

CTC COMPANY AUDITION MONOLOGUES:

TRIBES (boys 6 - 8 years)

The Giraffe and the Pelly and Me - BILLY

Hallo. My name's Billy. 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. It stands by itself on the edge of the road. Look, there it is. (He walks carefully up to the house and reads the sign on the window) 'For Sail' ... 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 ... (Looking through the window) 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 ... 'The Grubber' ... ? (Mum enters) Mum ... ? What does the word 'Grubber' mean, do you know – the word that's over the shop? ... A sweet-shop! ... Wow! So that's what it was. It must have been a lovely old sweet-shop. Oh, I wish I could buy it ... then I'd make it into a grubber all over again. I'd do anything to have my own sweet-shop. Just think, Mum, what it would be like ... Caramel Fudge – that'd be grand ... Sugar Pig Snorters ... Butter Gumballs?

TRIBES (girls 6 – 8 years)

The Magic Mirror – SNOW WHITE

I've knocked and knocked and nobody will answer the door! I wonder if this really is an empty house? (*She sees the table*) No, it can't be; here's a table laid for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven people. What a tiny table! and what tiny plates and dishes! (*She holds one up*) It's like a dolls' dinner set! This must be a children's house! Oh dear! I wish they'd come home! I'm so hungry! Is there anything to eat on the table? (*She looks round*) Yes, bread and butter and milk. Then I must have some now, and when the people of the house come home I'm sure they'll forgive me when I tell them I've been two days and nights wandering in the forest with nothing to eat but nuts and blackberries! (*She pours some water into a glass and holds it up*) I don't call this glass very clean! It's all sticky finger-marks outside! (*She drinks and makes a face*) And the water tastes of stale tea-leaves and lime-juice mixed. And just look at the plates. They're grimed. (*She eats and puts the plate down*) And the dust on the table! I can write my name on it with my finger! Oh dear! (*She yawns*) I'm dreadfully tired! I think I'll just sit down and wait till the people of the house come home – and then – I'll explain – to them (*more and more drowsily till she falls asleep in the chair*).

TRIBES (boys 9 - 10 years)

James and the Giant Peach Roald Dahl - JAMES

There is something that I believe we might try. I'm not saying it'll work ... I ... I ... I'm afraid it's no good ... after all ... (Shaking his head) I'm terrible sorry. I forgot. We don't have any string. We'd need hundreds of yards of string to make this work ... the Silkworm? You can wake him up and make him spin? And you, Spider, can spin just as well as any Silkworm! Can you make enough between you? And would it be strong? ... I'm going to lift this Peach clear out of the water! With seagulls! the place is full of them. Look up there! (pointing towards the sky) I'm going to take a long silk string and I'm going to loop one end of it around a seagull's neck. And then I'm going to tie the other end to the stem of the Peach. (JAMES points to the Peach stem) Then I'm going to get another seagull and do the same thing again, and then another and another ... there's no shortage of seagulls. Look for yourself. We'll probably need four hundred, five hundred ... maybe even a thousand ... I don't know ... I shall simply go on hooking them up to the stem until we have enough to lift us.

TRIBES (girls 9 - 10 years)

Alice in Wonderland - 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? Hmmm. 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!

TEENS (boys 11 – 13 years):

Ernie's Incredible Illucinations - ERNIE

It started with these daydreams. You know, the sort everybody gets. Where you suddenly score a hat trick in the first five minutes of the Cup Final, or you bowl out the West Indies for ten runs – or saving your granny from a blazing helicopter, all that sort of rubbish. It was one wet Saturday afternoon and me and my mum and dad were all sitting about in the happy home having one of those exciting afternoon rave-ups we usually have in our house. (ERNIE sits in the doctors chair and starts to read a book) Meanwhile – I was reading a book about the French wartime resistance workers and the dangers they faced – often arrested in their homes. I started wondering what would happen if a squad of soldiers turned up at our front door, having been tipped off about the secret radio transmitter hidden in our cistern – when suddenly ... I shouldn't go out there, Mum ... I said don't go out there ... It's not the milkman. It's a squad of enemy soldiers ... They've come for me ... They've found out about the radio transmitter ... (The soldiers charge at the door. A loud crash) Don't go out, Mum ... Don't go!

TEENS (girls 11 – 13 years):

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory – VERCUCA SALT

Where's my Golden Ticket? Oh yes ... here it is! As soon as I told my father that I simply had to have one of those Golden Tickets, he went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka candy bars he could lay his hands on. Thousands of them, he must have bought. Hundreds of thousands! Then he had them loaded on to trucks and sent directly to his own factory. He's in the peanut business, you see, and he's got about a hundred women working for him over at his joint, shelling peanuts for roasting and salting. That's what they do all day long, those women ... they just sit there shelling peanuts. So he says to them, 'Okay, girls,' he says 'from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these crazy candy bars instead!' and they did. He had every worker in the place yanking the paper off those bars of chocolate, full speed ahead, from morning 'til night. But three days went by, and we had no luck. Oh ,, it was terrible! I got more and more upset each day, and every time he came home I would scream at him, 'Where's my Golden Ticket! I want my Golden Ticket!' And I would lie for hours on the floor, kicking and yelling in the most disturbing way. Then suddenly, on the evening of the fourth day, one of his women workers yelled, 'I've got it! A Golden Ticket!' And my father said, 'Give it to me, quick!' And she did. And he rushed it home and gave it to me.

