

## THE HOBBIT AUDITION MONOLOGUE CHOICES (pg 1)

### DRAGON

Just a few minutes ago, I was a normal, boring lizard, happily sunning on my rock, when all of a sudden, outta nowhere, this creepy looking, wart-nosed person picked me up and dropped me into a black pot filled with- well I'm not sure. Everything turned kind of fuzzy. Next thing I knew, I was huge! I mean huge! Not to mention... I had grown wings, horns, claws, spines, and these teeth! Which is like, hello? Unsafe! Now, after a while I started to think I could get used to this new style, that it might even be cool to not have to always run away, you know. But then... I sneezed. I sneezed fire. Everywhere!

### BOWSER

It's not fair! I don't like being called a villain. If anything, Mario is the villain! I only kidnapped Princess Peach because she asked me to. All because Mario isn't smart enough to run his own country and now Princess Peach needs to do it herself. I mean that's why I did it. Hey, I would be upset too if all I could wear is a "pink frilly dress." Even that Turtle called "Yoshi", comes in more colors than Princess Peach does. *(pause)* I had my picture-perfect life and then I got involved in Mario's mess. All the odds against me and he's the one having fun all day. When you go to a Halloween store you see Mario and Luigi costumes, but do you see any Bowser costumes? NO, you don't see any Bowser costumes! It's just not fair.

### LONELY LEPRACHAN

It's lonely here at the end of the rainbow. All I do all night and day is guard this pot of gold. No one told me when I took this job that I'd be here forever and ever... with no one to talk to. No one to share my strawberry jam and cheese sandwiches with. No one to play Four Square with. Oh yeah, I get the occasional butterfly or ladybug stopping by, but they only want to talk about flowers... over and over and over. If only someone would find this pot of gold. I see them headed straight for me all the time, and then they veer off in the wrong direction. I shout, "Hey, over here! It's right here!" and they look through me as if I'm invisible.

### PERFECT DAY

Wouldn't it be great if every once in a while, we were guaranteed a perfect day? One amazingly perfect day. You know, when each piece fits together no matter how difficult. The kind of day when things just go that way- your way. My day would be like this...When I am called on, I know the answer. And as a reward, no homework. Who kicks a goal? Me. Whose mom is the first in the pick-up line? *(Mouths "mine.")* It is a perfect day. And as I get into the car what happens, my favorite song comes on! We breeze through traffic and when we get home, we don't have any other plans. That means the afternoon is mine. Truly mine. After dinner, Dad's like *(In Dad's voice.)* 'Let's go to the movies - you pick, kid.' I never get to pick! But today, well today, I got downstairs for breakfast and my little brother had eaten the last of my favorite cereal- every last piece. Today is not going to be that perfect day.

## THE HOBBIT AUDITION MONOLOGUE CHOICES (pg 2)

### THE TRUTH

I'm sorry. I don't have my math homework, Mrs. Williams. I have a really good reason. You might think I'm lying, but I'm not. Everybody thinks that when your dog eats your homework you are for sure lying, and you just didn't get it done, but what if your dog actually eats your homework? Then what do you do? That's what happened! Our tiny evil poodle ate it. We have to be careful in our house because that poof-ball, who only likes my mother, eats everything, including gross stuff out of the cat box. So, I got home and I set my homework on the table and I went to get my snack. After that, my brother wanted to play hoops in the driveway and he never wants me to play with him, so I did. When I got back inside, my homework was chewed up on the floor and the Devil Dog was hiding under the sofa. So, that's it. My real story about how my dog actually did eat my homework. You gotta believe me!

### STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

MOM! MOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM! HE'S DOING IT AGAIN! He keeps putting his finger in my face! Just because he's a few years older than me does NOT mean he gets to mess with me. GROUNDED!? ME... GROUNDED, for what? I didn't even do anything; he was the one who was messing with me. TATTLING? GROUNDED FOR A WEEK? ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? He's being annoying, and I'm not allowed to hit him, so what am I supposed to do? NOW IT'S TWO WEEKS? IS THIS A JOKE! Uuuhhhhhh fine, I'm going to my room. (*enters room and finds sister there*) OK ARE YOU SERIOUS? You know what Molly? Fine. But if you're going to be in here you are going to be SILENT. Okay, I'm sorry; I don't mean to be bossy, but can you just put headphones on? I don't want to hear that. Okay, I know that you were here first, but he got me grounded again!

### SITTER

So, Cheryl asked me to watch her puppy, Oscar, for a couple days. I said, "sure no problem." No problem! I mean, how bad could it be to watch a cute little puppy? Right? Right? WRONG! It was a nightmare. Look at me! Do you see the bags under my eyes? This puppy has NOT stopped barking and whining all night (*imitates dog*) maar, maaar, maaaaaaaraaaaaaar, arf, aaaarf. I tossed and turned and turned and tossed. Finally, it was time to go to school. I was actually excited to go to school for once in my life. It was somehow a better option than staying home with maar, maaar, maaaaaar!! But guess what? When I walked into my kitchen, I found myself Sliiiiiiiiiiiiiiding alllllllll the waaaaaaaay ACROSS the kitchen and fell FLAT ON MY BACK. I have bruises the size of boulders... what a yellow puddle mess! Oh, but it gets worse. When I get home, I'm thinking to myself, "where's Oscar?" Somehow Oscar, apparently an expert trapeze artist, positioned himself ON TOP of our kitchen cabinets. Did I mention how small this puppy is? The size of my foot. Don't know how the heck he got up onto the cabinet. ANYWAY, he couldn't get down. So, guess what I heard when he saw me... maaar, maaaaaaaraaaaaaar, arf. On the bright side, all of this has happened on day one. So, things can't possibly get worse tomorrow. Can they?