**The Cross Road – VBS 2019** Audition Sides (Lines for Audition)

**Public auditions for worship team and drama are Sunday, April 28, at 12:15pm in CA213.**

**Actors who wish to audition for drama are asked to accept either a speaking or non-speaking role.**

**Characters:**

**Clara Brown:** Daughter of Judge Brown. (± 15 years old) Good girl.

**Melvin:** Clerk of the Overland Stage Company. Funny & nerdy pencil pusher. (any age)

**Rosa:** Resident of Cimarron, New Mexico, and owner of the cantina. Light Spanish/Mexican accent. Kind and good. (teen or adult)

**Clem:** Local yokel of Cimarron. Clem is a wild child, very unkempt, tomboyish. (teen)

**Panch & Pablo:** Two local Hispanic funny guys, possibly with a bandito look. (adult or teen)

**Ensemble:**

1. Townsfolk of Laramie, Wyoming (6-8)
2. Passengers on the stage coach (3)
3. Citizens of Cimarron (6-8. A blend of pioneer, cowboy, and latino.)
4. Puppeteer: two appearances in mine scene. This actor is able to be an ensemble actor too.

**Clara, Judge Brown**

Brown: Is this really everything, Clara?

Clara: Yes. Some of the neighbors dug through the ashes. This is all they could find. There was a little money in the bank – it is there too.

Brown: Such a terrible fire. It is a miracle the children are all right!

Clara: What now Papa? Buggy is my best friend! What will become of her and Jeremy?

Brown: They’ve lost nearly everything, including their parents, in that awful fire. They’ll have to stick together in order to survive.

Clara: Survive?! They been just fine over at the Widow Jenkins place, haven’t they?

Brown: Yes. But they can’t stay with Miz Jenkins. She can hardly feed her own brood, now that her husband is gone, much less two more that aren’t even hers. Laramie is no place for young’uns with no family. We got almost no government, or laws. No town council-

Clara: -but we got you!

Brown: Clara. I am a rancher. I take care of all this because no one else will. I would rather not be the local judge, mayor and sheriff all rolled into one. (hesitates) In the case of the Johnson kids, I am going to do what I think is best.

Clara: (becoming upset) Well…what do you think is best?

**Clara, Judge Brown**

Brown: Everything is settled. Miz Jenkins has kindly agreed to keep you a few more days, until the stage to St. Louis… Buggy? Jeremy? *(Clara enter)*

Clara: Here is some lemonade. Made fresh this morning. Where are they?

Brown: well…I…ah-

Clara: -they run off because of that orphanage idea of yours!

Brown: You think? *(looks around)* The bag is gone.

Clara: Papa, this is terrible!

Brown: They’ve got the money and the land deed…

Clara: Where would they go?

Brown: That is the question. Where would they go? They have no family, no home, no property – *(gasp)* wait… O no.

Clara: What?

Brown: Clara, grab your shawl. And hurry.

**Melvin, MT**

Melvin: (to MT, a little too cheerfully) Good morning, sir.

MT: Check this please.

Melvin: Yes sir! One small bag checked through. This stage is southbound-down the eastern slope. Big Bend, Denver, Trinidad, Cimarron, Santa Fe, aaand Albuquerque. Will you be ready for a 2:00 departure?

MT: (clears his teeth)

Melvin: I’ll put that down as a “yes.” Our driver, Dusty Reins, runs a pretty clean stage. Are you OK with non-smoking?

MT: (clears his teeth)

Melvin: “Another yes.” And did you decide on the full meal plan, including but not limited to hard tack, beef jerky, baked beans and coffee, or just coffee?

MT: Just coffee. (Melvin waits, frozen, as if asking another question) Black coffee.

Melvin Very good sir! And your final destination?

MT: My destination is my business.

Melvin: Well and good, well and good, but what label shall I put on your bag?

MT: (grabs his bag) I’ll take care of my own bag! Where is the driver? (Sees Dusty & X to him) Are you ever going to get this stage on the road?

Melvin: (following) Almost ready sir. I need to jot down your pertinent contact information. (mime conversation w/ Dusty.)

**Rosa, Daw**

Rosa: They sleep now.

Daw: Are they going to be OK?

Rosa: Si. They will be fine.

Daw: Who are they, and how on earth did they end up here in Cimarron?

Rosa: I do not know their names, but I discovered this when I searched the bag for some identification.

Daw: It is a land deed – for 160 acres. Suppose these are the names of their parents? The location is near the Sarsaparilla Mine - Clarence McDermott’s place.

Rosa: Si. The same property that Don Jose Fernando wishes to have in order to control all ranching and mining in Cimarron Valley.

Daw: Do they plan to keep the land?

Rosa: When Don Jose finds out they are land owners, who knows what he will do?

Daw: They will be powerless against Don Jose.

Rosa: It is their land. They must be allowed to keep it. Perhaps you could help them, Dawson Pike.

Daw: Me? Oh, no, I’m just the local stable man. Those kids are not my business.

Rosa: They have no one to defend them against Don Jose.

Daw: You think I can stand up to Don Jose? Forget it.

