

# PREVIEW

# AUDITIONS

By: Lauren Grove

To ask a question or inquire about rights, please contact Lauren Grove:

[lauren@groveplays.com](mailto:lauren@groveplays.com)

717-317-4488

[groveplays.com](http://groveplays.com)



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## **Characters**

(10 actors of any gender. Genders may be changed as necessary.)

Fern – A high school drama club member, sweet and friendly.

Caleb – A high school drama club member, nervous and awkward.

Becky – The star of the drama club and a stereotypical “mean girl”.

Gavin – Becky’s boyfriend, overly confident and always gets the lead.

Sara – An out-of-place basketball player

Violet – A freshman at Kennedy High School.

Herman – A freshman at Kennedy High School, and very talented.

Amelia – The new girl at Kennedy High School.

Pete – A stage crew member who has decided to audition.

Danielle – The ever-faithful stage manager.

## **Setting**

A classroom in Kennedy High School, present day.

## **Set Description**

The set can be very minimal, consisting of simply a few chairs and/or desks. Auditioners can read their monologues at the far side of stage left or right, and the appearance of being in another room may be achieved with lighting and/or having the main action freeze while an actor is auditioning.

## SCENE 1

*(Becky walks across the stage, studying her lines carefully, whispering her monologue to herself, and exits. Gavin then walks across the stage, studying his lines carefully, whispering his monologue to himself, exits opposite direction. Caleb and Fern enter from opposite wings, going over their lines, and walk into each other.)*

Fern – Ouch!

Caleb – Ow...

Fern - I... I'm so sorry, I didn't see you there.

Caleb – No, no, my fault entirely. I was just so wrapped up in what I was reading.... *(He finally looks at who he ran into.)* Oh, Fern...

Fern – *(She looks up.)* Oh, hey Caleb!

*(Both stop and smile at each other, tilting their heads and just staring... after a long pause, Fern speaks.)*

Fern – So...

Caleb – So...

Fern – Um, is that your monologue?

Caleb – Oh, yeah... It's, it's not very good. Well, ok, the monologue is good... I'm just not very good...

Fern – I don't believe that for a second. I bet you'll be great.

Caleb – *(He smiles.)* Thanks, Fern.

Fern – Sure! *(There's another awkward pause. The two clearly like each other)* Well, I guess I better go get ready. See ya! *(Fern hurries off.)*

Caleb – *(He calls after her.)* See ya... *(Softer to himself.)* I worship you... *(He exits in the other direction.)*

## SCENE 2

*(All except Danielle and Amelia enter, each reading their own monologue, until Violet speaks.)*

*Violet – Anxiety.*

*Gavin – Confidence.*

*Sara – Line memorization.*

*Pete – Pressure.*

*Becky – Excitement.*

*Fern – Hope.*

*Herman – Stage fright.*

*Caleb – I think I'm gonna throw up...*

*Violet – Speak clearly.*

*Gavin – Don't drop your lines.*

*Sara – Show no fear.*

*Pete – Remember to breathe.*

*Becky – Smile.*

*Fern – Don't go too fast.*

*Herman – Be loud.*

*Caleb – I really think I'm gonna throw up...*

*Violet – (Scared.) Auditions.*

*Gavin – (Confident.) Auditions.*

*Sara – (Bored.) Auditions.*

*Pete – (Nonchalant.) Auditions.*

*Becky – (Smug.) Auditions.*

*Fern – (Excited.) Auditions.*

*Herman – (Worried.) Auditions.*

*Caleb – (Nervous.) Auditions.*

*All – Ugh!*

*(All sit or stand around the room, studying their lines. Amelia comes rushing in, flustered.)*

*Fern – Hey, can I help you?*

*Amelia – Um, yeah, I don't know if I'm in the right place... Is this the drama club room?*

