

Monologues for School Musical Audition

American Idol Nightmare

KID: you have got to help me. I have to find a way to get my mom to STOP singing. She sings in the car, she sings while she makes dinner, she even sings along with American Idol..... Who wants to see and hear their mom singing.... (impersonating Beyonce) All The Single Ladies ...all the single ladies... All the single ladies... all the single ladies... and dancing all crazy around the kitchen??!! Or (impersonating Lady Gaga) Rah Rah ahahaha Om ma ahahahah I want a bad romance!! It's embarrassing. Not to mention she is tone deaf. Ugh Her singing sends our dog running into the other room. In fact it's so bad she was kicked off the PTA because the other mom's couldn't stand another karaoke fundraiser with her because she won't ever let anyone else have a turn! So... quick You have GOT to help find a way to keep my mom from singing!!! I mean' really does she think she is going to actually get on American Idol (looks panicked) oh no! What if she auditions!!! Ahhhh...I'm never going to live this down.

Toothfairy Scare

I lost a tooth the other day, and my mom told me to put it under my pillow and that in the middle of the night the Tooth Fairy would come in and take my tooth and replace it with some cash. I love the cash idea, but I have some questions and some major concerns here. Number 1: What does this little tooth freak do with all of these teeth? By my calculations (takes out calculator) somewhere in the world a child loses a tooth every (begins typing frantically for a long time then looks up) .08 seconds... (*Starts pacing deep in thought*) BUUUUUT, they are not all in the same part of the world... which brings me to ...(STOPS pacing) Number 2: How does this little tooth-collecting creep get from place to place? I mean I get how Santa gets around, but at least he has a route and reindeer, but does she magically appear by your pillow, does she fly in?? She must be strong if she is lugging around a bag full of teeth! And Number 3: If this Fairy is touching other peoples teeth each night... what about the germs? I mean obviously some of these kids are losing their teeth because they don't take care of them... so ...ewwwwww... gross.... This fairy is touching a bunch of nasty teeth and then touching my pillow? This is very upsetting, (starts panicking) I just want my dollar. (Smiles) I've got a great idea: from now on when I lose a tooth...I am leaving some anti-bacterial hand sanitizer under my pillow!

Busted!

Where to start? Mom, you're lookin good, have you lost weight, and Dad—Wow, you must have been working out lately...I think you're actually looking younger. Now...I can completely understand why you look upset. The house may look a wreck, but before you say anything, let's just calm down and discuss this like mature adults. Don't worry I'll fake it. LISTEN, that vase was already broken, and the lamp just kind of fell over when I was running...I mean I wasn't REALLY running, nope not running because I REMEMBER how you told me NOT to run in the house. And the mud all over the floor isn't from me...No It's from...Buster! Yeah, our dog Buster put on some shoes and played in the mud and then walked all over the place..that ...dog is..haha crazy... (getting more nervous and trying to back out of room.) I can tell this is more than you can take right now...I'll let you two be alone, We'll catch up later! Say no more, say no more, you don't have to worry about a thing. In fact I will be up in my room sitting quietly for let's say an hour....uh no, your right! The rest of the afternoon....um I mean, The whole weekend... (walks away with a sigh)

1 minute Audition

What do you mean I only have one minute to present my monologue? That's just crazy! How do you expect anyone to actually ACT under these horrible conditions?? I am an actor and I demand that I be treated with some respect! I cannot perform on command...are you crazy? I have to set up my scene, and place all of my props and then I need to change into my costume. And Then I have to have time to get into my character, and that's not easy bud! I also require at least 2 minutes of absolute silence before I begin so that my concentration is focused and strong. If you are not willing to work with me on this then I believe I will just call my agent...(starts to cry) in fact I am so upset by this ridiculous situation (gets more and more upset) that I believe there is no way I can actually perform now...(stomps off) Good Day Sir!

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This is a Test

KID: (Overly dramatic) It's true. My future is bleak. I'm a terrible student and everybody knows it. (Pause.) I'm not an athlete. I don't debate. Or play chess. I'm funny looking. All my library books are overdue. I don't have any friends. I'm an orphan. (Pause.) Well, I have parents but they probably don't like me very much. I wouldn't either. (Pause.) Wait a minute. Snap out of it. Quit feeling sorry for yourself. You have plenty of fine qualities. (A long pause) What about my singing? Just last week Mrs. Mandell said that my voice had great potential. "With a little training," she said, "you could be a very fine tenor." Those were her exact words. "A very fine tenor." And that's something that makes me different. It's just one example of the many fine qualities that make me unique. I can always remember that no matter what happens, I have my music to make me just a little bit special. Now if I can only pass this test. Ugh!

