

*Once Upon a Mattress*  
**Audition Details**

**Audition Dates:**

Monday, February 24<sup>th</sup> and Tuesday, February 25<sup>th</sup> at 6pm. You do NOT need to attend both audition days.

**What to Expect at Auditions:**

- \*We will take your picture.
- \*There will be a group movement/dance portion of the audition.
- \*You will audition one at a time in front of the creative team for the singing and reading portions.

Please Note: If you are not a vocalist, please still audition. We will work with you during this section of the audition to determine your strengths.

**Callback Date:**

Callbacks on Thursday, February 27<sup>th</sup> at 6pm.

**What to Expect at Callbacks:**

You may be asked to return to callbacks to sing and/or read auditions sides.  
You may be asked to read or sing with other potential cast members.  
Some people will NOT be called back- but may still be cast.

**Casting information:** We will be casting 15-24 actors, ages 14 and up.

**What to Bring to Auditions and Callbacks:**

- \*Water - we do have bottle fillers at ECC.
- \*Closed-toed shoes and comfortable clothing you can move in.
- \*Complete list of any conflicts from May through July that you may or do have.

**Rehearsal Information:**

Typical Rehearsal Schedule: 2-4 evenings a week (M-Th).

It may depend on your role on how often you are called to rehearse each week.

NOTE: It is POSSIBLE that we will move the rehearsals around depending on cast availability. We will let you know immediately if we need to move dates around.

MANDATORY Tech Rehearsals: Saturday, July 19 and Sunday, July 20

**Performance Information:**

*Once Upon a Mattress* will be performed at 7:30pm on July 24, 25, and 26 and at 2pm on July 27.

*Once Upon a Mattress*  
**Audition and Callback Sides**

**Page 1**

Dauntless

Wizard – two sections

Minstrel

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King Sextimus as pantomime and Jester, 2 pages

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Queen Aggravain – two sections

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Winnifred

Larken

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Winnifred & Dauntless

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Larken & Harry – two sections

### Dauntless

Mama, when am I going to get my Princess?

Mama, sometimes I get the funniest feeling that you don't want me to get married.

*(Pleading)* Mama...let Sir Harry try! Please! For me, Mama? Please!

You ought to see her swim, Mama. She's wonderful! Can I marry her, Mama, can I?

Mama, quiet! *(shouts)* I told you to SHUT UP!

### The Wizard, Part 1

You have now reached the seventh plateau, and here is your final question. It is divided into four parts and concerns a famous man often referred to as the Knight of the Red Cross. 1. What was his name? 2. What beast did he slay? 3. How many rows of teeth did the beast have and what kind?... and 4. What was the middle name of the daughter-in-law of the best friend of the blacksmith who forged the sword that killed the beast?

### The Wizard, Part 2

*(To Winnifred)* Are you new here? Watch closely: I take a perfectly plain piece of parchment...Notice that it is a single piece of parchment with no folds, creases, or concealed pockets –

### The Minstrel

Sir Harry's perilous journey took three weeks, and Lady Larken had all but given up hope that he would find a true princess. Then, one sunny morning in mid-April when the crocuses were just beginning to dot the meadows, the lookout in the north round tower spied two distant figures approaching at full gallop.

The alarm was spread: 'Sir Harry is back! Sir Harry is back with the new princess!' Now, let's see how does this part go in the old story?

'On a stormy night to the castle door came the lass the prince had been waiting for...'

That, of course, is utterly untrue. It didn't storm that night at all. In fact, it wasn't even night. And the princess only *looked* as though she'd come in from a storm.

King Sextimus, page 1

JESTER and MINSTREL enter UP RIGHT)

JESTER: My father expected me to follow in his footsteps but then I landed this jester job and . . . What's wrong?

KING: (Worried)

JESTER: You're worried?

KING: (Yes)

JESTER: About what?

KING: (Points OFF RIGHT)

JESTER: Who?

KING: (Lady)

JESTER: Some lady? Which lady?

KING: (Two syllables)

JESTER: Two syllables.

