

Audition Packet

Madrona Children's Theatre

Acting Auditions

Choose a monologue. You may find and use different material (not to exceed 1.25 minutes in length)

Memorize it. Monologues must be completely memorized

Work on character movements, voices, and expression

Work on volume and diction

Express yourself and have a great time!

OPTIONAL SELECTIONS FOR YOUNGER ACTORS (10 and under)

Pancake

Who wants a pancake?

Sweet and piping hot

Good little Grace looks up and says

"I'll take the one on top"

Who else wants a pancake

Fresh off the griddle?

Terrible Theresa smiles and says I'll
take the one in the middle

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
The funniest things about him is the way he likes to grow.
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

FEMALE

A Dream

Maggie: I had the weirdest dream last night. I was like Snow White and I had these 7 little people around me. But they didn't carry picks and shovels like the dwarves in the movie. Instead, they carried guitars and drums. It seemed we were like a rock band. And I was the singer, which is strange-cause I didn't even know I could sing. And we were performing in front of this castle for the king...who looked a lot like Scooby Doo. And we sang, "Row, row, row your boat." We sang it really fast. And everyone danced around. And I danced with Scooby Doo! And we danced so fast that we didn't see where we were going. And we danced over the bridge and fell into the moat! And that's when I woke up and noticed my dog, Sloppy, was licking my face.

I Love Being a Girl

Mary: I love being a girl! I get to have long beautiful shiny hair and wear beautiful dresses with all sorts of shoes with buckles and stuff. I get to wear ballerina costumes with pink frilly tutu's and dress up as a fairy with glittery wings that flutter when I walk like I'm really flying. I get to wear lip gloss and smell like rose petals. Boys don't get to do any of that stuff. IF I were a boy I wouldn't think it was very fair to have to wear just pants and shirts all of the time. Boys don't get any cool colors for their clothes they're mostly like green or brown or something. Plus they don't have any kinds of different shoes. My brother only has 2 pair. Can you believe that? One pair of very smelly sneakers and one pair of brown loafers to wear for nice. Isn't that crazy? Plus, they don't even get to have cool dance costumes. There are two boys in my class and at the recital they wore shorts! NO thank-you! How can boys live like that?

Cinderella

Cinderella: I have very little to tell you. I have little to tell because I didn't go to the ball. Yes, my work was complete and my dress was lovely, but it was torn and thrown into the fire. My step sisters were at fault. They claimed that it was an accident. I'm sorry to disappoint you so. If I tell you a secret, do you promise not to tell a

soul? Well, I did go to the ball. Shhhhh! No one must know! I arrived in a grand coach made of ivory and gold with a Coachman and a groom and four white horses! My gown was the most beautiful gown I'd ever seen. And the slippers were made of glass. It was all so wonderful. The prince? He was . . . Oh, he was wonderful too!

The Wizard of Oz

Dorothy: But it wasn't a dream. It was a place. And you and you and you...and you were there. But you couldn't have been could you? No, Aunt Em, this was a real truly live place and I remember some of it wasn't very nice, but most of it was beautiful--but just the same all I kept saying to everybody was "I want to go home," and they sent me home! Doesn't anybody believe me? But anyway, Toto, we're home! Home. And this is my room, and you're all here and I'm not going to leave here ever, ever again. Because I love you all. And... Oh Auntie Em! There's no place like home!

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

Violet Beauregarde: I'm a gum-chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr. Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. Now, of course, I'm right back on gum. I just adore gum. I can't do without it. I much it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safe-keeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day, I really wouldn't. My mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticize, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that her jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from yelling at me every minute of the day. And now, it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over three months solid. That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmetel. And was she ever mad! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At nights, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost, and it's as good as ever in the mornings.

There's a Girl in My Hammerlock

Maisie: So I suggested that we play hippopotamus. Me, Holly, Lizard, Eric and a St. Jude's kid. Now there are twelve letters in hippopotamus. Lizard was gone in 12 shots. Then Holly went then the St. Jude's kid. Again me and Eric the last two. I had gotten off to a blazing start and by this time Eric already had H-I-P-P-O-P-O-T. I only had H-I-P. I was licking my chops for the kill when a tiny voice hissed in my ear: stupid, look what you're doing. You're not winning you're losing- him. So I started missing. And I kept missing. I kept missing till I lost. And when I got the final "s" surprise!!! My world didn't change one bit. What did I expect? Eric hugging me and sweeping me off of my feet and shouting: oh thank you Maisie! Thank you for letting me win! Now I am free to love you!!! Right. What I got was

him shouting YEAH and whipping the ball to the ceiling. He strutted out the door with Lizard and Holly mobbing him like he had just slain the dragon. I have felt rotten plenty of times in my life, believe me, but this was a different kind of rotten. Like I had barfed all over myself. But what's worse is, I couldn't wipe it off.

