

## CPA SUPERSTARS MONOLOGUES

### MONOLOGUE 1: ITS HERE SOMEWHERE

ABBI tries to find a letter from school that she needs to give her mum; however the letter is lost in the depths of her messy bedroom.

ABBI: I know it's here somewhere, I can remember putting it away in a safe place. I just can't remember which safe place.

What do you mean it's a mess? Mum I've told you I like to organise my room in a certain way.

This pile here is my dancing stuff, this here is school stuff, over here is weekend stuff, under there is a box of memories and in this corner is a neat pile of clothes that I've worn but haven't quite had time to transfer to the laundry basket. This over here is a pile of things I might need in an emergency and finally on top of this set of drawers is a pile I've labelled miscellaneous, yes that's right it's basically everything else I own.

Mum please don't nag I'll find it, why do schools send important letters out via the child anyway? I know the teachers are old but surely they've figured out how to use email. Maybe it's in my memory box.

Aww Mum look at this, my first ever painting, move over Picasso, and look at this valentine card, I know you and Dad sent it but made me feel like I was very popular at the time, which let's face it is important in nursery school.

Mum look do you remember when I sewed this teddy bear and gave you it for Christmas? One eye was a cool look for bears in those days.

Oh wow! Mum here is Gran's wedding ring, and you thought it was lost. You see I may not be able to locate a dumb letter from my form tutor but I bet you're glad I'm a hoarder now.

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### MONOLOGUE 2: KEEPING UP APPEARANCES AGAIN

Preparing SIDNEY for his big fight with Jake after school, his mates talk to him about tactics, but Sidney wants to be left alone to gather his thoughts.

SIDNEY: (To mates) I'll be alright. Don't fuss. I know what I need to do. One strike at the head and it's goodnight Jake. But I've got to get my punch in first before he does.

Okay, on your way guys. Here he comes. (Shaking hands with each of his friends)..Thanks for coming. I'll bring you his tooth as a sign of my victory. See ya.  
(His friends exit. Prepares to look mean as Jake approaches)

You've come on your own then Jake...

Have you brought the fake blood?  
...Excellent (Takes out packet from pocket) I've got these stick on bruises from the joke shop. Do you mind having the blood? Only I promised Dave that I'd give you a bloody nose...

Thanks. I've got to keep up appearances with my posse, you know. Otherwise I'll never be able to hold my head up at school again. (Sits down and relaxes)

It's tiring being popular, isn't it?

How do you cope with it?  
I know it's not easy. They keep pushing us for a fight. Let's hope this is the last one. I want to start hanging around nicer people for a change. And if it doesn't work we'll have to find other schools in the area. (Pause)

We might have to consider witness protection, but let's hope it doesn't come to that.  
(Checks watch) Right, you apply the fake blood while I cover myself with bruises (Gets the stuff out of bag.  
Hands blood to Jake. Gets pocket mirror and starts to apply fake blood on to his face)

I'll have to place them just right for maximum effect. (Turns to Jake) Ready?...

Good Luck. I'll see you tomorrow

(Exiting. Taking a piece of enamel out of pocket)...What's this?  
Shark's tooth. Got Biology next.

(Makes hasty exit)

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### MONOLOGUE 3: HOLKA POLKA (GOOD DEEDS AND SUCH)

Witches and wizards are gathered at a meeting. They are all talking and cackling loudly. BAILEY addresses them about a public relations (PR) problem that they are facing.

BAILEY: Hey, you witches and wizards. Quieten down. (The witches and wizards continue to talk) Everyone quiet before I turn you all into toads!

(Talking dies down except for one witch called Zoom who keeps talking about her new broom. BAILEY goes over to her and gives her the evil eye. Zoom flees)

All right you witches and wizards. We've got ourselves a PR problem here. We have got a seriously bad reputation here in Fairy Tale Land and it's only getting worse since the Hansel and Gretel incident. I mean, come on people; eating children. That's just low.

They're thinking of getting rid of all magic.

(An audience member queries if this is possible)

They can and they will unless we turn things around and prove we can handle having it. They gave it to Fairy Tale Land in the first place. And now they want it all back because they think we can't handle it.

(An audience member makes a joke)

This is no time for jokes. We have a crisis here. I mean, what's a witch or wizard without magic? We're nothing, I tell you. You'll just be a bunch of old ladies!

(A male wizard clears his throat)

And men with bad hair and skin. We have to do a major PR thing.

