

Classen Theatre Audition Monologues 2018

Female: (Talking to her friend.)

I had a boyfriend when I was five. Why can't I get one now? I had them lining up! In kindergarten, I got married. It was just pretend, but we kissed and walked all the way to the circle- time spot holding hands. Then in first grade, three boys all wanted to marry me at once. I was adored! What happened? (*Pause.*) Maybe I don't deserve a boyfriend now. Back then I was little and cute and smart. Now I'm the tallest girl in my state. People think I'm twenty, but I'm thirteen. You don't get glasses, braces, and pimples all in the same month unless you're thirteen. Oh, I wish I could snap my fingers and right-now-ugly me would just disappear! Then I'd be the next me - whoever that is. Who do you think I'll be when thirteen is over?

Female: (Talking to her teacher.)

Respect is a two-way street. Why should I respect anybody who treats me like that? All I was doin' was sittin' on the bus, listenin' to my music, lookin' out the window. OK, my backpack was on the seat next to me, but there were only four people on the whole bus. Then this old guy gets on, walks up, and pushes my backpack on the floor. He didn't poke me to get my attention, ask me, nothin'. Just pushed my backpack on that dirty floor. Then he didn't even sit in the seat next to me. I mean, what's that about? He shoved it on the floor cause I'm a kid. That's all. Do I deserve that? Like I say, respect is a two-way street. He's got to be respecting me, if he wants the same.

Female: Barbie Monologue

Sure, I'm beautiful. I have perfect eyelashes; I am an inspiration to like millions of little girls. (Pull out a piece of paper, like sparkly and pink that says Barbie's resume) I happen to be a teenage fashion model, Ballerina, nurse, flight attendant, tennis pro, ice skater, astronaut, teacher, singer, actress, dress designer, TV news reporter, veterinarian, teacher, astronaut rock star, scuba diver, artist, teacher, lifeguard, firefighter, dentist and a teacher. (Set down resume) My life isn't as good as everyone thinks it is. Wanna know one reason? Your arms. They don't bend. Have you ever tried putting on a shirt when your arms can't bend?

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Male: Any teenager who has been forced into washing dishes knows that the stuff in the bottom of the strainer in the sink is toxic waste. Deadly poison. A danger to health. In other words, it's about enough to make you hurl. One of the very few reasons I have respect for my mother at all is because she reaches into the sink with her bare hands - BARE HANDS - and picks up all that lethal gunk and drops it into the garbage. To top that, I saw her reach into the wet garbage bag and fish around in there looking for a lost teaspoon BAREHANDED - a kind of unbelievable courage. I bet Jesus never had to wash dishes and clean the gunk out of the sink.

**Male: (Talking to his father.)
Dad, I like baseball. Really. I've played it since I was six. Remember? You called me your six-year-old slugger. Well, I'm twelve now, and I've just got other things I wanna do after school. No big deal. Dad, why are you looking at me like that? I didn't ask if I could dye my hair blue, I just wanna quit the team. Don't look so disappointed. We can still play. You and me, on Saturdays. But no pickup games at the park, or with anybody, OK? I don't want to hear it anymore: "Move in everybody. Chris is up to bat. Easy out. Easy out." Please, Dad, I can't stay on the team. Don't make me.**

**Male:
Hi, my name is Terry Taylor and you should vote for me for class president, because of all the really amazing ideas I have to make all of our lives here at Garfield a better place. Like, OK, for instance, this one idea that I have that there should be a table out in the hallway all the time filled with free cookies and cupcakes and brownies and maybe those amazing frittata bites that they sell at Mr. Chulo's down on the corner. I mean, if everyone likes frittata bites or even knows what they are. They're really good. This would improve school morale and also keep everyone's energy up for better studying.**

Another amazing idea I have is to completely get rid of grades, mostly because I think they're elitist and also because even someone who fails is actually a successful person in their own way. So there's that.