

A CHRISTMAS CAROL AUDITION PACKAGE

It wouldn't be the holidays without Dickens' A Christmas Carol at LTA. Experience the joy and wonder of this heartwarming story that follows the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future as they take Ebenezer Scrooge on a journey of reclamation where he learns the power of kindness and compassion.

PERFORMANCE DATES: December 1-16, 2017

FIRST REHEARSAL: Saturday, October 7, 1 pm.

AUDITION SHEETS AND REHEARSAL/PERFORMANCE CONFLICT SCHEDULE

Please make sure the audition sheet is filled out completely. Fill in your email address and phone number **legibly**, then return to the person at the desk to make sure we can read it. If you're willing to accept any role in the production, please clearly write 'All' on the form.

Please write your name on the rehearsal conflict schedule and list all known conflicts between October 4 and December 16. Sunday, November 26, is a technical rehearsal and attendance is **mandatory**.

Rehearsals: Rehearsals start early October and are planned for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday evenings (7-10 pm); and Saturday afternoons (1-5 pm), and Sunday afternoon as scheduled. Actors will only be called for rehearsals for which they are needed. The schedule will be finalized after the show is cast.

For parents of young actors (age 14 and younger): children will rehearse from 7 to 9 pm weeknights, and during tech rehearsals (final rehearsals before opening) children are expected to remain until the end of rehearsal (approximately 10 pm but could be longer).

WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU AUDITION

Sides [excerpts] of the script will be handed out by the audition monitors. Based on the character you're interested in auditioning for, choose a side to read for when you go into the audition room. Please be prepared to read your side, sing your Christmas carol, and do a fun, short movement sequence. This production is not a musical, but Christmas carols are sung throughout the show by the cast. British accents will be used in the show but you do not have to worry about

accents during your audition. English country dances and other period dances are performed in the show.

CALLBACKS

Callbacks are by invitation only Tuesday, October 3.

CASTING NOTIFICATION

You will be notified by phone if you are cast. Please don't call the LTA office to ask about casting.

FAQs

WHAT SHOULD I BRING TO THE AUDITION?

Please bring a list of all schedule conflicts, a resume (if you have one), and sheet music (if you can) for your Christmas song. An accompanist will be provided. Please also bring comfortable clothes and shoes you can perform a dance/movement audition in.

WHEN WILL I FIND OUT IF I'VE BEEN CAST?

Casting should be completed within the next few days after callbacks.

I DID NOT GET A CALLBACK. DOES THAT MEAN I WON'T BE CAST?

Not necessarily.

WHAT IF I HAVE A CONFLICT WITH REHEARSAL DATES, DOES THAT MEAN I WON'T BE CAST?

The director will usually work around minor conflicts, which is why it is important to list all known conflicts on the schedule form. Actors must be available for all performances and conflicts with performance dates will affect your chances of being cast.

WHAT IF I GET SICK AND HAVE TO MISS A REHEARSAL?

If you are too sick to go to school or work, we typically don't want you at rehearsal. Contact the director or stage manager as soon as you can if you must miss rehearsal due to illness or an emergency.

ROLE SUMMARY

Casting 8 men (ages 20s-50s+), 6 women (late teens to 40s+), and 10 children (5 boys, 5 girls, ages 7-14). The play is an ensemble piece and actors (exception, actor playing Scrooge) will be asked to portray more than just the characters listed in this notice. British accents will be used in this production. There will be no double casting and actors must be available for all performances. All roles open.

Character Descriptions for Adult Actors (late teens and older)

There are other supporting roles not displayed that will be cast and played by ensemble members.

