

**Please choose one of the following monologues to perform during your audition.
Memorization is not required, but is highly recommended.**

"Shaping-Up" (Teen Monologue, Male)*Confrontational*

Bill is sensitive, creative, imaginative, and is more into computers, than he is into physical fitness. In a world, consumed with staying in shape, Bill is like a fish out-of-water. He becomes rebellious, as he is faced with confronting his weakness.

Miss Meyers, can you just answer me just one question?...Why is it that I have to take P.E. every stinking year, because really...I want to know. I mean every year, it's exactly the same. I'm forced to humiliate myself in front of the rest of the class. It's not so bad for the kids who are athletes, but for the rest of us, like me, it's not so easy.(Beat) Yes, Miss Meyers...I know, I know...P.E. is just as important as algebra and biology, and yes I agree that you should get a grade based on your abilities and skills. But everyone has to take the same class! They don't have "Basic P.E." like they have "General Science" or "Basic Math"...that would be a whole different subject completely! And why do we have to rotate activities all the time, why can't we stick with one thing for awhile, that way I could redeem myself by getting better at something. Soccer and Basketball aren't so bad, but this body shouldn't be on a balance beam during gymnastics. I just become entertainment for the rest of the class. High school is humiliating enough without coming in five minutes after everyone else during the mile run...while they're showered and going to lunch, I'm just crossing the finish line. I already know the theory around fitness...it-is-a-part-of-a-well-rounded-education. But the least they could do is level the playing field for everyone. I know there's not much you can do for me, but thanks, for at least letting me get that off my chest...See you in the gym.

“I’m Cheesed Off” by Jeffrey du Cann Grenfell-Hill *Humorous*

Do this! Do that! Tidy this! Clean that! It’s like living in a concentration camp. I’m cheesed off! Why can’t I be naturally untidy? You want o hear old bossy big-boots talking to her friends. “Oh yes,” she says, “I like my children to be individuals...Do their own thing, you know. I just can’t abide children with no character – the coward type. You know!” Oh, she does go on. Then, when she comes home it’s straight up to inspect my bedroom.

Well, I admit, it is a bit...untidy..., a bit messy...Just the odd ten or twelve book scattered around. The odd three or four games all our of their boxes...then two or three puzzles not quite finished and, well, clothes look better with wrinkles, don’t they? And anyway...they’re MY clothes! If I want to pile them on my desk, why can’t I? If I want to look a wreck, why can’t I? But am I allowed to? No!

It’s “Tidy up that bedroom, hang those clothes up, put those games away!” Mothers!
Why can’t they be more like Dads?