*Fern – Yep! Are you auditioning for the fall play?*

*Amelia – Uh huh.*

*Fern – Then you're in the right place. You're the new girl, aren't you?*

*Amelia – Yeah, I'm Amelia.*

*Fern – Nice to meet you, Amelia, I'm Fern.*

*Becky – Could you two keep it down? Some of us are trying to concentrate...*

*Fern – Sorry, sorry... (Fern leads Amelia over to a far corner and whispers.) That's Becky Armstrong. She's gotten the lead in every Kennedy High School play since she started here.*

*Becky – And this year will be no different, Fern. We all know I'm Mr. Orchard's favorite.*

*Fern – Well, you never know, Becky, maybe this year...*

*Becky – This year will be no different!*

*Gavin – (He rises and joins the conversation.) Easy now, pumpkin... Save it for the audition. (He turns to Amelia.) Hi, I'm Gavin Green.*

*Fern – Gavin is Becky's boyfriend. He always gets the male leads.*

*Amelia – Nice to meet you.*

*Gavin* – Pleasure, pleasure... Yes, it's true. I always play opposite my Becky. What can I say, Mr. Orchard recognizes true talent. I'm going to go to the Yale School of Drama someday, you know...

*Amelia* – Um, great...

*(Danielle enters carrying a clipboard.)*

*Danielle* – All right, people, listen up! This year's fall play will be Cinderella.

*Amelia* - Ooo, fairytales!

*Becky* - Such a classic! Mr. Orchard has made another amazing choice.

*Sara* - That sounds boring...

*Fern* - I love Cinderella!

*Danielle* - Right, well, anyway, I'm Danielle, your stage manager, and I'm helping with auditions. When your name is called, you'll come into the next room and read your monologue for the director. After, you come back here and, well, you wait. Got it? *(Everyone nods or says yes.)* Good. First up is... Violet Brown.

*Violet* – Oh, geez!

*Becky* – Violet Brown? I've never heard that name, and I know everyone in drama club... Who is Violet Brown?

*Violet* – *(rising)* Um, me...

*Becky* – Why don't I know you?

*Violet* – Well, I'm a freshman.

*Becky* – A freshman? Don't make me laugh...

*Herman* – *(Coming to Violet's defense.)* Hey! Back off!

*Becky* - Aww, look, another one! It's a set!

*Herman* – What do you have against freshmen?

*Becky* – Everyone knows Mr. Orchard doesn't cast freshmen. *(She turns her attention to Amelia.)* He also doesn't cast newbies...

*Danielle* – Well, then it's a good thing Mr. Orchard isn't in charge of drama club anymore.

*Becky* – Wait, what?

*Gavin* – Mr. Orchard always directs the fall play.

*Danielle* – Not this year. Mr. Orchard is taking a much-needed sabbatical. Something about the stress of working with teenagers on the stage... Mrs. Picklebee will be taking over.

*Gavin* – No!

*Danielle* – Yes.

*Violet* – Hey, cool!

*Herman* – I like Mrs. Picklebee.

*Caleb* – I had her for math last year.

*Becky* – This is terrible! Mrs. Picklebee hates me! She almost failed me when I was in ninth grade.

*Gavin* – Breathe, pumpkin, breathe. It'll be ok. You're a star. You're almost as talented as I am. You'll win over Mrs. Picklebee as surely as you did Mr. Orchard.

*Becky* – *(She takes a deep breath.)* You're right. Everything will be fine. I own this drama club, and nothing will change that.

*Danielle* – Come on Violet...

*(Violet starts to exit, clearly nervous.)*

*Violet* – Oh man...

*Fern* – Don't worry, you'll do fine.

*Herman* – Break a leg, Vi!

*Violet* – Thanks, Herman.

*(Violet and Danielle exit.)*

*Amelia* – Poor thing.

*Fern* – Yeah, it's never easy being first.

