



Thank you for auditioning for

**THE ELF ON THE SHELF: A CHRISTMAS MUSICAL**

**Non-Union National Tour**

**ROLE: HUDSON**

Present in the room will be director/choreographer, producing team & casting.

Initial Call please prepare:

- A brief song in the style of the show (up-tempo, jazzy Musical Theatre) that shows personality and range.
- Please be familiar with the sides in this packet.

If you are called back please prepare:

- This ENTIRE packet.

**INSTRUCTIONS:**

Be sure to bring your picture and resume, otherwise we will not have one in the room!

Thanks so much!  
W | S Casting

**wojcik | seay** casting, llc

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**HUDSON - SIDE 1**

BOB

Carol -- I was a Dad myself, you know. And a single Dad, at that!  
No problem.

**START**

CAROL

You're amazing. See you in the morning.

(As she's leaving)

Oh, the den is all set up for you. Sleep well!

(CAROL leaves. A beat. Suddenly, absolute chaos  
breaks out.)

EVAN

(Chanting)

Mom's gone! Mom's gone!

(HUDSON joins him. THEY begin jumping up and down  
on the sofa; perhaps make "fart sounds" with their  
armpits.)

EVAN &amp; HUDSON

Mom's gone! Mom's gone!

BOB

Boys! Get down from there, you're going to break your necks!

(The BOYS ignore him. THEY grab the bowl of Tater  
Tots and try to throw them across the room into  
each others' mouths.)

EVAN

Catch!

BOB

Evan! Hudson! Stop that! And what are those?

HUDSON

Tater Tots!

EVAN

The snack we made you!

(HUDSON picks one up off the floor. It's covered  
in dust.)

HUDSON

Want one?

EVAN

Five second rule!

BOB

I'll pass, thanks.

(The BOYS continue to be loud and rowdy. BOB goes to his bag, and gets out *The Elf on the Shelf* box set.)

BOB (CONT'D)

Well, I guess you don't want to see the PRESENT I brought?

(The BOYS stop cold.)

EVAN

Present?! What present?

HUDSON

I want a present!

BOB

If you sit down, I'll show you.

(The BOYS push and shove one another, trying to get to the sofa first. THEY snuggle around Bob.)

BOB (CONT'D)

(Showing them the box set)

It's an *Elf on the Shelf*. A magical gift from the North Pole.

EVAN

(Incredulously)

From the North Pole?

HUDSON

Wow!

(Pressing his hand up to the case)

I can feel cold air!

EVAN

(Grabbing it.)

Let me feel!

BOB

Gently! There's a real Elf in there!

(The BOYS open the box set and take out the book. THEY begin looking through it. ELLA comes out of her room, grabbing her backpack.)

BOB (CONT'D)

Ella-bella, look! We got an *Elf on the Shelf*. Want to see?

ELLA

No thanks, Grandpa. I'm not really into Christmas. And I still have more studying to do.

BOB

Ok, I'm here if you need anything, sweetie.

(ELLA goes back into her room. BOB watches her leave. The BOYS have been reading.)

HUDSON

Grandpa, come on!

EVAN

It says here,

**(#06) NAMING OUR ELF**

EVAN (CONT'D)

"The first time I come to the place you call home, you quickly must give me a name of my own."

BOB

Good reading, Evan!

HUDSON

We get to name our Elf? Anything we want?

BOB

Yes, and let's make it a good one.

I'VE GOT IT, I KNOW IT

**END**

A GREAT CHRISTMAS POET

YES, CLEMENT CLARK MOORE WOULD BE FUN

HUDSON

Who?

EVAN

OR YODA, SINCE HE KNOWS EVERYTHING

YODA! THAT'S IT! WE'RE DONE.

**START**

EVAN

Will Tater Tot live here forever? Watching if we're good or bad?

HUDSON

(Guiltily)

Uh-oh.

BOB

No, he can only stay 'til Christmas Eve. But he can come back next year.

HUDSON

Like you, Grandpa.

BOB

Right...

(Doesn't want to get too emotional; changes the subject by looking at his watch.)

Well look at the time! You boys have to get to bed.

EVAN

No way, I'm gonna stay up all night and watch Tater Tot!

BOB

No sir, you have school tomorrow.

HUDSON

It's only kindergarten. It doesn't count.

BOB

(Teasing him)

If you don't go, you won't be able to count! Besides, Tater Tot has to fly to the North Pole.

EVAN

Yeah! And tell Santa the presents we want!

BOB

That's not --

HUDSON

(Yelling into Tater Tot's face)

I want a bike!

EVAN

I want action figures!

HUDSON

(Waving a finger in Tater Tot's face, getting frighteningly close.)

Yeah, Santa better bring good stuff, Elf!

BOB

(Stopping him)

Now remember, Tater Tot can't be touched, or he'll lose his magic.

HUDSON

How come?

BOB

It's Santa's law.

EVAN

But what we if we touch him by accident? How would he get his magic back?

HUDSON

(Whining/screaming)

Yeah! What'll we do?

BOB

I'll...find out. I'm sure there's something. But it doesn't matter, because you're not going to touch him, right? Now go put on your PJs, brush your teeth, and get to bed. Or your mom won't let me babysit anymore.

(THEY hug Bob.)

EVAN

'Night, Grandpa.

HUDSON

Goodnight.

BOB

Love you, kiddos.

**END**

(THEY exit, bickering about who will get better toys for Christmas as they go. With the boys off, BOB knocks on Ella's door. SHE answers, now in her PJs.)

BOB (CONT'D)

Sweetie, your brothers went to bed. Do you need anything before I turn in?