

**Please choose one of the monologues for your audition. The monologue does not have to be memorized. I am looking for you to make choices and to show personality. The show is a farcical comedy and requires creativity and fun from its ensemble of actors. Break a leg – and thank you for auditioning!**

**Wayne Hopkins** – Question. Hypothetical. What if I don't have enough of a personality for the magic talking hat to sort me? Like . . . how much authority does this hat really have? Never mind. . . This place is crazy huh? I never thought I'd go to school in a castle. Pretty cool. I've never really liked school. People were mean. To me. I'm talking too much. You probably have all your own nervous thoughts going on . . . Can I tell you something? I think I might be . . . special? I watch a lot of movies and read lots of books, and it's like a normal boy finds out he actually has amazing abilities and is swept away to a new, magical world? Does that sound familiar? Because that is now my ACTUAL life. And THAT kid, through some incredible circumstances always becomes like the most important person. Like in the whole world. A sort of . . . Chosen One. AHH! Magic is real, and this orphaned boy wizard is ready for seven years of amazing adventures!

**Megan Jones** – I never wanted to be a Puff. Every member of my family? Puffs. We're like THE Puff family. But I've always known that I was different. There's nothing even special about Puffs. Loyalty? Being really nice? A bunch of lame, awful failures doomed to be stupid walking personality-less nobodies that no one will ever care about ever? Ugh. My mom was a Puff. But she was different. She became something bigger. She made the name Jones finally mean something other than a bunch of . . . Puffs. I thought . . . I knew . . . I would be different too. But . . . after all my hard work to make myself not a Puff, what do you know? The hat puts me with the Puffs. I did everything. I mean, I even changed my accent just so I wouldn't sound like my Puff family. (Beat) Sorry to bring the mood down. Sorry to make things so . . . Sirius. I feel the need to hug. Don't tell anyone.

**Oliver Rivers** – Nope. I'm from Indiana. My family just moved to England back in May, so they could be closer to me when I started at the Mathematical Institute at Oxford this semester. Even though I'm only eleven, I've sort of been called a "math savant." But that's not important now. Now, I'm just a wizard . . . a beginner level wizard. You don't think ending up here means we're already bad at wizard-ing right? I'm not used to being bad at school.

**Cedric** – But, none of that matters. Because really, we’re a bunch of nice, fun happy people. Also, badgers. Badgers are great! That being said, there’s something very important we need to discuss. What do you think the most important part of magic school is? No. Not learning magic. The House Cup. Here, you earn points for doing something right, and you lose them for doing something wrong. The Puffs have come in last place in the House Cup for . . . ever. But together we are going to change that. This year, we’re going to win. Or, we’re going to get second. OR, we’re going to get third. Third or nothing! Whoever wins the most points? They’d be a real hero.

**Mr. Bagman** – Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the 1994 THREE WIZARD TOURNAMENT! Now. Are. You. READY?! Then let’s hear it for your first champion . . . Weighing in at 12 ¼ inches, with the hair of a unicorn. Hailing from the quaint town of St. Catchpole. He’s a prefect in the streets. He’s a seeker in the sheets. Put your hands together for this sixth year . . . MR. DIGGORY! Cedric! You must obtain the golden egg on the field. But in order to do so, first: you’ll have to get past this highly dangerous DRAGON! It’s time to BEGIN! Oh, my! Would you look at that? Cedric has turned a rock into an adorable barking puppy to distract the dragon. Oh MY GOD, the dragon has ripped the head off the dog, and there is now a dead dog on the field. The dragon has turned on Cedric. Cedric is on fire! Do not be confused by the tone of my voice, he is literally on fire! ANNNNNND! He got the egg! Need I remind everyone that there is still a dragon. Right there.

**Narrator** – Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes . . . they are born. On a gloomy night, in a far away, magical land called: England. Ah! A giant. Aw, a baby. His parents: dead. But he lives. He is the boy who lives. He has a scar. On his forehead. Shaped like . . . you know. You get it? You are familiar with this boy? Well. Forget about him. This story is not about him. (Beat) Ah! Another orphan. His parents: also dead. Killed in a freak chocolate frog accident. Please don’t ask. This boy is whisked away to live with his uncle in the even more magical land of Cattlepoke Springs, New Mexico. Where . . . the boy grows up! And up until a few weeks ago, this now eleven-year-old boy had only the regular problems of a child in 1991.

**Myrtle** – Waaaaaah! Waaaaaah! Stop that dreadful . . . oh. hello. Helllooo! I’m Myrtle. Wayne told you a bath would help? Ohhhh! Well, enough about him. Let’s just talk about us. Here. Alone. Myrtle and Cedric. Cedric and Myrtle. Myrtle and Ceeeedric. Ceeeeeedric and Myrtle. I think that you’re so cool, Cedric. Goodbye, Cedric. Think of me every time you see a toilet. Waaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!

**Leanne** – No! I don't want to leave. Why is everyone so down on us? I won't stand for it anymore! And I won't sit for it either. And I also won't stand on one leg because I can't. Watch. Anyways. Look at your hand! You have a wand! (Everyone looks at the hand that in fact does not have a wand in it.) Unless you looked at your other hand. Look at yourselves! Hannah. You used to be so awkward. And you still are, but we don't mind anymore! Who's that? It's Ernie Mac. And he is basically the best. And Sally. Remember that time you do that thing? It was amazing! Susie! We all thought you'd be dead by now. But look at you, standing there, alive. Wayne. You give the best hugs. Megan! You give better hugs than you think you do. And J. Finch. He's imaginary, AND HE CAN DO MAGIC! We all can. We're wizards! So, sure. It would be easy to leave. But wouldn't it be wrong? We should do what's right. Like Cedric. I'm a Puff, and I'm staying, because if we don't fight now, we may never find out how that hat talks.

**Mister Voldy:** (Speaking into a megaphone) Is this thing on? Your efforts are futile. I do not want to kill you. Give me Potter. And you shall be rewarded. You have until Midnight . . . night . . . night . . .night. (Mister Voldy turns to the audience, continuing to talk into the megaphone.) That went well, I think. Hmm. So, we've got until midnight. Anyone bring any board games? Or snacks. What do you mean I'm still talking into the megaphone? What? Oh! Bring me Harry . . . Harry. Harry . . .Okay. The megaphone is definitely off. Okay, just a gentle reminder that if I appear to pass out. Don't touch me. Just leave me. I'm fine. Nothing is wrong . . . I'm just taking a nap. I suddenly got tired and took a nap, right there. I'm not dying – nor is my inability to dies at risk – in fact, forget I mentioned this. I want everyone to forget this. What? The megaphone is still on? Really? Oh, my. I am just having a day, aren't I? YAH! Harry!