KING: (First syllable)

JESTER: First syllable.

KING: (Bird)

JESTER: Bird . . . some kind of bird.

KING: (Yes)

JESTER: Auk, bluebird, catbird, dove, eagle, finch, grouse, hawk, ibis, jay, kiwi, lark, marten . . .

KING: (Claps hands on "lark")

JESTER: Lark!

MINSTREL: Lady Larken.

KING: (Right . . . pantos small word . . . "and")

JESTER: "And" . . .

KING: (Pantos: Knight)

JESTER: A Knight?

MINSTREL: Which Knight?

KING: (Sir Harry)

BOTH: Sir Harry!

King Sextimus, page 2

KING: (Pantos: "Dust")

JESTER: Dust . . .

KING: (Sounds like)

JESTER: Sounds like dust . . . uh . . . "lust"

KING: (How could you)

MINSTREL: "Must." Must what?

KING: (Erase)

MINSTREL: You're going to start all over, right?

KING: (She's in trouble)

JESTER: She's in trouble.

MINSTREL: What kind of trouble?

KING: (Big)

JESTER: Big trouble . . .

MINSTREL: How many syllables?

KING: (Pregnant)

JESTER: She's going to have a baby.

KING: (Takes off crown, puts it under his tunic, and waddles)

JESTER: Does anyone else know?

KING: (Sir Harry)

JESTER: Sir Harry.

MINSTREL: Of course! But does anyone *else* know *besides* Sir Harry?

KING: (No . . . and you must keep the secret)

JESTER: Don't worry, we can keep a secret! The question is . . . can *you*?

KING: (Me? I can't even talk. "Locks" his mouth and swallows the "key")

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### Queen Aggravain, Part 1

Do you mean to ask me to believe that you're a true princess of the royal blood, and am I to *actually* understand that you have the nerve and the gall and the presumption to apply for my son's hand in marriage?

Do you imagine for one moment that I would even consider you suitable for any son of mine? You are laboring under a very unfortunate misapprehension, my dear; my son isn't going to marry any moat-swimmer; not while I have breath in my body.

And I haven't been well, not well at all...I get these shooting pains all in through here. And don't try to tell me it's the vapours. I know what the vapours are - I've *had* the vapours.

### Queen Aggravain, Part 2

Don't *want* you to get married? Don't *want* you to get married? Dauntless – don't you trust me? Well, then how can you say such a thing? I *want* you to get married! How many times have I said to you, "I want you to get married?"

Only this morning, I was saying to your father, I said, "Sextimus, I want that boy to get married. It just isn't normal for a boy that age to stay single! And after all, he is the Prince," I said, "Don't forget that. He's next in line to the throne. I mean we're not exactly the oldest people in the world, but on the other hand, we're not going to live forever, and I just know that I'd feel much better, much easier, and more relaxed in my mind if that boy were married, and settled and set!"

And that is absolutely verbatim, *exactly* what I said to your father this morning. Of course, he didn't say anything. He never does. But you know him just as well as I do; I don't have to tell you how impossible he is. But that's my cross of pain; and I don't want you to worry your head one tiny bit about that fact that your father and I don't get along, and never have. If he makes me miserable, and makes me suffer. I just have to put up with it, and I will not allow it to affect my child's attitude toward him or me. He may be a mean, stupid, dreadful, selfish, rotten man, but he is your father and I want you to respect him.

There is only one person who really cares about you and really worries about your health and your happiness and your future and that's what I'm talking about right now; your future, and I want to make myself absolutely clear; I *want* you to get married, *but* I don't want you to marry just *anybody*. After all, marriage is a lifetime partnership, and I wouldn't want to see my little boy make the same mistake I did and wind miserable the way I did.

You *are* a prince, and you must marry someone suitable, someone who's good enough, and fine enough for my good, nice, sweet, beautiful baby boy. And, of course, she has to be a princess. I mean a *real* princess. That's one thing I absolutely insist upon. She has to bear al, genuine, Bonafide princess just as I was. That's what you really want, isn't it? Someone like me? Of course you do!

