



One-Act Play Audition Info

We are so glad you want to audition! Here are some things you need to know:

1. Auditions will be open for two time slots: **Wednesday, September 30, 2020 and Friday, October 2, 2020 from 3:00pm-6:00pm**. All auditions will be held in the Westside Auditorium.
2. All students wishing to audition can either sign up on the sheet outside room 109 or fill out the form at the link below (scan the QR code). All auditions will have a 10-minute time slot.
3. Students: For your audition, please choose one of the attached monologues. You will perform your monologue **MEMORIZED** for the audition. Please make dramatic choices based on the type of monologue you choose.
4. After all auditions have been given, we will have call backs. More info on this later.
5. You must sign up or complete your **audition form** by **Monday, September 28th at 12:00(noon)** to guarantee an audition spot. Any late submissions may or may not get to audition.
6. If you are wanting to be stage crew, you do not have to come to the auditions, but you do have to submit the form below. We will have a **VERY** limited crew. You will be contacted with more info.
7. **FOR ALL IN-PERSON AUDITIONS: After school is over you will report to the auditorium immediately. Social distancing must be followed. We will call you one at a time based on order of sign up. MASKS ARE REQUIRED. You will perform your audition and then must promptly leave the campus. You cannot loiter. Auditions will take around 10 minutes. This is due to all COVID-19 regulations. We will be sanitizing after each audition. (There will be a 5-minute buffer time between each audition) **If you feel sick or have symptoms the day of your audition, please email me and we can reschedule. DO NOT COME TO THE AUDITION.**
8. **For Zoom auditions: You will be sent a link to join the zoom. Please do so at your audition time. There will be a virtual waiting room, I will let you in when it is your time. **ZOOM AUDITIONS MUST BE APPROVED IN ADVANCE AND ARE ONLY FOR ONLINE STUDENTS.**

If you have any questions, please email me. See you then!

Mrs. Akins, akinsre@boe.richmond.k12.ga.us



Scan or
Click
HERE

Trapped in an Elevator

By: Sophia M.

Gender: Any

Genre: Comedic

Description: A terrified person is trapped in an elevator.

(Actor mimes getting into the elevator, pushing the button, and having the elevator start up and then lurch to a stop.) No. This isn't happening. This is it. My nightmare has come true. I'm going to die. The cable is going to snap and I'm going to fall hundreds of stories. *(Rapidly breathing.)* I'm running out of air. I've got to get out of here. Which button do I press? This red one is for emergencies, right? Or is it the blue one? NO. Probably the red one. Use your head. Think. Think. Oh heck, I'm just going to press all of them. *(Presses the buttons. Waits.)* Nothing's happening. There should be a siren or something. Help! Help! I'm trapped in here! Anyone? Where's my cell phone? *(Digging through bag, checking pockets.)* Oh my God, I left it charging in the car. Okay, calm down. Just calm down. What do I have to eat or drink? *(Rifling through bag.)* Two sticks of gum. Gum covered in lint. I'm going to die. *(Slumps to the floor.)* No one knows I'm in here. They're not going to find me until my rotting corpse starts stinking up the building. This is a dream, right? *(Pinches himself/herself.)* Nope. I'm awake. I'm having a nightmare, but I'm awake. So, this is the way it ends for me. I'll never get married, or have children, or finish my snake-skin collection or fulfill my life-long dream of being a fortune-cookie writer. *(Lies down on the floor.)* Okay God take me now. I'm ready. *(Hears noise.)* I can hear the angels. They are coming to get me. Wait a minute. *(Sits up.)* That doesn't sound like angels. It sounds like a blowtorch. *(Jumps to feet.)* Hello! I'm in here! I'm still alive! *(Elevator doors open. Actor leaps out, pantomimes hugging rescuers.)* You found me just in time! I've been in there for days! What? It couldn't have been just five minutes! Fine. If you say so. But from now on, I'm taking the stairs.

You're Melting

By: Amber Leanne Rothberg

Gender: Any

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A friend consoles another friend after a death.

