

Acting Audition #3

Madagascar pgs. 58-59

KING JULIEN: The Foosa are catlike carnivorous animals native to Madagascar. They are always annoying us by trespassing, interrupting our parties and ripping our limbs off.

ALEX: Yeah. . .sounds good. Look, we're just visiting until the ship comes back for us, so-

KING JULIEN: You must tell me...who the heck are you?

ALEX: I'm Alex. THE Alex. And this is Marty, Melman and Gloria.

MAURICE: And just where did you giants come from?

ALEX: We're from New York.

KING JULIEN: All hail the New York giants!!

(Lemurs cheer and gather around the Zoosters while King Julien pulls Maurice aside.)

Maurice, I have a plan!

MAURICE: A plan?

KING JULIEN: We must make friends with the New York giants. The, Mr. Alex will protect us, and we will be safe and never have to worry about the dreaded Foosa ever again! I thought of that. Yes! Me! I did!

MAURICE: I don't know...something about Mr. Alex gives me the heebee-jeebees. All those teeth, sharp claws...

KING JULIEN: Maurice, why are you pooping on my party?

MAURICE: I'm just saying. What if he turns out to be even worse than the Foosa?

(A loud rumbling is heard) What was that?! What was that?!

ALEX: It was just my empty stomach.

KING JULIEN: Oh! Maurice! Please help some food into their fat mouths.

GLORIA: Finally! Food!

ALEX: Ahhhh. I could go for a nice, thick, juicy-

MAURICE: Seaweed-on-a-stick! That's all we've got.

GLORIA: Seaweed?

KING JULIEN: On a stick. But don't eat the stick. It tastes like stick.

MARTY: Mm-mm! That is good.

GLORIA: So good!

MELMAN: And organic.

ALEX: Yuuuuuuugh!

(Alex dry heaves a few times and wipes his tongue frantically with his paws.)

KING JULIEN: I think he likes it.

MAURICE: Care for some more?

ALEX: I'm gonna pass, thanks. Can we leave now?