



**Charlotte's Web Audition Sides**

# **NARRATOR**

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

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

NARRATOR

*as monologue.*

SCENE: *An open space in a farmyard.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *In darkness, the sounds of a farm just before daybreak are heard: crickets, hoot-owls, whippoorwills, etc. The sounds may be on tape or produced "live" offstage by the actors. The lights come up faintly as the NARRATOR enters.*

NARRATOR (to AUDIENCE). Shhh! Listen to the sounds of the morning. Very, very early morning. So early, in fact, the sun isn't even up yet. Listen to the crickets...the hoot-owls...a frog down by the pond...a dog up at the next farm... And today there's another sound. It tells that something exciting happened during the night. (*Squealing of young pigs is heard off.*) Some brand-new pigs were born.

(*WILBUR, a pig, enters in wide-eyed amazement.*)

NARRATOR. Here's one of them right now—exploring his new home. His name is—well, actually, he doesn't have a name yet. For the moment, he's still just a little pig. But as you'll see, he isn't just any ordinary pig.

~~WILBUR. Who am I? Where am I? I've never been here before. (*A beat.*) I've never been anywhere before. Everything seems so strange. But I like it...I think~~

NARRATOR. The new pig has been born here at the Arables' farm. Before long, we'll meet the Arables. We'll also meet the others—the people and the animals—who will play an important part in the little pig's life. *(A beat.)* Now, where should we start? Wait a minute. We've already started. It's early morning. We're at the Arables' farm. Some pigs were born during the night. And the sun is just beginning to come up. For now, that's all you need to know.

~~- END -~~

~~*(The NARRATOR exits as the lights come up full. A rooster crows. Delighted, WILBUR looks off in the affection of the sound. He excitedly explores his new environment until he hears offstage voices. NOTE: FERN and MRS. ARABLE may appear, if desired, with the 2nd ACTOR playing MRS. ARABLE.)*~~

~~FERN's VOICE *(off)*. Where's Papa going with that ax?  
MRS. ARABLE's VOICE *(off)*. Out to the hoghouse.~~

~~Some pigs were born last night.~~

~~FERN's VOICE. I don't see why he needs an ax.~~

~~MRS. ARABLE's VOICE. Well, one of the pigs is a runt.~~

~~It's very small and weak. *(WILBUR looks about in alarm, then points to himself and mouths the word "me?")* So your father has decided to do away with it.~~

~~*(WILBUR runs to downstage corner in fear.)*~~

~~FERN's VOICE. I've got to stop him.~~

~~*(FERN, a young girl, enters hurriedly.)*~~

~~FERN. Papa can't kill it just because it's smaller than the others.~~

# GANDER / GOOSE

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*\*Read as if same character\**

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"?

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.

# UNCLE THE PIG

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

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ARABLE. Now hurry back. We'll be leaving in a little while. Tomorrow's the big day.

HOMER. Yep. That's the day when this little pig's gonna win that blue ribbon. (*WILBUR smiles.*) Let's look around a little while, John -- while we're waiting for the others.

ARABLE. Good idea.

HOMER. Let's wander over to the cattle barn and see the Holsteins and the Guernseys.

ARABLE. Sure thing, Homer.

*(HOMER and ARABLE exit. WILBUR yawns and goes to sleep. CHARLOTTE appears from behind a box or crate and looks about cautiously.)*

CHARLOTTE. I thought they'd never leave. It's easier to hide in a barn than out in the open like this. I don't want anyone to see me until I've written in my web tonight. *(Somewhat sadly.)* It may be the last time I ever write. *(A pause.)* Templeton's out exploring. He promised to bring me back a word. I hope he cooperates. If I don't write a word, I'm sure Wilbur will have a difficult time winning that blue ribbon. *(She looks at the sleeping WILBUR.)* He's a cute little pig, and smart. But I'm sure there will be bigger pigs here. And even better looking ones.

*(UNCLE, a large pig, enters sniffing around. A moment later he sees CHARLOTTE.)*

**-START-**

UNCLE. Hi, there.

CHARLOTTE. May I have your name?

UNCLE. No name. Just call me Uncle.

CHARLOTTE. Very well...Uncle. You're rather large.  
Are you a spring pig?

UNCLE. Sure, I'm a spring pig. What did you think I was,  
a spring chicken? Haw, haw, that was a good one. Eh,  
sister?

