

# Recommended Audition Pieces For Your Academy Theatre Audition



*It is recommended that you choose one of the following pieces for your audition for Academy Theatre. If you choose a monologue that is not from this list, make sure that it is age-appropriate and about the same length.*

## THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

Girl

Look Peter, the sky. What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about thinking yourself out? You can have it anyway you like.

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## THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

Girl

I'm trying. Really I am. Every night I think back over all of the things I did that day that were wrong... like putting the wet mop in Mr. Dussel's bed... and this thing now with Mother. I say to myself, that was wrong. I make up my mind, I'm never going to do it again. Never! Of course I may do something worse... but at least I'll never do that again!... I have a nicer side, Father... a sweeter, nicer side. But I'm scared to show it. I'm afraid that people are going to laugh at me if I'm serious. So the mean Anne comes to the outside and the good Anne stays on the inside.

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## THE ADOLESCENT FUGUE

Girl or Boy

I hate my brothers so much! They always make fun of my zits. I do have acne, but do they have to remind me? I always call them zits because they don't deserve better names. Why did God make zits? I mean, he could have just never invented them and everyone would do just fine. I tell myself not to eat chocolate, but I do anyway- I love chocolate! That's like with my braces... I can't chew gum! Do you know how boring life would be without chocolate and gum? I'd rather not think about it.

## HOT ICE CREAM

Girl or Boy

It's not really fair that things have to change. I mean, you have something really good, like an ice cream cone. It's going great, and then suddenly things start to change; the ice cream starts to melt. And if you can't change and eat the ice cream fast enough, it melts and all you have left is hot, runny ice cream.

Like before my parents got divorced. My life was great. I was a pampered little kid, with what I thought was a great family. Well, I guess my parents didn't realize how hot it was getting. The ice cream was melting. And they didn't even think about me. They didn't even care. But that's how life is; our ice cream just melted and we couldn't stop it... I don't know... maybe it is better.

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## ANIMAL SHELTER

Girl or Boy

There was this big tree in our backyard... about a mile high, I used to think. At first it was real hard to climb. I would struggle up, and get sap all over me. It was hard as heck to get off. Anyway, when I would finally get to the top, the branches at the tiptop would fork up and make a perfect seat for my little buns. What buns... I didn't have any. I still don't. When I sat down in the seat, it was like I became part of the tree. I would sit up there for hours, just swaying in the wind. When I was up there I didn't think about the things that bothered me. Each time I climbed to the tree, it got easier. Soon the thrill was gone, I just got old, I guess.

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## LOST IN YONKERS

Boy

Maybe you don't rob banks or grocery stores or little old women. You're worse than that. You're a bully. You pick on a couple of kids. Your own nephews. You make fun of my father because he cried and was afraid of Grandma. Well, everyone in Yonkers is afraid of Grandma... And let me tell you something about my father. At least he's doing something in this war. He's sick and he's tired but he's out there selling iron to make ships and tanks and cannons. And I'm proud of him. What are you doing? Hiding in your mother's apartment and scaring little kids and acting like Humphrey Bogart. Well, you're no Humphrey Bogart.

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## OUR TOWN

Girl

Well, up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you as you did everything ...because we've been friends so long...and then you begin spending all your time at baseball... and you never stopped to speak to anybody anymore. not even to your own family you didn't...and, George, it's a fact, you've got awful conceited and stuck-up, and all the girls say so. They may not say so to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say that, but I've got to agree with them a little. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings...but I can't be sorry I said it.

## RE-FRIED BEANS

Girl or Boy

I think the most traumatic experience of my younger life was being forced to eat foods that I was sure were going to kill me. Like broccoli, or my mother's specialty...re-fried beans. I was very creative with her beans. Sometimes I would purposely do something bad so my parents would send me into the dining room to eat. Then I'd wrap the beans up in a napkin and put them under the rug. Later on I'd go get them and throw them away. Unless I forgot. Then they'd sit under the rug until the next time we had beans. Not a pretty sight. When my parents stopped sending me into the dining room to eat, I had to come up with some new ideas.

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## WORMS

Girl or Boy

Excuse me? Mr. Lee, sir? Could I talk to you? Thank you, sir. I've, uh, I've got a bit of a problem. It's my locker, sir. Uh, it's, well, it's full of...worms, sir, big brown ones. No, sir, I didn't put them there. No, sir, I'm not really sure where they came from. Just opened up my locker this morning before class and well, um, it was like...How you doing? Very strange, sir. No, sir, no one else has them. Just me. Yes, sir, big brown ones; fat too, all over my calculus book and my copy of "Crime and Punishment" and winding all through my gym clothes. No, sir. No ideas. I'm kinda stumped on this one. Could we flame out my locker?

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## CHOCOLATE NIGHT

Girl or Boy

I don't know why I dreamed that. I guess because I ate so many Hershey's kisses before I went to bed. But, still, to dream about a chocolate sundae coming to life and chasing you... is a little strange. And what's stranger, was when I started to slide down a chocolate fudge mountain. Well, I mean, it's sounds fun, but not if you're wearing a white suit. And then, when I got to the bottom, all sticky and gross, I fell into the hot fudge and thought it would be worse. Instead, when I came out, I was clean. Suddenly, I was walking through a dense forest. It was real creepy. And then I smelled fries. Not just any fries; it was the fries. The fry guys!

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## FLUFFY

Girl

When I first got Fluffy, she was sooo adorable! she'd look up into your face with those deep blue eyes of hers and that fluffy white fur- that's why I named her Fluffy, she was such a little ball of fluff- and then she'd nip at your finger with her pointy little teeth- but she was only playing! When she got older she would sleep in the bed with me. She was such a cutie, she always hissed if you got on her half of the bed! It got to where I would fix meals for Fluffy so she would eat what I ate. I even got a bunch of little cat clothes- a little coat, a morning dress, a bathrobe, a whole bunch of stuff, even a little Santa suit for Christmas.

## THE WOODS

Girl or Boy

Once I got really mad at my sister, and my mom and dad were gone, so I couldn't run to them. I ran outside with my cat and started off into the woods. It was winter and everything was quiet except for the sounds of my walking. There was snow everywhere and a huge tree that towered over me, and I was alone. That's what was nice. It reminded me of a postcard with an Indian on it instead of me.

I really wish sometimes that I was an Indian and there were no factories and cars and pollution. Life's a lot simpler like that. It's just finding food, eating, and just living with no time to worry about what other people think of you. No one cares if you not as pretty (or handsome) or as good as someone else. You just have to worry about what's going on right now.

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## STARS

Girl or Boy

Looking up ... all those stars ... they're like pinpricks in black construction paper with a spotlight behind them. So many of them. And there's a patch that looks like a cloud at first, but then you see that it's just stars so packed together that they start to run together. Like salt. It's a cliché, I guess, but it really does make you think. Consider it all. Maybe we really don't matter. All our stuff, all the Coke and Big Macs that we've got stored up ... they're about as important as ... one breath. And all this is a lifetime. I mean we could all be snuffed out, just like that! We're gone, and ... this is the good part ... it would all go on. No change. Nice night, huh?