Ebenezer Scrooge: (M, 50s+) a bitter old miser

Old Joe: (M, 40s) buyer of stolen goods

Gentleman 1: (M, 30s+) distinguished businessman

Young Scrooge: (M, 20s) handsome but sometimes sullen

Gentleman 2: (M, 30s+) another distinguished businessman

Young Marley: (M, 20s) smart and calculating

Bob Cratchit: (M, 30s-40s) Scrooge's clerk, a hardworking family man and caring father

Ghost of Christmas Past (30s+, male or female) magical and whimsical

Fred: (M, 20s-30s) Scrooge's nephew, kind and fun-loving

Ghost of Christmas Present: (30s+, male or female) gregarious and knowledgeable

Marley: (M, 30s+) a ghostly apparition and Scrooge's old partner

Ghost of Christmas Future: (20s+, male or female) shadowy and scary (nonspeaking)

Mr. Fezziwig: (M, 40s+) wise, jovial businessman and Scrooge's old boss

Topper: (M, 20s-30s) Fred's friend in love with the female population

Spirit Ensemble (any age, male or female) spectral beings (dance movement, nonspeaking)

Dick Wilkins: (M, 20s-30s) sincere, hard-working man and former boyhood friend of Scrooge's

Mrs. Fezziwig: (F, 30s-40s) warm, caring wife and mother, a great hostess

Mrs. Cratchit: (F, 30s-40s) a strong woman who speaks her mind

Martha Cratchit: (F, late teens) young lady who loves her family

Belle: (F, 20s): thoughtful and caring, Scrooge's fiancée

Mrs. Dilber: (F, 30s-40s) calculating and shrewd charwoman who cleans Scrooge's house

Fred's Wife: (F, 20s-30s) charming, vivacious young woman deeply in love with her husband

Catherine: (F, 20s-30s) determined young wife and mother

Lillian: (F, 20s-30s) full of life and enjoys a party

Character Descriptions for Child Actors (ages 7-14)

There are other supporting roles not displayed that will be cast and played by ensemble members.

Peter Cratchit: (M, 9-14) responsible and well meaning

Tiny Tim: (M, 7-8) small for his age, handicapped and sweet natured — singing ability a plus

Boy Cratchit: (M, 7-9) happy and energetic

Boy Scrooge: (M, 7-10) sad, lonely young boy

Turkey Boy: (M, 9-14) charming and has a great personality

Fan: (F, 7-10) loving and kind, Scrooge's sister

Belinda Cratchit: (F, 8-12) dutiful daughter

Girl Cratchit: (F, 7-8) wants to be grown up

Scrooge Monologues

Monologue 1

What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you, but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books; and having every item in 'em through a dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled in his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

Monologue 2

Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only? Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead, but if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me! (*Scrooge leans forward and reads his name upon the headstone.*) No, Spirit! Oh no, no! Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Good Spirit, your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life! I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone.

Monologue 3

Spirit, this is a fearful place. You want me to remove the cover from this poor man's face, and I would do it if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power. Spirit, I see! This case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death, show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you! Let me see some tenderness connected with a death. Or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me

Fred Monologues

Monologue 1

(Speaking to his uncle. Thoughtfully and waxing poetic as he talks about Christmas. He speaks warmly and forcefully from his heart.) There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say. Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it! Fred, Scrooge's Nephew (male)

Monologue 2

(Speaking to his wife and guests about his uncle)

I was only going to say that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure we are more pleasant companions than he can find in his own thoughts, in his moldy old office, or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it -- I defy him -- if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, "Uncle Scrooge, how are you, won't you come and dine with us?" He has given us plenty of merriment, and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand now; and I say, "Uncle Scrooge!"

Monologues for First/Second Gentlemen

At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor and destitute who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir. And because the support systems in place are severely tasked to furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?

Townspersons (male or female)

Monologue 1

Scrooge lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. The winding chambers occupied an old house which played hide-and-seek with other houses and never found its way out. The fog and frost so hung about the house that it seemed as if the bleak and cold weather sat in mournful meditation upon the stoop. We must also be mindful that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought upon Marley since mention of his seven years' dead partner that afternoon. So then, let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having approached the door without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, beheld Marley's face. Marley's face. It was not an impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a – bad lobster in a dark cellar.

