



YOUTH ACTING CAREER PROGRAM

AUDITION MONOLOGUES

Sharing

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 gave 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.

Sunflowers

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 wings, a silk dress, and a crown of baby roses, 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.

Hot Dogs

No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones, I don't eat that. I don't eat anything green, orange, white, or whatever that thing is. No offense Mrs. Jones I think I might be allergic. No really you can call my mom right now I am super allergic ! (Mrs. Jones pick up the phone) Now Now Mrs. Jones no need to call my mom, I can sit next to it I just cant eat it. I only eat hot dogs. You don't have hot dogs? Oh. Well, maybe I should go home then. That's all I eat. Hot dogs for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Sometimes I eat two or three instead of just one. My mom says I'll grow out of it someday. I doubt it. I love hot dogs. My little sister is worse. She only eats chicken soup. She sticks her pigtales in the soup and sucks it out of her hair. It's disgusting. Well, tell Jack I'll see him later. I've got to go home and have a few hot dogs. I think it's a three-hot-dog day. See you later, Mrs. Jones!

Hide and Seek

Hey, where did everybody go? I give up! I counted to a hundred, like you said. It took a really long time. Where is everybody? I said I give up! I can't find you!

I've been looking for ages. Are you behind the swing? Ugh no ? Ouch, ouch, help! I fell off the jungle gym and I've broken all my bones! Call 9-11! I see the light! Come out and help me! ... Oh, no help? A vampire is going to eat me! Hello! Can anybody hear me? This isn't funny any more, you guys. Come out, come out, wherever you are! Come on, guys. Let's play a different game! We could play tag outside. Or maybe we could have a snack and play video games. I'll let you guys play first! I promise! Just come out. I can't find you, OK? I give up. What more do you want from me? Guys? Hey, guys?

The News

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 bunch of other guys said boring things and the weather is boring. Have a boring night. I'm 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!

Look at the Sky

Look, Peter, the sky. What a lovely, lovely day. Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. You know the most wonderful thing about thinking yourself out? You can have it anyway you like. I wish you had a religion, Peter. Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox. I just mean some religion. It doesn't matter what.

When I think of all that's out there, and the goodness of the people we know, all risking their lives for us every day, when I think of these good things, I'm not afraid anymore.

I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith, when people are doing such horrible things... But I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grown-ups. Look at the sky now, isn't it lovely?

Danger

Hello... I would like to take a moment to talk to all of you about the dangers of taking your parents to Disneyland. First off, we are all here with a big group, and who wants to be discovered by a classmate when your mom is wearing Mickey Ears, and asking your little brother how to write a text message... then of course, there is your dad's fascination with roller coasters. This could go one of two ways, either really fun if he likes all the same rides you do... or if your dad is like mine, then you should avoid them altogether. My dad made me wait in line for the highest... the fastest, and most exciting ride at Disney... Space Mountain... the line was forever, then we climb into a car that zips off... I started to question my dad about the 4 corn dogs he had wolfed down while waiting in line... then it happened... As soon as we hit the first dip in the track ... (WWWaaaaarrffff!!!) my dad HURLS!!! I think it must have hit some people in the cars behind us, because for being at Disney.... I sure heard a lot of BAD language... thank god Space Mountain is in the dark so no one knew who did it. If you go... I suggest sitting in the front!

Who I Truly Am

I'm just being me. I want to be more real in my life. I've gotten tired of trying to fit in and be accepted by everyone else. I've always felt like I'm lying to myself. If people don't accept me for me, for who I truly am, then I don't want to be friends with those people.

You're right, I have been distant. I've been distant because I realize there are certain people I don't want to know...people that don't have anything in common with me and I used to think that was a bad thing, I used to think that I had to be accepted by everyone all the time and because of that I've been hiding who I truly am and I guess eventually, finally, it's caught up to me and I've made the decision to be me and ever since I've had the courage to be me, it's like this burden has been lifted and I can breathe again... It's taken me a long time to get over myself and have the confidence to be genuine and I know I may seem different to you and other people but this is who I really am and I can't apologize for it.

Forgiveness

I didn't mean to make you feel insignificant. I feel so horrible about it that I would rather cut off my arm and it wouldn't even come close. I didn't mean to make you cry and get you upset. I love you and think the world of you and I would be nothing without you by my side. You give me the strength and the courage to do the things I do because you believe in me so much. I wouldn't have this confidence and I'd be filled with doubt...I wish I could hurt myself worse in some way because you stand by my side and didn't deserve to be spoken to that way.

I'm sorry babe, please forgive me...

Trapped Bird

I didn't like what he did, Mom. We were playing in the front yard and a bird swooped down heading straight for us and it flew right over our heads and crashed into the side of the house.

The bird was on the ground trying to get up and fly away but Michael grabbed a lid from the garbage and trapped the bird. He covered the bird and it couldn't get out.

I didn't know what to do but I kept hearing the bird moving under the lid and I told Michael, I told him to leave the bird alone but he kept laughing and I said to take the lid off but he wouldn't listen, Mom. So, I pushed him. I pushed him off the bird and I through the lid and the bird got up and flew away but that's when Michael punched me in my face and how I got this fat lip.

Chess Game

You keep distracting me, Elenie. You see me playing chess and you have to keep stomping around. It's bad enough you always seem to roam around while I'm practicing! Let alone stomp your feet like a Neanderthal. You're so annoying.

You know, I have to practice, so why do you keep distracting me? I just lost a five minute blitz match because of you. I had this guy. My queen backed by my bishop. I could have went in for the kill, game over in forty seconds flat but no, no, I missed the move, I missed the move because stomp, stomp, stomp across the living room and he ended up playing bishop against bishop and it was all down hill from there.

When you see me practicing and you know I have a tournament coming up next week, let...me...win.