Fantastiks

Luisa: This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark, or a peacock; something like that. So I said hello. And it vanished, flew away, the very moment I said hello! It was quite mysterious. So do you know what I did? I went to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times, without stopping. And as I was brushing it, my hair turned mauve. No, honestly! Mauve! Then red. Then some sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.... I'm sixteen years old, and every day something happens to me. I don't know what to make of it. When I get up in the morning and get dressed, I can tell...something's different. I like to touch my eyelids, because they're never quite the same. Oh, oh, oh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, then I close my eyes and cry and cry till the tears come down and I can taste them. I love to taste my tears. I am special. I am special! Please god, please, don't let me be normal!

The Diary of Anne Frank

ANNE: Look, Peter, the sky. (*She looks up through the skylight*) 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. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time... It's funny...I used to take it all for granted... and now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you?

A Little Princess

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.

MALE OR FEMALE

Aladdin

Genie: Aaaaahhhhh! OY! Ten-thousand years will give ya such a crick in the neck! Whoa! Does it feel good to be outta there! (*pretends to have a microphone*) Nice to be back, ladies and gentlemen. (*to Aladdin*) Hi, where ya from? What's your name? Aladdin! Hello, Aladdin. Nice to have you on the show. Can we call you 'Al?' Or maybe just 'Din?' Or howbout 'Laddi?' (*suddenly is wearing a kilt*) Sounds like "Here, boy! C'mon, Laddi!" Do you smoke? Mind if I do? Oh, sorry Cheetah, hope I didn't singe the fur! Hey, Rugman! Haven't seen you in a few millennia! Slap me some tassel! Yo! Yeah! (*high-fives carpet*) Say, you're a lot smaller than my last master. Either that or I'm gettin' bigger. Look at me from the side, do I look different to you? That's right, you're my master! He can be taught!! What would you wish of me, (*as Arnold Schwarzenegger*) the ever impressive, (*inside a cube*) the long contained, (*as a ventriloquist with a dummy*) often imitated, but never duplicated....(*he multiplies into about 7 different Genies*)...duplicated, duplicated, duplicated, duplicated, duplicated, duplicated, duplicated, duplicated, duplicated.... Genie! Of! The Lamp! (*as Ed Sullivan*) Right here direct from the lamp, right here for your enjoyment wish fulfillment. Thank youuuuu! (*back*) You get three wishes to be exact. And ix-nay on the wishing for more wishes. That's it, three. Uno, dos, tres. No substitutions, exchanges or refunds. Master, I don't think you quite realize what you've got here! So why don't you just ruminate, while I illuminate the possibilities!

Neverland 911

CONTEXT: *In this outrageous spoof, Neverland's 911 operator deals with some wildly imaginative "emergency situations.*

"OPERATOR:

Neverland 911, what's the emergency? You are being kidnapped by pirates? Can you be more specific? Which pirate is kidnapping you? Well, if he's limping on a peg-leg then it's probably Long John Silver, but if he has a hook then it's probably Captain-oh- He's got a hook and a peg-leg?

Oh dear. Please hold.

Neverland 911, what's the emergency? Being harassed by mermaids? How dreadful. Please hold. Neverland 911, how can I help you? Trapped in Skull Cave?

The tide is coming in? Oh my! Please hold. Neverland 911, what's your problem? Your rowboat's falling apart? And you're being attacked by a tick-tocking crocodile?

Oh you poor dear! Please hold. Neverland 911-Hey Thumbelina! How you doin' girl? He did?! Why, you need to dump that Tom Thumb. Uh-huh? Uh-huh? No, I'm not busy. You tell me all about it!

The Notebook

Warren: I have a secret. A terrible secret. No one knows. No one in the world. Except my parents. They have to. They live with me. But my secret...I like to read. What am I saying... "like." Get up every morning, go to bed every night, breathe, dream, tremble, live to read!... I mean, I'll read anything- cereal boxes, graffiti...But books! That first moment with a brand-new untouched book. Running my hand over the sleek shining cover. Opening it in the silence of my room. That first page. Those first words. And you know what's even better than a new book? An old one. The worn leather cover, the soft secret smell! What hands have touched these pages, devoured these words in some faraway room long ago? War and Peace. My favorite! Exactly one thousand, four hundred and forty-four pages long. Why does it have to end?

