

Drama Solo Audition

Please use the following monologue to prepare for your solo audition for male or female applicants.

- Page 1 Female Applicants (Middle & High School) – *Coat Hanger Sculpture* monologue
- Page 2 Male Applicants (Middle & High School) – *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* monologue

Drama Solo Audition Monologue
Middle and High School Female Applicants

Today I will be performing

Coat hanger Sculpture
from
"You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown"
by
Clark Gesner

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coat hanger sculpture?

May I ask a question?

Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself?

If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art?

Or was I judged on my talent?

If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control?

If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could!

Was I judged on what I had learned about this project?

If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me?

Are you willing to share my 'C'?

Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made.....now is this not also unfair?

Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry-cleaning establishment that returns our garments?

Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

(SFX: the teachers voice is heard offstage [brief unintelligible squawk voice mixed with electronic static])

Thank you, Miss Othmar.

(To audience) The squeaky wheel gets the grease! **(Exits)**

Drama Solo Audition Monologue
Middle and High School
Male Applicants

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

By Clark Gesner

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She'd probably laugh right in my face...it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment?...**SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunch bag over his head.)** ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. **(he removes his sack)** Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with...only 2,863 to go.