

1 - Audition for Charlotte's Web

Fern Arable: Strong young girl who saves and raises Wilbur. She talks with the barn animals.

Mr. Arable: Father of Fern and Avery. Practical.

Mrs. Arable: Mother of Fern and Avery. She supports her daughter but questions Fern's imagination.

Mrs. Arable is folding laundry while Fern is sitting putting on shoes.

Mr. Arable: I'll be right back. *(Exits with axe in hand)*

Fern: *(Watching Mr. Arable with curiosity)* Where's Papa going with that axe?

Mrs. Arable: Out to the hog house. Some pigs were born last night.

Fern: Why does he need an ax?

Mrs. Arable: Well...one of the pigs is a runt. It's very small and weak, and it will never amount to anything. So your father has decided to do away with it.

Fern: *(She jumps up from the chair)* Do away with it! You mean kill it? Just because it's smaller than the others?

Mrs. Arable: *(Calling to her)* Fern!

Fern: *(Exiting)* I've got to stop him!

Mr. Arable enters and crosses to barn. Fern enters behind and catches him.

Fern: Papa! Stop! Stop!

Mr. Arable: *(Stops and turns to Fern)* What?!

Fern: *(Grabbing onto the ax)* Please don't kill it. It's unfair!

Mr. Arable: Fern! You will have to learn to control yourself.

Fern: Control myself! This is a matter of life and death, and you talk about controlling myself?

Mr. 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. A pig couldn't help being born small! If I had been very small at birth, would you have killed me?

Mr. Arable: *(Laughing)* Certainly not. *(He puts his arm around her. Mrs. Arable joins them wiping her hands on her apron)* But this is different. A little girl is one thing; a little runty pig is another.

Fern: I don't see any difference, Papa. This is the most terrible case of injustice I ever heard. Mama, don't you agree?

Mrs. Arable: She does have a point there, John.

Mr. Arable: So what do you think we should do about this pig, Fern?

Fern: I could take care of him.

Mrs. Arable: Fern! *(Questioningly)* John?

Fern: *(Fern folds hands pleadingly)* Please. Please!

Mr. Arable: *(After pause)* Oh, all right. I'll bring the runt when I come in. You can start giving it a bottle, like a baby. Then you'll see what trouble a pig can be!

Fern: *(Hugs Mr. Arable)* Oh thank you, Papa! *(She runs the house as Mr. Arable exits R muttering, "Oh what have I done!")*

2 – Audition for Charlotte’s Web

Wilbur: Young, curious and friendly pig. He/she is eager to learn.
Goose: Is a know-it-all. Always with Gander She has laid eggs.
Gander: Also a know-it-all. He is side by side with Goose.

Wilbur: *(He stands)* There’s never anything to do around here. *(He scratches his back on a fence post)* Same itches...*(He walks slowly to his trough and sniffs)* The same ol’ stuff to eat. I’m tired of sleeping...I’m tired of standing...I’m tired of lying down...I’m tired of waiting for Fern to visit! I’m less than two months old and I’m tired of living! When I’m outside, there’s no place to go but in...and when I’m inside, there’s no place to go but out...

Goose: That’s where you’re wrong, my friend, my friend.

Wilbur: Who said that?

Goose: Hello...ello...ello...

Wilbur: Who are you?

Goose: I am Goose and this is my friend, Gander-ander-ander...

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

Goose: No, no, no.

Gander: We tend to repeat-peat-peat ourselves.

Goose: I’m telling-elling-elling you Wilbur...you don’t have to stay in that dirty-irty little yard.

Wilbur: I don’t?

Gander: Nooooo...one of the boards is loose. Push on it, Push-push-push on it and come on out!

Wilbur: What? Say it slower.

Gander: At-at-at the risk of repeating-eating-eating myself. I suggest you come on out.

Goose: It’s wonderful out here.

Wilbur: Did you say a board was loose?

Gander: That I did, that I did.

Wilbur pushes in the fence and the rail moves. Wilbur goes out of the fence The Geese chuckle.

Goose: How does it feel to be free?

Wilbur: I like it. That is...I guess I like it. Where do you think I should go?

Gander: Any-any-anywhere you like. Go down to the orchard and root up some sod.

