

Monologues for A Christmas Story, The Musical Auditions

Adult:

Monologue One

Is it okay that I'm, I mean, you don't mind talking to me, when you're—you know, you're standing there? I mean, maybe you don't even notice, but you're standing under—Okay, I shouldn't even mention. You'll just move. And I—I—I don't want you to move.

Monologue Two

You're...you're the most beautiful thing at this Christmas party and that winter wonderland display is very pleasing to the eye, so it's not easy competition. But—blue lights and artificial snow? It's nothing compared to you. I haven't forgotten how you smell like cinnamon or how your hair feels like velvet or how your laugh could, it could melt those icicles hanging from the roof. You make me a poet!

Monologue Three

What did you expect? Me to knit a scarf? You think I'm gonna bake, what, cookies shaped like Santa and put a bow on it? You can't have the same expectation on me as you do Chrissy—we all see her at lunch, reading those magazines with, I don't know what they have on them—little crafts—and—food...things?

Look. It's—you're taking this too personally. I know the rules of Secret Santa this year were that we had to make our own gift. But...Penny. You know what I've been going through, right?

Youth:

Monologue One

Oh....! Not again! Not again! Not again! I've told him so many times! !! Don't! Like! Oranges! (pause) But every year—he keeps putting them in my stocking! I don't want oranges! They're messy! And I can't peel them myself! And the stringy stuff always gets stuck in my teeth. I don't like oranges! (pause) Travis gets a chocolate truck every year in his stocking. He just lives two minutes away!

Monologue Two

What you're forgetting—I mean—think about it—what you're forgetting is that, is that, is that, shepherds weren't neat. They didn't, like, have a washing machine or something. And you told us to really try to think like our character, like, what would a shepherd be doing if he was just out there with the sheep all day? And like, I think, a shepherd would probably be playing in the dirt.

Monologue Three

(Talking to Blitzzen)

Hey...you're magical, right? Like, you don't have wings, I know that. But I know you fly. I've seen you on Christmas Eve. Plus, I think I saw you practicing your route on Thanksgiving night—right before we met. And, you talk, which has got to be magical because I keep talking to Bilbo—you know, my golden retriever—and he never talks back. Most of the time, I don't think he even understands me except when I said “go for a walk.”