Good deeds and stuff.

(Someone in the audience disagrees)

Then say 'poof' to your magic and learn to use chopsticks because that's all our wands will be good for. We need to do a good deed. Not just any good deed, but a whopper of a good one.

(Good deed suggestions are made by the audience while BAILEY listens)

No, bigger. We're going to save the Prince.

(The audience discuss the suggestion and are scared that others in Fairy Tale Land won't like it)

But think of the PR. Witches and wizards saving the Prince. And before some bubble-headed princess manages to do it.

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### MONOLOGUE 4: JOURNEY TO THE SCIENCE MUSEUM

KAVITA is going on a school trip to the Science Museum. She is on a train with her own school class and other school groups.

The train is packed, and she has lost her special experiment book.

KAVITA: If I were a book where would I be? If I were a book where would I be? (Getting more frustrated) If I were a very special science book filled with all the coolest experiments where would I be?

I would have stayed in my owner's bag, that's where!

(She has ventured to the other side of the carriage, near some other school children called Mia and Elsie who are also going to the Science Museum)

Excuse me, have either of you seen a loose book anywhere on this side of the carriage? Mine seems to have fallen out of my bag. Mr Cohen told us to be careful, but I was so distracted by looking at the wonderful sights out of the window that I... (She notices what they are doing and stops)

(Excited) Oh, are you doing a science experiment? Let's see!

(Reacts to Elsie's experiment) Are you sure you did that properly? I'm not sure that's how it's meant to turn out.

(She sits down next to them) I've tried some experiments at home and they've all worked for me! I learnt about them in the book I've lost... I hope I find it soon so I can do more, and write down everything I learn at the Science Museum! I can see from your badges you're going there too!

Do you want to know what experiments I can do? I can use lemon juice to make invisible ink. I can make homemade ice cream and can grow a bean in a cup and watch the roots grow.

Have you tried out any other experiments at home? (Making sure Mr Cohen can't hear her) Have you ever tried the diet coke and mentos experiment? Well, if you do, let me give you a tip: STAND BACK! I mean, really far back! (Giggles)

Oh, I'm sorry, all that blabbing about experiments and I've forgotten to introduce myself... I'm Kavita. (She looks at Mia and Elsie in turn) What are your names...?

(She listens to their response) It's great to meet you!

(Mr Cohen calls KAVITA) Yes, Mr Cohen, I'm coming. What's that? You found my book? It was where? (Surprised) In my lunchbox? (Embarrassed) Oops, sorry Mr Cohen.

(To Mia and Elsie) It was lovely talking to you, maybe we'll bump into each other in the Wonderlab!

(She goes to leave, but returns to tell Elsie and Mia one final thing...)

Oh, just in case, here are some mentos for later. But remember what I said... stand... back!

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### MONOLOGUE 5: GOODNIGHT MISTER TOM

It is September 1939 and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain has just announced that Britain is at war. William Beech and Zacharias Wrench (ZACH) have both been evacuated to the same village.

ZACH: (He runs on excitedly and flings his arms out wide) We have no script. We have no music. We have no scenery. But is that going to stop us putting on a show?

(To Carrie) How about you, Carrie! It's for the War Effort you know, And it'll help to raise morale. A musical comedy.

(To George) You needn't act in it, George. You could help backstage.

(To Ginnie) And Ginnie, you could help sew the costumes. It'll be wizard! Give me a few more minutes of your time and I'll show you the sort of show I'd be producing. You won't regret it.

Well, what do you say, are you going to sign up or not? (They run off)

Oh.

(He notices William quietly drawing. He walks over to him) You're like me, Will. Always on the outside. You have a secret world. I can see it in your frown. What's that you're doing on that scrap of paper? Is it a drawing? I say, can I see it? (He watches him run off)

Come back! Drat!

(To himself) I'm determined this show will be a stupendous success. I've made up my mind. And with Mister Tom playing the piano - after I've told him of course - it will be absolutely wizard.

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### MONOLOGUE 6: THE BIG BAD WOLF - THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THE BIG BAD WOLF is talking to the audience about becoming a vegetarian.

THE BIG BAD WOLF: Hey man! Don't look so worried. I ain't going to gobble up any little girls, little pigs, chickens, boys called Peter or anything else really meaty any more. Chill out. Don't look so scared. I've gone veggie.

Yeah, you heard me dude. No more meat. So if you're a bean, a carrot or a big green cabbage you better start quaking man.