*Caleb* – It's never easy if you're second, eighth or last, either. Auditions just suck.  
(*Can be changed to "stink".*)

*Amelia* – They are a little scary. I was in drama club at my old school. And no matter how many times I've auditioned, I never get used to it.

*Sara* – (*She joins the group, basketball in hand.*) Scary? A little audition? Please! You wanna know what's scary? State championships, five seconds left on the clock, down by three points, and you've got the ball. Now THAT, my friends, is scary!

*Fern* – Amelia, this is Sara Schaffer. She's the star on the girls' basketball team. But... um... what are you doing here, Sara?

*Sara* – I have to be here. I have Picklebee for algebra and apparently I'm not doing so hot. Coach says I need to pull my grades up or I'm off the team. Picklebee said I could join drama club for some extra credit.

*Becky* – Surely you could have done something else for extra credit?

*Sara* – What's wrong with this idea?

*Becky* – Well, you're... you're a jock! You have no formal theatre training whatsoever, I presume. If heaven forbid you get a role in my play...

*Sara* – Your play?

*Becky* – Yeah, that's right, Miss Muscles, it's my play and if you think...

*Sara* – Listen, drama queen, I...

(*A few students try to break up the fight.*)

*Herman* – Whoa, whoa...

*Caleb* – Let's all just chill.

*Gavin* – Calm down, pumpkin, she could break you like a twig...

*Becky* – Wouldn't you defend me, Gavin?

*Gavin* – She could break ME like a twig...

*Sara* – You've got nothing to worry about, princess. I don't even want to be here... I'll be happy just being, like, a tree. I don't want the precious lead, so back off!



*Becky* – All right, all right...

*Amelia* – (*Aside to Fern.*) Your drama club is certainly... dramatic.

*Fern* – Tell me about it...

*(All on stage freeze as lights dim. Spotlight up on Violet stage right as she faces the audience)*

*Violet* – Uh, yes, I'm ready. Um, one sec... (*She takes a deep breath.*) Ok, I'm ready. Wait... (*She takes a paper from behind her back, rereads her lines quickly, and then puts it behind her back again.*) Ok, I'm really ready this time. (*She clears her throat.*) This morning a bird woke me up. It was a peacock or a lark... I mean, a lark, or a peacock... (*pause*) Um, wait, can I start over?

*(Lights go down on Violet, lights up center stage as action begins again in the drama club room.)*

*Caleb* – Let's all just have a seat and keep to ourselves.

*Fern* – Good idea.

*(The group breaks up and goes to sit in different spots, silently reading over their monologues. After a moment, Violet enters.)*

*Violet* – Thank goodness that's over!

*Amelia* – You're back!

*Herman* – How was it?

*Becky* – Was Mrs. Picklebee awful?

*Violet* – No, actually, she was really nice. I messed up at the beginning and she let me start over. Once I got into it, though, I think it went pretty well.

*Fern* – That's great!

*Herman* – Good job.

*(Danielle enters.)*

*Danielle* – Next up, Pete Zimsky.

*Amelia* – Who is that?

*Caleb* – The kid in the corner.

*(Pete gets up and walks by everyone without speaking. He exits with Danielle.)*

*Amelia* – I didn't even know he was there.

*Fern* – Well, sometimes Pete can be quiet.

*Becky* – What she's trying to say is Pete doesn't talk. To anyone. And he wears eyeliner...

*Gavin* – Pete usually runs the lightboard for our shows. I wonder what made him decide to audition?

*Caleb* – Maybe he's gunning for your part, Gav.

*Gavin* – *(He laughs nervously.)* Oh Caleb, you're such a kidder. Pete couldn't possibly be after the lead... No, that's just silly... *(He laughs again before turning away, mumbling.)* If that no talent light boy thinks he's taking the prince role from me... Maybe I better read through my monologue one more time... *(Calling over his shoulder.)* Becky, come help me rehearse.