Monologue 2

Old Marley was dead as a door nail. Scrooge and he were partners in their business for I don't know how many years. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Of that, there is no doubt. This must be distinctly understood or there is nothing good that can come from the story that I relate.

Monologue 3

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world He had no further interaction with Spirits, and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us!

Marley's Ghost

Monologue 1

It is required of every man's spirit. They must travel the world far and wide. And if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. Doomed to wander the world and witness the pain and suffering that it cannot share but might have shared on earth and turned to happiness! I wear the chains I forged in life. I made it, link by link and yard by yard. I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you? The weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself was as long as this seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!

Monologue 2

(Wringing his hands) Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. Now of the rolling year, I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star, which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me? Hear me! My time is nearly gone. I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.

Fezziwig and Old Joe Monologues

Mr. Fezziwig (Scrooge's former employer)

(Laughing and looking at his pocket watch and rubbing his hands together.) Here it is Christmas Eve and here we are still sitting at our desks! That will never do. Come Ebenezer, come Dick, it's time to forget all about work and have some fun. Let's have the shutters up *(Clapping his hands sharply)* before a man can say Jack Robinson! Hilli-ho! *(With wonderful agility)* Mr. Marley, join me in a glass of punch *(hands Jacob a tankard)*. Alright, everyone, clear the floor – bring on the fiddler and the food and the punch – come now where is my wife and daughters – let us celebrate! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!

Old Joe (a dealer of stolen goods)

(Holding up a sheet) What do you call this, bed curtains? You don't mean to say you took them down, rings and all, with him lying there? I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh? *(Holding up Scrooge's shirt)* Well, I won't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Oh well, there you go, then. I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself.

Young Scrooge, Young Marley, and Dick Wilkins Monologues

Ebenezer

I don't discuss my other business dealings with you, why should this be any different? Why do you think Fezziwig had to sell? He was careless with his money – paying his staff far more than his competitors and extending credit when he shouldn't. We'll get the company back on its feet, sell it, and make a good profit. It is business, Belle. This is the even-handed dealing of the world. There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!

Young Marley

Yes, you see, dear fellow. I have been seeking a keen young man who can be my partner and I dare say from my inquiries that you appear to be that man. If you hadn't come along Old Fezziwig would have ended up in the poor house this winter instead of celebrating Christmas. Why not come work for me where you can reap all the profits of your labour? A junior partner to begin with, but I promise you, an equal partnership if you prove yourself worthy.

Dick Wilkins

Belle, I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon. Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner, Jacob Marley, lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe. He has his money but little else. If Scrooge ever had a good and loving nature it has long since been buried and is dead to the world.

Youth Monologues (ages 7-14) – All girls interested in Fan, Cratchit daughters, Belle's daughters, Caroline's daughters read this side

Fan

Ebenezer! I have come to take you home! Yes! Home for ever and ever. Father is much kinder than he used to be. Home has become like heaven! He spoke so gently to me last night that I was not afraid to ask him again if you might come home. He said yes. You are never to return here! We're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world!

Youth Monologues (age 7-14) Boys

Boy Scrooge

I must stay at school over the holiday. My father prefers me to stay at school. But I will have this book to keep me company. There's the parrot! Green body and yellow tail with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head. There he is! Poor Robin Crusoe. Where have you been, Robin Crusoe?" Poor boy. (Boy Scrooge lapses into tears once again.) I wish I could go home— but it is too late now.

Tiny Tim

Merry Christmas, Father! Wait until you see the goose! It's the finest goose we've ever had. And the pudding! Oh, the pudding. It will be the finest pudding. And the finest goose. And ours will be the finest Christmas! We have been working hard all day, Father. And I've been helping. I am not tired. Not one single bit. Merry Christmas!!! God Bless Us, Everyone!

