



Dear Parents and Students (grades 9-12),

We are thrilled to announce that ***A Christmas Carol*** will return to the KHCS stage this year with an exciting new adaptation. Audiences will be transported to the streets of London to revisit the timeless story of Ebenezer Scrooge, played by beloved returning teacher Mr. Dan Totten. This production will be told with beautiful music, dancing, and an all-star student cast. Thank you for showing your interest by auditioning for this classic play, and we hope to make this process an enjoyable one for you. Please complete the attached audition form and read the following instructions carefully.

We will begin the auditions on Monday, August 2nd, from 2:00-3:30 PM in Mrs. Fulbright's room (D-102). All girls will audition for Mrs. Oliver and all boys will audition for Old Joe. (*British accents are encouraged but not required* 😊). Throughout the process we may also have you do "cold readings" as we hand you portions of the script to read for other roles.

Thank you for your time and effort in making this year's musical one of the best memories you'll have of your time here at Killian Hill. We are praying for God's wisdom in every aspect of this process.

Attached is an audition form and script. If you have any questions, please e-mail me at tfulbright@khcs.org. We are also available by phone here at the school.

We're so excited to see you Monday, August 2nd at auditions for ***A Christmas Carol!***

Mrs. Terry Fulbright
Fine Arts Director

Killian Hill Christian School

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Audition Form

Production Dates (*Three Performances*) December 3rd & 4th

Please complete both pages and return at auditions

Date: _____

Name: _____

Phone: _____ e-mail: _____

Address: _____



Class: 9th 10th 11th 12th

Eye Color: _____

Hair Color: _____

Sex: _____ Height: _____ Weight: _____

Age: _____

Vocal Range: _____

Special Skills: _____

Indicate any afternoon and early evening commitments including jobs, lessons, or sports:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
2:15					
3:00					
4:00					
5:00					
6:00					
7:00					

Other evening jobs, lessons, etc. (you will need to arrange absences on dress rehearsal and performance nights): _____

Other commitments including extra curricular and personal activities:

- Family trips _____
- Weddings, etc _____
- Other _____

collection of junk in and out of boxes—old iron, rags, old clothes, moldy books, bottles, etc. Two old crones and a man in black slink into the scene, carrying bundles, as SCROOGE observes.)

MRS. OLIVER: I was here first! Mrs. Dilber shall be after me, and then the undertaker's man can be third. Isn't this something, Joe. All of us met here without meaning it.

OLD JOE: You couldn't have met in a better place. Come in and sit! Don't be shy, we're all suitable to our calling. We're well matched, to be sure! Ha ha! Come in!

(MRS. OLIVER throws her bundle to the floor and plops herself down on a stool with a sigh.)

MRS. OLIVER: What odds then? What odds, Mrs. Dilber? Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!

MRS. DILBER: That's true, indeed! No man more so.

MRS. OLIVER: Well then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?

MRS. DILBER: No, indeed!

MR. TACKLETON: We should hope not.

MRS. OLIVER: Very well then. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose?

MRS. DILBER: No, indeed!

MRS. OLIVER: If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, the wicked old screw, why wasn't he more 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...all alone...by himself.

MR. TACKLETON: It's the truest word that ever was spoke, Mrs. Oliver. It's a judgment on him.

MRS. OLIVER: I wish it was a little heavier one; and it should have been, you can count on it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Now, open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know it's value to ye. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin to see to one's livelihood.

(MR. TACKLETON steps forward, not to be outdone, and produces his plunder.)

OLD JOE: Aha! Mr. Tackleton has been a busy man...Let's see, a seal...a pencil-case...a pair of sleeve buttons...hm...I'll give ye one pound eight—and not another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?

(Mrs. Dilber presents her bundle. OLD JOE brings out sheets, towels, a few articles of clothing, some silver.)

Adaptation by Mike Ferrians and Brenda Chapman

OLD JOE: Ah, quite a stash, Mrs. Dilber!...Of course, I always give too much to the ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin meself. Ha ha! (all laugh). Three pounds even, Mrs. Dilber. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half a crown.

MRS. OLIVER: And now undo *my* bundle, Joe! I was the first.

OLD JOE: Ah, and what do you call this? Bed-curtains!

MRS. OLIVER (laughing): Ah! Bed-curtains! Ha ha!

OLD JOE: You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him a-lying there?

MRS. OLIVER: And why not? He wasn't apt to catch his cold without 'em, I dare say.

OLD JOE: I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?

MRS. DILBER: Don't you be afraid of that.. I wasn't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about if he did! (they laugh)

(OLD JOE pulls out a fine silk shirt.)

MRS. OLIVER: 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.

OLD JOE: And what do you call wasting it?

MRS. OLIVER: Why, putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure!

(Laughter. OLD JOE figures sums in his head, then opens a money bag filled with coin, and counts out into her hand.)

OLD JOE: Four pounds, six shillings and twopence—and not a penny more if I was to be boiled for it!

MRS. DILBER: And this is how it ends. He scared every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha ha ha!

SCROOGE: Spirit, this is a fearful place. Surely there can be no reason to bring me to this God-forsaken part of the city, except that the case of this unhappy man might be my own. Yes, the items they have stolen are similar to mine. I see the point. But surely there is someone who feels some emotion caused by this man's death. Show that person to me, I beg you!

(SCY turns and points opposite. Lights come up on a family table, where two children are seated. The mother is pacing back and forth. Her husband enters. He is sober but not without hope.)

CAROLINE: Oh, finally you've come, Thomas. What have you heard? Is it good, or bad?

THOMAS: It is bad, I'm afraid.

CAROLINE: Are we ruined, Thomas? Did he deny you the extra time you asked for? Has he evicted us?