Ha ha ha, you ever seen a quaking cabbage? Well, that old Troll that lived under that bridge was the nearest I ever saw to that, especially when those prissy little goats kept trip trapping over him. That sure made him mad and boy did he go green and quake. But I always kept my cool. Sometimes difficult when you're heading straight for a pot of boiling water, but I had my reputation to think of. Yeah, I was a legend in stories. I know, I know.

'Oh Grandma what big teeth you've got.'

'All the better to gobble you up'. Smirk, grin, salivate.

Sure I was a good actor. 'Little Pig, Little Pig, may I come in?'

Sweet simpering voice; appealing tilt of the head. Thought about trying to get on TV or Hollywood. But every time I bared these fangs everybody ran a mile. I was having a personality crisis man.

'You're a wolf so you gotta be mean and bad' they kept telling me. And then I got bad press. So now that's all changed. I'm into peace and love man, no growling, no howling, no lurking with intent and definitely no gobbling. Ban the bomb, save the whale, look at your carbon footprint and think about global warming and brotherly love. And eat lettuce. Lettuce... (There is a telling grimace) Yeah, I'm a reformed character kids - and you'd better believe that.

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### MONOLOGUE 7: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

FLORENCE aged 10 is speaking to her older sister, Parthe, aged 11. The girls are in the nursery playing 'hospitals' with their dolls.

FLORENCE: (Speaking to her doll, Mopsy) You're very, very ill, and you must lie quiet. Yes, you must. If you're not good, I won't take your temperature. Then where would you be?

(She takes the doll's temperature) Goodness me! It's 200!  
Mopsy's temperature, it's 200 and she's very ill.

(Speaking to Parthe) Mopsy's more ill than you were - much more ill. They don't want to be in hospital. But when they're ill they have to be.

(Speaking to her doll, Mopsy) Now I'm going to cure you Mopsy. This is a good hospital. Now Mopsy, drink this and you'll be well. All of it and if you're good you shall have a little piece of sugar after it. Now, I'll take your temperature again. Open your mouth.  
(She takes her temperature again)

Isn't that wonderful? You're cured! Now you can go back to your family, and tomorrow, if you're very good you can have scarlet fever and come back again.

(Speaking to Parthe) I can't help it if they enjoy bad health. Mother says that Mrs. Bramwell in the village enjoys bad health. So does Mopsy.

(Looking at Parthe's doll) What's the matter with her? When people's heads come off we tie them up with a bandage and camomile tea! To make the join good! Oh yes, she is bad. I'll turn Mopsy out.

(Taking Parthe's doll) Come on Clarissa don't be frightened. Here's a nice, nice bandage. You hold her Parthe, and I'll tie her head on. How did it come off? I wouldn't like to be a doll belonging to you. I think she wants some glue really.

(Enters Father) Here's Father. Father, have you got any glue?  
It's Parthe's Clarissa, her head's come off. Clarissa's very rich, she says if you can cure her she'll give the hospital a thousand pounds! I like hospitals!

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### MONOLOGUE 8: SPORTS DAY

ANDREW and his mum have just walked into his living room, where his dad is watching TV. Andrew is annoyed and starts telling his dad about his school sports day, which they have just come from.

ANDREW: I can't even describe it. It was just horrible, like a nightmare. You know, like one of those really scary ones.

Yes Dad! I know that all nightmares are scary, but this one was really bad!

(Pacing) Everything about sports day was bad. It was badly planned, with bad events. I liked other sports days... I think. (He absently scratches his elbow, while thinking) ... But this was like one I'd never been to in my entire life.

And Mum, hope I never have to go to another one like it again.

We all agreed that we shouldn't have to go to the next one. I mean, Aaron says he won't sleep because he worries that he'll dream about it. You were there Mum, you saw what happened.

There was an egg and spoon race and Mr. Raj used real eggs, but he hadn't boiled the eggs enough. Some of them smashed on the ground with the yolk spilling everywhere (Points at Mum) and Mum got egg on her shoes. Stella slipped on someone else's egg and she fell (Demonstrates the fall) right on her face!

(Starts pacing again) And Dad...

(Stops and looks at his dad and realises that his father is not paying attention) Dad! DAD!

(Continues pacing) Dad, you know the wheelbarrow race is my favourite. Well, me and Aaron didn't hear the whistle because... because it wasn't loud enough, and - (Looks at his dad again to make sure he's listening) well everyone else started moving...but they were closer to Mr. Raj when he blew the whistle and anyway, we lost! We lost because the whistle wasn't loud enough!

