



Audition Monologues

The Audition

Please, Mrs. Smith. Don't cast me as the kid! I always have to play the kid. But I can play anything! Watch. I can be a Mom: "Oh honey, welcome home from school. Here are some cookies I just baked for you." Or a real Mom: "Hey honey, jump in, bus is leaving, brought you a snack, how was school, did we lose your brother?" Or wait. A dog. I love playing dogs. "Yip. Yip. Yip. Where's my ball? Just let me play catch. I love to play catch." Or a villain: "Give me the money and give me it now! No questions and nobody'll get hurt."

See! I have great range! (Pause) It's just....I'm the littlest in everything. Nobody ever gives me a chance....in anything. Please. Just let me try.

'It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown' by Charles M. Schulz

Sally Brown:

I was robbed! I spent the whole night waiting for the Great Pumpkin when I could have been out for tricks or treats! Halloween is over and I missed it! You blockhead! You kept me up all night waiting for the Great Pumpkin and all that came was a beagle! I didn't get a chance to go out for tricks or treats! And it was all your fault! I'll sue! What a fool I was. And could have had candy apples and gum! And cookies and money and all sorts of things! But no, I had to listen to you! You blockhead. What a fool I was. Trick or treats come only once a year. And I miss it by sitting in a pumpkin patch with a blockhead. You owe me restitution!

Kid Hero (Boy or Girl)

I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super. I let a spider bite me...no spider powers; just lots of itching. I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me. Nothing. And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn. But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party. I was a hero that day. So, I guess it kinda worked.

I love being a hero. I love helping people. I love making them happy. And I hate bad guys. I hate creeps who hurt people.

There's this kid at school...he is always hurting everyone. I am sick of him hurting us. I just need those superpowers. I need something that will make him stop!

Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches. They look radioactive. If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me...something is bound to happen. (excited)

And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name. Protecto! Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask. Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff. (thinks then frowns) Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly. I better rethink this.



Charlie & The Chocolate Factory (Roald Dahl)

Violet:

I'm a gum chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. Now, of course, I'm right back on gum. I just adore gum. I can't do without it. I munch it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safekeeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every minute of the day, I really wouldn't. It may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over three months solid. That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmetal.

Wonka :

Bless you Charlie, you did it! You did it!!!! I created this contest with one purpose in mind. To find the perfect person to make new candy dreams come true. This was a test of character Charlie. I carefully selected rooms that would tempt each of our Golden Ticket winners. You, Charlie, did something quite remarkable. You gave in to temptation, you were smart enough not to get caught—and yet, you admitted your guilt. Charlie, do you love my Factory? Because from this moment on, it's yours!

Lee

Lee's dad is watching the news. Lee wants to watch cartoons instead.

Why do you watch the news every night, Dad? It's booooooring. It's always the same. The news is just a bunch of guys talking. It's JUST SO BORING! Can't we watch the cartoon channel? Don't you like to laugh? I feel like my head is going to explode all over this room I'm so bored---Pow! Splat! Smush! Here, I'll be the news guy: "Tonight everyone is very boring in the whole world. The whole world is boring and a bunch of other guys said boring things and the weather is boring. Have a boring night. It's boring. Good night." That's it! I just did the news for you. Now you don't have to watch it! Let's watch cartoons!

Dog Ate My Homework

Description: A student tells his (or her) teacher the truth about a missing homework assignment.

I'm sorry. I don't have my math homework, Mrs. Williams. I have a really good reason. You might think I'm lying, but I'm not. Everybody thinks that when your dog eats your homework you are for sure lying, and you just didn't get it done, but what if your dog actually eats your homework? Then what do you do? That's what happened to my homework. Our tiny evil poodle ate it. We have to be careful in our house because that poof-ball, who only likes my mother, eats everything, including gross stuff out of the cat box. So, I got home, and I set my homework on the table and I went to get some graham crackers and milk. After that, my brother wanted to play hoops in the driveway and he never wants me to play with him, so I did. When I got back inside, my homework was chewed up on the floor and the Devil Dog was hiding under the sofa. So, that's it. My real story about how my dog actually did eat my homework.



'You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown' by Clark Gesner

Charlie Brown:

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me.

There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her? She'd probably laugh right in my face... it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. All I have to do is stand up... I'm standing up! I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment? SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!!