

## A Quick Monologue Intro

Hello! And thank you for auditioning for PUFFS at Theatre Guild of Simsbury

**We have a quick note for you on Monologues:**

Actors will be asked to present a monologue of their choice, after which they will participate in reading selections from the script. Monologues do not need to be prepared or memorized! You also do not need *to use any of the following monologues if you have your own already!*

Our goal with monologues is to allow actors the opportunity to present their best foot forward in whatever way helps them most, and clue us in on what you should read next. **We are not judging your memorization skills, your selection of monologue, your dialect ability, or anything OTHER than your ability to create a character and tell a story with them!**

If you do your best audition work given time to get off book and prepare, these selections are for you to prep as much as you need! If you prefer to bring the sheet in with you, we encourage you to! If you'd rather stay spontaneous and not look at the pages until the minute before you walk in the door, we can't wait to see what you discover!

Every actor auditions best under different circumstances, and our hope is that by beginning with a monologue, and having that process provide as many options as possible, you can come into the room in a way that lets you play as confidently and comfortably as possible.

At the end of the day, we want you to have fun and create some wonderful theater with us.

*The only hint we'll give: Puffs is a zany, over-the-top, ridiculous thrill ride of a play. There will be no actors in this show who won't feel **very silly** at some point in this process. As such, whatever you give us, make it big, and take your choices to 11.*

We can't wait to see you.

**The Puff-duction Team**

## **MONOLOGUE #1**

Alright, losers. Zach Smith here. HEY! YOU! I HATE YOU. LEAVE! LEAVE NOW... So, You flubber worms wanna play sports? AKA meet some laaaadies?! Cause that's the only reason to play. Alright, butt nuggets. Ol' Zachy Smith gotta tell you a story about some crazy stuff that happened this summer. So, I decided to take a little me time, and stay with my buddy who lives in a pineapple under the sea. He's pretty much a straight baller, and we were having a great time with his dope-ass pet sea snail, until this gnarly volcano right next to their little town's about to blow. His side piece Patrick and a squirrel who thinks she's an astronaut or something decide to join us after some in-fighting, we got these big plans to stop the madness. Plankton's being sus as usual, am I right?, and Mr. Krabs is all about that cha-ching. Lots of cray songs, epic dance moves, and mad jetpack skillz. In the end, teamwork, led my me, Zach Attack Smith, for the win, and everyone's vibing together, but then I'm all "Oh shit! Vacation's over. I was supposed to be back at school 3 hours". I snatch my drunk dad's time turner and set it back a day, sleep off this hangover, and still show up back to school a day late. So, that was my crazy summer.

## **MONOLOGUE #2**

No! I don't want to leave! Why is everyone always so down on us? I won't stand for it anymore. I won't sit for it, either. And I also won't stand on one leg, because I can't. Watch. Anyways, Look at your hand! You have a wand! Unless you looked at your other hand. Look at yourselves! Hannah. You used to be so awkward! And you still are, but we don't mind anymore! Who's that? It's Ernie Mac. And he's basically the best. And Sally. Do you remember when you did that thing? It was amazing! Susie! We all thought you'd be dead by now, But look at you, standing there, alive. Wayne. You give the best hugs. Megan, you give better hugs that you think you do. And J. Finch! He's imaginary, and he can do magic! We all can! We're wizards. So sure, it would be easy to leave. But wouldn't it be wrong? We should do what's right. I'm a Puff and I'm staying. Because if we don't fight now, we may never find out how that hat TALKS!

### **MONOLOGUE #3**

Question. Hypothetical. What if I don't have enough of a personality for the magic talking hat to sort me? Like...how much authority does this hat really have? Never mind....This place is crazy huh? I never thought I'd go to school in a castle. Pretty cool. I've never really liked school. People were mean. To me. I'm talking too much. You probably have all your own nervous thoughts going on... Can I tell you something? I think I might be...special? I watch a lot of movies and read lots of books, and it's like: a normal boy finds out he actually has amazing abilities and is swept away to a new, magical world? Does that sound familiar? Because that is now my ACTUAL life. And THAT kid, through some incredible circumstances always becomes like the most important person. Like in the whole world. A sort of...Chosen One. AHH! Magic is real, and this orphaned boy wizard is ready for seven years of amazing adventures!