### Winnifred

*(reading a history book)* And so, Prince Waldere, having slain the dragon Fafner with the sword Minning, rescued the Princess Frigga, and together they mounted his horse, Trigga...and rode to the castle, Voonderbar, where they were married and lived happily ever after. *(closes book)* Well, I'm glad.

### Larken

Oh, Harry! Harry, look at me...I...I was trying to run away – but it was only because I thought you didn't love me *(Waits for response, gets none, tries again, tentatively)*...I thought you didn't love me? *(still nothing ...tries a different tack)* But even if you – don't love me, I can't love anyone but you, and I want to be near you if I can...as long as I can...Oh, Harry, I don't blame you if you've changed.

Winnifred & Dauntless

**Winnifred:** I swam the moat. But, never mind. If I just stand right here, there's a nice draft. I'll be dry in no time. (*Pauses*) Well, it is a little hard making the adjustment to dry land and everything.

**Dauntless:** You must feel like a fish out of water.

**Winnifred:** As a matter of a fact, I do. You see, where I come from, we don't *have* any dry land. Oh, some of the poorer people do, but the nobility all live right *in* the swamp, with their servants and pets.

**Dauntless:** Oh, do you have pets?

**Winnifred:** Lots!

**Dauntless:** Dogs?

**Winnifred:** Frogs!

**Winnifred:** By the way, I don't think I ever told you...my full name is Winnifred the Woebegone. But Winnifred's a little too formal. You can call me by my nickname.

**Dauntless:** Winnie?

**Winnifred:** Fred!

**Dauntless:** Fred! What a beautiful name...So straight...So strong...So *you!* I like you, Fred. I like you!

**Winnifred:** You are just saying those words to be kind.

**Dauntless:** No, I mean it. I like – I mean, I love you, Fred!

**Winnifred:** He is out of his medieval mind!



**Lady Larken & Sir Harry – Part 1**

**Lady Larken:** Do you remember the picnic we all had on the greensward with the lovely, cold pheasant?

**Sir Harry:** Yes.

**Lady Larken:** And you and I wandered away from the others to climb the hill and watch the sun go down?

**Sir Harry:** Yes.

**Lady Larken:** And a lark was singing in the trees and you said you'd remember that moment forever because the lark's song reminded you of my name?

**Sir Harry:** Yes, Larken, yes!

**Lady Larken:** And then we watched the sun go down?

**Sir Harry:** Yes!

**Lady Larken:** Well, (*Pauses, takes a deep breath, then speaks*), I'm going to have a baby. So, you see, a princess for Dauntless must be found...and soon, or I shall have to go away somewhere.

**Sir Harry:** uh...urhm...

**Lady Larken:** Oh, darling, this could ruin you, and you'd never be Prime Minister or anything! I'll go far away where they 'll never find me. Just say the word!

**Sir Harry:** No! You'll stay here! Why should we both suffer all our lives just because *you* had a moment of weakness!

**Lady Larken:** (*Ecstatically*) Oh, Harry!

**Sir Harry:** We're none of us perfect! Everything's going to be alright.

**Lady Larken & Sir Harry – Part 2**

**Lady Larken:** I've never been so humiliated in my life!

**Sir Harry:** What's the matter?

**Lady Larken:** I thought she was a chambermaid!

**Sir Harry:** Larken? How could you? How could you mistake the Princess for a chambermaid?

**Lady Larken:** How could *I*? How you could *you* mistake that *chambermaid* for a *Princess*?

**Sir Harry:** Don't say such a thing! Just because you made a stupid mistake --

**Lady Larken:** **Lady Larken:** I made a mistake? Don't you dare try to blame it on me.

**Sir Harry:** I *do* blame it on you.

**Lady Larken:** She was on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor.

**Sir Harry:** She's a real lady wherever she was. That's more than I can say for some people around here!

**Lady Larken:** I hate you!

**Sir Harry:** Well, I hate you, too!