

Monologues for Acting Auditions

Additional monologue ideas can be found at

<http://auditionkids.blogspot.com/p/monologues-from-fiction.html>

“The Party,” excerpt from *The Colored Museum* by George C. Wolfe

TOPSY: (Dancing about)

That’s right, girl, there’s a party goin’ on inside of here. That’s why when I walk down the street my hips just sashay all over the place. ‘Cause I’m dancing to the music of the madness in me. And whereas I used to jump into a rage anytime anybody tried to deny who I was, now all I got to do is give attitude, quicker than light, and I’m dancing to the music of the madness in m. And here I was, all this time I been thinking we gave up our drums. But, naw, we still got ‘em. I know I got mine. They’re here, in my speech, my walk, my hair, my God, my style, my smile, and my eyes. And everything I need to get over in this world, is inside here, connecting me to everybody and everything that’s ever been. So, hunny, don’t waste your time trying to label or define me.... ‘cause I’m not what I was ten years ago or ten minutes ago. I’m all of that and then some. And whereas I can’t live inside yesterday’s pain, I can’t live without it.

***Edith Can Shoot Things and Hit Them* by A. Rey Pamatmat**

Edith is looking at her stuffed animal frog.

(The phone rings. EDITH pauses the movie and answers.)

EDITH: Hello?

Hey. I’m doing it now. Invert and multiply. You flip the numerator and the denominator. INVERT. Dina, this is so basic. This is the review lesson before the actual lesson. This isn’t even the 6th grade math part of 6th grade math. I don’t know why it works, it just does. Just do it.

No, I don’t want to talk to your mom. Don’t. Don’t put her –

Hiiiiiii... I’m okay, Mrs. Osheyack. My Dad’s at work. My brother’s in the bathroom.

Pizza. Okay, we’ll eat healthy tomorrow.

I’m going to bed soon. He’s here; he’s just in the bathroom. I’m completely safe. I can take care of myself. Could you put Dina on?

I hate you. I’ll hang up next time.

Tell her to worry about you. You’re the one who can’t remember fractions. Invert. Multiply. Reduce. Then you’re done. Yeah, I’m going to bed now. Okay. See you tomorrow.

(EDITH hangs up. She looks around the room, pensively, and then turns to the frog.)

We’re completely safe. (EDITH restarts the movie, turns up the volume, looks around again, and then exits.) ... End of Scene

***Charlie & The Chocolate Factory* by Roald Dahl**

Slugworth: I congratulate you, little boy. Well done. You found the fifth Golden Ticket. May I introduce myself. Arthur Slugworth, President of Slugworth Chocolates, Incorporated. Now listen carefully because I'm going to make you very rich indeed. Mr. Wonka is at this moment working on a fantastic invention: the Everlasting Gobstopper. If he succeeds, he'll ruin me. So all I want you to do is to get hold of just one Everlasting Gobstopper and bring it to me so that I can find the secret formula. Your reward will be ten thousand of these. (he flips through a stack of money) Think it over, will you. A new house for your family, and good food and comfort for the rest of their lives. And don't forget the name: Everlasting Gobstopper.

***You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown* by Clark Gesner**

based on the characters of "Peanuts" by Charles M. Schulz

Snoopy: (on top of doghouse, speaking over music) Here's the World War I flying ace high over France in his Sopwith Camel, searching for the infamous Red Baron! I must bring him down! Suddenly, anti-aircraft fire, 'archie' we used to called it, begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh! You can't hit me! (aside) Actually, tough flying aces never say 'Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh'. I just, ah...Drat this fog! It's bad enough having to fight the Red Baron without having to fly in weather like this! All right, Red Baron! Where are you? You can't hide forever!

Schroeder: I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you'll take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything. (awkward exit)

***Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers* written by Frances Walsh, Philippa Boyens, Stephen Sinclair, and Peter Jackson, from the novel by J.R.R. Tolkien**

Gollum/Smeagol: We wants it. We needs it. Must have the precioussss. They stole it from us. Sneaky little hobbitsesss. Wicked, trickssssy, falssse! No! Not Master. Yes, precious. False. They will cheat you, hurt you, lie. Master's my friend. (taunting) You don't have any friends. Nobody likes YOU... Not listening. Not listening. You're a liar and a thief. (shaking his head) Nope. Mur...derer...! (starts to cry and whimper) Go away. Go away! (cackles) Hahahahaha! (cries, whispering) I hate you, I hate you. (fiercely) Where would you be without me? Gollum, Gollum. I saved us. It was me. We survived because of me! (resolute) Not anymore. (surprised) What did you say? Master looks after us now. We don't need you. What? Leave now and never come back. No!!! (louder) Leave now and never come back! (bares teeth, growling) Arghhhh! LEAVE NOW AND NEVER COME BACK. (Smeagol pants and looks around for Gollum) We... we told him to go away! And away he goes, precioussss. (dances around, happily) Gone, gone, gone! Smeagol is free!

