

Male Audition Monologues

RALPH: *adult, narrator, thinking back on his childhood*

Tis the holiday season and Christmas fever is upon us. Windows are garlanded in red and green, yards are alight with plastic reindeer and milling crowds of shoppers fill the streets, stores, and malls. I put up my tree last week. Had to assemble it first. Then I threw an artificial yule log on the propane-augmented fire and began to reminisce. The holidays tend to do that. I found myself remembering another Christmas in another time... another place. And there it is. The house on Cleveland Street in Hohman, Indiana, where I spent the festering years of my childhood. Yes sir, Hohman, Indiana—ragged vacant lots, American legion halls and bowling alleys woven together with a compact web of high tension wires, telephone lines, and sewer pipe. This time every year the wind would come screaming over frozen Lake Michigan, laying down great drifts of snow. The air would crack and sing, and power lines would creak under caked ice. Christmas was on its way. Lovely, beautiful, glorious Christmas, around which the entire kid year revolved.

RALPHIE: *child, attempting to write an essay on what he wants for Christmas*

“What I Want for Christmas” by Ralph Parker. “A BB gun can be used for many things besides shooting targets, birds, and squirrels. You can also use a BB gun to...” Um... “A BB gun is a very good thing to have in case of an emergency. If tigers escaped from the zoo, I could...” No.

“The pioneers shot moose and bears to eat, and at my house we could save on groceries if we had...” No. “What I Want for Christmas” by Ralph Parker. What I want for Christmas is a legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a compass and this thing that tells time built right into the stock. It is a very good thing to get for Christmas. I don’t think Tinker Toys are a very good Christmas present. Lincoln Logs aren’t a good Christmas present either. The End. PS – Have a Merry Christmas, Miss Shields.” A little sucking up couldn’t hurt.

THE OLD MAN: *enjoys word puzzles, hates his furnace*

Another contest! Fifty thousand dollar giant jackpot puzzle! “What National Lague team won the World Series in 1907?” Easy. Chicago Cubs. “What’s the name of the Lone Ranger’s nephew’s horse?” The Lone Ranger’s nephew? His horse? Who could... How’d you know that? Oh! Everybody knows that! Never mind... Smoke! Smoke! Ha! It’s a clinker! (*goes to the basement and can still be heard cursing*)
Rassa frassa fram basal frassa! Summoning bench! The sad oven mitt’s gone out again! That dog mad clanky sunny impinge! Somebody turned it down again! Who the hallelujah turned this Daniel Boone furnace down so low? Open up the dog bone damper, will ya? The damper! Open the dingblang fuzzle whizzin’ damper!

SANTA: trying to survive the mall until closing time

HO! HO! HO! AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME LITTLE BOY? THERE
THERE LITTLE FELLOW, IT DOESN'T... (*out of character*) Holy...
Hey! Stop that! Get him off my lap! Hurry! Hurry! Look out, he's still...
a towel! Get me a towel! He;s doing it again. Get rid of him. That's cold!
Okay, it's quitting time, I'm... what? Ok. Ok. One more. Just one more,
okay? And then that's it! HO! HO! HO! WHADDYA WANT FOR
CHRISTMAS LITTLE BOY? HOW ABOUT A NICE FOOTBALL?
HO! HO! HO! A FOOTBALL IT IS! MERRY CHRISTMAS! MERRY
CHRISTMAS!... I THOUGHT I GOT RID OF YOU, KID. WHADDYA
WANT? YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR EYE OUT KID! MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

Female Audition Monologues

MOTHER: *trying to encourage a stubborn eater, stern and then motivating and excited*

Come eat your oatmeal. Oh, Randy, don't play with your food, eat it! ... Randy, how does the little piggy go? (*laughs*) That's right! That's right! How does the little piggy go? (*laughs*) Now show me how the piggies eat! Here's a new trough. Go on, show me! Mommy's little piggy! Good piggy! Eat it all up!

MISS SHIELDS: *teacher scolding her students after a prank goes wrong, playing the guilt card*

Now I know that some of you put Flick up to this.

Unfortunately, he refuses to say who. But those who did it know their blame, and I'm sure that the guilt they feel is far worse than any punishment they might receive. Now, whoever you are, don't you feel terrible? Don't you feel remorse for what you've done? Well, that's all I'm going to say. You're welcome, Flick.

You may take your seat.

MISS SHIELDS: *in a fantasy daydream of Ralphie's, hates everything except for this dramatic and over-the-top appreciation for Ralphie's essay*

Margins! Margins! Margins! Why don't they listen? Why don't they learn? Semicolon, you dolt, not period! Oh, I can't take this anymore. But I must! It is my duty! One more! Just one more!
(reads) "Ralph Parker" Ha! *(reads silently)* Why... why... this is... is good. This is... it's wonderful! The theme I've been waiting for all my life! It validates my existence! The prose... it... it sings! Why, this isn't prose! It's poetry! Sheer poetry!

ESTHER JANE: *young female student who hears Ralphie may have a crush on her*

Hello, Ralph. What are you here for? *(gasp)* I'm here to see Santa, too! We're both here for the same reason. Isn't that funny? I'm asking Santa for a doll. What are you asking for?
(listens, impressed) Ooooo. *(reflects, curious)* Aren't you afraid you'll shoot your eye out? *(gets called)* I guess that's me. It was nice talking with you, Ralphie. Bye.