

Frozen The Musical - Weselton Audition Material

1 Song and 2 Scenes

Audition Song: A Musical Theatre song of your choice

Audition Scene 1: Act One, Scene Ten

WESELTON

I can't handle all of this snow!

HANS

Blanket. Who needs a blanket? The castle is open. You're welcome inside.
There's plenty of hot glugg.

TOWNSPERSON

Sir, has there been word of the Queen or Princess?

HANS

Not yet.

TOWNSPERSON

Do you think the Queen means to hurt us?

WESELTON

Of course she does!

HANS

No. Princess Anna has faith in the Queen, and I trust Anna's judgment fully.

WESELTON

I bet your Princess Anna is in on this, too. Think about it: two women living alone behind locked gates in secrecy for over a decade. And then on Coronation Day, the Queen unleashes a deadly, dark magic on her own people.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE gasp and talk anxiously.)

HANS

You're frightening them.

WESELTON

They should be frightened. Everyone knows nothing good can come from magic, especially in the hands of a woman.

HANS

Do not listen to this man's ignorance.

WESELTON

I'm not a man. I'm a Duke!

HANS

Well, I am a Prince, who is in charge of Arendelle, and I will not hesitate to protect it from treason!

WESELTON

Treason?!

TOWNSPERSON (O.S.)

My Lord!

(A TOWNSPERSON enters, offering HANS ANNA's dress.)

TOWNSPERSON

My Lord, this was found at the base of the North Mountain.

(He holds up Anna's dress, frozen and in tatters.)

HANS

Anna. **(Calling out:)** Princess Anna is in trouble. Please, I need volunteers to go with me to find her!

WESELTON

It's a trap.

HANS

(To WESELTON:) Enough!

Audition Scene 2: Act One, Scene Seven

BISHOP

Your Majesty, the Duke of Weaselton.

(WESELTON steps forward.)

WESELTON

Weselton! The Duke of Weselton. Your Majesty, as your most profitable trading partner, it's about time we met face to face. And lucky me, what a wonderful face you have. I mean, I've met some queens whose faces would

choke a horse, and there's no trading them in. What you get is what you get.
But you... You are a model queen.

ELSA

. . . Thank you?

WESELTON (*extending a hand:*)

Dance with me.

ELSA (*withdrawing:*)

Oh...

WESELTON

Come, let me tempt you with my tango.

ELSA

Thank you, but I don't dance.

WESELTON

Excuse me?

(ANNA covers for her.)

ANNA

What she means is she can't dance. She's terrible. Worst I've ever seen, frankly. I wouldn't want you to lose a toe. **(*Seeing his fancy shoes:*)** Or mess up those fantastic boots! Wow. What do they give you another two, three inches?

WESELTON

I've never heard of a queen who can't dance.

ANNA

Well, I've heard, what you get is what you get.

(WESELTON marches off into the crowd of partygoers, offended.)

WESELTON

(*To himself:*) There's something severely wrong with those two.