

Monologue Audition Scripts

Please choose **ONE** of the below scripts to be familiar with for this Sunday's session (26/01/25).

We may only see a short section of your chosen monologue. You don't need to worry about being off book and you can keep the script with you when you deliver your audition. We will have printed copies, but feel free to print your own to make notes.

There is no pressure, it's just so we can see what you bring to the table when you're acting.

Stargirl

I don't know why I do a lot of things lately. I bet you find that too, right? And it's because we don't think. We just do. We don't take a step back and process. Everything's so instant these days. How can we? A thousand photographs in one burst. You have to "like" something right this second. You have to know how you feel about everything. You can't be unsure or confused or change your mind. There's no time to figure out who you are. You have to know right now.

Have you ever seen a flower grow? I mean, of course not. It's nearly impossible to wait for anything that takes that long. But if you did, it would change you. It would slow you down. It would remind you that real things take time. And it's magic, too, isn't it? I mean so are 1,000 photographs in one burst. But a flower. You plant a seed in the ground and a whole world develops and stretches out and opens up. It's easy to get confused when we're moving so fast and to think we're doing the right thing when really we're not. But if we're lucky we could find a balance. We could take a step back. We could take a breath. The next time that you see a flower sticking up out of the ground or in a vase, just remember that part of what makes it beautiful is how long it took to grow.

Refrigerator After Dark

Have you ever wondered what goes on inside the fridge when the door closes? Well, I have, ALL THE TIME! I bet there's a big party in there. Maybe that is why all the leftovers disappear by the time I want to eat them. Maybe all the food moves around and plays music. Perhaps even the milk joins in. I've always thought of the milk as being the parental figure of the refrigerator. The mum who never lets you eat chocolate cake for breakfast. Speaking of chocolate cake. I bet that's the real heart of the party. The one who's always dancing and singing the loudest and seems to be having the most fun without a care in the world. And of course, every party needs a DJ - I think that would have to be the bread. Everyone likes bread. Maybe the ice cream even comes up to join the fun. I mean, everyone wants to be ice cream's friend. Then the complete opposite is the roasted veggies that just stand around on the side, not knowing their place. Well, I know their place, IN THE BIN. Veggies are disgusting. Bleh. Plus, when they're gone, that makes more room for ice cream. I wonder if any of this actually happens. That would be pretty cool. I would definitely go to that party.

The Other Sister

Stop looking at me like you don't know who I am... I'm the girl whose arms won't bend any further than this... what... you still don't recognise me? Maybe you know my sister. She's tall, blonde, and has skin as smooth as plastic. My older sister Barbie has already done everything. She's been an astronaut, teacher, CEO, doctor, reporter, coach, chef, pilot, dog walker and even an Olympic gold medalist. How do I compete with that?

Everyone thinks Barbie and I are so much alike, but I've never admitted this to anyone... I HATE the color pink. Maybe it has something to do with the big pink box I was locked up in for months. That box was sooo claustrophobic I could barely breathe. I thought I was never going to get out of there. I don't even sound like Barbie, (American accent) "Hi, I'm Barbie. Like welcome to my Dream House". Phewww. (beat) Yes, I'm Anastacia Roberts... better known as Stacie... It's nice to meet you.

Grow Up

You'll never believe it, but my parents called me childish today. ME! Childish! The nerve of some people! I mean, I'd get it if I acted like my younger siblings, throwing tantrums over practically everything, yet nothing at the same time. But really, come on. I've never felt so insulted in my twelve years of life! I honestly have no idea what encouraged such name-calling, but it's totally unacceptable! I'm the most mature person in my family! It's the two of them who are the childish ones!

Like, come on, you don't see me over there talking in goofy voices and pinching the baby. Oh, and let's not forget the "Tea Parties" they go to with my sister and her dolls. Not only do they sit there with a bunch of plastic, button-eyed dolls, but there's not even real tea at these tea parties! What's up with that?! Yet there's Dad over there pretending he needs a refill! A refill of what? Air?! You know, as time goes on, I'm slowly starting to realise that even though my parents look old – at thirty-six years of age, they're practically antiques! They're actually just a pair of little kids in disguise. And despite what they say, it's really those two who need to grow up!

The Birthday List

Okay, Dad, are you listening? Sit still. You have to sit still so you can listen! This is my official birthday wish list, in order.

A NERF "Fortnite" Dart Blaster. Promise I won't shoot it inside.

A Basketball hoop for the garage.

A basketball, obviously.

A real crossbow and about 50 arrows. Again, not for inside.

A magic set: not a 'little kid' one, a 'big kid' one!

A metal detector for when we go to the beach.

A Star Wars Darth Vader Alarm clock so you can sleep in.

And a dishwasher... cos I don't wanna do them anymore.

Oh, and this might be hard, but I wrote it anyway: I also want a puppy. Any questions?