Do you ever think about how being alive, and actually *living*, are two completely different things? Well, they may sound like the same thing to you. But trust me, what you're doing now Ray, it's not living. Yes, you are alive, but sitting around in your house all day, staring at a tv, you're not experiencing anything except for "what's next on Fuller House!" You need to wake up from your fantasy world Ray. You know, I miss her too. I miss her SO much. It's the good times that hurt to think about. Like when our families used to go to the beach together. And you, Lila and I would have sandcastle competitions. Or feed the seagulls, even though we knew we weren't supposed to, we didn't care. When the lifeguards yelled, we would just nod and laugh it off. It's okay to have memories Ray, but you can't live inside of them. Sometimes you have to move on. And this is one of those times. Lila had her turn to live, and then she had her turn to melt. Everyone melts eventually. We will too. And when we do, we will see Lila again. But right now, it's our time to live, and not our time to melt yet. But that's what you're doing Ray. Your melting. And you can't melt because...because I need you. You can't live a life, if you're not willing to live it. You can't just sit around all day and wait for things to get better. Nothing is ever going to chance unless you change it. And you need to try. I promise you...the moment you decide to get up out of your chair and take a walk or go to lunch with your friends that you haven't seen in ages, then you will feel better. I'm not asking you to forget about Lila, because that's not possible. All I'm asking is that you try to live a life without her. And accept that she's gone, and that she's not coming back. You just need to live in your current reality and in the moment. Because these moments are all that you have.

Pigeonpocalypse

By: Brooke E.

Gender: Any

Genre: Comedic

Description: A student finds an extra credit science assignment is going horribly wrong as overgrown dough attracts a wave of deadly pigeons.

(The speaker is on the phone, frantic, pretending to peer out windows nervously.)

Yes, this is an emergency. I haven't been outside my house in three days. They're out there-in throngs, herds, flocks: the pigeons. Okay, I'll try to stay calm and explain. It all started because of fungus. See, my friend Tom and I were put in a group for a science project on fungus, and there was this... extra credit assignment. It was simple; we were given a kit and supposed to grow yeast. To make yeast, you ferment sugar found in fruits, like grapes. I decided to do it; what could go wrong? Well, EVERYTHING. I bought grapes at the store and didn't pay attention to the fact that they'd been pumped full of special chemicals to grow big. When I tried to make the yeast from the grapes, I accidentally created a special, powerful yeast... a "superyeast". I was so excited that I told Tom about it, and y'know what he said? He laughed and said he wouldn't believe it unless I made the world's biggest loaf. Well, y'know what? I was going to make that loaf. So, I work for hours. I'm going to leave the loaf to rise under the skylight. Speaking of that nice, glass skylight... the sun coming through the big glass skylight is so warm, and cozy, and I... well. I fall asleep, and... hey, what's-WHAT HAPPENED? The yeast-it's-swelling! Growing! It's so big it's pressed up against the skylight! You gotta send help or it'll break through the glass! My cat Ringo is coming into the kitchen, guess he heard me. Be a good boy, Ringo. Ignore the fresh, yeasty scent... RINGO, NO, DON'T POUNCE! THE BREAD! He's chomping it! It's bursting through the skylight, raining dough on the neighborhood! How am I going to patch that skylight, mom will kill me... wait... do ya hear that? Coo...coo... COO! Pigeons! PIGEONS! The pigeons are coming from the sky in a hurricane! They are like an unstoppable wave of feathered locusts, eating every scrap of bread they can get their pointy beaks on! I've gotta cover the skylight hole before they get in! GET BACK, FEATHERED FIENDS, GET BACK! *(gulp)* Hurry! Hurry! Oh, no... I think they're ripping through the sheets I put over the skylight! If I don't make it, don't let them write "devoured by gluttonous pigeons" on my tombstone.

How are You?

By: Ellie K.

Gender: Any

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A teenager shares too much information when asked how he/she is doing...

How am I doing? Well, if I'm honest, numb. It's the best way to describe how I am feeling. I'm moving through each day basically feeling empty and alone. From the outside looking in, it seems as though I have a lot of friends, but no one knows the real me. My family is great, but I feel I don't belong. I see a couple of therapists, and I've been prescribed all sorts of medications, but none of that is really helping. I feel as though I am slowly fading away from reality. Medicine is not magic, I guess. It just sort of covers up all the hurt and emptiness. I mean, I'm not suicidal or anything. Well, not any more than the next person, I guess. Everyone thinks about it at one time or another. Doesn't mean I am dangerous or that I need protecting. The medicine is a temporary fix, but temporary isn't forever. I will eventually break...a lot of people do. In the meantime, I'm just numb. *(Pause.)* I'll bet you're sorry you asked. *(Pause.)* Well, then. How are you doing?