*Becky* – Coming, shnookums... *(She tosses her hair and rolls her eyes at the group before going to sit with Gavin.)*

*(Lights go down on group, spotlight comes up on Pete.)*

*Pete* – Am I willing to change my hair for a role? Um, I guess so... I just demand that my bangs stay long enough to fall into my eyes. I have a reputation to keep.

*(Lights go down on Pete and up center stage.)*

*Becky* – Perfect! You're so talented.

*Gavin* – Yes, I know.

*Sara* - So, it's just a dribble... *(Sara dribbles her basketball as Violet watches.)*  
See?

*Violet* – I think so.

*Sara* – You try.

*(Violet dribbles the ball.)*

Sara – Not bad! Say, if this theatre stuff doesn't work out for you, maybe you could join the team.

*(Pete enters.)*

Herman – How was it?

Pete – Not bad.

Becky – Oh look, it talks...

Amelia – I'm sorry, I didn't notice you before. I'm Amelia.

Pete – I'm Pete. And yes *(He glares at Becky.)* it does talk. I was just concentrating on my lines. I wanted to do well.

Caleb – That's understandable.

Gavin – What made you audition? Think you're too good for the lights now, do you?

Pete – No, it's not like that. I like the backstage technical stuff. But I've been watching you guys on stage for a couple years now and I thought I'd give it a shot.

*(Danielle enters.)*

Danielle – Herman Arnold?

Herman – That's me.

Violet – Break a leg!

*(Herman gives a thumbs up and he and Danielle exit.)*

Caleb – Are you nervous?

Fern – Kind of, yeah... Are you?

Caleb – Very.

Fern – Just take a few deeps breaths. You'll be great.

Caleb – Thanks. Say, um... that presentation you gave in history the other day was really good.

*Fern* – Thanks, I worked hard on it.

*Caleb* – And... uh... your hair is pretty.

*Fern* – Thank you...?

*Caleb* – That was weird, wasn't it?

*Fern* – A little.

*Caleb* – Yeah... um, I'm gonna go over there now... *(He starts walking away, mumbling to himself.)* Stupid, stupid...

*Fern* – Wait, don't go! I could help you with your monologue.

*Caleb* – Really?

*Fern* – Sure.

*(Caleb smiles and goes to work with Fern. Lights go down on center stage and up on Herman.)*

*Herman* - But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon who is already sick and pale with grief that thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

*(Lights go down on Herman and up center stage. Pete, Becky and Gavin have their ears pressed to the door.)*

*Pete* – Wow, he's good.

*Gavin* – He's too good!

*Becky* – But he's just a freshman. No director in their right mind would cast a ninth grader.

*Pete* – Are you sure?

*Becky* – Of course! I mean, little Herman is...

*(Herman enters.)*

*Herman* – Little Herman is what?

*Becky* – Oh, nothing.

*Herman* – Right, well, Danielle says it's your turn, Becky.

*Becky* – Finally!

*Gavin* – Ok, focus, pumpkin. This is just like any audition. Are you all warmed up?

*Becky* – I think so...

*Gavin* – Well, just in case... (*Gavin and Becky begin doing strange movements and making odd noises. Sara throws her basketball at Violet and runs over to Gavin. She wraps her arms around his waist and begins punching him in the stomach.*)

*Sara* – Easy, big guy! I've got you! Don't panic!

*Gavin* – Put me down!

*Becky* – What are you doing to my boyfriend??

*Sara* – It's all right, I know the Heimlich!

*Gavin* – I'm not choking!

*Sara* – Then what were those awful noises you were making?

*Becky* - They were vocal warm-ups, you idiot!

*Sara* – Oh, sorry. (*She releases Gavin.*) It sounded like you were dying.

*Danielle* – (*She calls from offstage.*) Becky, let's go!

*Becky* – Great, now I'm all worked up and I have to go audition. I didn't even have time to find my center! If this costs me the lead, I swear...

*Sara* – Bring it, princess!

## END PREVIEW

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