Rosa: You disappoint me, Dawson Pike. You are like a lion with the heart of a mouse.

Daw: I ain’t no coward – I just mind my own business!

Rosa: Dawson Pike, you fail to be the man you were created to be, to do good in this world. (Daw tries to protest. Enter Clarence, SR.)

**Rosa, Jose, Pancho, Pablo**

Jose: I will own the Sarsaparilla mine when Clarence McDermott fails to make his payment, according to my law. It is the nature of things, and it is the reason the school teacher will be powerless to resist me.

Rosa: (stepping into the middle of things) You are all fools. You think you know the ways of love, but you know nothing. You do not even know this teacher or what she is like.

Pancho: I know that she can make a pie. (snooping into the pie, held by Daw)

Pablo: Si. A very good pie, by the looks of things.

Rosa: But you do not know what is on her heart, or why she would come to this forsaken land. You do not know what she seeks – perhaps a man such as Dawson Pike. (Daw is embarrassed. Others react)

Jose: Do not be ridiculous. Why would she settle for a mouse when she can have a lion?

**Clem, Clarence**

Clarence: No time for that. I’ve got way too much work to do out at the Sarsaparilla mine. I almost have enough for a final payment to that dirty, low-down Don Jose Fernando. Plus, gotta get to bed early – big day of school tomorrow.

Clem: School? What use does a guy like you have for school?

Clarence: (loftily) I have always had respect for the Four R’s of education.

Clem: Four R’s? What’s that?

Clarence: You know! Reading, writing, arithmetic, and my personal favorite – romance!

Clem: Romance – that ain’t a thing. (Clarence is puffed up)

Clarence: It will be a thing when that school teacher sets her eyes on her star pupil.

Clem: You?! A star pupil. HAHAHAHA (convulses in laughter, all react)

**Clem, Jeremy**

Jeremy: (Enter USL. X to Clem.) Sh! Don’t make noise. Tell me, where is Buggy?

Clem: (Stage whisper) She is in jail. Don Jose wants to catch you.

Jeremy: (Stage whisper) But I’m innocent! I did not take that gold.

Clem: (Stage whisper) It is a trick. Don Jose had the gold planted in your bag.

Jeremy: (Stage whisper) Why?

Clem: (Stage whisper) So that he could cheat Clarence out of the mine, keep the gold, and get rid of you. You must be quiet, and careful. (Jeremy X to jail window.)

**Clem’s one-liners**

Clem: They done a duel. You missed all the excitement, and your man there got beat.

Clem: It’s true. Hey sheriff, need a witness? I heard with my own ears that these two (Pablo & Pancho) planted the gold in Jeremy’s bag, so Don Jose could take both the mine and the kids’ land. (MT takes Pancho & Pablo by the arm)

Clem: Whoo-ee. Dawson Pike, US Marshal! (Reaction. Buggy & Jeremy whisper)

Clem: Look at that - a preacher at a loss for words! (laughter)

**Pancho, Pablo, Clem**

Clem: (stands, speaks loudly)Well where is he? You said he’s out here talkin’ to hisself.

Pancho: Ai!!! Not so loud! The miner shoots first and asks questions later!

Pablo: Listen. You will see. He speaks, and no one is there!

Pancho: No one, except the friend in his head.

Clem: You two better not be wasting my time.

Clarence: (ad lib) begins singing happily

**Pancho, J, Clem**

Pancho: (quickly stands) I am your most eager student, Senorita.

J: Thank you. Clementine? Clementine? (Clem is tries to hide. Students giggle.) Is Clementine here? (they nudge Clem & giggle) Are you Clementine?

Clem: I prefer to be called Clem, ma’am.

J: All right…Clem. (X to front.) And Pablo. (He stands, digging for his paper)

Clarence: (stage whisper) What’er you doing?

Pablo: My secret weapon. (clearing throat) I have written something.

It is a poem, especially for you, Senorita. I call it “My Little Enchilada.”

 Your face is the tortilla, white and round. (giggle from students)

 Your eyes are the olive shiny and brown, (giggle)

 Your lips are the salsa, spicy and red (giggle)

 You are my little enchilada – without you I am- (big laugh)

**Pancho, Pablo**

Pancho: Ai, Chihuahua. The miner had much gold in his bag.

Pablo: Si, it was a clever plan to put it in the boy’s bag.

Pancho: Si. Everyone will agree the boy and his sister are thieves and send them away.

Pablo: Where will they go?

Pancho: Who knows? Perhaps the orphanage in St. Louis. Does it matter?

Pablo: It does not. Don Jose will pay us for taking the gold, and he will win the land.

Pancho: Si. And perhaps someone will win the heart of the school teacher! (Clem reacts)

**Pancho’s monologue**

Pancho: According to the rules of a duel to restore honor, each pistol will have one bullet in the chamber. You will stand back to back. As I count you will walk \_\_\_ paces. You will turn, face each other, and prepare to fire. When I drop the kerchief, you may take aim and fire. Remember, after one shot the duel is over, no matter the outcome. May the best man win. And now the count: uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez….(Jose X SR, Jeremy X SL. Turn and take aim.)