TEENS (boys 14 – 16 years):

I need Detention - JIMMY

I need detention. I really need detention. See, there's this girl... I know, I know, it always starts with a girl ... But this girl is special... I mean it this time... Really special. Her name is Harmony... But she goes by Harm. Cute huh? She can harm me any time she wants. And she has too. A couple of times. But I deserved it... Cause I touched her once. I didn't touch her anywhere bad. Just on the shoulder. And she broke my finger. So I guess we kind of have held hands. I was just gonna ask to borrow a pencil. One of those ones she sharpens with her pocket-knife and then throws in the ceiling all over school. She even got one in the gym ceiling. You know how high that is? Like 5000 feet. And I just stand under those pencils, hoping one will fall down and I can have one of them for my very own. Something to remember her by.

Until I get in to detention. I gotta figure out some way to get detention because I wanna see her more... Be with her more... And turn Harm into Harmony again... Cause I see that beautiful harmony under all that black and gloom. She just needs a reason to smile and I want to be that reason. So I have to get detention. What's something good... I mean I want it to be really really good so I get thrown in there a long time... Plus I have to make it worth it... Something great that she can respect... How about giving the principal a wedgie? That would do it... A good old up the back over the head mega wedgie. Let's do this.

TEENS (girls 14 – 16 years):

Holka Polka - ILDA

All right, you witches. We've got ourselves a PR problem here. Witches have got a seriously bad reputation here in Fairy Tale Land and it's only getting worse since the Hansel and Gretel incident. I mean, come on people. Eating children. That's just low.

The fairies are thinking of getting rid of all magic. They can and they will unless we turn things around and prove we can handle having it. They gave it to Fairy Tale Land in the first place. And now they want it all back because they think we can't handle it.

We have a crisis here. I mean, what's a witch without her magic? We're nothing, I tell you. Nothing! We'll be just a bunch of creepy old hags with bad hair and skin.

We have to do a major PR thing. Good deeds and stuff. No? Then say "poof" to your magic and learn to use chopsticks because that's all our wands will be good for.

We need to do a good deed. Not just any good deed, but a whopper of a good one. We're going to save the Prince... Aka Sleeping Handsome.

But think of the PR. Witches saving the Prince who has been put under a sleeping spell. And we must do it before some bubble headed princess manages to beat us to it.

TEENS (boys 17+ years):

Bullied, Bungled and Botched - BING

(Sings) "The way you wear your hat. The way you sip your tea, The memory of all that. No, no they can't take that away from me". (Smiles and speaks) My grandma taught me all her old favorite tunes. She loved hearing me sing them. She said I am as good as any of those old time stars and way better than anything you hear today.

We'd spend hours singing together. She'd play the piano and teach me the words to all her songs. I loved it. I know it's weird. No one likes hanging out with old people. But my grandma never seemed old. She had such a young spirit. And seemed so much more alive than anyone else I knew.

And no one knew me better. She could always tell when I was down or worried. She'd always listen and have the best advice. Even though Grandma never went to college, she was the smartest person I knew. I guess wise would be the right word for it. She was so much wiser than everyone else. She really understood life and had the answers. No one has answers anymore. Sure, people will listen but they don't really have any advice or know what to do. But Grandma knew. She always knew the right thing to say that would help the most. And now, I sing for her every day hoping she'll hear me in Heaven and send me a smile.

Sorry about that. I'm a softy. Do you prefer something with a beat?

(Sings and dances as he leaves the stage) "Hello my baby, Hello my honey, Hello my ragtime gal, Send me a kiss by wire, Baby my hearts on fire"

TEENS (girls 17+ years):

Where's my Prince Charming? - PRINCESS

Okay, people. I wished upon a star. Do I have to be some poor nobody wannabe? Do I need some kind of kryptonite like a little pea? Did my prince get turned into a frog and he's now hiding in some creepy bog waiting for me to find him? I don't even know how to swim.

What's the use of dreaming anymore. No one is beating down my door. I need to be some kind of damsel in distress to get some attention I guess.

Where's my Prince Charming? Is there something about me that's alarming? All I get is Prince Pampered who spends his whole life hampered by being royally stuck up. Or there's Prince Never Grow Up who is way too pretty in his curls. All these boys make me want to hurl. Why can't I find a man-sized prince who will sweep me off my feet and take me to far away lands. He will hold me with his strong hands and devote his life to me.

Is that what I want? Is that what I dream about? If I don't get it, will I forever pout and cry because I didn't get my way?

I just want to feel special. I want to feel like they care. I want them to bravely face any challenge for me. Enter my heart if you dare.

Lock me in a tower. Make me your precious flower. I want you to battle your way against dragons to win my love today. Quit playing with your toys and prove your worth to me, boys.

I promise I will be the perfect princess for you to please. I will be good to you and I won't be a tease... much. Who am I kidding? I'm chasing a dream. They say I got everything in life but it is nothing it seems. Where is my happy ending?!