***A CHRISTMAS CAROL* General Audition Monologues**

It wouldn’t be the holidays without Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. 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.

We are auditioning for the roles of Scrooge; Scrooges’ Nephew/ Young Ebenezer; Belle, Mr. Granger (Charity gentleman) and Mr. Fezziwig; The Ghost of Christmas Present/ Mr./ Mrs. Harrigan (owes Scrooge Money); Mrs. Dilber (Scrooge’s Housekeeper)/ Cook; the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come (no lines – we need a tall person who can move well in a big costume); and Understudies for: Fan (Scrooge’s Little Sister)/ Cratchit child), and Tiny Tim.

PERFORMANCE DATES: December 3-5 and 10 – 12, 2021

FIRST REHEARSAL: Monday, October 4 at 6:30 (Location TBA)

General Auditions are via email. Please make a video of you reading monologues for the role you’d like then email the video, a picture of yourself, your resume *and a list of any conflicts for 1) Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday in October and/ or November (we won’t rehearse the day before Thanksgiving) 2) the first week of December (mandatory rehearsals)* to <mailto:agapetheatercompany.auditions@gmail.com>

**Emails with videos must be received by Monday, September 27 by 6:00 pm to be considered for Call Backs which will be the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 29 at a location that is TBA**

Scrooge Monologues

* 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!
* 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.
* 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

* *(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! 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!"

Young Ebenezer Monologue (same actor as Nephew)

* 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!

Spirit of Christmas Present Monologue

* 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.
* You treat your nephew with such contempt and yet he drinks to your health. He wishes you well. He invites you to dinner. And yet he is clearly a much happier man than you. Just because the world can be cruel is no reason for you to be. Each man travels a road in life that leads him in certain directions. You yourself are on this road – but it need not be so. Hurry Ebenezer. My life upon this globe is very brief. It ends tonight. There is one thing more you must see. *(The GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT reveals two children – a BOY and a GIRL wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, and miserable. They have appeared out of the darkness and X to Scrooge and the Spirit)* They are Mankind’s children. This boy is Ignorance, and this girl is Want. Beware them both. But most of all, beware this boy. If Ignorance is allowed to grow and flourish, he will bring you and your kind nothing but doom. Those who know Ignorance well live in *fear* and act on fear with violence and hate. If you encounter this boy, speak against him and all that would use him. Silence Ignorance with love and compassion and knowledge, for this is the path towards understanding and peace. Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses? Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses? Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?

Mrs. Dilber (speaks in Cockney)

* 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 man, 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, 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.

Cook Monologue (same actress as Mrs. Dilber)

* Well, Master Scrooge, it would appear that according to the headmaster, you and I are to spend Christmas together. Apparently, your father would prefer that you stay here. I must say that’s a bit irregular, but I suppose we must make the best of it, eh? I like to spend the holidays reading. It’s the only time of the year where I don’t have to spend all my time in the kitchen cooking for you lot and I can enjoy some quiet solitude. I do hope you will follow my example and pass the time in such a manner as this. I’ll have the headmaster select a few books that might be of interest to a boy your age, *Robinson Crusoe* and the like. You may take your meals in the kitchen with me instead of the dining hall, if that is agreeable. Oh, come now Master Scrooge, you may not be home for Christmas, but you at least have a roof over your head and food. There are many in this world with far less than that. If you want more than this, then I suggest you put your nose to the grindstone, boy. God rewards those who work hard, and He *punishes* those who don’t. Now, come with me, child.

Monologue for Mr. Granger

* 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?

Mr. Fezziwig Monologue: (Scrooge’s former employer) – same actor as Mr. Granger

* *(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! 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!

Belle (auditioning for Understudy)

* 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.

Fan (auditioning for Understudy)

* 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!

Tiny Tim (auditioning for Understudy)

* 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!