Performing Arts Scholarship
Drama: Junior Monologues

**Junior Monologues**
The monologues listed in this booklet are applicable for students auditioning for Performing Arts Scholarships (Drama) for Years 7 to Year 9. For example - the content of this booklet may be used by:

★ A Year 6 student applying for a Year 7 scholarship
★ A Year 7 student applying for a Year 8 scholarship; or,
★ A Year 8 student applying for a Year 9 scholarship position.

**Audition Process**
Applicants will be required to choose one (1) monologue to perform from the list provided below. Please note the following requirements for students performing an audition monologue:

★ The delivery time of a monologue may vary depending on your interpretation of the chosen piece.
★ Rehearsed monologues **must be memorised**, as no scripts will be permitted on the day.
★ Estimated time allowed for your chosen monologue piece is between two (2) to four (4) minutes. Please ensure your monologue fits within this timeframe guide.
★ Students may be asked to deliver your chosen piece more than once.
★ Students will be tested for improvisation skills, so be prepared to use your imagination and creativity.
★ A script may also be handed to you during the audition. Be prepared for a cold read, using your imagination in showing how you would interpret the script reading.

**Junior Monologue Options**

1. ‘Beauty and the Beast’ Narrator
2. ‘The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn’ by Mark Twain
3. ‘The Kid’ by Walter Ben Hare
4. ‘Alice In Wonderland’ by Lewis Carroll
5. ‘S-M-I-L-E’ by Walter Ben Hare
6. ‘Detention’ by Felicity Blackstone
7. ‘Saturday’ by Felicity Blackstone
8. ‘The Broken Ankle’ by Felicity Blackstone
1. Beauty and the Beast, Narrator

Once upon a time, in a faraway land, a young prince lived in a shining castle. Although he had everything his heart desired, the prince was spoiled, selfish, and unkind. But then, one winter’s night, an old beggar woman came to the castle and offered him a single rose in return for shelter from the bitter cold. Repulsed by her haggard appearance, the prince sneered at the gift and turned the old woman away. But she warned him not to be deceived by appearances, for beauty is found within. And when he dismissed her again, the old woman’s ugliness melted away to reveal a beautiful enchantress. The prince tried to apologise, but it was too late, for she had seen that there was no love in his heart. And as punishment, she transformed him into a hideous beast and placed a powerful spell on the castle and all who lived there. Ashamed of his monstrous form, the beast concealed himself inside his castle, with a magic mirror as his only window to the outside world.

The rose she had offered was truly an enchanted rose, which would bloom until his 21st year. If he could learn to love another, and earn her love in return by the time the last petal fell, then the spell would be broken. If not, he would be doomed to remain a beast for all time. As the years passed, he fell into despair and lost all hope. For who could ever learn to love a beast?

2. The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain

HUCK: Miss Watson told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work.

By and by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way. I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Why can't Miss Watson fat up? No, says I to my self, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was "spiritual gifts." This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant--I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it--except for the other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it any more, but just let it go.
3. The Kid by Walter Ben Hare

Suppose you was a kid like me, And ma would take you on her knee And fill the wash rag full of soap, And hold you tight as any rope, And wash yer eyes and nose and chin, And 'hind your ears, and ever'thin', And git some soap suds in yer eye, And up yer nose, till you 'ist cry! I bet you'd be as sore as me, I bet you'd say worse words than "Gee!" Now wouldn't you?

Suppose you was a kid, I say, And got washed thirty times a day, I bet you'd kick and holler, too, And do things that you shouldn't do. I bet you'd even cry and bawl, For you don't have to wash at all! And what's the use of it, I say? You 'ist get dirty right away. And then you have to wash some more! I bet that it 'ud make you sore! Now wouldn't it?

When I get growed and am a man I'll wash on the installment plan. And all my little girls and boys Can play around with yells and noise, And every day wade in the creek-- And only wash 'ist once a week!

And then, 'ist here--and here--and here!

[Points to forehead, cheeks and chin]
And wash with soap 'ist once a year! Now if you was my little boy, I bet you'd laugh and shout for joy! Now wouldn't you?

4. Alice In Wonderland by Lewis Carroll

ALICE: [Angrily] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [Calling after him] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too!

[Falling] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!
5. **S-M-I-L-E by Walter Ben Hare**

Good evening, Mrs. Audience, And Mr. Audience, too; I hope you're glad to see me, And will like me 'fore I'm through. I'm here to bid you welcome,

I'm sure I like your style; We'll soon become right friendly If you will only smile.