***A Little Princess* written by Richard LaGravenese & Elizabeth Chandler**

Sara: I don't have a mother either... she's in heaven with my baby sister... But that doesn't mean I can't talk to her, I talk to her all the time... I tell her everything and I know she hears me because... because that's what angels do. My mom is an angel and yours is too. With beautiful satin wings, a silk dress, and a crown of baby rosebuds, and they all live together in a castle. And do you know what it's made out of? Sunflowers. Hundreds of them, so bright they shine like the sun. And when they want to go anywhere they just whistle, like this...(whistles) and a cloud swoops down to the front gate and picks them up and as they ride through the air, over the moon and through the stars... until they are hovering right above us, that's how they can look down and make sure we're all right. And sometimes they even send messages. Of course you can't hear them with all the noise you were making... but don't worry they'll always try again... just in case you missed them.

***Ten Things I Hate About You* written by Karen McCullah Lutz & Kirsten Smith
adapted from the play *Taming of the Shrew* by William Shakespeare**

Kat: I hate the way you talk to me. And the way you cut your hair. I hate the way you drive my car. I hate it when you stare I hate your big dumb combat boots. And the way you read my mind. I hate you so much it makes me sick-- it even makes me rhyme. I hate the way you're always right. I hate it when you lie. I hate it when you make me laugh -- even worse when you make me cry. I hate it that you're not around. And the fact that you didn't call. But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you - - not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all.

***School of Rock* written by Mike White**

Dewey Finn: You want me to teach you something? What? You want to learn something? Alright, here's a useful lesson: Give up! Just quit! Because in this life you can't win. Yeah, you can try, but in the end you just gonna loose, BIG TIME! Because the world is run by the man! Oh, you don't know the man?

The man's everywhere: in the White House, down the hall, Miss Mullins; she's the man! And the man ruined the ozone, and he's burning down the Amazon and he kidnapped Shamu and put her in a chlorine tank! Okay! And there used to be a way to stick it to the man, it was called rock 'n roll. But guess what? Oh no! The man had to ruin that too with a little thing called MTV! So don't waste your time trying to make anything cool or pure or awesome 'cause the man's just gonna call you a fat washed up loser and crush your soul. So do yourself a favor and just give up!

***Antz* written by Todd Alcott & Chris Weitz & Paul Weitz**

Zee: All my life I've lived and worked in the big city, which now that I think of it, is a problem since I always feel uncomfortable around crowds. I mean it I have this fear of enclosed spaces, everything makes me feel trapped all the time. You know I always tell myself there's got to be something better out there, but maybe I think to much. I think everything must go back to the fact that I had a very anxious childhood, you know my mother never had time for me. You know when you're a middle child in a family of five million, you don't get any attention, I mean how's it possible. And my job, don't get me started on, cause it really annoys me, I was not cut out to be a worker. It's this whole gung-ho super-organism thing that I, you know I can't get, I try but I can't get it. I mean you know, what is it, I'm supposed to do everything for the colony, and what about my needs, what about me? I mean I gotta believe there's someplace out there that's better than this! Otherwise I'd just curl up in a larva position and weep! (pause) The whole system out there just makes me feel... (thinking) Insignificant!