### **MONOLOGUE #4**

You didn't get it. You were never gonna get it. They... they dangle these things in front of you, they tell you you got a chance, but I'm sorry, it's a lie, because they had already made up their mind and they knew what they were gonna do before you walked in the door. You made a mistake, and they are never forgetting it. As far as they're concerned your mistake is just, it's who you are. And it's all you are. And I'm not just talking about the scholarship here. I'm talking about everything. I mean, they'll smile at you, they'll pat you on the head, but they are never, ever letting you in. But listen... listen... it doesn't matter. It doesn't, because you don't need them. They're not gonna give it to you? So what? You're gonna take it. You're gonna do whatever it takes. Do you hear me? You are not gonna play by the rules. You're gonna go your own way. You're gonna do what they won't do. You're gonna be smart, you are gonna cut corners, and you are gonna win. They're on the 35th floor? You're gonna be on the 50th floor. You're gonna be looking down on them. And the higher you rise, the more they're gonna hate you. Good, good. You rub their noses in it. You make them suffer. You don't matter all that much to them. So what? So what? Screw them. Remember, the winner takes it all.

## **MONOLOGUE #5**

Tonight, you are to witness a breakthrough in Biochemical research and paradise is to be mine... Yes. It was strange the way it happened ... one of those quirks of fate really ... one of those moments when ... everything looks black, the chips are down, your back is against the wall. You panic - you're trapped - there's no way out and even if there was it would probably be a one way ticket to the bottom of the bay. And then suddenly you get a break - all the pieces seem to fit into place - what a sucker you'd been - what a fool - the answer was there all the time - it took a small accident to make it happen. An accident. That's how I discovered the secret - that elusive ingredient - that spark that is the breath of life. Yes I have that knowledge, I hold the key to life itself, you see Brad and Janet you are fortunate for tonight is the night my beautiful creature is destined to be born. Throw open the switches on the Sonic Oscillator and step up the Reactor Power Input ... three more points.

## **MONOLOGUE #6**

I know what's going on here. I know what's going on here. Okay? I do. It's the final question, right? They're in the loop! I'm the only one out of the loop it would seem. And if we check my POINT TOTAL HERE, I don't NEED to walk to the front! Because I KNOW what it is! It's a big ol' GOOSE EGG, GANG! A FAT ZERO! Hello! A little late addition to the numerical symbol chart brought to us by our friends in ARABIA! A little bit of trivia I happen to know, about the HISTORY of NUMBERS. That kind of little tidbit would serve me well in most trivia games, unless it had been RIGGED FROM THE BEGINNING. OHHH, I'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN TO PULL THE THREAD ON THIS SWEATER! Friends! You would think, in a game where there are only two possible correct choices, that one would stumble in to the right answer every so often, wouldn't you? In fact, the probability of never guessing right in the full game is a STATISTICAL WONDER... and yet here we are. Introduced in the top of the game as a champion, what do you think that MEANS? Icarus, flying too close to the sun... But it seems, DAEDALUS, our little MASTER CRAFTER over here, had some wax wings of his own. He wanted to see his son fall from the sky, OH how CLOSE to the SUN HE FLEW! WELL, I'M NOT! HAVING IT! I've solved your labyrinth, PUZZLEMASTER! THE MINOTAUR'S ESCAPED, AND YOU'RE GONNA GET THE HORNS, BUDDY - because the only rule of this game is - I. CANNOT. WIN!

## MONOLOGUE #7

*(Ominous)* Your efforts are futile. I do not want to kill you, Give me Potter. And you shall be rewarded. You have until Midnight...night...*night...niigghht.* *(Not-so-Ominous)* That went well, I think. Hmm. So, we've got until midnight... Anyone bring any board games? Or snacks... What do you mean I'm still talking into the megaphone? What? Oh! Bring me Harry...*Harry. Haarry...* Okay. The megaphone is now definitely off. I'm going to ask an uncomfortable question right now. I ask for an honest response. Where are my shoes? I've been back three years, and three years-barefooted. No one has offered me a pair of sneakers, or some lounge loafers. Wingtips. At first, I thought oh-maybe this is the fashion-but quickly learned-no-that's not it. One year later, my little piggies are still out for all to see-it became about the principle of the matter– I'm the Dark Lord. Surely someone will offer me some shoes. Or at least ask if I'm comfortable. But now: we are in the woods. We've spent a whole evening outdoors. My feet are wet– I've stepped on several pointy rocks– I may need a tetanus shot. So, no. I am not comfortable. So where are my – what? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! Harry!