

Casting Monologues - 'A Christmas Carol'

All actors are asked to read some lines (called "sides") aloud to audition. The director will cast the roles in our production based upon these readings. Please take a moment to read the lines below several times--both silently and aloud. Since radio actors often play several parts, we encourage the use of different voices or accents when auditioning for the different roles.

- NARRATOR:** I'm the narrator. I describe the details of each scene and tell the audience what is happening. This "Ghost Story of Christmas" requires a good story-teller to make the scary parts scary and the happy parts happy--and that's my job.
- EBENEZER SCROOGE:** I'm Ebenezer Scrooge--now leave me alone! I don't celebrate Christmas and I don't suffer fools like you! I've got a wicked sense of humor, but I'm not all bad--I'm just... practical. As for Christmas? Bah! Humbug! Humbug, I say!
- BELLE:** I'm Belle. I was Ebenezer's fiancée when he was young, but became alarmed as my darling became hard and cruel. He chose financial security over love and I could no longer remain engaged to him. It hurt me to leave him, but I had no other choice. (TO SCROOGE) Farewell, Ebenezer. May you be happy... in the life you have chosen.

MRS. CRATCHIT: I'm Bob Cratchit's wife--mother to six children, including my crippled Tiny Tim. It breaks my heart to see my kind husband slaving away for that old miser, Mr. Scrooge. I'd give him a good piece of my mind to feast upon and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

MARLEY'S GHOST: I am the ghost of Jacob Marley, Scrooge's long-dead partner. Because of my own greed and avarice, I am doomed to wander the world after Death... without rest or peace. I wail in unceasing torture and remorse! Beware my fate, Ebenezer. Beware! Beware! (GHOSTLY WAIL)

SECOND SPIRIT: I am the Ghost of Christmas Present! (STERNLY) If what I have to show you is too hard a lesson, then look here! (REVEALS CHILDREN) They are man's children! Their names are Ignorance and Want. Beware them both! Without the spirit of Christmas to comfort them, narrow Puritanism and greed would release these wretched beings upon the world! (MOCKINGLY) And yet you ask, "Are there no workhouses? Are there no prisons?" Hah!