Goose: Go down to the garden-arden and dig up the radishes.

Gander: Root-root-root up everything!

Goose: Run-run-run all over!

Gander: Skip and dance!

Goose: Go through the orchard and stroll-oll-oll in the woods!

Gander: The world is a wonderful-onderful place when you’re young.

Wilbur: I can see that! *(He starts walking around. Spies a flower in the garden and pulls it up)* Wow!

Goose: Hear-hear-hear everyone...Wilbur is out!

Gander: He’s free-free-free!

3- Audition for Charlotte's Web

Wilbur: Young, curious, friendly pig who is learning about the world.
Templeton: Sneaky, conniving rat. Basically looks out for himself.
Goose and Gander: Know-it-all. Tend to be the leaders for the barnyard.
Sheep: Cautious. Motherly. Doesn't want conflict.
Lamb: Sweet. Cute. Curious.
Rooster: Patterned after Foghorn Leghorn. Struts his stuff. Always advises.
Cow and Horse: Team. Mostly together.

Wilbur: (He has been caught after a chase) I'm really too young to go out into the world alone.
(As he lays down, Templeton, the rat enters)
Templeton: (Carrying a piece of string and a can) So what's all the commotion around here?
Goose: It's Wilbur, the new pig.
Lamb: He got out!
Templeton: Oh now, don't you escape my fat friend. It's nice to have a pig around here again.
Wilbur: Who are you?
Templeton: I'm Templeton...the clean-up man. I haven't had such delicious leftover slops in ages!
Wilbur: But those slops are for me!
Templeton: I'm sure you'll find it in your charitable little heart to share your food with dear old Templeton. I am making my nest close to the grub.
Wilbur: Well, I suppose that's all right.
Templeton: I don't eat much...just the tasty spills over the edges. And some select pickings from the top. You won't miss a thing. Besides, it looks like you are getting plenty of provisions.
Sheep: Yep. The Zuckermans are keeping Wilbur nice and comfortable.
Rooster: He's getting, I say, I say, he's getting what I call nice and plump.
Cow: Really fattened up!
Lamb: With such delicious cuisine!
Wilbur: Oh, I do like it here!
Templeton: Don't get fat so quickly there now pig. I will have to help to temper you. I may have to take more. (Rubs stomach) Protect you.
Wilbur: What do you mean?
Rooster: Slow down, I say, slow down on the eats my boy.
Horse: We certainly don't envy you Wilbur.
Wilbur: What?!
Sheep: You know why they want to make you fat and tender, don't you?
Lamb: Why Maaamaaa?
Goose: Now-now-now old Sheep. He'll learn soon enough.
Wilbur: Learn what?
Gander: Nothing-othing-othing. It's been a long day.
Goose: Yes, and I must sit-it-it on my eggs. I have four of them to keep warm.
Wilbur: Wait! What are you talking about?
Sheep: And it's your bedtime little lamb.
Lamb: Yes, Maamaaaa.
Templeton: I have to go and raid the trash. There's all kinds of loot out there.
Cow: Good night, Wilbur.
Wilbur: (Sadly) 'Night.
Horse: You added to a nice exciting day.
Gander: Better get some sleep-eep-eep after such a long day.
Wilbur: Yes. Thank you...I will. (Animals exit...lights dim) I sure like all of the animals here. I'm not sure about Templeton. And I'm a trifle concerned about the remark that the old Sheep made..."You know why they want to make you fat and tender, don't you?"...well, I don't know. And nobody will tell me. (Thunder and rain is heard) Oh, I feel so all alone. Fern hasn't been by for a couple of days. I need a friend to talk to. (He starts to cry)

4 – Audition for Charlotte’s Web

At the Beauty Salon where the town gossips have assembled. The hairdresser Denise is working on the hair of Mrs. Haynes. The nail technician, Madge is working with Mrs. Fussy.

