

## Fantastic Mr. Fox

### Monologue Options

**\*\*All audition monologues are gender non-specific.\*\***

MR. FOX. I dare not tell you where we're going, because this place I am hoping to get to is so marvelous that if I described it to you now, you would go crazy with excitement. And then if we failed to get there, which is very possible, you would die of disappointment. I don't want to raise your hopes too much, my darlings. (He sniffs the air.) We'll make off in this direction. I'll go first. Whiskers down and... dig! (He digs.) I think we had better take a peep upstairs now and see where we are. I know where I want to be, but I can't possibly be sure we're anywhere near it.

BEAN. Shut up and listen. Things are a little different now. I have been thinking – an activity unknown to either of you two. Tomorrow night, we'll all hide just outside the hole where the fox lives. We will be silent. We will be patient. We will wait there until he comes out, then – bang, bang, bang! I said things were a little different. I have already found the hole. It's up in the wood on the hill. Hidden, oh so carefully hidden, under a huge tree... and there, Mr. Fox, we will be meeting with you tonight.

RAT. Go away. You can't come in here. It's private. Go away! Beat it! This is my private room. I will not shut up. This is MY place. I got here first. You're poaching. Put that down at once! There'll be none left for me. Mind your own business. And if you great clumsy brutes come messing about in here, we'll all be caught. Get out and leave me to sip my cider in peace... What did I tell you? You nearly got nabbed, didn't you? You nearly gave the game away! You keep out of here from now on!

FIRST CHILD. My mom says I'm not to go anywhere near the valley 'cause of those three nasty men. You know the ones – they're always talking together in low whispers and looking over their shoulders to see if anyone's listening. The dreaded Boggis, Bunce, and Bean, no less. I think old Boggis is the worst. He's got absolutely thousands of chickens locked away in those chicken houses. And he's so fat. He's got a head like the top of a boiled egg and a bristly, greasy moustache. D'you know, he eats three boiled chickens smothered with dumplings every day for breakfast, lunch, and supper? I can just see him eating the chicken legs in his fingers and all the grease getting in his moustache and running down his chin.

MR. BADGER. My goodness me, I'm glad I've found someone at last! I've been digging in circles for three days and nights and I haven't the foggiest idea where I am. Haven't you heard what's happening up on the hill? It's chaos. Half the wood has disappeared and there are men with guns all over the countryside. None of us can get out, even at night. We're all starving to death. That's me, Mole, and Rabbit, and all our wives and children. Even Weasel, who can usually sneak out of the tightest spots, is right now hiding with Mrs. Weasel and six kids. What on earth are we going to do, Foxy? I think we're finished.