Young Dick Wilkins

Oh Ebenezer, you must not stay at school over the holiday. No one will be here! Except for the headmaster, and spending Christmas with him is worse than no holiday at all. Why are you not going home? Oh Ebenezer, I do wish you had said something. Perhaps you could have come home with me for the holiday. As it is, it's too late for me to ask father now. But you shall not stay here completely alone. Do take my copy of "Robinson Crusoe," won't you?

Belle, Martha Cratchit, Caroline Monologues

Belle

If for a moment you were false enough to yourself that you would choose a dowerless girl, you, who weigh everything by gain, would you regret the decision you made? I think you would, and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were.... You may have pain in this – for a very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream from which you happily awoke. I may have hurt you for the moment, but in time you will see my love provides you with no gold, and you will be glad to cut your losses. May you be happy on the path you have chosen.

Martha

We'd a good deal of work to finish up at the milliner's last night, Mother, and there was piecework I had to clear away this morning. I made a beautiful bonnet trimmed with velvet ribbon and fine silk flowers from Paris, France. It went upon a lady, and the lord who paid for it was as tall as Peter.

Caroline

Well, is it good or bad? But we owe him money. He'll demand every penny, and he won't give us any more time to pay. You don't imagine he'll relent do you. And who will they transfer our debt to now? Well, whoever it might be, they can't possibly be as mean and unkind as he was. No one could treat us as badly as that.

Monologues for Spirits Past and Present (male or female)

Past

I am the ghost of Christmas past. Rise and walk with me! Bear but a touch of my hand, there, and you shall be upheld in more than this. Recognize you this place – the open country road with fields on either side? I see your lip is trembling and what is that upon your cheek? These are but shadows of the things that have been. They have no consciousness of us.

Spirit of Christmas Present

Monologue 1

I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.

Man, if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that, in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child.

Monologue 2

A miner's cottage. The men toil in the very bowels of the earth. But they know me here. Look. (Spirit show lights on a man, his wife, and child, as the family joins the Cratchits singing Past Three O'Clock.) I am with those in that lighthouse providing guidance to those at sea (Lights on Lighthouse Keeper who joins the singing.) I am with them tonight, as I am with those on that ship (Lights up on Sailors who join in singing Past Three O'Clock.) there far from home. They know me wherever they hum a Christmas song, or have a Christmas thought, or remember some long ago Christmas and the hopes that went with it. They know me, and they remember those who are apart from them, and know that they are remembered. They have a kinder word for all on that day than on any other day of the year. Wherever vain, venal man has not barred the door to me, I leave my spirit and my blessing. (End of song and lights out on the different groups.)

Bob Cratchit Monologues

Monologue 1

Tiny Tim was as good as gold... and much better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made the lame beggars walk and the blind to see. You know, my dear, I think Tim grows stronger. I think he does. Don't you?

Monologue 2

Yes, my dear. I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! My little child! (*With an effort, Bob clears his throat and composes himself.*) ... I met Mr. Scrooge's nephew in the street today. And he was so extraordinarily kind, for he said I looked a little down, and when I told him, he told me, "I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit, and heartily sorry for your good wife." By the bye, how he ever knew that, I don't know.

Mrs. Cratchit, Mrs. Dilber, Mrs. Fezziwig Monologues

Mrs. Cratchit

(speaking to her husband and children) It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such and odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do! I'll drink to his health for your sake and the day's – not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very much merry and very much happy, I have no doubt. To Mr. Scrooge.

Mrs. Dilber

Very well, then! Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose. If he wanted to keep them after he was dead, the wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, *(acting out her words)* instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one, too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me.

Mrs. Fezziwig

The day husband that you hang your head in shame over any misdeed is the day judgement shall come. Don't talk to me of foolishness. Lud, perhaps it was the same foolishness that caused you to follow me home from church services 17 Sundays in a row. My, my. How you pursued me. Until my father, bless his soul, threatened to call the constable if you did not leave me be. But, as you well know, I had many choices. *(Teasingly)* And most of them had a more pleasing countenance than you, sir. But my heart you won then, and it still holds true now.