CHARLOTTE. Mildly funny. I've heard funnier ones,  
though. What are you doing over here?

UNCLE. They're still working on my pen. I just walked  
away. They'll come after me when they see I'm gone.  
But I thought I'd wander around and look at the com-  
petition. *(He looks down at WILBUR.)* Well, no prob-  
lem here. From what I've seen so far, I've got that blue  
ribbon all sewed up. But I won't needle you about it.  
*(He laughs.)*

VOICE *(off)*. Uncle! Where are you, Uncle?

UNCLE. Well, better be getting back. I've got to get  
spiffy for the crowds that will be coming to admire me.  
So long, sister. *(He exits. WILBUR wakes up.)*

WILBUR *(drowsily)*. Oh, hi Charlotte. Where is every-  
body?

CHARLOTTE. Off to see the Fair.

WILBUR. Did I hear you talking to someone?

CHARLOTTE. A pig that's staying next door.

WILBUR. Is he better than me? I mean...bigger?

CHARLOTTE. I'm afraid he is much bigger.

WILBUR. Oh, no.

CHARLOTTE. He also has a most unattractive person-  
ality. He's going to be hard to beat. But with me help-  
ing you, it can be done.

WILBUR. When will you be writing the new word?

CHARLOTTE. Later on, if I'm not too tired. Just spin-  
ning this new web earlier today took a lot of my  
strength.

END

(The PRESIDENT of the Fair enters.)

- START -

PRESIDENT. I'm the president of the Fair. Pleased to meet you. (He and HOMER shake hands.)

HOMER. What can I do for you Mr. -- President?

PRESIDENT. You can get that pig of yours up to the grandstand as soon as possible.

HOMER. What for?

PRESIDENT. Didn't the judges tell you?

HOMER. They were already gone when we got here.

PRESIDENT. That pig of yours is getting a special award.

HOMER. What?

PRESIDENT. A special award. It's even more important than the blue ribbon.

FERN. Oh, Uncle Homer! (They embrace.)

PRESIDENT. And I'm going to make the presentation! If you don't mind, I'd like to practice my speech before I have to do it in front of the crowd.

HOMER. Sure, go right ahead.

PRESIDENT (taking out some note cards). Ladies and gentlemen, we now present Mr. Homer L. Zuckerman's distinguished pig. (A beat.) You can applaud. (FERN and HOMER do so vigorously.) Many of you recall when the writing first appeared mysteriously on the spider web in Mr. Zuckerman's barn, calling the attention of all to the fact that this was some pig. Then came the word "terrific." Next, the word "radiant" appeared in the web. And now, this very morning -- the word "humble." Whence came this mysterious writing? Not from the spider. Needless to say, spiders can't write. (FERN and WILBUR clear their throats.) No, ladies and gentlemen, this miracle has never been fully explained. We simply know that we are dealing



with supernatural forces here, and we should all feel proud and grateful. *(He motions for FERN and HOMER to applaud, and they do so.)* Now, on behalf of the governors of the Fair, I take the honor of awarding a special prize of twenty-five dollars to Mr. Zuckerman. And a handsome bronze medal, which far outshines any blue ribbon, to this radiant, this terrific, this humble pig. *(FERN and HOMER applaud and cheer.)* I'll give you the money and medal at the real ceremony. Come along now. The crowds are already gathering at the grandstand. *(Straightening his tie.)* Do I look okay?

HOMER. Fine, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT. Gotta look better than fine today. Gotta look as good as him. *(Pointing to WILBUR.)*

HOMER. Oh, you do, Mr. President. You look—perfect as a pig.

PRESIDENT. A prize-winning pig. Follow me.

HOMER. We'll be right there. *(The PRESIDENT exits.)*

FERN *(embracing HOMER)*. Uncle Homer, isn't this wonderful!

HOMER. We'll load Wilbur in the truck right now and take him to the grandstand. Then we'll go home directly from there. *(He gathers up the trough, the bucket, and the sign, then hands FERN a coin.)* Go call your daddy. Tell him to pick up your Aunt Edith and the others and get on out here. They've got to be present for this ceremony.

FERN. Sure thing, Uncle Homer. By the way, after the ceremony do you think I'll have time to ride the Ferris wheel with Henry Fussy?

HOMER. Henry Fussy? I think so. In fact, we'll make the time, if necessary. *(He laughs and exits.)*

END