(Looks determined) You know what Mum; I'm going to complain to school about sports day. I'm going to complain about the whole thing. We all hated it and I won't stay quiet about this!

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### MONOLOGUE 9: BIRTHDAY HIJACK

JO is 13 years old and has a birthday that falls on Christmas Day. Here Jo describes to a friend why it's not a good day to have a birthday.

JO: (Slumped on the sofa) I can't believe how unlucky I am that I was born on Christmas Day. Christmas Day! There are 364 other days in the year, and my parents choose to bring me into the world on that one. A day when everyone is so consumed with opening their own presents, stuffing their faces with turkey, pulling crackers and falling asleep in front of the TV. Why would anyone be interested in celebrating someone's birthday when there's so much else to do?

(Gets up and starts pacing)

Do you know how many times I have heard the phrase, 'I am so sorry, I forgot it was your birthday!?' Nobody remembers to buy me a card and if I do happen to get one or two, there's nowhere to put them because the house is stuffed full of Christmas cards. And what's the idea of getting a joint Christmas and birthday present'? I mean, what is that? Doesn't everyone else get separate Christmas and birthday gifts? Don't even get me started on the time my so-called best friend gave me a book wrapped half in Christmas paper and half in birthday paper!

(Getting worked up)

Do you know how many times my parents have forgotten to get me a birthday cake? Being given a lighted match stuck in a mince pie is not really the same thing is it? And I've never had a birthday party because all my friends are too busy celebrating Christmas with their families. The trouble with families is that they aren't used to being cooped up in the house with each other all day, so by Christmas Day evening, everyone is grumpy and bickering with one another. Not exactly the time to start a birthday bash.

(Sits)

I seriously think my mum should have realised what she was letting me in for, and just held me in for another few hours. Just until a minute after midnight would have been enough. Then I could have had the 26th December to myself. But no! Apparently I was the best Christmas present she ever had'. I was cheated! Cheated!

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### MONOLOGUE 10: I'M NOT READY

EVAN enjoys playing the saxophone and attends lessons with Miss Angela. Miss Angela has decided that it's time Evan took his first grade exam, but Evan doesn't feel ready.

EVAN: 'Turn that music down!' That was my mum's reaction to me practising my saxophone. On a positive note, no pun intended, she thought I was playing one of my CD's so I must be improving.

I love playing my sax, it's so relaxing after a long and slightly boring day at school. When I first started learning it was really hard and I couldn't even make a sound out of it, then I progressed to a squeak, and now apparently I sound like an actual CD. Although Mum has had a glass of wine so I'll take that compliment loosely.

My teacher Miss Angela keeps saying, 'Evan you're ready to take your first grade,' but I'm not. I don't like playing in front of strangers; she tells me there will be just one examiner in the room but even one unfamiliar face makes my heart race, my legs wobble and my saxophone squeak. I'm not sure why anyone would choose to be in that situation. I'm happy just playing my instrument to the four walls of my bedroom, and Chip my hamster who I'm sure runs around his wheel faster when I play.

My mum said she would give me a tenner if I do it, surely that's bribery, although there is this awesome computer game I've been saving for so it's worth some consideration. I just need to work on my jelly legs and shaky fingers or I'm going to be hitting all the wrong notes and I won't sound like a CD, I'll sound like a chorus of mice squeaking their way through a poor rendition of Somewhere Only We Know.

Mum always says a nice glass of wine steadies her nerves, apparently it's called Dutch courage, so maybe there is an answer to my predicament, yes that's it, I'm going to wait until I'm eighteen to take my grade one examination.

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**MONOLOGUE 11: THE LITTLE MATCH-SELLER**

It is Christmas Eve. A poor barefoot MATCH-SELLER is walking through town in the snow trying to sell matches.

THE MATCH-SELLER: Oh, it is so cold, and it is snowing so fast. It's almost dark and I dare not go home because I have sold no matches today and my father will scold me.

(To a passer-by) Please sir, will you buy some matches?

(He ignores the MATCH-SELLER and moves on)

No one wants to buy matches. They are all sitting by their fires and keeping warm. My feet are so cold... Oh! There is a corner between two houses where the snow is not so thick. Perhaps I can shelter for a while.

