

Audition Monologues for VYT's *Shrek the Musical*

We would like all young people to prepare a monologue for this audition. You can prepare any monologue that is between 30 and 60 seconds. Do they need to come from this sheet? No! Can it be one of these monologues? Yes! These are suggestions and examples for you to reference.

We recommend that you are very familiar with your monologue and have choices that you have prepared. Does it need to be memorized? Not necessarily. A paper in your hand, but out of your face is much better than being extremely nervous.

Boy's monologue from *Peter and the Starcatcher*-

Tell you what: You say "sorry" so easy, like the rough patch's smoothed over, no hard feelings and everything's fixed. Well, no. There's dark ... a mass of darkness in the world, and if you get trapped in the cave like us, it beats you down. "Sorry" can't fix it. Better to say nothing than sorry. (hearing his mother's song, far away) When it's night, and I'm too scared to sleep, I look through the cracks - y'know? - between the wood nailed over the window, and I see all those little stars that I can't reach, and I think that in a hundred years, or two or three hundred maybe, boys'll be free and life'll be so beautiful that nobody'll ever say "sorry" again - 'cuz nobody'll have to. I think about that a lot.

Buddy's monologue from *Elf the Musical*-

Call it a night?! No! We've still got so much to do on our date. It's too early to take you home. Hey, did I tell you? You look miraculous. Oh. Oh, I know! Let's do something Christmas-y! Oh! Let's go skating! I'm not a great skater though, Santa says I'm a hazard. He calls me "Edward Scissorfeet" Now you have to spread it around and remember the best way to spread Christmas cheer is singing loud for all to hear.

Paulette's monologue from *Legally Blonde the Musical*-

Hey there! Welcome to the Hair Affair. You're with Paulette so you're in good hands. I'm sorta like Allstate, but for hair. (*Elle says she wants to dye her blonde hair brunette*) What? Brunette? Honey, (*gestures to her hair*) you're a genetic lotto win! Alright, something else is goin' on here. Back up. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Do you know the number one reason behind all bad hair decisions? Love. I can help you, I've been there before. When I need to relax I just put on this CD I bought from the store. (*Puts on CD*) There, isn't that relaxing? It's called Celtic Moods.

Ella's monologue from Rodgers and Hammerstein's Cinderella-

Every girl is dreaming and wishing she were at the ball tonight. I can't be there because of my Stepmother... Well, somebody has to mind the house. What can I do? Leave my Stepfamily? I don't think if Father were alive he would like that very much. Why don't you believe in wishes and dreams – that once in a while something marvelous and magical can happen? I AM wishing – in the name of every young girl who ever wanted to go to a dance and was told she couldn't. I am wishing that by some magic or “fol-derol and fiddledy dee” that I could go to the ball tonight.

Bruce's monologue from Matilda-

Okay, look, alright, I stole the cake. And honestly I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up... maybe? But the thing was I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see, the Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick and now it was beginning to fight back. *(His belly rumbles.)* Oops. See?

(Rumble. Bruce lets out a truly enormous burp, but really, really enormous, it goes on for ever. It hovers above him.)

It was the biggest burp I had ever done. It was the biggest burp I had ever heard, the biggest burp I had ever heard about. It was like the entire world went silent for that burp to exist, as a huge cloud of chocolaty gas wafted from my mouth and drifted... across the class... *(It drifts across the class.)* Past Lavender... Past Alice... Past Matilda... and then, my great big beautiful chocolaty burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull.

Little Red's monologue from Into the Woods-

(to the Wolf) Good day, Grandmother. My, Grandmother, you're looking very strange. What big ears you have. But Grandmother, what big eyes you have! Oh, Grandmother – what a terrible, big, wet mouth you have!

(After being rescued from the Wolf's stomach.) What a fright! How dark and dank it was inside that wolf! Mr. Baker, you saved our lives. Here is my cape. You may have it. Maybe Granny will make me another with the skins of that wolf...