

# SNOW QUEEN AUDITION MONOLOGUES



The Snow Queen is a heart-warming and slightly surreal winter story that follows 12-year-old Gerda on a journey to find her best friend Kai.

This production is a shadow-puppetry performance, so we're looking for distinctive and characterful voices to bring life to the characters. The performance style we're after is heightened naturalism: a little over the top, but still holding a realistic, emotional truth.

**EVERYONE** must read...

for the **Narrator** and then pick **ONE** character from **EACH** of the following sections – five roles in total.

**Please label your audio files in the following format:**

**first name. surname. category number. role.**

**e.g. john.doe.1.narrator**

**We will only accept audio files, not video files.** You may submit one file containing all the recordings, or an individual file for each one if you are unable to collate them. Please state your full name and the role that you are reading at the beginning of each recording/before you read for each character.

**For example, you could choose to read:**

**Narrator, Odlef the Sledder, Gerda, Wicked Robber Woman, and Cawnelius the Dove.**

While you do not have to read from each category, we would strongly recommend that you do, as we're searching for vocal range because most roles are multi-roles. Have a read of each monologue out loud and choose the ones that you most enjoy, and best display your vocal range, tone and ability.

**Don't be afraid to experiment and try new things!**



# AUDITION SECTION GUIDE



## Section 1

**Narrator** - narrates the story

## Section 2

**Kai** - Gerda's best friend, who's all talk and no trousers

**Odlef the Sledder** - a cheerful, local sledding enthusiast

**Prince Anders** - a haughty young prince that knows everything, or so he thinks

**Sneaky Robber Youth** - a rotten young scoundrel whom Gerda meets on her travels

## Section 3

**Devil** - a vengeful and devious spirit out to wreak havoc on humankind

**Snow Queen** - merciless and unforgiving, with a heart as cold as ice

**Gerda** - a fierce and loving, young go-getter, determined to save her best friend, Kai

**Clever Princess** - much smarter than her husband, but less inclined to tell you

## Section 4

**Mormor** - Gerda's superstitious grandmother, fond of a morning beverage

**Sad Sorcerer** - mysterious and lonely, lives in the forest and friends with squirrels

**Cawdelia the Crow** - a bold, down to earth crow, tired of her husband's shenanigans

**Wicked Robber Woman** - a rude, foul woman that's apparently not above larceny

## Section 5

**Cawlin the Crow** - a spirited and comical crow who takes Gerda under his wing

**Cawnelius the Dove** - prim and proper, wouldn't seem out of place amongst royalty


**Poe the Reindeer** - a doleful, dopey, and sweet old soul

## SECTION 1



### NARRATOR

But the daemons would not listen to the Devil. They flew high with craggy wings and bitter intent. Their eyes gleamed with manic laughter, and as they rose higher and higher amid the clouds, the mirror seemed to join in. Closer to the angels they flew, and louder the mirror began to howl, shaking and tittering and falling about in their gnarled hands, until finally, they could barely hold onto it. With an acrid grin, the mirror slipped from their fingertips and began to crack and shake on its own. Among the heavens, the mirror could not find a single speck of evil to feed or fatten, so splintered into hundreds of millions, billions and more icy pieces, that each fell to the earth like acid snow.



## SECTION 2

### KAI

Are you scared Gerda? (pause) Pfft. Of course, *I'm* not scared. I'm three-and-ten years old - practically a grown man - I've got a whole year on you. I got into a fight last term at school, y'know, a proper one with fists and feet and everything. I showed him what's what. So, I'm confident I could take on anyone. Plus, well, you're a *girl* so... (pause) Oh, quit being so grumpy, Gerda. Just yesterday I beat you in chuck-farthing and I did NOT cheat, despite what you say. Some silly Snow Queen would be no match against me. I'd defeat her with my eyes closed. (pause) Hm. How would one go about defeating her anyway?

### ODLEF THE SLEDDER

Gerda, my girl! Aren't you a sight for sore eyes? I was intending to call on you in the next couple of days to plan another sneboldkamp\* after your team walloped mine last year! And is that my old friend, Kai? My goodness! It has been an age since I last saw you. How is school - as dreadful as mine, I hope? (pause) Have you come to watch me sled? I'll do my best. I am a little rusty, but, though I don't like to brag, I am rather good I'd say. I've heard that they are planning to hold an international sledding competition over in Davos sometime in the coming years. I hope I may qualify for it when it begins!

