

Miscellaneous monologues for ensemble auditions:

From the *Peanuts* comic strip by Charles Schultz

Snoopy: Here's the World One I flying ace high over France in his Sopwith Camel, searching for the infamous Red Baron! I must bring him down! Suddenly, anti-aircraft fire begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh! You can't hit me! (aside) Actually, tough flying aces never say 'Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh'. I just, ah. . . Aaugh! He's riddling my plane with bullets! Curse you, Red Baron! Curse you and your kind! Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness!

From *Anne of Green Gable* by Lucy Maud Montgomery

Mrs. Lynde, I'm extremely sorry I behaved so terribly. I've disgraced my good friends who've let me stay at Green Gables on trial, even though I'm not a boy. I am wicked and ungrateful, and I deserve to be cast out forever. What you said was true; I am skinny and ugly, and my hair is red. What I said about you was true too, only I shouldn't have said it. Please, Mrs. Lynde, forgive me. You wouldn't be so cruel as to inflict a life-long sorrow on a poor orphan. Please, please, forgive me.

From the *Peanuts* comic strip by Charles Schultz

(addressing a teacher) A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? May I ask 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? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? What's that? Yes ma'am . . . Oh, thank you! . . . The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

From the *Peanuts* comic strip by Charles Schultz

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 crabbiness 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. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you 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.

From *The Giraffe and the Pelly and Me* by Roald Dahl

Not far from where I live, there's something very strange. It's a house. Not an ordinary house, but a strange old one made of wood. Look, there it is. 'For Sale' ... Hmmm. It's been like this for ages, all empty and shut up. Wish I could get in and explore, but the door's always locked ... It's all dark and dusty inside, but I know the ground floor used to be a shop, because look, you can still just read the lettering up there, it's a bit faded, over the window... ? It must have been a lovely old sweet-shop. Oh, I wish I could buy it ... then I'd make it into my own sweet-shop. Just think what it would be like ... Caramel Fudge – that'd be grand ... Sugar Pig Snorters ... Butter Gumballs?

From *My Shadow* by Robert Louis Stevenson

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 thing 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.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Selections from *Oliver*, for lead/supporting role auditions:

MR. BUMBLE: Yes, you're quite right Mrs. Corney. We must get rid of this canker in our midst.

That boy was born to be hung, Mrs. Corney. I've never been so shocked in all my days.

WIDOW CORNEY: Hush, Mr. Bumble, you must have had quite a turn. Sit down and have a nice cup of tea.

MR. BUMBLE: It's nice to be appreciated, Mrs. Corney, these here paupers in this here parish don't appreciate me. Anti-parochial they are, ma'am, anti-parochial. We have given away a matter of twenty loaves and a cheese-and-a-half this very blessed afternoon and still, them paupers is not contented.

MRS. SOWERBERRY: They're a waste of time, these workhouse boys – they always cost more to keep than what they're worth. Still, you men always think you know best. What're you going to do with him?

SOWERBERRY: There's an expression of melancholy on his face, my dear, which is very interesting.. He could make a delightful coffin follower.

MRS. SOWERBERRY: A what?

SOWERBERRY: I don't mean a regular coffin-follower to follow grown-ups, but only for the children's practice. It would be very nice to have a follower in proportion, my sweet. A superb effect --- the more I think about it!

MRS. SOWERBERRY: For once – just once – you might have a decent idea. Very well, then, boy – what's your name?

MRS SOWERBERRY: Bring up some of the cold bits we put out for the dog. It hasn't been in all day, so it can go without 'em. I daresay the boy isn't too dainty to eat 'em, are you boy? Charlotte, love, this is the new boy . . . give them to him. Now then, Oliver Twist, your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among coffins, I suppose? But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, you can't sleep nowhere else!

DODGER: Then accommodated you shall be, me old mate. There's a certain house – and I know a respectable old gentleman lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change – this is – and that is , if any other genelman wot he knows interduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does! Not arf he don't – and some! But if I interduces someone it's alright, on account of I happen ter be a pertickler favourite of Mister Fagin . . . that's his name – Mister Fagin. By the way if I'm interducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are – me old china plate.

NOAH: Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing? Ev'ryone lets him alone. His father left him alone – his mother left him alone -- they all left him alone except dear old, kind old Noah. Eh, Charlotte? He, he, he,

OLIVER: You leave my mother out of this – she's dead. You better not say any more, see!

NOAH: Better not! Better not, if you don't mind! The cheek of it, the workhouse cheek of it! My mother, 'e says. She was a nice 'un, she was! Yer know, work'ouse, it can't be helped now, and of course it couldn't be helped then, and I'm very sorry for it, and all that, but yer must know, work'ouse, your mother was a regular, right down bad'un.

FAGIN: Well, they're very good ones, very! -- yellow and green! You haven't embroidered 'em too well tho' Charley – so we'll have to pick the initials out with a needle. You'll need to learn how to do this too, Oliver my dear. Won't he boys? But in the meantime, you'll have to learn how to make wallets like Dodger and Charley here. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my dear? Just do everything that Dodger and Charley do. Make 'em your models, my dear – especially Dodger – he's going to be a regular little Bill Sykes!

SYKES: Somebody must find out what's been done, or said. If he hasn't talked yet, there's still a chance we might get him back – wivout suspicion. We'll nab him the very moment he dares to step out of that house. Now who's goner go? Why Nancy, you're just the very person for it. Nobody up that way knows anything abaht yer. She'll go Fagin.

SYKES: Fair or not fair, hand over I tell you! -- hardly fair, is it, Nancy? Do you think Nancy and me 'as got nothing else to do with our precious time but to spend it chasing after young kids?! Give it 'ere, you avaricious old skeleton, give it 'ere! That's for our share of the trouble and not half enough neither. And if I found out Oliver's said anything – anything out of place . . . Fagin, I'll wager that young scoundrel's told him everything.

NANCY: Lord help me, I am, and I wish I'd of been struck dead in the street before I lent a hand in bringing him here. After today, 'e's a thief, a liar, and all that's bad from this day forth, isn't that enough for yer, without beating him to death! I thieved for you when I was a child, half his age, and for twelve years since. Don't you forget it!

MR. BROWNLOW: Did you perhaps know that Oliver is probably my grandchild?

NANCY: I didn't know nothing. All I knew was me orders. I 'ad to get 'im back or suffer for it . . .
You don't believe me! I don't want your pity. I had to come, even though there are those who would murder me if they knew I'd been here.

MR. BROWNLOW: Murder . . . ? But where is Oliver . . . ? Where is this Fagin's?

NANCY: I can't tell you. I just wanted you to know that Oliver is safe. I must go back now, quickly . . .

MR. BROWNLOW: But what can I do about all this? Why must you go back? What is the reason you can't tell me where he is? . . . And why do you have to return to those people? I can call the Bow Street Runners in a moment, and if you tell them what you have just told me, they will see you come to no harm.

NANCY: Don't you understand. I want to go back. I must go back there . . how can I explain . . . you see, back there . . . there is a man – that I just can't leave. You see I love him. You don't know what it is like to love someone like that. I won't tell you where he is but I'll bring him to you, not here, that's too dangerous . . . will you promise that I won't be watched or followed?

MR. BROWNLOW: I promise you solemnly.

NANCY: Then tonight, between eleven and the time the clock strikes twelve, I will walk on London Bridge . . and I will bring Oliver!