

Memorization Selections for Theatre Auditions
Stivers School for the Arts

The following pages contain monologues for male and female actors in the middle school program. Select only one monologue for memorization.

Title: The House I Used to Live In

Scene: Recalling.

Time: The Present.

Male Actor: For the first ten years of my life, I lived in a big brown shingle house. It had a huge front yard. We used to play baseball in that front yard. My friends, Brian and Kelly, who lived in the same block, came over every day and we used a big red plastic baseball bat and a plastic baseball.

The batter's box was right between two rose bushes, next to the sidewalk. First base was under the living room window. Second base was at Mrs. O'Neill's driveway, which was the property line. Third base was under the elm tree.

I can remember whacking that baseball clear into Mrs. O'Neill's yard and racing from the window to the driveway to the elm tree and back to the rose bushes. A homerun! My heart pounded with the joy of it. I knew that any kid who could hit homeruns like that was headed for a career in the major leagues. Today, a brown shingle house; tomorrow, Candlestick Park.

Title: If It's OK With Mom, Is It OK With You?

Scene: Finagling

Time: The Present.

Male Actor: He told me that instead of asking our parents for permission, we were going to finagle.

The first step in finagling was to decide which of our parents might be the most likely to give in and say yes. Jason instructed me to wait until Mom was concentrating on something else before I spoke. I caught her when she was reading a recipe and trying to measure the ingredients, which turned out to be a good time. I said, "Mom, I have a chance to earn some money tomorrow. Jason's going to do it and he wants me to go with him. If it's OK with Dad, is it OK with you?"

Mom squinted at her cookbook and said, "Well, I suppose if your father thinks it's all right, you can go."

Next Jason said to approach my father but to wait until he was thinking about something else. I caught Dad when he was talking back to a broadcaster on TV.

I said, "Mom says I can go with Jason tomorrow to work at the carnival. Is that OK with you too?"

He nodded and said, "All right," and kept right on arguing with the man on TV.

Jason said finagling with parents can work over and over again, so long as nobody finds out how you're doing it.

Title: Vicki Might Have Been President

Scene: School girl reflecting on the terrible action of her friend, Vicki.

Time: The Present.

Female Actor: I heard what Vicki said but I didn't think she meant it. All kids say things like that sometimes. I've said them myself: "I'd rather die than take that history test." Or, "If I have to babysit my stupid brother one more time, I'm going to kill myself." But even though I sometimes say things like that, I don't really mean them. Not literally. I might complain a lot about babysitting but I'd never do anything drastic. I certainly would never commit suicide.

Vicki did. When she said her life was so gross that it wasn't worth living, she really meant it. I wonder if things might have turned out differently if I had taken her seriously. I wonder how many other people heard her say life wasn't worth living and assumed like I did, that she was only exaggerating.

I'd give anything in the world if I could go back and have that conversation with her again.

Scene: Waiting in the school lunch line.

Time: The Present. [She is talking to her friend, Clara.]

Shelly: It was weird, Clara. Here we were on this great class trip, and I couldn't see anything. We were in the art gallery. I knew we were supposed to be looking at the paintings. I had my sketchbook, and I tried to sketch some of the figures, but all I could see was me - me standing there looking. It's like there's a camera outside my body, and it's always playing the film of my life in my head. I try to turn it off, or at least change the channel! But in my head, it's always playing. It's not like I think I'm so great that I deserve a movie about me. Right! Who'd come to see it? It's more like I'm watching my life, waiting to see what's going to happen next. Does that ever happen to you?