



AUDITIONS

FOR THE 7th & 8th GRADE
PRODUCTION OF

TWINDERELLA

Monday, December 15th

(Callbacks Dec. 16th from 3-5:30 pm in the Drama Room)

How to Sign Up

Students will sign up for an audition time in Ms. Pierce's classroom. Students should plan to stay at school until their scheduled audition time. They will be supervised in the Commons. Parents, please note that auditions take about 15 minutes, so if your student is signed up to audition at 3:30 P.M. then he/she will be finished by approximately 3:45 P.M. and can be picked up then. If your student is scheduled for a late audition time, please note they will be waiting in the Commons for quite awhile, so they may want to bring a snack. When your student is finished auditioning, they will be escorted up to the school gathering space to wait for their ride home and will be dismissed from the main entrance. Please be sure to mark your student as "After School Activity- Drama" on PikMyKid.

How to Audition

Students should prepare to sing about 20 seconds of any song. Next, students should choose one of the audition monologues (on the next several pages of this document) to perform. It is better if it is memorized, but doesn't have to be exact. Just make sure to do your best. Not all characters are represented, so choose a monologue that allows you to showcase your acting talents!

Production Details

Our production of TWINDERELLA. will take place in the St. Patrick Gym on Friday, March 27th for the student body. Shows for families and friends will be Friday, March 27 at 7:30 pm, Saturday, March 28 at 7:00 pm and Sunday, March 29 at 2:00 pm.

Please make sure you are available for all four performances before auditioning.

Rehearsals will be on Tuesdays & Thursdays after school till 5pm.

Starting on March 16th, we move to the stage and will start rehearsing every afternoon until our big performance.

There will be a \$150 registration fee to participate. Registration link coming soon.

TWINDERELLA MONOLOGUES

NARRATOR #1: (*Waves arms wildly and shouts*) Stop that song! Stop! Stop! We can't have the wedding yet. These people don't have the slightest idea what's going on. We have to begin at the beginning! (*All exit with wedding items except Billy, Sally, Tommy, Susie, and Narrator #1*) That's better. Now, where was I? (*Reads*). "Once upon a time, there was a beautiful kingdom ruled by a kind king and queen who lived in Wychwood-Under-Ooze."

NARRATOR #2: (*Enters breathless with an unorganized pile of papers*) Sorry I'm late! Sorry, everybody. (*Looks through papers*) I know I have it here somewhere. Ah, here it is. The story of Twinderella. You see, if you only tell them about Cinderella, you're only telling them half the story. I'm here to tell the other half, the story of Bob. (*Bob enters*) Bob lived with his evil stepfather and his cruel stepbrothers. They made him work in the house all day when what he really wanted to do was... well, see for yourself.

CINDERELLA: Just once... just *once*, I wanted to go somewhere exciting. To dress up. To dance. To feel like I'm more than a maid with a mop and an unlimited supply of lint rollers. The ball sounded perfect. Magical. Like maybe something amazing could finally happen to me. (*Sighs, softer.*) But of course I can't go. I guess being kind disqualifies me. I'll be here doing chores and eating leftover instant noodles... again. (*A shift, she straightens, determined*) But that doesn't mean I'll be stuck here forever. Something has to change. And when it does, I won't need permission. (*Looks offstage wistfully.*) A girl can dream... right?

BOB: Great. Everyone gets to play in the biggest baseball game of the year, and I get... denture duty. Again. I mean, I practice every day, I've memorized every stat, I can throw a curveball that nearly *defies physics*—but apparently the only qualification that matters is being "cruel." (*Scoffs, stands up slowly.*) Yeah, sure, I'll just stay home and cheer really loudly for the laundry cycle. Maybe rearrange the sock drawer by emotional support level. Big night planned. (*Shrugs, resigned*) They can go swing bats and chase glory. I'll be here... living my best domestic life.

STEPMOTHER: (*Sarcastic*) Excuse me, Cinderella. I hate to interrupt your beautiful dancing, but did you pay any attention to the invitation? "Mrs. Cruel Stepmother and her evil girls." Are you evil? I really don't think so. I guess you'll have to just stay home and alphabetize the spice rack. Now, girls, we have a lot of shopping to do if we're going to be ready by Saturday night!

ESMERELDA (EVIL STEPSISTER): I'm sure the only reason no one has asked us to dance is because everyone is too intimidated by our beauty. They're just afraid we would say no. That kind of rejection can scar you for life.

