

SJS Drama Club - Fall/Winter 2016
Audition Lines for *HO HO HO! The Santa Claus Chronicles*

This year's play is a Christmas comedy that is set at the North Pole. It features many fun characters and one character, in particular, that speaks with an English accent. So, if you have an English accent, please show it off! Show as much personality and creativity as possible and have fun!

Please choose **ONE** of the following monologues, taken directly from this year's play **OR** the following excerpt from "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" by Clement Clarke Moore, to memorize and/or read for your audition. Your audition choice **will not** affect the role you will be assigned in the play. We are looking for your audition performance to include memorization, clarity of voice, projection, expression/body language, and enthusiasm/energy.

HOST (of The Santa Claus Chronicles): "We all know what that sound of jingling sleigh bells means. It has brought joy and happiness to millions of children over the years. They know that wonderful ringing means Santa Claus is on his way. You remember it, don't you? It's Christmas Eve, and you're supposed to be in bed... but you can't even think of sleeping, knowing that ol' St. Nicholas is due at any minute. Did you ever think about how he gets ready for that night visit? And just who helps him? Tonight, on this special edition of The Santa Claus Chronicles, we're live at the North Pole and going behind the scenes to meet some of the people... (*Leans forward*) ...and elves... (*Leans back*) ...who prepare everything for the "Night Before Christmas." We all have lots of questions about Santa Claus and his operations, and tonight we're going to get some answers."

PRESS SECRETARY (For Santa. Carrying a piece of paper as a prop.): "Good evening. I trust you all have been good little girls and boys this year. After all, the Chief knows who's been naughty and who's been nice. Now I'll read a brief statement after which I'll answer a few questions. (*Clears throat and reads from a paper*) "For many, many years now, Santa has received letters detailing lists of toys the children want. More and more, however, children are also asking questions which, as you may well imagine, Mr. C. just doesn't have time to properly answer. It is in that spirit that the Chief thought this press conference might alleviate some of that backlog." (*Looks up*) So now I'll take the first question. One at a time. (*Points to a Reporter*) Yes, you."

GLADYS SNOWING (All-Knowing Editor of the *Snow News*. Likes to talk in puns. Carrying a newspaper or a piece of paper as a prop.): “Well, well, well, where to begin? Our newspaper is about like any other I suppose. I always try to keep my stories interesting and thought provoking. I never write down to anyone, which is sometimes hard to do when a lot of your readers are elves. (*Smiles.*) Sorry, couldn’t resist. (*Indicates the front page of her paper.*) First thing I like to point out is our weather report. I call it the “Sleet Sheet.” And today I wrote (*Reads.*) “Cold.” (*Smiles.*) Well, what did you expect? Oh, I don’t just stop there. (*Reads.*) “Good night to have chestnuts roasting on an open fire. Fifty percent chance of Jack Frost nipping at your nose.” (*Looks out.*) Another one I couldn’t resist! Oh, I have the usual columns. (*Stops on another page.*) Here’s our stock market report. I call it “Polar Bears and Bulls.” For those interested in certain commodities, I reported that reindeer are on the move, sleigh bells are ringing up, yo-yos keep going up and down, candy canes have come up to a curve, and elf shoes are selling short. But, of course, that’s perfect for them.”

EXCERPT FROM “’T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS”

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!
On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONDER and BLITZEN!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"