

Mole audition libretto

Mole: Ratty said 'Go and stay by the cart. Don't go into the Wild Wood. That's what Ratty said. Very well, that's just what I shall do.

(Mole begins to make his way towards the cart when it starts to snow heavily)

Mole: Oh dear, now what? The cart and the ditch will be covered in snow shortly, then I shall have no cover at all. Perhaps I'll just wait here for a little while longer. After all, I'm.... I'm not in the Wild Wood exactly.

(The whispering becomes louder. Faces continue to pop out from behind trees but disappear every time Mole turns)

Mole: Oh dear, I have a nasty feeling I'm being watched. Oh I do wish Ratty would hurry up.

(Whispering continues, now words can be heard: 'Mole, Mole this way for shelter and warmth, don't go out in the open. This way Mole, this way,. Mole is uneasy now and shuffles from one tree to another)

Mole: I can hear you but I'm not listening; I'm not listening to a word.

(the wind and snow continue together with the whispering, 'Mole, Mole, come into the wood, this way Mole' Mole becomes panic stricken)

Mole: 'Stop it! Stop it! Oh Ratty, where are you? Come back soon Ratty I'm frightened.

Chief weasel's voice: Mole! Rat isn't going to come back for you. Not now, not in this weather. Much better to make your own way home, Mole, through the wood.

Mole: No Ratty told me to stay by the cart.

Chief weasel's voice: Through the wood Mole. We'll show you the way to your home. It's not very far Mole.

Mole: Who are you? Where are you? Oh, Ratty!

Chief weasel's voice: Remember your home Mole? All warm and snug. We'll show you the way!

Weasels: We'll show you the way!

Mole: *(shivering and weakening)* My home? Perhaps that would be best. But Ratty said the Wild Wood wasn't safe. Oh dear.

(The weasels have begun to approach, beckoning the wretched Mole into the wood)

Chief weasel's voice: This way Mole. We'll look after you and see you safely home.

Mole: *(entranced)* Home?

Chief weasel's voice: Home, through the wood Mole.

(Mole begins to walk deeper into the wood. The chief weasel appears and is about to finish off Mole when Rats voice is heard off stage. The weasels scatter and Mole is left in the wood alone and shivering)

Rat: Moly! Where are you? It's old Rat!

Mole: *(looking up weakly)* Ratty? Ratty? Is that really you?

Rat: *(relieved)* Ah, there you are. I've been searching everywhere! I told you to wait by the cart.

Mole: *(Talking hysterically)* Oh Rat! I've been so frightened, you can't think! The-weasels-came-and-they-said-you'd-forgotten-me-and-that-you-wouldn't-come-back-for-me-and-they'd-show-me-the-way-to-my-home-which-I-haven't-seen-for-such-a-long-time-and-it-was-snowing-so-I-thought-I'd-just-follow-them-then-they-started-singing-a-horrid-song-and-a-great-big-weasel....

Rat: There, there. It's alright now. I quite understand, but you shouldn't really have gone and done it, Mole.

Mole: How's Toad?

Rat: Oh, he'll be alright. We ran into James, his hedgehog, in the town, who kindly said he would see the old boy to Toad Hall. Now then, we really must make a start for home while there's still a little light left. It will never do to spend the night here. The cold is too awful, and the snow will soon be too deep for us to wade through.

Mole: Oh, Ratty, I'm dreadfully sorry, but you must let me rest here a while and get my strength back, if I am to get home at all.

Rat: Poor old Mole. Those weasels gave you quite a turn, didn't they?

Mole: Mm.

Rat: Look, I tell you what. There's a sort of dell down there in front of us. We'll make our way down into that and try and find some sort of shelter out of the snow and wind. There we'll have a good rest before we start for home. Now how's that?

Mole: Thank you, Ratty. You're a good friend.