Denise: *(Finishing rolling her hair)* So Mrs. Haynes...do you want the usual?
Mrs. Haynes: Yes...except this time, I want you to rat it a little more on top. Mr. Haynes and I are going out for dinner on Friday. If you make my hair extra big today, it should still be in good shape on Friday.
Denise: That I can do.
Mrs. Fussy: How lucky. Where are you going?
Mrs. Haynes: We’re going to Haney’s Diner...I just love their meatloaf special...
Madge: Ooooo...meatloaf!
Mrs. Haynes: Hey, have you girls heard the latest about the Arables?
All: What?!
Mrs. Fussy: You mean John and Martha Arable...the ones with the farm down the road?
Mrs. Haynes: They’re the only Arable’s in town, Mrs. Fussy.
Mrs. Fussy: I just wanted to make sure.
Mrs. Haynes: *(Rolls eyes)* Well, it seems the Arables had a litter of pigs the other day...
Madge: Oh yeah...I heard about this...
Mrs. Fussy: That’s really not much news. It’s that time of year, you know.
Denise: *(Exhales)* Go on, Mrs. Haynes.
Mrs. Haynes: Well, in the litter of pigs was this runt...and John Arable let his little girl keep it.
Denise: Little Fern?
Mrs. Fussy: Oh...that means trouble! You know what a runt is like...my little Henry Fussy is a friend of Fern’s.
Madge: Well...I heard that Martha Arable warms a bottle of milk twice a day for that pig!
Denise: For a pig?!
Mrs. Fussy: That’s unbelievable...*(changing subject)* say, Madge... what is that green stuff I am soaking in?
Madge: It’s Palmolive...
Mrs. Fussy: *(Withdrawing her hand)* Palmolive Dish Detergent?!
Madge: *(Pushing her hand back in)* It’s fine Mrs. Fussy. I find that it really softens your hands.
Denise: Keeps them young looking!
Madge: And it cleans the grease right off your dishes too!
Mrs. Fussy: Nice...*(puts her hand back into the soap)* Well, I find that a waste of money on a runty pig!
Mrs. Haynes: I also heard that they are letting the pig stay inside of the house!
All: Nooooo!
Denise: A pig in the house?! Now I’ve heard of everything!
Mrs. Fussy: Next thing you know, their kids will be sleeping in the barn! Well, little Avery should anyway...he’s such a rascal. Just like an animal!
Mrs. Haynes: Oh, fiddle sticks Mrs. Fussy, he’s just a little boy.

5 – Auditions Charlotte's Web

Charlotte – calm, gentle spider who is smart and motherly

Wilbur – curious young pig who is learning about the world

Charlotte: *(Interrupting)* Salutations!

Wilbur: *(Jumping up)* Salu-what?

Charlotte: Salutations...it means greetings. When I say "salutations", it's just my fancy way of saying hello or good morning. Can you see me now?

Wilbur: Oh, yes, indeed. How are you? Good morning. Salutations! What is your name, please?

Charlotte: My name is Charlotte. Charlotte A. Cavatica. But just call me Charlotte.

Wilbur: I think you're beautiful.

Charlotte: Well, I am pretty...there's no denying that. Almost all spiders are rather nice-looking. I'm not flashy as some, but I'll do.

Wilbur: Where do you live?

Charlotte: In this web. I know it looks fragile. But it's really quite strong. I trap my food in it.

Wilbur: I'm so happy that you'll be my friend. I'm hungry. Want to join me for breakfast?

Charlotte: No, thank you. My breakfast is waiting for me on the other side of the web.

Wilbur: Oh. What are you having?

Charlotte: A fly that I caught in my web this morning.

Wilbur: Ew. You eat *(choke)* flies?

Charlotte: Yes...and other bugs. Actually I drink their blood.

Wilbur: Ugh!

Charlotte: I am not entirely happy about my diet of flies and bugs, but it's the way I'm made. A spider has to pick up a living somehow or other, and I happen to be a trapper.

Wilbur: That's so cruel.

Charlotte: Well, you have your meals brought to you in a pail. Nobody feeds me. And furthermore...do you realize that if I didn't catch bugs and eat them, bugs would increase and multiply and get so numerous that they'd destroy the earth...wipe everything out?

Wilbur: Really? Perhaps your web is a good thing after all.

Charlotte: There are a lot of things you don't know about life. And I will be your friend and teach you those things, Wilbur.

Wilbur: You will, Charlotte?