GOONIES

Everything?? Okay! I'll talk! In third grade, I cheated on my history exam. In fourth grade, I stole my Uncle Max's toupee and I glued it on my face when I was Moses in my School play. In fifth grade, I knocked my sister Edie down the stairs and I blamed it on the dog...When my mum sent me to overnight camp for kids and they served lunch, I started a food fight and they kicked me out...But the worst thing I ever done -- I mixed a pot of fake puke at home and then I went to this movie theatre, hid the puke in my jacket, climbed up to the balcony and then, t-t-then, I made a noise like this: hua-hua-hua-huaaaaaaa -- and then I dumped it over the side, all over the people in the audience. And then, this was horrible, all the people started getting sick and throwing up all over each other. I never felt so bad in my entire life.

Night at the Museum

Dad, let it go already. Do you know the statistical probability of me becoming a professional hockey player, or even making a Division 1 college team? Listen, at a certain point, don't you think you have to grow up and be practical? Don, took me to his office on Wall Street last week. He's vice president in charge of municipals... or something like that. I still love hockey Dad, but I think... well... I might need a fallback. Don't you? I hate this Dad, I really do. I mean I'm the kid, you're the Dad, and you don't ever tell me what I *need* to do. I gotta ask... Why do you change jobs so much? Dad, what if you're wrong? What if our dreams from childhood *don't* ever come true? What if it turns out you're just an ordinary guy who should live in the real world. Get a job. And stick with it? I gotta go home. Thanks for the hot dog.

Chocolate Lover

I know what you're thinking... You're thinking I'm too hyper right? I get that a lot. Sugar sets it off. I can keep away from sugar but I LOOOOVE chocolate. I like the way it looks, smells, but mostly, I like what it does to me. You ever seen those super sized Hershey bars? My Aunt Gladys brought me one of those back from Hershey Pennsylvania. One day. I ate that thing, played a kick ball game and won a water balloon fight all in under 20 minutes. Then I took the best nap I've ever had. Chocolate should be one of the required food groups for kids. I'll do the commercials! Chocolate... It gives me the feeling that all things are possible. Yum!

TOWNSPERSON

JUST A TOWNSPERSON? JUST A TOWNSPERSON? (MOCKING) SURE, WE MAY WEAR MUTED COLORS, EARTH TONES, IF YOU WILL.....BUT....LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ALICE IN LALA LAND. EVERY FAIRY TALE HAS A TOWN AND EVERY TOWN HAS A PERSON AND THAT MEANS I WILL ALWAYS HAVE WORK. BUT YOU....OH, OH, OH, YEAH, YOU MAY BE A STAR, YOU MAY BE PRETTY NOW, BUT SOMEDAY, YOU'LL BE OLD AND WRINKLED AND NOBODY IS GOING TO WANT TO LOOK AT AN OLD, WRINKLED, RAISIN FACED ALICE IN WONDERLAND. YOU'LL BE OUT OF A JOB, BUT NOT ME! I MAY BE JUST A TOWNSPERSON....THE BACKGROUND....THE FILLER, BUT I HAVE SOUL, I HAVE DEPTH, I HAVE PASSION. I'M THE BEST TOWNSPERSON IN THE BUSINESS. LISTEN LADY. I MAKE YOU LOOK GOOD. WITHOUT ME, YOU'RE NOTHING. I'M MAD, I'M BAD AND I QUIT!

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Alexander and the Terrible, horrible, No good, Very Bad Day

You cannot believe the day I am having. First I woke up late for school because my little brother turned off the alarm clock. Then I got yelled at for yelling at my brother. (Shakes head in disbelief) I left my homework at home, and I am *pretty* sure I failed my math test. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL....Ok so I've had some issues with my pets. I had a hamster named Fluffy. She was really fat and had a Mohawk. She died last January. I had a hamster named Stinko. He like to bury himself in the shavings in his cage. He was really hard to find in there. He died last May. I got a whole new hamster, and I haven't even had time to think of a name for him. And he disappeared this afternoon. All because of my little sister. My little sister isn't allowed to go in my bedroom,. Ever! My little sister also isn't allowed to open my hamster cage. Ever! She opened it anyway. What was she thinking? Doesn't she understand the word EVER? And now *whatever his name is* ...is gone! And here's what I wish: I wish that I could lose **my sister** and find my hamster. That's what I wish. I'm having a terrible, horrible , no good very bad day.

