

GRADE 7 AND 8 MONOLOGUE 2019-2020

For your audition, select **ONE (1)** of the following three selections:

SELECTION #1: THE NEW KID

It is the first day of school and I think I'm going to throw up. My parents say I'm just excited and I'll be fine as soon as I get there, but I'm not so sure. I think there's a distinct possibility that I'll lose my breakfast somewhere between my front door and the front steps of Cloverdale Junior High.

I hate going to a new school. I wish we'd never moved. Everyone will probably stare at me. Then they'll whisper about me behind my back. "Who's the new kid?" they'll say. "Did you see what he's wearing? What a weirdo!" Well, no more.

I managed to live through it last year because I knew everyone and had a lot of friends, but this year I don't know anyone and I'll probably never have a friend again in my whole life.

Oh, no. It's time to go. Now I know how the early martyrs felt when they heard the lions roar. Is there anything in the world more terrible than being a new kid on the first day of school?

OR

SELECTION #2: LITTLE RED, THE HOOD by Peg Kehret

Just because I'm a wolf, everyone assumes I'm the bad guy. People say, "Poor Little Red Riding Hood. Poor old Granny."

Ha! If the truth were known, Little Red and Granny would be arrested for fraud, perjury and intent to deceive a police officer. Those two women are real con artists, but Little Red's cute and can scream hysterically, so everyone believed her version of what happened. Nobody would listen to me. Well, I think it's time the real story got told. I'm tired of taking the rap.

It began late one Sunday afternoon, deep in the woods. Now, I live in the woods, you understand. These are my woods – well, mine and the bank's. I have another forty years to go on my mortgage. The point is, the woods are my home and Little Red was trespassing. Naturally, when I saw her running across my property, I stopped her and asked what she was doing.

You probably think she told me she was on her way to visit her sick grandmother. Wrong. She told me the most incredible thing had just happened.

OR

SELECTION #3: WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE? By Terrence McNally

(This humorous monologue is delivered by an English sheepdog).

Arnold

I didn't always have Tommy Flowers and I'm not at all sure I always will. I got him when I was given back to him by a friend of his who didn't want me after Tommy had given me to him in the first place. It's complicated, I know. This friend was a very lonely sort of person and Tommy decided that he should have a dog. Only he didn't want a dog. But when he saw me something inside of him must have snapped because his eyes kind of filled up like he was going to cry and he held me very close. I was this big then! And he didn't say anything and he walked a few feet away from everyone and stood with his back to them and just held me like a little baby. No one had to ask if he wanted me. You could just tell. I was so happy.