Charlotte: Yes, I will. I like you.

5 - Continued Audition Charlotte's Web

With Charlotte and Wilbur

Wilbur: *(Frantic)* Help me! I don't want to die!
Charlotte: Be quiet, Wilbur!
Wilbur: But I can't be quiet! I don't want to be killed. Is this really true?
Charlotte: Well...the old sheep has been around this barn a long time. She has seen may a spring pig come and go. If she says they plan to kill you, I'm sure it's true. It's also the dirtiest trick I ever heard of.
Fern: They tricked me too! I thought you were safe here.
Wilbur: I don't want to die!
Charlotte: You shall not die.
Wilbur: What? Really? Who's going to save me?
Charlotte: I am going to save you.
Wilbur: Charlotte?
Charlotte: Yes.
Wilbur: Were you serious when you promised you would keep them from killing me?
Charlotte: I was never more serious in my life. I am not going to let you die, Wilbur.
Wilbur: How are you going to save me?
Charlotte: I don't really know. But I am working on a plan.
Wilbur: That's wonderful. *(Sighs. A long pause)* Charlotte?
Charlotte: Yes.
Wilbur: How is the plan coming?
Charlotte: Go to sleep, Wilbur.
Wilbur: Good night, Charlotte.

6 – Audition for Charlotte’s Web
Children’s Scenes

Fern: *(Entering with Grace, Sarah, Henry Fussy and Suzy)* See you at school tomorrow.
Henry: Where you going Fern?
Fern: To visit with Wilbur.
Sarah: You’re always with Wilbur.
Grace: You don’t have time to play with us anymore.
Suzy: What’s there to do with a pig anyway?
Fern: Oh lots of things. I tell him stories...and he talks to me. It’s just fun to watch him.
Henry: Hey...I’ve got an extra nickel...why don’t’ we go to Erwin’s Drug Store and get a vanilla phosphate?
Fern: I don’t know...Wilbur’s expecting me.
Grace: Come on, Fern!
Sarah: Besides, it looks like rain.
Suzy: You don’t want to get stuck in the mud, do you, Fern?
Fern: *(Looks towards barn where Wilbur turns over)* Oh..all right. I can see Wilbur tomorrow.
Henry: *(As they exit)* Did you hear what Mrs. Owen said in math today?...

Fern and Avery (brother and sister)

Avery: *(Offstage voice)* Fern! Fern!
Fern: In here Avery! *(Avery enters)*
Avery: Mother wanted me to get you. It’s time for dinner.
Fern: I’m coming. Bye everyone. I really don’t want to go. But I trust you Charlotte. 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: Whoa...it’s tremenjus! *(He picks up a stick)*
Fern: Leave it alone Avery.
Avery: That’s a fine spider and I’m going to capture it.
Fern: 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...leave Charlotte alone!
Avery: Charlotte? It’s just a stupid spider! *(He starts to climb the ladder. Wilbur runs and bumps his legs causing him to fall. The animals react)*
Avery: Ouch!
Fern: I warned you Avery!
Avery: That’s not fair. You and Wilbur ganged up on me!
Fern: What’s that smell?
Avery: It smells like rotten eggs. Let’s get out of here! *(They exit hurriedly)*

7 – Auditions for Charlotte’s Web

Back at the farm. Zuckermans, Arables, Lurvy, and Henry Fussy have gathered at the pig’s pen.

