![C:\Users\Nick\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\Temporary Internet Files\Content.IE5\WYIB10EZ\MC900325596[1].wmf]() Charlotte’s Web Audition Material

**FERN 1**: Where's Papa going with that ax? I don't see why he needs an ax. I’ve got to stop him! Papa can’t kill it just because it’s smaller than the others! Papa! Papa! Papa, Please don’t kill it, it’s unfair! *(Wilbur nods vigorously.)* Control myself this is a matter of life and death and you talk about controlling myself. *(crying)* But it's unfair. The pig couldn't help being born small, could it? (*Wilbur shakes his head*) if I had been born small would you have killed me. This is the most terrible case of injustice I have ever heard of! (*Wilbur nods.)* WILL YOU PLEASE STOP . . . ! Thank you Papa.

**FERN 2:** My very own pig. Now I have to name you. A perfect name for a pig. Fred. *(Wilbur considers.)* That’s a good name…but not for you. *(Wilbur shakes his head.)* Clarence…no, you don’t look like a Clarence *(Wilbur shakes head again.)*  Maximillion. Because you’re worth a million to me. *(A pause. They both laugh and shake their heads.)*  Maybe I’m trying too hard. Let’s see…Barney, Herman, Lawrence, Newton, Morris, Warren, Willie, Wilbur, William*…(Wilbur nudges her.)* Wait a minute. Wilbur *(Wilbur nods. Fern tries out the name.)* Willll-bur. *(Wilbur smiles and nods vigorously.)* Wilbur! What a GREAT name!

**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 I t…I think.  *(looking around)* It’s a very   large barn. And

old, I’ll   bet. I like the smell.  Hay and manure.  Horses and cows.  It has a peaceful smell…as though

nothing bad could ever happen again in the world. *(A beat)*Fern was right .  It is very   nice here.  The

animals seem  nice….I think. But I’m not sure about Templeton. *(A beat)* And I’m a trifle concerned

about the old Sheep’s remark. *(Imitating the Sheep)* “You know why they want to make you fat and tender, don’t  you?”…Well, I don’t know.  And o l d Sheep didn’t tell me.  Well. I’m not going to worry

about it  just  now.  I’m much too tired.

**TEMPLETON:** Wilbur? That’s a pretty tacky name, if  you ask me.  Well, I will admit
it’s nice to have a pig around the place again. I haven’t had delicious, leftover slops in an age.  I’m sure you’ll find it in your charitable little heart to share your food with dear old Templeton. Especially if I make a nest right here beside our trough.  Now don’t you forget, Templeton only helps himself!

**CHARLOTTE**: Salutations! It’s a fancy way of saying hello. My name is Charlotte. *(She comes into better view.)* Charlotte A. Cavatica. I’m a spider and that’s my home. I know it looks fragile, but it’s really very strong. It protects me. And I trap my food in it. My breakfast is waiting for me on the other side of my web. A fly. I caught it this morning. *(Charlotte notices Wilbur’s disgusted reaction*) That’s the way I’m made. I can’t help it. Anyway if I didn’t catch insects and eat them, there would soon be so many they’d destroy the earth--Wipe out everything. And I don’t really eat them…I drink their blood. I love blood.…Spiders are really useful creatures. A spiders life is an uncertain thing, but I promise that I’ll stay as long as I can. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to have my breakfast *(she exits).*