

Regional Arts and Media Program

Performing Arts (Drama)

Audition Monologues

You may use one of these monologues for your audition, or your own if it is approximately 1-1.5 minutes in length and is age/content appropriate.

Talentless: Who ever heard of a mandatory talent show? What am I supposed to do up there? I can't sing, can't dance, baton twirl, juggle, do magic, play an instrument — nothing! How can I be forced to perform — for a grade — when I don't have anything I can do? Well, I read well. I could bore the class by reading a chapter of a book or something — I wonder if I'd get bonus marks for putting the class to sleep? I can just picture all the cheerleaders doing some cheer or dance number. Mr. Stephens will give them an A for sure! I know he thinks we've all got some kind of hidden talent, but he's wrong! Maybe I'll just be sick tomorrow - and the rest of the week. By the time I get back, he'll have moved on to some other assignment. Or, better yet, I'll tell him a relative died. I'll even cry! He'll have to feel sorry for me! Hmm, maybe I do have a talent.

Straight-A Student: I am proud to say that I am a straight-A student! Have been all my life! Not one single B, C, D, or F ...in art! I am easily the best artist in the entire school. I can't tell you how many lockers have an original work of mine hanging on the inside of the door! I sketch constantly — on the bus, at home, in class — practically in my sleep. Art is my passion! Not science or math! I'm never going to use any of that! The only time I get excited in any of those classes is project time. Finally, a chance to be creative! So I've gotten a few F's on my report card. Now they're talking about not letting me graduate! I've got more talent than anyone here and they're worried about passing me? I'll show them - one day, I'm going to be a famous artist!

Cinderella: My parents think I'm like their live-in maid or something! I'm a real-life Cinderella. If I let one thing slide it's like an avalanche and I can never get caught up! Not to mention I get grounded every time a chore doesn't get done. So I do all the things they tell me — laundry, vacuuming, empty the dishwasher, dusting. The only thing I don't do is cook or mow! And that's only because, number one: I learned really fast that if I cooked horribly (you know, burned stuff or left important ingredients out) I didn't have to do it, and number two: My mom saw a TV special on some kid who got hurt in a mower accident. I should mention that at least they pay me a generous allowance. Which would be cool if I ever had a minute to spend any or if they didn't make me save most of it! I think I'll have college paid for before I even graduate from high school!

Tough Guy: I live a split life. On one hand I'm this tough guy that everyone in school fears. I work hard at keeping up that side of me. You know, make sure no one ever sees me as weak. I like it that way, that's why I never let anyone see the other side of me. See, I'm a volunteer at the animal shelter. I get to walk the dogs, play with the kittens,

and sometimes bring them home until they're adopted. It's a hard job sometimes because we get some animals in pretty bad shape. Some of them don't make it. My friends would go nuts if they saw how sad I get over an animal. Anyway, people can be so cruel. How can you hurt something that is so small and defenseless? Anyway, you can see why I could never let anyone know this about me. I have a reputation to uphold, after all.

Vegetables?: My mother is trying to turn me into a rabbit! She thinks that our whole family should become vegetarians! Problem is, I can't stand vegetables. If God wanted me to be a rabbit, He'd have given me long ears and a cute little furry face! My dad agrees to all this just to humor her. We know Mom goes through these kinds of phases all the time. There was the time that she was anti-electric! She wanted us to use candles and hand wash everything. Oh, and the time she thought the microwave was harming us with radiation! I didn't get to make popcorn for a month! She gets all these strange ideas from TV. Every time the news has a special report, our lives change! All of her life changes make me want to go through a phase of my own - it's called "No TV Specials for Mom." Maybe then things would be normal around here.

A Statue on Stage: There I was. Frozen in time. I don't even think I blinked. I know my mouth didn't move, just hung open wide. No words came out. Complete silence. Then, from the audience — a cough. Offstage — a whisper. I think it was my line being whispered to me as if I'd forgotten it! I knew the line. Problem was, I just couldn't get it to come out. The connection from brain to vocal chords had disconnected. All I knew was everyone was staring at me. Even beyond the bright lights glaring in my face, I could see them - feel them — waiting - waiting for the statue to speak. I don't know how long I stood there. It felt like forever. Finally, someone nudged me, and as if by magic the words started tumbling out. One line right after the other. The audience was relieved and the rest of the play was perfect. Looking back at that opening moment, I hope that somehow time became exaggerated in my mind...I hope.

Best Friends: This has to be the saddest day of my life. My best friend in the whole world died this morning. It was so unexpected, too. Now he's gone and I don't know what to do. Bo was the best listener. I told him all my problems. Bo was always there for me. He trusted me and I trusted him. There will never be another dog like Bo. Ever. We grew up together. He was the one thing I could count on. When my parents got divorced, he was there. When I got in trouble at school, he was there. You just don't find friends like that: A friend who accepts you as you are and never turns their back on you. No one would hurt me with Bo standing by. I'm going to miss him so much. The house will feel so empty now. Bo, you were and always will be my best friend. You truly were the best dog. Thanks, boy, for being there. I'll miss you, buddy.

Sardines: I don't think I can unbend my knees. Seriously. About five hundred miles back I think I lost the ability to straighten up. I've been scrunched in the backseat of this tiny car for three days now, and if I don't get some serious stretching time soon I'm going to be bent like a pretzel for life. I assume my brother and sister will be pretzels too since they're scrunched back here with me. Yes, folks, in case you thought you didn't

hear that right, there are three of us normal-sized (except for me, who is actually taller than average) teenagers in the backseat of this mini-sized car! We look like a clown car every time we stop (which is not very often, I might add). And it's starting to smell back here, too. Sweat and feet. Yuck. Talk about nasty! This is absolutely the trip from you know where! Next time my family goes on a "budget" family vacation, they can count me out!

Monologue Source: Young, Rebecca. 100 Great Monologs (edited for length)