Silica Packet by Kyra G., Age 12

(Opens a box of shoes and starts singing) I got some new shoes! I got some new shoes! *(Notices a silica gel pack, reads...)* Silica gel do not eat. DO NOT EAT!! Why, how dare this little baggie tell me what I can and can't eat? I'll eat whatever I want to eat! Like when I ate the dirt from the playground at school. I didn't do it because Mandy Packwood said not to eat it because I'll get sick and yata yata yata. No. I ate that dirt because I wanted to. Or the time I tried my dog, Roscoe's food. Sure, mom was horrified, but let me tell you, it was better than her tuna casserole. Now, back to this little packet issue. I'm going to have to call customer service. *(Grabs cell phone and punches in random numbers, pauses)* Hello Carol. I have a problem with one of your shoe boxes *(pause)*. Well Carol, there was a part of the box that contained a packet that said, and I quote Carol, silica gel pack do not eat end quote, and well Carol I feel like that's being a little bit controlling some might call that how you say *(pause)* communism. And I just feel as I – Hello? Hello? *(Puts phone down. Picks back up packet.)* You know what forget what they think I'm eating this thing if it's the last thing I do! *(opens up bag and pour contents into mouth then starts chewing it. Faces morphs into sour taste face, and then disgust, and then horror, and then spitting out every last bit of the stuff, gagging and choking and eventually recovering)*. Okay. Maybe sometimes there is a reason for the warning labels. But there isn't a warning label on Roscoe's dog food can, so next time we have tuna casserole...

"The Squirrel Lady" by Jason R., Cambridge, MA, Age 11

Betcha never met a talking squirrel before. Well, news flash. We all talk. We just don't talk to humans. But I'm breaking squirrel code because I have to tell you this story. It's about a lady. A real old lady. She's got white hair and she's stooped over like her gnarled old walking stick. And you know what she does? She feeds us. Now, you might think that's not a big deal. But in squirrel world, it's the biggest deal. You see, most people go out of their way to make sure that we don't have food. Oh, they LOVE to feed the birds. And they buy all these fancy contraptions that prevent us from sharing. Most of them don't work, haha. And sometimes when we manage to get a little morsel, we get a BB in the butt. I've gotten a lot of BB's in the butt in my day! But this old lady, she is different. She puts peanuts right on the ground for us. Every day, she does this. We go to her house and see her at her kitchen table, sipping tea and reading the newspaper. And when we come by, she goes over to this big bag and scoops out fresh, delicious peanuts. She even built a little house on her deck so that our food would not get rained on, and she gave each of us a name. The little old lady doesn't get many visitors, so we go by as much as we can. One day soon, she'll be gone, and we will miss her. So, I'm breaking squirrel code to tell you to remember the little guys. Squirrels need love too.

“Mind Reader” by Thalia O., Lakewood, CA, USA, Age 16

Okay I know this might sound crazy but just hear me out. You see the thing is... OK don't freak out but, I can read your mind! Ahh I know crazy right. Like seriously I don't know how this happened, it just did I guess. Oh my gosh... uhhh I know what you're thinking. Man, I knew this would happen, you think I'm going insane aren't you? OK you do you know that I just told you I can read your mind so basically, I know what you're thinking, as in I know you're thinking I'm a total lunatic but I'm not, trust me. I can totally prove it to you, but then that means I'll have to read what you're thinking out loud and I wouldn't want to expose you like that, but then again, you're asking for it. Like seriously, don't try me because I will do it. (Pause) All right don't say I didn't warn you. Basically, I know you have a crush on me. Ha! You didn't expect that did you... Yeah, I didn't either. It explains a lot actually. Like seriously, no wonder you're always so clingy, no offense. Anyways I'm truly flattered but I mean, it ain't going to happen.

“An Elf's Complaint” by Nicole N., Madison, Alabama, USA; Age 10 Gender: Male or Female

I am an elf and I need to file a complaint! If you if you think that Santa is a nice, jolly, old fella, then you are WRONG!!!! I work twenty hours a day, seven days a week. Yes, Santa gives us a nice home, but it's in the North Pole and we have to share it with three other elf families. He does feed us well, but he makes us do all the cooking. He makes all the elves work ALL THE TIME. Of course we get holidays off...NOT!!! The only day off we get is on Christmas Eve, after we've loaded up his sleigh. When I am not making toys, I am either at the mall with Santa, or I am taking care of his reindeer. The biggest concern I have is for my children. They've never been to school! Santa really needs to offer some sort education for these kids! The only thing they know how to do is to make a bouncy ball! Seriously? Santa has not been good to us elves. HE should be put on the naughty list, for a change! Oh, did I forget to mention it? WE DIG THE COAL, too!!! It is a very dirty job. Don't get me wrong. I love seeing all the children's faces when they open all the presents we've made for them on Christmas day, BUT THAT IS ONCE A YEAR!!!! Well, I've said everything I came to say. I've got to get back to work. AS ALWAYS! An elf's work is never done.