*\*Danish: snowball fight\**




## PRINCE ANDERS

Astute observation. I am Prince Anders. Formerly, Anders. Never yet have I been referred to as Kai. 'Tis but a simple name. Undoubtedly for a simple boy. I am not the least bit simple. In fact, I have earned several awards for the sheer breadth and depth of my complexity. I am rather intelligent you see, although I have been told that it is unbecoming to say so. However, I feel I need to announce my aptitude to appease less gifted individuals like yourself, so that you don't feel indisposed when you are unable to follow my superior line of conversation. And I tend to be the smartest individual in a room, so I rather trust my own opinion. (pause) Oh. Your cheeks appear to be turning a startling shade of red. Are you quite alright?

## SNEAKY ROBBER YOUTH

I just like to play with my pets. Look. (pause) We have to keep this one tied up. We stole him a week or two ago, and he's a rascal. Every evening I tickle his neck with my knife – just to remind the poor *deer* not to run away. I hate it when my pets run away from me. It hurts my feelings. And I treat them so well too. Look how careful I am with the blade. One slip and *whoops!* It's all over. But that's only happened once or twice – and it was never my fault – they moved. I swear it. Sliced their own throats.



## SECTION 3

### DEVIL

This will show Him. I shall take this mirror, forged from hell's filthy ice, far and wide across the globe. If there's even a spec of impurity, it'll twist and distort, showing how wicked even the most pious human can be. He will rue the day he cast me out. I'll corrupt his rivers and streams so that they run black with sin. I'll destroy His forests and meadows, so the plants wilt and rot with finite shame. (pause) I'll show him how abhorrent, how *ungodly* his earth really is, and then I'll be welcomed back. Then I will join my brothers once more.

### THE SNOW QUEEN

Who do you think you are? A trembling little miss on the back of a cowardly reindeer – one of my own, no less – ooh, quite the fearsome pair. Truly, I'm... *shivering*.  
Oh, no, you are. I don't feel the cold. (pause) Young girl, you ask how cold I must be to reap your *fester*ing souls and sow the seeds of frost? My heart is ice. I have endured naught but hate's bitter chill for the last thousand years. And you are far too late. The boy is about to join me.




## GERDA

I fancy sledding again, how about you? Or are you still a sore *taber*\* from yesterday? No? How about a snowman? Or we could see if your cousins fancied 'Squeak, Piggy, Squeak?' (Pause) *Kai!* What has put you in such a bad mood this morning? Is it because you lost? I've told you; girls can do anything that boys can. In fact, I'd wager we could do most things better. (pause) Well, if you insist on being such a colossal oaf, I have heard that Odlef's sledding on the hill down by the lake. He's supposed to be really, *really* quick, so we are going to sit, watch and cheer him on. Or if you still don't have anything nice to say, you don't have to speak at all. Now come on.

*\*Danish: Loser*

## CLEVER PRINCESS

What on earth is going on here? Start from the beginning, please. (pause) I see. (pause) Oh. Pay him no heed. I apologise for my husband's behaviour. He's new and possibly *temporary*. Anders is an acquired taste, certainly. But he does keep me entertained. Most of the men that wanted to marry me agreed with everything that I said, hoping it would endear them to me. Anders has taken it upon himself to disagree with everything everyone says – which brings its own problems – but I do so enjoy a good parley. And I always win.



## SECTION 4

### MORMOR

It is a scary story, little petal. For the Snow Queen used to be human, a kind royal, so I've heard, with terrible taste in men. She had her heart broken. It was pierced by a shard of ice that made her see everything ugly in the world, distorting all that was kind and good. (pause) Now, when the shard touched her heart, the Snow Queen transformed into something cruel and wicked: beautiful as ice, but with a soul as frigid as the frost that surrounds her. Few have seen her in person, fewer have lived to tell the tale. But you know when she's here. For she controls the ice and snow. (pause) So, for *himlens skyld*\*, put a coat on when you go outside.

*\*Danish: heaven's sake*

### SAD SORCERER

Oh, oh my. The flowers told me we had a visitor. I confess, I didn't quite believe them. Dreadful liars most of them are; they fill your head with pulp and pollen until you don't know whether you're coming or going. Or sitting or standing. Or whether you've put on your under-robies that morning, as it happens, but I won't trouble you with that story, I can't remember it really. I've had Egern remind me ever since. Hm, where was I? Ah yes! The flowers. I once spent... well, it must have been two years among the rose beds one time, trying to remember whether I'd put the teapot on to boil. Of course, by the time that I'd figured it out, the pot had gone cold. And nobody likes cold tea.