ETHEL (EVIL STEPSISTER): Can you believe it? A boy actually asked Cinderella to dance. She may be dancing now but she'll *never* be loathed the way we are.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: People think magic is easy. *Poof this, sparkle that.* But do you know how exhausting it is turning pumpkins into transportation? Or convincing someone that yes, mice can be chauffeurs? I don't just wave a wand. I manage dreams. I organize destinies! And frankly, I deserve a nap. But tonight... oh tonight, I've got something special planned. Big magic. Huge magic. The kind of magic that makes history... or at least makes someone show up to a party on time.

STEPFATHER: Boys! Come inside for a minute. We have a letter from Wychwood-under-Ooze. (*Trying to disguise that he cannot read*) It's a... it's... well, perhaps we ought to let Bob read it. He needs to practice his public speaking.

MORTIMER (CRUEL STEPBROTHER): (*to Bob*) After you finish organizing Eggbert's sock drawer, you can alphabetize the recipe box and refinish the living room floor and replace the window panes in the bedroom, and then you can make a dried herb wreath for the front door from "Martha Stewart Living."

EGGBERT (CRUEL STEPBROTHER): Bob's *definitely* not cruel. I once saw him rescue a cat struck in a tree. When Mortimer knocks down kids at school, Bob helps them back up.

GODFATHER: My godson, listen to me. If you want to go to a baseball game, I'll take you to a baseball game—that is not a problem. But I ain't doin' no enchantments. And I ain't messin' with no produce. Capeesh? Alright, let's get down to business. What is your shoe size, about a five? Do you have any small animals I can enchant? If I'm going to get you to Wychwood-under-Ooze, dressed for a ball by eight o'clock, I'm going to need some help.

PRINCESS PETUNIA: It's not fair. He gets to play baseball, and I have to spend my birthday at a stupid dance. Everybody knows I'm the best pinch-hitter in the kingdom!

PRINCE PERCY: All the most beautiful girls in the kingdom are coming to my house, and I have to spend the night on the pitcher's mound. I want to get out on the dance floor and show them my moves!

KING ROGER: Children, children! Now, now... there must be a simple solution to this whole *royal catastrophe*. Isn't that right, dear? (*leans toward Queen Betty*) Yes, of course Queen Betty agrees. She always agrees. Mostly. Well—sometimes. Anyway! A simple solution! That's what we need. Something neat. Tidy. Preferably involving charts. Or a pie. I like pie. (*suddenly worried*) Duke! Duke, are my shoes tied? I can't think clearly if my shoes aren't tied. You know what happened last time. I nearly declared war on the neighboring kingdom because I tripped over my own laces and thought they attacked me. Terrible misunderstanding. Very awkward banquet afterward.

QUEEN BETTY: (*speaking to her husband, King Roger*) Honestly, sometimes I wonder how you ever get your shoes tied, much less run a kingdom. The solution to the children's problem is easy. Percy shall spend part of the evening at the dance, and Petunia shall spend part of the evening playing baseball.

DUKE: Who did you say she was? Well, never mind. Announcing- a beautiful young woman whom we've never seen before who arrived in a pumpkin-shaped carriage pulled by giant gerbils.

DUCHESS: Things aren't going well with the search. So far we've tried the glass slipper on 4,642 feet and not one of them is small enough to fit inside.

SPORTSCASTER: It's a truly exciting game, ladies and gentleman. Prince Percy's team is down by one run with two outs to go in the bottom of the ninth. Here comes the pitch. He swings... And then he hits a long fly ball deep into left field...off he goes!

OLD MATILDA: Years ago I was the nursemaid for a beautiful young woman and her handsome husband. The woman bore twin babies—one boy and one girl. Before the children could walk, the parents were carried off by wild beasts and I was forced to separate the children and give them up to the care of cruel and evil stepparents.

TOMMY: (*Running to center stage, looks up*) Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your long hair! (*Realizing he has the wrong princess story*). Oh, whoops... Wrong story? Yeah, yeah, Cinderella. Cruel stepmother, evil stepsisters, I know all about that. Hey, Rapunzel! You can drag the hair back up.

SUSIE: Did you hear that?! Princess Petunia is having a birthday ball. And she's invited all the young ladies in the kingdom. Except Cinderella, of course. That would sort of ruin the plot if Cinderella got invited and just went along with her cruel stepsisters.

LOLA (GERBIL): Have you ever heard of anything like this? One minute I'm sitting there enjoying being the victim of a medical experiment conducted by a cruel stepsister, and the next minute I'm expected to sew a ball gown and drag a pumpkin all the way to Wychwood-under-Ooze!

LOU THE UPS GUY: (*very suave*) Special delivery all the way from the royal palace in Wychwood-under-Ooze for a Mrs. Cruel Stepmother. Would that be you?