Babysitter's Rules

By: Jazarae Robinson

Gender: Female

Genre: Comedic

Description: Babysitter is not who Mom thinks she is.

Don't worry, Linda. I will take great care of your kids. I have lots of experience with kids, so I know what to do when they misbehave. Bye.

(Turns to kids after Linda leaves) Now listen, you little brats! I am the boss here, so you will do everything I ask you to do exactly when I say it. Here are the rules:

Rule #1 You don't question; you just do it.

Rule #2 Never tell your mom anything that I do. Always tell her I'm the best babysitter. You wouldn't want me to lose my job, would you?

Rule #3 You eat what I make, or you don't eat at all.

Rule #4 If I have company do not talk to them and go into the basement.

Rule #5 If I make a mess, you clean it. I'm your guest, not the other way around.

Rule #6 No crying allowed.

Ok, those are the rules. Go have fun! (rolls eyes and whispers) Little brats.

Rudolph's Older Brother

By: Trequan D.

Gender: Male

Genre: Comedic

Description: Rudolph's brother tells him not to forget where he is from.

Hey man, bring ya red nose over here... AYE MAN, I said bring ya RED NOSE over here! I see you're all excited about being Santa's new favorite reindeer, but never forget where you came from. Yeah, I understand it's nice to finally laugh, not get called names, and to play in all the reindeer games with everyone else besides just me... but can't you see they're just using you? Santa never gave you any attention until last Christmas when he couldn't see any farther than he could spit. Huh? What do you mean he said, "you're the light of his world"? He was being serious, that wasn't a compliment! He taped you to the back of his car because his taillight was out. Now explain to me why you're okay with that. Matter fact nah, I don't wanna hear it. Now you're chilling with Dasher and Dancer acting like you're a big star just because your nose glows up red, WE HAVE 50 THOUSAND CHRISTMAS LIGHTS THAT DO THAT SAME THING- you know what Rudolph, do what you wanna do, but never forget where you came from.

Punctuation Society

By: Sophie W.

Gender: Any

Genre: Comedic

Description: Exclamation Point is upset about Comma, who talks too much.

Welcome everyone to the Punctuation Society! This is our first, of many weekly meetings. As you may have noticed, Comma is not here. I specifically did not invite her. This is a Comma-free society. Hey that rhymes! (Smiles but then frowns again.) I, Exclamation Point have finally found something NOT to be excited about. COMMA! She keeps talking on and on and on! When you finally think she is done she just links what she is talking about to something else! It is so annoying. And when I am annoyed, I leave, and everything gets pretty boring. Question mark, Period, Semicolon, and all the rest of you, I know you're with me on this. No, ellipsis, we will not be taking a vote! I am the President. I have final say. Parentheses...stop whispering. Do you have something to share with the rest of us? Oh, you like her? I don't care if you like her. She will make it impossible to get anything done. Hey, you in the back, quiet down. Stop shouting! Wait...how'd a bunch of capital letters get in here. Get out! This is for punctuation marks only! Okay, now, back to business. No, Period...the meeting is not over. Sit back down. Ugh. This is exhausting. No wonder people don't use Exclamation Points very often.

Lovestruck

By: Josie C.

Gender: Any

Genre: Dramatic

Description: Cupid aims his arrow at the wrong person.

Oh, no you don't! Don't you be pointing that thing at me! I am done with love. Go find someone else you can trick into going all mushy and stupid only to have his heart torn out and smashed like a wine glass at a Jewish wedding. Ugh. Why did I even say wedding?! Love is like getting a puppy. At first, it's like heaven opened up and sent you this thing, this incredible, furry, loveable thing. And two years later, it gets run over and your parents try to tell you that he ran away, but you heard them talking about how nice the man was to come tell you. He wasn't nice. HE WASN'T NICE! He killed my dog! And now I wish that I never had a dog in the first place. Love is like that. Happiness, that ends up dead on the side of the road. So, kindly point your arrow in another direction. Find someone else to rip their heart to shreds.