Peter Pan

Tootles: I saw Pirates! I saw Indians! Not only did I see Pirates, and Indians, but I saw a wonderfuller thing. High over the lagoon I saw the loveliest, great, white bird. It is flying this way. It looks weary and as it flies it moans, "Poor Wendy". I think there are birds called Wendies. See, here it comes! Look how white it is. Hey, there's Tinkerbell. Tink is trying to hurt the Wendy. She says Peter wants us to shoot the Wendy. Let us do what Peter wishes. Out of my way, Tink. I'll shoot it. I've shot the Wendy! Peter will be so pleased!

MALE

Class Action

Dennis: My name is Dennis Gandleman. Around this school I am the object of ridicule simply because I have an extremely high IQ. It's 176. My father wanted me to enroll in a special school that deals with geniuses like myself, but Mother was firmly against that. She wanted me to have a normal education, and not be treated as some kind of freak....Which is ironic, because that's exactly what is happening to me here. The whole concept of education is a paradox: High School is supposed to celebrate education and knowledge, but what it really celebrates is social groups and popularity. In a perfect world, kids like me would be worshipped because of my scholastic abilities, instead of someone who can throw a forty-yard touchdown pass. But I am bright. I know something that the other's don't....That, once we leave High School and enter the real world, all the rules change. What matters is power. Financial power. Power that comes from making a fortune on cutting-edge computer software. Software that I am already developing. Some call me a nerd. I call myself ahead of my time. See you on the outside.

Tuck Everlasting

Tuck: Look around you, the flowers, and the trees, and the frogs, they're all part of the wheel. They're always changing, always growing, like you Winnie. Your life is never the same, you were once a child, now you're about to become a woman. Then one day you'll go out, like the flame of a candle. You'll make way for new life. That's a certainty. That's the natural way of things. Then there's us. What we Tucks have, you can't call it livin', we just are. We're like rocks stuck on the side of the stream. Listen to me, Winnie, you know it's a dangerous secret if people find out about the Spring. They'll trample all over each other just to get to that water. If there's one thing I've learned about people it's that they'll do anything... anything not to die and they'll do anything to keep from living their life. Do you want to stay stuck as you are right now forever? I just have to make you understand.

Feiffer's People

Bernard: My trouble is, I'm named Bernard. Who made up my name? Did I make it my name? I don't feel like a Bernard. I had hostile parents, and they named me Bernard. Is that my fault?

OK Bernard is fine for other people, but all my life, when I was out on the street and people called me Bernard, I thought they were speaking to someone else. I just can't identify with the name. Inside I'm all different from a "Bernard". If you knew me on the inside, you wouldn't recognize me from knowing me on the outside. You should see me when I'm by myself. The me on the inside begins to flower and come alive! And then somebody comes along and says "Bernard" and it remembers who I am and gets crushed. I know I would be different if people would only call me by my outside name- "Spike".

Love, Valour, Compassion!

Buzz: If this were a musical, that would be a great cure for "Steam Heat". Of course, if this were a musical there would be plenty of hot water, and it would have a happy ending. Musicals always have happy endings. Yes they do, that's why I like them, even the sad ones. The orchestra plays, the characters die, the audience cries, the curtain falls, the actors get up off the floor, the audience puts on their coats, and everybody goes home feeling better. That's a happy ending. Once, just once, I'd like to see a West Side Story where Tony really gets it. I want to see a Sound of Music where the entire Von Trapp family dies in an authentic Alpine avalanche. A Kiss Me Kate where she's got a big cold sore on her mouth. That's the musical I want to see, but they don't write musicals like that anymore.

Slam!

Mel: I think you've fallen off your rocker. I think the lights are on but nobody's home. The Marines? Why? Do you have any idea what you're in for? Those dudes are brutal. We're talking basic training brutality. You gotta shave your head. Learn how to talk in a monotone. I just don't get it, you're gonna give up your girl, your apartment, sell your Harley just to go join a bunch of what? That

would lead somebody to believe that you are not thinking right. It's like you're leaving without a trace. It's spooky.

You want a party or something? For going away. Want me to throw you a surprise party or something? Just do me a favor, all right? Do me a favor and just come back.