You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown written by Clark Gesner, based on the characters of "Peanuts" by Charles M. Schulz

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 crabiness 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're 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)

The Coat Hanger Sculpture

The student holds up a mangled coat hanger sculpture.

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coat hanger sculpture? *The student puts their hand up.* May I ask you a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it right that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could!

Pacing back and forth. Was I judged on what I learned about this project? If so, were not you my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? *Stops in the center.*

Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of the coat hanger itself, out of which my creation was made...now, is this also not unfair? Am I to be judged on the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishments that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

Sharing monologue

Some people think I don't like sharing, but that isn't true at all. I love sharing. I mean, what's not to love about being able to go up to someone and say, hey can I have some of that candy? And then they give you some! Or, can I ride your bike for a while? And then you get to ride their bike! Sharing is awesome. Sometimes you have to be careful, though. Like if someone comes up to me and says, can I have one of your cookies? Well, if I give them a cookie, then I might not have any cookies left to share with other people and that would be, like, the opposite of sharing. So I have to say no. Because sharing is really important.

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Car Crazy

Have you ever driven a car? I have. No. I'm serious. I didn't just dream about it. I really did drive a car. Well, it wasn't a car. It was a tractor. Which is maybe even cooler. Because it's so much bigger. Have you ever seen a tractor tire? It's HUGE! It's like, as big as an elephant. Or something. Maybe not that big. But really big! And I drove one all by myself! Well. Not all by myself. But I did drive it. My Pawpaw put me in his lap. That's what I call my Granddad. Pawpaw. I came up with it. When I was two. Or something. But I sat in his lap and he let me wear his hat and I got to drive the tractor. I had my hands on the wheel and everything. So I think I know what I'm talking about when it comes to cars.

Buggin Out

No! Mom! Don't kill that spider! He's in the house, so he's family now! Seriously. Spiders are really cool. They're ugly and have way too many legs and eyes but they're *really cool*. First of all, they're not even bugs, they're *arachnids*. So they have a cool name. Point one. Point two, they're not even mean. They have little fangs and stuff, so they kind of look mean, but they don't even want to bite humans. They're really scared of us. They just want to hang out in their little webs and eat bugs. Yeah! Point three! You don't have to buy him groceries or anything, he'll just eat *bugs!* Like ants or beetles or whatever! So, in conclusion, I really don't think you should kill him. I could take him up to my room and put him in my window. He'll be like my little brother. You won't even know he's up there. And we'll never have any bugs in the house ever again!

How the Grinch Stole Christmas. The follow two scenes should be done as one with a dramatic change of character

Town Reporter: (Super professional and intense) This is Tracey(or) Tom Spencer with The 11 Alive News. I'm here in Whoville where all of the Whos are excited and busily setting up for the Christmas celebration.

Reporter is surrounded by whos. They are running around her in a circle making a lot of noise so the reporter raises voice to be heard.

We understand, however, that there is a conflict about the happy season with a person who lives just north of Whoville.

Whos gasp and run away. She watches them go then fiercely looks back into the camera

We are going to find out exactly what his problem might be.

Reporter sees a kid passing by.

Excuse me. We understand that the Grinch who lives just north of Whoville does not like the Christmas season. Do you have any idea why that is?

Kid runs away. She watches them go then fiercely looks back into the camera

Well, whatever the reason his heart or his shoes, the Grinch is hating Christmas and hating the Whos. We take you now to our Grinch Reporter on Mt. Crumpit

Grinch Reporter: (this reporter should be played very ditzy)

Thanks Tracey(or) Tom. We're here atop the north mountain which over-looks peaceful Whoville. I can see the lighted windows below in town, which is quite a contrast to Mr. Grinch's dark and damp cave.

Looks toward the Grinch...uneasy

Excuse me, Mr. Grinch. Oh Mr. Grinch...Yoo Hoo

The Grinch growls at her and she screams. Reporter collects self. Laughing-embarrassed. Does slow side step and inches toward the Grinch, clears throat.

We understand that you are not hhhhappy with Christmas in whowhowhoville. Would you mind telling us why?*Cringe and wait Grinch growls and she reacts* Ok then, thanks for clarifying. I think I will just mossy on back to the news station. Bye Bye. Runs away