



AUDITION PACKET

Bedtime Stories (Teen Theater)

A Comedy by Ed Monk
Directed by Aleyse Chapin

DIRECTOR INFORMATION:

218-206-4792 cell 218-878-0071 theater
aleyse.chapin@yahoo.com

AUDITIONS: Sunday, June 25 at 6 pm (To set up alternate time contact the director)

REHEARSAL & PERFORMANCE INFORMATION:

Rehearsals will run from 9 am - 2 pm July 10-14

Local Performances will be held: July 14 at 1 pm & 7 pm

ABOUT THE SHOW:

Comedy

It's Dad's turn to tell his three rambunctious kids their bedtime stories, but when he gets fuzzy on the details, the classics get creative: a prince with a snoring problem spices up The Princess and The Pea, The Boy Who Cried Wolf cries dinosaur instead, and Rumpelstiltskin helps turn all that pesky gold into straw. You may think you know your fairy tales, but not the way Dad tells them.

County Seat Theater Co. Parent consent form Teen Theater - 'Bedtime Stories'

I give _____ my permission to participate in the Youth production of "Bedtime Stories".

I understand that by signing this form, I do not hold the County Seat Theater Co. responsible for any loss of personal belongings or injury caused by my child's misbehavior. I understand that I will be responsible to pick up my child promptly at the end of each day and will provide them with proper snacks and lunch. I understand that this production is a learning tool and should be treated as that, any child misbehaving or being disrespectful to the space or volunteers will be asked to leave.

ADULT SIGNATURE REQUIRED _____ **DATE** _____

Audition Form

TEEN THEATER - Bedtime Stories

Please bring this completed form and a head shot with you to the audition (resumes are optional, head shots can be a photocopied photograph).

Name _____

Address _____

Home phone _____ Cell phone _____ (Do you text? Yes / No)

E-mail _____

Grade Completed _____ Where do you attend school? _____ Age _____

Height _____ Waist size _____ Shirt size _____

Work or school hours _____

If you are familiar with this play, are there any part that interests you?

Would you accept another part if not offered any listed above? _____

Do you sing, dance, play piano or have other special talents? If so, please explain level of skill:

Experience: Although not required, please list some of your theater background and other interesting facts about yourself (hobbies, family, etc). Some of this information may be used in the playbill for the show.

Do you have ANY conflicts with the rehearsal/performance schedule? _____

Please list ALL conflicts below (be as specific as possible to dates, times). Additional conflicts after being cast may not be accepted?

Casting Agreement:

By accepting a role, I agree to play the role assigned to me to the best of my ability, trusting the judgement of the director and staff. In doing so, I also agree to wear the costumes, makeup and wig or hairstyle of the director's and/or designer's choosing. Initial _____

Attendance Agreement:

By accepting a role, I agree to attend all rehearsals and performances as defined by the rehearsal schedule. I agree to arrive in a timely matter and be prepared to start when directed to do so. Initial _____

Thank you so much for auditioning for the show!

**BEDTIME STORIES
(AS TOLD BY OUR DAD)
(WHO MESSED THEM UP)**

by Ed Monk

ACT I

(WALLY, ASHLEY, and KATIE all run into the bedroom screaming and running around like little heathens. They start a giant pillow fight. DAD runs into the room.)

DAD. WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!?? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN BED 20 MINUTES AGO!! I TOLD YOU TO BE QUIET SO YOU DIDN'T WAKE UP YOUR MOTHER!

WALLY. Then why are you being loud?

DAD. WHAT!?

KATIE. If we're not opposed to wake up Mommy, how come for you are yelling?

DAD. OH! OH! SSSSHHHHHHHH. You all have to be very quiet. Mommy is very, very tired and she just got to sleep. We can't make any noise or we'll wake her up.

ASHLEY. Is Mommy feeling better now?

DAD. Yes she is.

ASHLEY. Is she going to throw up any more?

DAD. I hope to he... I certainly hope not.

KATIE. Did Mommy get sick because you made dinner tonight?