(The MATCH-SELLER sits in the shelter and huddles up)

I am so cold. My hands are freezing. Perhaps one match will warm them.

(The MATCH-SELLER strikes a match)

Oh, what a lovely warm light, like a candle. It burns so bright. Oh! It's gone out! I'll light another. (Lighting another match) I can see through the wall into a room... there is a fire shining in the stove and polished brass ornaments. There is a table spread with a roast goose, stuffed with apples... oh! The match has gone out!

(Another match is lit)

What a beautiful Christmas tree with thousands of tapers lighting up the branches, like stars in the sky. (Looking at the stars) One of them has a long fiery tale. Grandmother used to say when a star is falling, someone is going to die. Oh Grandmother, dear Grandmother, you're there! You look so beautiful and stately... Oh! The light's going out! Don't go Grandmother. I've lit all the matches I have left. Don't go. Please stay! Please, please don't leave me. Please take me with you... please.

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### MONOLOGUE 12: HERITAGE

A group of children are rehearsing the village anthem, which they will later perform. They are rehearsing in an enclosed paddock, with CCTV cameras surrounding the paddock. The children have started arguing and LISA tries to bring order.

LISA: (Hysteria rising in her voice) Well, we can't all be as clever as you, Douglas. And actually, sometimes it's nice not to have to think. I mean: I for one was quite pleased not to have to make a wardrobe decision today. Because - often - I find it impossible deciding what to wear. Yes! I do! I find myself staring into the wardrobe. For hours! I can be there for hours! My mother thinks I'm lazy and that I take ages to get out of bed, but I've been standing there since six deciding between a tie-front and a denim. We have way too much choice! It's terrifying. I panic when I have to make any decision. Sometimes I panic so much, I throw up. Isn't it lovely, just for once, Douglas... Isn't it lovely, just to be told what to do?

(Everyone's looking at LISA)

(She barks her name) Lisa!

Then collects herself and smiles through gritted teeth at the camera with her thumbs up) Everything's fine! Everything's fine! Come on, everyone. Chop, chop! Let's rehearse. Tubbsy, you really ought to be thinking about getting into your costume. Let's remind ourselves of who we are!

(Manic) I'm going to warm up now, and I really think it would be a good idea if other people joined in with me because if they don't I'm going to get very, very angry! Jamie! Accompany us. Something soothing.

(Jamie immediately begins to play the theme tune from Schindler's List)

(She barks) NOT THAT!

(Jamie plays the melody of the Northbridge anthem. The children, including LISA, start to warm up)

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### MONOLOGUE 13: FELINE FINE

ROSIE's family have agreed to give a home to a stray cat from the local sanctuary. Rosie goes through a checklist with her younger sister Lily, as they wait for their father to return with their new pet.

ROSIE: Pink feeding mat... check. Mrs Drake at school said her cat drops bits of food on the floor next to its feeding bowl. Mum's always mopping up, even when there's nothing actually there.

She'll go mad if there's bits of half-chewed fish lying about; I mean, cats don't go around with brushes and dustpans do they?

I'm sure I've never seen a cat with a vacuum cleaner.

Pink feeding bowl... check. One side is for wet food and the other is for biscuits. I've tried but I can't open the box. It says on the side 'Easy to open' but I think it's some kind of 'in joke' amongst cat people. It's a job for Dad when he gets back, no, better ask Mum; I think his thumb's still swollen from when he bashed it with a hammer when he was installing the cat flap. It's his own fault.

There are professional cat flap installers.

Pink bowl... check. That's for her water. According to Mrs Winn at the post office, some cats can't digest milk, which means they tend to be sick and Mum hates it if she sees sick. She told me that the last time you were sick she was sick herself and was surrounded by sick so she fainted... and we can't have that, Dad hates it when people faint.

Scratch-pole... check. Bed with toys in... check. Litter box with litter in... check. They don't do pink litter, believe me, we tried every pet store in town. Dad said we tried every pet store in the world but you know how he exaggerates. That's why he was sulking last night. Why do men hate shopping so much?

Have you noticed how everything's set out? According to the man from the takeaway, you'll have a happier cat if you set out their things in a certain way. He drew a diagram last night when he delivered their set meal for two.

Pink flea collar... check. All we need to do now is decide on a name. I've got down to a shortlist of twenty-five. We need a family meeting round the dining table at... shall we say seven o'clock?

Right, I'll tell mum and don't be late, you know she gets angry when we're late for school and this is far more important.