Lurvy: *(Pouring slops into the trough)* You sure are getting lots of attention, Wilbur.
Homer: Well, he is a fine pig.
Mr. Arable: By cracky...this has turned out to be some pig after all, Fern.
Fern: I know. It’s been fun coming here all summer to visit with the animals. Did you know that Charlotte has a cousin that caught a fish in her web?
Henry: Jeepers, Fern!
Mrs. Arable: *(Raised eyebrows)* Oh really, dear?
Fern: Yeah...and her cousin ate the whole fish!
Avery: Yeah right. *(Jabs Henry in the ribs)* She “talks” to the animals.
Fern: And she also said that humans are “gullible”.
Homer: Well, I am not sure of that, but we know some people certainly have active imaginations.
Mr. Arable: That’s for sure.
Edith: Well, enough about this Charlotte...Homer, have you told everyone your plans?
Homer: Lurvy is gonna build a big crate just for Wilbur.
Fern: Why Uncle Henry?
Edith: Just listen, dear.
Homer: I’m gonna have it painted green and put big gold letters on it that say “Zuckerman’s Famous Pig”.
Mr. Arable: Where are you takin’ the pig, Homer?
Homer: I have decided to take Wilbur, here, to the County Fair.
Children: The County Fair!
Henry: Holey moley, Fern! That’s the best place in the whole wide world!
Lurvy: Yup. They got those games. I’m gonna knock down those cloth cats with a baseball this year and win a genuine Navajo rug.
Henry: They have all those swell rides.
Fern: I want to go on the swings. I love the way my stomach feels afterwards.
Avery: I can’t wait for the tilt-a-whirl.
Henry: *(To Fern)* Will you ride with me on the Ferris wheel?
Avery: Yuck!
Fern: Sure I will, Henry Fussy.
Edith: Oh, Martha...I am so anxious to have a look at those deep freezers I have been hearing about.
Mrs. Arable: Do you think you could possibly afford one of those?
Edith: *(Looks at Homer who gives a doubtful look)* Well...I can at least look.
Homer: And I am going to enter Wilbur, here, in the pig contest. *(Wilbur begins to swell with pride)*
Fern: Oh, Wilbur...you will be the star.
Mr. Arable: He’s some pig all right.
Mrs. Arable: Some pig...
Lurvy: *(Remembering the other word)* Terrific.
Edith: He should make some extra fine bacon and ham, Homer, when it comes time to kill that pig! *(Wilbur faints)*
Avery: *(Teasing and running around)* The pig’s dead! The pig’s dead!
Fern: He is not! Oh my, do something! *(Lurvy exits to get bucket)*
Avery: Looks dead to me!
Mrs. Arable: Enough, Avery!
Fern: Wake up, Wilbur...wake up! *(Lurvy returns with a bucket of water and douses the pig. Wilbur snorts awake)*
Mr. Arable: throw some of that on Avery, Lurvy. *(Lurvy fakes throw as Avery cries “No!”)*
Fern: Oh, Wilbur...you’re fine.

8 - Auditions Charlotte's Web
At the Fair

Hamhock County 4H Fair Hog Queen – winner of the Queen contest. Confident and proud Jenny, Meredith and Molly all admire the queen

Jenny: Look! It's the lady we saw in the parade!
Molly: You're right! She was riding on top of the pig float.
Queen: The float looked like a hog made entirely of pink carnations.
Meredith: Are you really a Beauty Queen?
Queen: That's right. I was crowned "Hamhock County 4-H Fair Hog Queen" just last night.
Children: Oooooo!
Molly: Egads! That's really swell!
Meredith: You're so beautiful!
Queen: I get to wear this crown all weekend.
Jenny: Are those real diamonds in the pig's eyes?
Queen: More than likely.
Molly: You're so lucky...*(Dreamily)* the Hog Queen.
Queen: That's "Hamhock County 4-H Fair Hog Queen"! And I get to hand out all the awards at the ceremony tomorrow night.
Meredith: I want to be Hog Queen some day.
Queen: Well, not everyone can be "Hamhock County 4-H Fair Hog Queen".
Molly: What did you have to do?
Queen: I had to write a whole page theme on "Why I wanted to be the Hamhock County 4-H Fair Hog Queen".
Meredith: What did you say?
Queen: First I said that hogs are important in Hamhock County. I mean, that's how we got our name and all.
Jenny: My dad told me that we got the name Hamhock because of a typo.
Queen: What?
Jenny: Yeah...we were supposed to be Hancock County...but the secretary's office made a mistake in the typing and now we're Hamhock.
Queen: Oh...Well it's a fitting name...I also wrote that I would carry my head high to represent all of the hogs in our county.
Meredith: You're my idol!
Queen: I said that I would carry the title of "Hamhock County 4-H Hog Queen" close to my heart because one of the prizes is a sundae each week at Classic City Creamery.
Children: Wow!
Queen: And my stomach is close to my heart.
Jenny: Wow...you have a way with words.