## CAWDELIA THE CROW

*Tchack!* Cawlin! What have I told you about making such a racket? Anyone would think you'd been raised without a nest. (pause) Who's this? What's she doing here? You picking up strays again? Did you not learn your lesson with that mermaid? Seafoam, she is now. Or the girl the size of a thumb? Impractical. Some people can't be helped. And why is it your *poor unfortunate souls* are always women, Cawlin? (pause) He has told you that we're married, correct? (pause) Well, I don't know what to think, do I? When you're not out picking up waifs and ragamuffins, you're caw-vorting with the woodpigeons. It's too much, Cawlin, too much!

## WICKED ROBBER WOMAN

What are you up to, brat? I'd sell ya for parts, but you're more trouble than you're worth. Needy as your father, right before he was trampled. I remember it well. Kept crying out '*a horse, a horse*'. I knew there was a horse. Three of 'em. Royal ones too, I was trying to get a bit of compy\* from the toffs\*\*. They pay out well y'know. Some light maiming would be my weight in gold, 'specially if I was holding a baby at the time (pause) Didn't expect your dad to jump in front of me like, but hey ho, he was always a few peas short of a casserole your father. (pause) Well, pass me my tonic bottle then, useless boy.

\*slang: compensation    \*\* slang: rich people



## SECTION 5

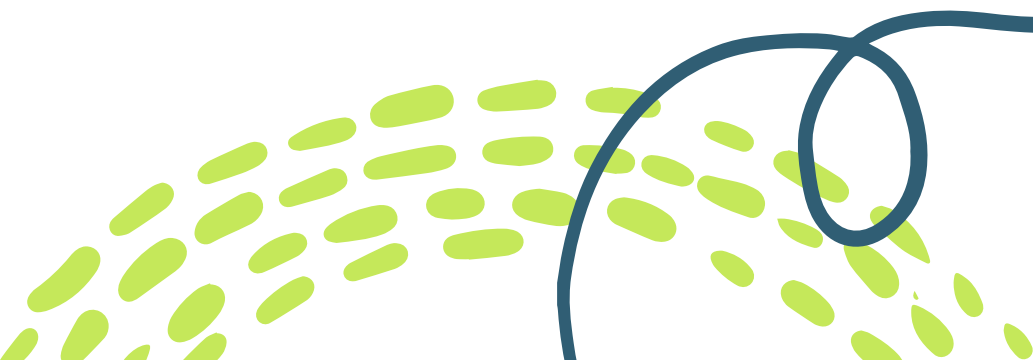


### CAWLIN THE CROW

She married 'im right on the spot. Your Kai. An' by an' large, 'e dint even invite you t' the weddin'. Oooh. I got a couple o' things I'll be sayin' to this gentleman. I 'ope he likes the taste o' feathers 'cause I'll be givin' 'im a rootin' tootin' feather dustin' crow roast sandwich. An' I'll lead you right to 'im. By right I can. (pause) But first, you gotta dry those tears up for me fledge, there's a good chick. Don't want t' let 'him know you're 'urting, the *great-titted-yellow-warbling-blue-footed-booby!* (pause) Sorry, Mistress Gerda, mind me language. Got carried away, I did. *This way!*

### CAWNELIUS THE DOVE

Cawlin. Old bean! Frightfully good to see you again. Caw-lette mentioned that she thought you were avoiding us, but I said blast! That's poppycock. He must have migrated for the winter – and here you are, good sport. Still, no time for a chinwag. We must schedule one of those later. We're here to help, old boy. We'll be lifting Miss Gerda over the wall in a jiffy. I've got my best boars on the job. That's what you call a male dove you know, boars; we'll be on it till we're cream crackered. Though it should be a doddle; the girl will be gallivanting off to the palace quicker than you can say spit spot! *Spit spot!*





## POE THE REINDEER

Poe doesn't have fleas. Poe's a clean reindeer. Poe likes lots of baths. And Poe doesn't like it when you scratch Poe's neck with the cut and carver. It makes Poe feel like Sunday lunch. They eat reindeers in the big city, Poe knows. (pause) *Lapland?* That's where Poe was born and bred, young sir. Running around in the huge gleaming valleys with all Poe's reindeer brothers and sisters. Some of them are famous now, working with Mr Kringle to give out presents every year on his flying sleigh. But Poe doesn't like heights. Poe likes to keep Poe's hooves firmly in the snow. That's where hooves are meant to be.