DAD. No!

WALLY. My spasketti tasted burned.

DAD. The spasketti... I mean the basketti... The spaghetti was just fine.

ASHLEY. Then how come Mommy was throwing up?

DAD. Well, it's because of the new baby in Mommy's tummy. Sometimes new babies can make a mommy not feel so good.

WALLY. Is the new baby why Mommy is getting fat?

DAD. MOMMY IS NOT GETTING FAT!! DON'T EVER, EVER SAY THAT! Not even as a joke. Trust me.

ASHLEY. Wally says the new baby is going to be a puppy.

DAD. What?

WALLY. I did not say that!

ASHLEY. Did too!

WALLY. Did not!

KATIE. He did too, Daddy, he said it was going to be a new puppy and we couldn't play with him, only Wally could!

DAD. Wally! What is wrong with you?

WALLY. Can we get a puppy?

ASHLEY and KATIE. PLEASE OH PLEASE OH PLEASE OH PLEASE OH PLEASE! Can we? Can we? Please, Daddy, can we get a puppy!

DAD. No. You're getting a baby, that's enough.

WALLY. If we gave away the baby could we get a puppy instead?

DAD. No puppy! It's enough trouble taking care of you knuckle-heads! Besides, I'll be dealing with enough poop with the new baby.

ASHLEY. Daddy said poop! Daddy said poop!

KATIE. I'm telling Mommy you said poop.

WALLY. Daddy's gonna get in trouble again!

DAD. Nobody's telling Mommy anything or there will be no Pop-Tarts in the morning!

ASHLEY. Then what will you cook us for breakfast?

DAD. I'll make...never mind. Now it's way past your bedtime. So get to bed, Daddy is very tired.

KATIE. Yay! Story time!

DAD. What?

WALLY. Mommy always tells us stories afore bed.

DAD. Well, Mommy can't tonight, she's sleeping.

ASHLEY. Then you can tell us stories.

DAD. No I cannot because I am very tired. So you just go to sleep and I'll tell you a story tomorrow night.

KATIE. *(Crying.)* But I can't sleep good if Mommy doesn't tell us a story.

WALLY. Just tell us one story, please. *(Starts to cry.)*

DAD. I said no and I mean...

ASHLEY. *(Crying.)* Please! Mommy always tells us stories at bedtime!

DAD. Look, I am not going to tell you again...

WALLY. *(Getting out of bed.)* I'll go get Mommy to tell us a story.

DAD. NO! GET BACK IN BED NOW.

KATIE. *(Crying.)* If Mommy tells us a story she'll throw up in the bed.

ASHLEY. *(Crying.)* I don't want Mommy to throw up on us.

DAD. STOP CRYING!

(The KIDS stop crying for a beat. Then they all erupt in a huge bout of hysterical crying.)

DAD. What are you crying about?

WALLY. You yelled at us!

(More hysterical crying from the KIDS.)

DAD. OK, OK, I'm sorry! Daddy's sorry, SSHHHHHHH. You're going to wake up Mommy. Shhhhhhh. OK, I'll tell you a story!

KATIE. Yay Daddy!

WALLY. I want a story about a dinosaur!

ASHLEY. I want the Rumpumpumsockskitensskin story!

KATIE. *(Showing off her princess doll.)* I want a story about a princess!

DAD. Now listen, I am only doing one story! And that's it!

KATIE. Mommy always does one story for each of us!

DAD. Why does she do that?

WALLY. 'Cause she loves us.

DAD. Oh, OK, three stories. Where are your books?

ASHLEY. Mommy makes up stories for bedtime!

DAD. What? Look, can't we just read stories from books tonight?

Daddy is really tired.

KATIE. Mommy says it's fun for to use your 'magination!

DAD. Well, Mommy's imagination is much better than Daddy's. That's why Daddy is an accountant. So let's just read a...

WALLY. *(Starting to sniffle.)* I like made-up stories.

KATIE. *(Starting to sniffle.)* Me too.

