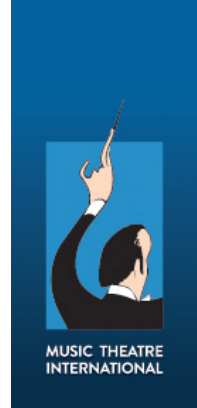


Music Theatre International

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Audition Central: Madagascar – A Musical Adventure JR.

Script: Gloria

SIDE 1

ALEX

Surprise!

MARTY

Aaaagh! Alex, don't interrupt me when I'm daydreaming. When the zebra's in the zone, leave 'em alone.

ALEX

C'mon, Marty! Can't a guy drop by to see his best friend? His best buddy? Say hi? Maybe even say, oh I don't know...

(GLORIA, MELMAN, the LIONESSES and MASON the Chimpanzee enter with a cake.)

GLORIA, MELMAN, LIONESSES, MASON

Happy birthday!!!

MARTY

Aw, you guys...

(The group recites their clearly planned birthday greeting.)

GLORIA

Happy birthday Marty! We made you something sweet.

ALEX

It's covered in frosting and it's so good to eat.

MELMAN

Ooh, it's your tenth birthday, this party is for you.

GLORIA, MELMAN, LIONESSES

Because you act like a monkey and you smell like one too!

MASON

Smell like a monkey?! I say! Stop perpetuating that loathsome stereotype! Uncivilized barbarians!

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SIDE 2

GLORIA

I just mentioned Conneticut! I didn't think he'd run away!

ALEX

I can't read this thing. Which one of these trains goes to Connecticut?

MELMAN

You know, maybe we should go back to the zoo and let the people handle it.

GLORIA

Will you stop being such a yellow-bellied scaredypants? C'mon! Alex, let's go!

MELMAN

Hey, I can't help being yellow, you know. Unless it's jaundice...

ALEX

Melman, if we tell the people that Marty's escaped, they'll be really mad and transfer him to another zoo for good. You don't bite the hand that feeds you!

GLORIA

Mm-hm. I know that's right.

ALEX

We gotta bring him back and stop him from making the biggest mistake of his life. I'm gonna ask for directions.

(ALEX approaches the NEWSPAPER MAN.)

Roar.

NEWSPAPER MAN

Aaagghhhh!

(The NEWSPAPER MAN screams and runs off.)

ALEX

What did I say?

GLORIA

I guess they don't speak the language.

MELMAN

Tourists.

ALEX

I'll speak slower.

(ALEX approaches the OLD LADY.)

Rooooo...aaaaaaarrrrr.

OLD LADY

Take that!

(The OLD! ADY stomps on his foot and hits him in the rear with her purse. Just then the PENGUINS enter, sneaking across the stage.)

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ALEX

Ow! Ow! Lady, would you please, ow!

OLD LADY

You're a bad kitty! Bad kitty!

ALEX

Argh! Lady, what is wrong with you?

OLD LADY

You're a bad kitty! Bad kitty!

SIDE 3

KING JULIEN

Welcome, you cavalcade of weirdos! Please feel free to bask in my glow.

MARTY

Uh. Okay.

KING JULIEN

We thank you for saving the insignificant life of Mort. Don't be rude, Mort, what do you say?

MORT

I just... I just want... I just want to say thank—

KING JULIEN

Oh, be quiet, Mort. You are so annoying! We also thank you with enormous gratitude for chasing away the Foosa.

(The LEMURS react in fear.)

Foosa.

(The LEMURS react in fear.)

GLORIA

The whoosa?

KING JULIEN

The Fo...

(Before the LEMURS react, KING JULIEN stops them with a look.)

...oosa.

SIDE 4

PRIVATE

Over here, Skipper!

SKIPPER

Signal Kowalski and Rico and tell them to drop anchor.

PRIVATE

Aye aye, Skipper!

(PRIVATE begins to signal the ship with semaphore flags.)

GLORIA

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Wait a minute. You guys were driving the boat? Where are the people?!

SKIPPER

We killed them and ate their livers.

(SKIPPER and PRIVATE laugh.)

Just kidding, doll, the people are fine. They're on a slow lifeboat to China. Hey! I know you two. Where's that psychotic lion and our monochromatic friend?

(MELMAN and GLORIA turn to find MARTY gone.)

MELMAN

Marty? Where'd he go? He was right behind us.

GLORIA

Oh no. He went back for Alex! He's gonna get himself killed! What are we gonna do?

MELMAN

What are we gonna do?

(beat)

I'll tell you what we're gonna do! We are going after him!

GLORIA

What?! But what about the Foosa?

MELMAN

Foosa, shmoosa! We're New Yorkers, aren't we?

SKIPPER

Forgedaboutit!

MELMAN

We can handle anything!

GLORIA, SKIPPER, PRIVATE

Yeah!

MELMAN

And we are not gonna sit around while our friend needs us!

GLORIA

Oh, Melman! You're acting so brave!

MELMAN

I know. I must be coming down with malaria.

GLORIA

Let's go after him before you start feeling better!

(GLORIA and MELMAN exit.)

SKIPPER

You hear that? Our monochromatic friend's in trouble! Looks like we have got a date with danger!

PRIVATE

Aye aye, Skipper!

(They start to exit. SKIPPER turns back to PRIVATE.)

SKIPPER

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You... probably won't survive.