I'll try to entertain you With monologue and rhyme-- But if you won't assist me We'll have a dreadful time. The world is full of worry, Let's forget it for a while, And take a trip to Funland-- So stretch your mouth and smile.

Some speakers talk of trouble, Of pessimistic creeds, But just an S-M-I-L-E [spell] Is all the old world needs.

Be gay, enthusiastic, And cheerful all the while, Forget your gloom and worries, And smile, smile, smile!

And now the ice is broken, We're friends, that's how it stands, And if you feel as I do, You'll tell me with your hands, [Pantomimes applause] With song and jest and story, I shall an hour beguile; I'll do my best to please you, If you'll smile, smile, smile!

---

6. **Detention - By Felicity Blackstone**

**JACK:** Guess where I am? In detention with Rajiv beside me. A two hundred word essay on why I must not eat in class. Two hundred words! I can't think of anything to write.

All right, so break is the time for scoffing chocolate bars according to Old-Crow-Face, Mr. Crowley, our French teacher. But what would you do if your tummy was rumbling in the middle of conjugating the verb to eat? It was the mere mention of the word that set it off. The notes it was churching out were not dissimilar to the Marseillaise. Most appropriate, I thought. Anyway, Rajiv started to get the giggles. At this point Mr. Crowley Crow suddenly lost his temper and sent my poor friend out of the class and told him to make up the work in detention.

Well, to stop any more eruptions from either my stomach or Crow-Face I considered that the best approach was to secrete my chocolate mallow bar into my mouth in bite sized portions. I was just enjoying my third portion when he pounced on me to translate ‘the boy eats the biscuit’ into French. Unfortunately, at this point I choked on my chocolate bar... (he sighs.)

No lying in tomorrow I suppose .... I'll have to get up in time for some breakfast. (starting to write.) I must not eat in class because ...
7. Saturday - By Felicity Blackstone

MICHAEL: I’m bored. Nothing’s gone right today. If I had known what sort of day it was going to be I probably wouldn’t even have bothered getting out of bed. The weather has changed. All week while we have been slaving away at school, the sun has shone brightly outside. Today is Saturday and it’s raining. I was all ready to play football in the first elevens against our greatest rivals, the Wanderers. Yes, I had actually been picked at last for the first eleven. I was going out there to prove that they should have picked me instead of Jim right at the beginning of the season instead of waiting until now. But what happens? There’s a phone call first thing this morning from Bob, our coach, to say he’s very sorry but the pitch is waterlogged and so the game has been called off. Well you can imagine my feelings.

Right, I thought, this is not going to get me down, I’ll call up my friend Jake and he can come over and we can play Lemmings on the computer. His mother tells me that Jake has to meet his aunt who is over from New Zealand.

Then I had the brilliant idea. I would complete my model kit of the harrier. It’s been sitting in the box half-made for ages. Well, I cleared my desk of all the junk and laid out all the bits. The harrier was coming along fine. All it needed was the undercarriage wheels to be put in place. As I prised them off the plastic frame one of the wheels flew off across the room somewhere in the direction of my bed. I searched for it everywhere. It was not to be found. Just not my day.

I’m bored.

8. The Broken Ankle - By Felicity Blackstone

EMMA: Shouts Hey, you two, wait for me!

It’s not fair! Just because I’m the youngest and smallest, they never want me in their games – well, I’m going to catch up with them. I know where they’ve gone. Starting to run Wait for me! She trips and falls.

Ow! Oh no! thats done it, my new jeans have got a rip in them. I only got them last weekend – how annoying, Mum will be furious. (Trying to get up.) Ouch, my ankle; it really hurts. What have I done to it? I can’t walk on it. Oh bother, I’d better sit down again. Let’s have a look at it. (Pulling up her trouser leg.) It’s not bleeding or anything but it looks swollen. (Prodding it.) Ooh, that hurts! What shall I do? Perhaps I can try hopping along on the other leg. She struggles to her feet and tries – but it is no good.

I’m never going to get back home like this. Maybe I can try crawling on my good leg and dragging my other leg. (She tries.) that’s no good, it’s far too painful. I wonder if I’ve broken my ankle. That will mean a visit to casualty, x-rays and plaster casts. (Brightening.) I’ve always wondered what it would be like to have my leg in plaster. I’ll make sure that everyone makes a fuss of me. James will have to carry my school bag and Helen will have to help me up and down the stairs. I really hate the way they leave me all the time – this will teach them ...

She starts to cry.

......I can hear them calling my name. (Shouting.) I’m over here – I’m so pleased to see you. Thank goodness you’ve come.