I won't ever see my children. I may not even make it back to the barn.

WILBUR. Of *course* you will.

TEMPLETON's VOICE *(off)*. What a night!

(TEMPLETON enters. His stomach is bloated.)

– START –

TEMPLETON. What a night! What feasting and carousing. I must have eaten the remains of thirty lunches. Oh, it was rich, my friends, rich!

CHARLOTTE. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You'll probably have an attack of acute indigestion.

TEMPLETON. Don't worry about me. I can handle anything. Wilbur's the one you should be worrying about.

CHARLOTTE. What do you mean?

TEMPLETON. I've got some bad news for you. As I came past that pig next door—the one that calls himself Uncle—I noticed a blue ribbon on the front of his pen. That means he won first prize. *(A pause.)*

CHARLOTTE *(softly)*. Oh, no. *(WILBUR sits down slowly. CHARLOTTE goes to him and puts her arm around him.)*

TEMPLETON. Wait till Zuckerman gets hankering for some fresh pork and smoked ham. He'll take the knife to you, my boy. *(WILBUR stares straight ahead.)*

CHARLOTTE. Be still, Templeton. Don't pay any attention to him, Wilbur!

WILBUR *(after a beat, still looking ahead)*. It's all right. *(Another beat.)* Whatever will happen, will happen. *(Gaining courage.)* I may not live as long as I'd like, but I've lived very well. A good life is much more important than just having a long life. So starting now I'm going to stop worrying about myself. There are more important things than just thinking about yourself all the time. Like *you*, Templeton. You didn't even notice that Charlotte has made an egg sac.

TEMPLETON. Egg sac?

WILBUR *(pointing to it)*. Up there. She is going to become a mother. For your information, there are five hundred and fourteen eggs in that peachy little sac.

TEMPLETON. Well, congratulations! This *has* been a night! *(He finds an out-of-the-way spot, covers himself with some straw or an old blanket and goes to sleep.)*

CHARLOTTE. I'm sorry about the blue ribbon, Wilbur. But you're being very brave about it.

WILBUR. Bravery is just one of the many things I've learned from you, Charlotte...my friend.

LURVY

*Please read both Homer & Lurvy's lines as if one person *

NARRATOR. Seven o'clock.
WILBUR. A nap indoors.
NARRATOR. Eight o'clock.
WILBUR. A nap outdoors.
NARRATOR. Nine o'clock.
WILBUR. Dig a hole.
NARRATOR. Ten o'clock.
WILBUR. Fill up the hole.
NARRATOR. Eleven o'clock.
WILBUR. Just stand still and enjoy life.
NARRATOR. Twelve noon.
WILBUR. Lunch.
NARRATOR. One o'clock.
WILBUR. Sleep.
NARRATOR. Two o'clock.
WILBUR. Scratch itchy places against the fence.
NARRATOR. Three o'clock.
WILBUR. A visit from Fern.
NARRATOR. Four o'clock.
WILBUR. Supper.
NARRATOR. And four-thirty on—
WILBUR. Free time! *(A pause.)* I get everything all beautifully planned out, and it has to go and rain. *(After a final outburst of thunder and lightning, the NARRATOR exits.)* I'm lonesome. And I know Fern won't come in such bad weather. Oh, *honestly.* I'm less than two months old and already I'm tired of living.

-START-

(LURVY enters carrying a bucket. He wears a raincoat and hat.)

LURVY. Morning, pig. My name's Lurvy. I'm Mr. Zuckerman's helper. I'm the one that feeds you. Time for

breakfast now. Skim milk, bits of doughnuts, wheat-cakes with maple syrup and custard pudding with raisins. *(He "pours" the slops into the trough.)* Yes sir, a meal fit for a pig! *(WILBUR sniffs it, then turns away.)* What's wrong with you? *(A beat.)* We must have a sick pig here. *(Calling off.)* Mr. Zuckerman! Come out to the barn. *(He exits.)*

WILBUR. It does look delicious. But I don't want food. I want love. I want a friend. Someone who will play with me.

CHARLOTTE's VOICE *(off)*. Do you want a friend, Wilbur? I'll be a friend to you. I watched you all night and I like you.

WILBUR. Where are you? And *who* are you?

HOMER's VOICE *(off)*. I think this will do the trick, Lurvy.

(HOMER, carrying a bottle and a spoon, and LURVY enter.)

HOMER. Now he won't like this medicine, so you hold him and I'll feed it to him. *(LURVY grabs WILBUR who protests.)* Come on, boy. This is sulphur and molasses. It'll cure what ails you.

LURVY. Okay, dose him up, Mr. Zuckerman. *(HOMER gives WILBUR, who gags, a spoonful of medicine.)*

HOMER. There, that wasn't so bad, was it? *(WILBUR makes a face and nods vigorously.)* I think I'll give you a second dose just for good measure. *(He forces another spoonful down WILBUR who gags again.)* ~~Good work, Lurvy~~. That pig will be well in no time. *(He and LURVY exit. WILBUR catches his breath and clears his throat.)*

– END –