

Audition Monologues for PUFFS

Monologue for Wayne Hopkins

(no accent) 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!

Monologue for Megan Jones

(no accent) 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.

Monologue for Oliver Rivers –

(accent based on location choice) Nope. I'm from *(pick a USA location)*. My family just moved to England back in May, so they 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.

Monologue for Cedric –

(accent required - British) 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.

Monologue for Mr. Bagman –

(announcer accent) 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 skies. 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.

Monologue for Narrator –

(*accent required - British*) 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.

Monologue for 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.

Monologue for 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 die 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!

Monologue for Myrtle

(a young, quirky, unpredictable, odd ghost with a very distinctive voice. She lives in the bathroom toilet.) – Waaaaah! Waaaaah! Stop that dreadful . . .oh. hello. Helllloo! 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 Ceeedric. Ceeeeeedric and Myrtle. I think that you're so cool, Cedric. Goodbye, Cedric. Think of me every time you see a toilet. Waaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!

Monologue for Harry (Susie Bones)

Say ... remember the First Task? That was pretty crazy. At first, I was like, "oh no", but then I was like "broom!" And then I was like "vroom vroom", but then the dragon broke off his chain and chased me all around the school and almost killed a bunch of people. Hahaha ... ahhh. Remember that? Feels like ages ago. Bye, Wayne! Cedric, look out for that dragon! Just kidding.

Monologue for First Headmaster (Hannah)

Students! Gather round. Yes. Yes. I just want to reaffirm to you all: even in the face of great danger, the doors of this school will always remain open. Never mind. A redhead's been kidnapped. School's canceled forever. Go home. Never mind. The monster is dead. Let's hear a big round of applause for the boy who fought it alone...MR. POTTER! Yes. Yes. Now, you all know I don't pick favorites. But, Harry-he's my favorite. Now, please, I would like to take a moment of silence for my pet bird who tragically died. Never mind. He's alive again. Exams are canceled. See you next year.

Monologue for Professor McG (Hannah)

Transfiguration: the art of – oh, puffs. Yes, hello. Um. We're going to turn things into other things. Woooow! Go crazy! Mr. Rivers, oh dear, oh dear. Your wand technique is all wrong. Here, you get to use the training wand. Oooooo! Eh hem. Five points from the puffs.

Monologue for A Certain Potions Teacher (Ernie Mac)

(read parenthesis as if you are repeating student responses)

Sit. Everyone. Now. You are here to learn the art of potion mak—Ohhhh. Puffs. Can anyone tell me...What. Is. A. Potion? (It's what you put on your skin to make it feel soft.) No. That's lotion. (It's the place all the fishes live!) Wrong. That's the ocean. (It's magical liquid.) You are the most dunderheaded student I have ever seen sit in my class. If you manage to succeed in my course this year, I will eat a shoe. Ten points from the Puffs...Class dismissed.

Monologue for Second Headmaster (Ernie Mac)

Attention, students! Same headmaster, here. This year we will be hosting two other wizard schools. One with French People, and the DragoStrang Institute. They are all very intimidating, and they break dance. They are here to compete alongside one of you in a very dangerous Wizard Tournament. Anyone who wishes to participate, put your name in this cup. We'll draw names on Halloween. It's Halloween! Let's find out who our competitors will be. Ow! Hot! Fire!...Mr.Diggory. Ow-hot. Fire...again...Mr. Potter? MR.POTTER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! HARRY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (calm) Did you put your name in that little ol' cup over there? Did you? I'm the definition of calm right now.

Monologue for Harry(Susie)

(*British Accent*): I don't have a date. I want to ask Cho. But I'm so embarrassed. Hey! Remember in Year Two when that teacher removed all my bones? My arm was like this. Remember? Now! I have new bones! I HAVE NEW BONES! THEY GREW THEM. Boy, I've had a rough couple of years huh? All those evil people and monsters. And last year, I didn't have a permission slip to go into town. That was a real bummer for me and my life. But now I have a permission slip. I got it from...someone (winks). Don't need one for any other crazy things that happen here though. Oh well. Bye Wayne! Cedric! I have a permission slip. Look at my new bones!

Monologue for Helga

(*British Accent*): Students who are brave, students who are smart, and students who always speak like they're going to throw a glass of wine in your face – and my house will be for the students who are ... um ... well ... I'll take the rest of them. Because as long as they are willing to work hard, everybody should have a place here. Sure, their skill levels will be all over the place, but that's okay. There's always a time to improve. This is a school, right? So, yes. Being brave or

smart or – snakes, is great. But ... why be one thing when you can be everything else? Yes? Yes. Now, where did my cup get off to? Cup? Cup?!

Monologue for Xavia

(*British Accent*): HAHAHA! Hello, children! Ooo, look. Another one. Hello, there. Megan, now that I'm free, I think it's time I take you far away from here, just the two of us. But – oh, no. We have a problem. I've been watching you, Megan. These two – are your friends? I'm disappointed, Megan. Disappointed in you. I come all this way, and what is it I see standing before me? I see a Puff. That's all you are, isn't it? You're just another Puff! I will do what I must. Avada ... kebaba! Avada ... kedoober! Abrakadabrabra! Brahhh! BRAHHH! No. Hmm. Don't look at me like that. I've done this before. I've done it. The Dark Lord himself recruited me! And I got a free tattoo. Awesome.

Monologue for Bippy

Hello, Mister Wayne Hopkines! Ms. Megan Joneses! It's me! Bippy! Your little house elf friend. (***Bippy bursts into a little Bippy song. Feel free to use an option below or make up one of your own. It should be mildly annoying, somewhat adorable, and no more than twenty seconds long, for all our sakes please.*) I am Bippy, and I am your best friend! We'll be together 'til the very end! Bippy! Bippy! We all say: yippeeee! Did I mention I'm your best friend?! (Spoken) Verse two of twenty. (Sung) I am Bippy— I am Bippy, and I'm your best friend. We'll be together 'til the very end! We're always going on adventures. You're both wizards and Bippy's indentured.

Monologue for Uncle Dave

(*Distant, goofy, not ready for parenthood. Maybe southern?*) Oh my Gawd! I forgot to tell you. Yer a Wizard, Wayne! ...Also, wizards exist! ... and you are one. Just like your British parents. Oh yeah! Yer parents were British! Wow. We gotta talk more. Come on, I'll drive ya to the airport!