DAD. All right! All right. How about I tell you some stories that Grandma used to read me when I was little?

ASHLEY, WALLY, and KATIE. YEA DADDY!

DAD. SSSHHHHH! Now, if I tell you these stories, will you promise to be good and go right to sleep as soon as I'm done?

ASHLEY, WALLY, and KATIE. Yes, Daddy.

DAD. OK, there was the story about Jack and the Beanstalk.

KATIE. I want a story about a princess!

DAD. Oh sweetie, Daddy doesn't know a lot of princess stories. I'm a boy.

WALLY. No! Mommy says that boys and girls can like all of the same things and not to be sexist.

DAD. Fine! I kind of remember one that Grandma used to read me. The Princess and the Pea.

KATIE. THE PRINCESS WHO PEED?!

WALLY. Daddy said peed!

(ASHLEY, KATIE, and WALLY all laugh hysterically.)

ASHLEY. Daddy said peed!

DAD. Shhhh! I did not say peed. I said pea. Like the vegetable pea not the people pea. The story is called the Princess and the PEA. Now settle down or I won't tell it. Once upon a time, in a faraway kingdom there was a queen...

(Enter QUEEN and PRIME MINISTER.)

PRIME MINISTER. Your Majesty, on today's schedule we have many exciting events. First, you open the sauerkraut festival in Krankletown and then we review the new manure factory in Fiddlespotten. Next we attend a performance of the Zoobensstrassen Lama Dancers and then you will greet the new members of the Faffelbraken Institute. You'll have to shake the hands of about 600 people, I'm afraid. But then it will be time for lunch! So you will get a 20 minute break before we inspect the new sewage plant at Kriggensplattenwonnwinklewossenhoff.

QUEEN. Bleeecchhh!

PRIME MINISTER. I beg your pardon, Your Majesty?

QUEEN. You heard me. Bleeeccccchhh! That sounds incredibly boring. In fact, I know it will be incredibly boring because it is exactly the same kind of thing I did yesterday! And the day before that. And the month before that and the year before that! I am bored, bored, bored, bored and more bored!

PRIME MINISTER. I am very sorry, Your Majesty. But the people

do expect you. You can't disappoint them, you are their queen.

QUEEN. People schmeep! I don't want to do this anymore. I want to do some things that are fun. I want to eat at McDonalds. I want to go snowboarding! I want to go to a casino and play the slots!

PRIME MINISTER. Very well, Your Majesty. I will arrange for you to do all of those things.

QUEEN. NO! It won't be any fun doing those things if I am queen. Everyone will just stare at me and take pictures and want to shake my hand. And I'll have to wear one of these ugly dresses and smile all of the time and not be able to have fun or eat anything good. It will be just another boring day of being the queen!

PRIME MINISTER. What are you saying, Your Majesty?

QUEEN. I'm saying that I don't want to be queen anymore! I want to quit! Let my son become the king and then I can go have fun while he gets to do all of these boring things!

PRIME MINISTER. But Your Majesty knows full well, that under the law, your son the prince cannot become the king until he marries.

QUEEN. Well he's just going to have to get married! Get him in here flight now!

(PRIME MINISTER blows on a trumpet or some such noisemaker.

Enter PRINCE 1.)

PRINCE 1. You rang, Mummy?

QUEEN. You're taking over the kingdom; I'm heading for Vegas in the morning.

PRINCE 1. What was that, Mummy?

PRIME MINISTER. The queen meant to say that she wishes to abdicate the throne so that you may become the king and take over the many wonderful and interesting jobs that come with being king.

PRINCE 1. But, Mummy, you know I can't be king until I get married. And I'm not married.

QUEEN. Well you're getting married today buster because if I have to visit one more sewage plant or taste one more dish of sauerkraut, I'm going to scream.

PRINCE 1. But, Mummy, there's no one for me to marry! I have to marry a princess and all of the princesses I know are just icky. And I am sorry; I just can't marry any icky princess. So I'm afraid I will not become the king any time soon and you'll just have to keep being queen.