

MONOLOGUES FOR AUDITION FOR QUALITY ARTS

GIRLS (age 12 to 14)

OPTION 1:

MANDY

Mom, Dad, remember how I said I hate you, and I'm out of here the second I turn eighteen. About that... first, I would like to apologize. I don't really HATE you. You'll be pleased to know that I've been giving this A LOT of thought.

As much as I would LOVE to move out and have my own apartment, and as great as it would be to decorate it super cool with IKEA everything, and have parties... invite all the guys you don't approve of and won't let me go out with... I mean just because Donny has tattoo sleeves and his tongue is pierced doesn't make him a bad guy.

(MANDY pauses and lets out a happy sigh.)

I could sleep-in forever and have a freezer full of ice cream. No one would yell at me when I don't make my bed, and I could come and go any time of the day or night. It really would be heaven. I wouldn't have to worry about leaving dishes in the sink, or you guys waiting up for me at midnight, in the La-Z-Boy, in the dark... seriously, I thought I was going to have a heart attack when you swivelled around and beamed that flashlight in my face! You have to agree, you guys are a little extreme. Right?

OPTION 2:

RENNIE

The first picture of me is at my first birthday party. In this one I am screaming with laughter and holding my hands up to show the camera that I am covered with chocolate cake. My face is smeared with it, it is all over the front of my pretty pink dress. Apparently I was quite verbally advanced, and my parents were showing me off when my Uncle Jake said, "Oh yeah? How smart is she?" "She's a genius," says my mother, "she understands everything. Try it. She'll do anything you say." So... "Rennie," says my Uncle Jake, "smash that chocolate cake all over your face, sweetheart. Will you do that for me?" And I did it, of course, because I was just that smart and I ruined my dress and they took a picture of me humiliating myself when I was twelve months old.