

Monologue/Scene Reading Choices for Sherlock Auditions

You may choose 1 of the following monologues to audition with for *Sherlock Holmes and the 1st Baker Street Irregular*. You may memorize it, but it does not have to be memorized. Please make sure you are performing this monologue and not just reading it from the paper.

You may choose to read from the Scenes (Sides) provided or choose a monologue. You may also be asked to read from the sides with different students who are auditioning.

The True Feelings of Godzilla

Description: Godzilla is looking for a little understanding as he apologizes for his actions.
Genre: Comedic

Guys, I know I knocked over a couple of buildings, but if you were my size, you would too. I'm not such a bad guy if you really get to know me. I don't mean to alarm you. I bet you'd scream too if you stubbed your toe on a corner store. Oh, and sorry about the hot dog guy, he made me mad when he got my order wrong. It gets lonely being this big and living in the ocean. That's why I thought the Statue of Liberty would make a nice girl friend. Sorry I knocked her over. It was an accident. By the way, it is hard to turn with a tail this long. Sometimes, stuff gets swept away, you know. Tell City Hall that I'm sorry their building is now a boat. So give a monster a break will ya?

Monologue

Description: A frustrated theater student brainstorms ideas for a monologue they must write.
Genre: Comedic

C'mon brain, THINK! This monologue is due tomorrow and I have nothing! Not a single word! This sucks, I am going to fail my theater class all because I can't come up with one stupid paragraph. Perhaps some cookie dough ice cream could help me think? No! I can't eat yet! I have to stay focused! Maybe I should make it about love or something. Teachers like to read stuff like that, right? Or I could write about a kid with a scar who gets a letter from a foreign school and finds out he's a wizard and, wait, nope that's Harry Potter. Ooh, maybe I could write about a character who can't come up with a monologue and they are trying to brainstorm ideas on what to write about. No, that is way too meta. Ugh. I am making this way harder than it has to be but I really can't fail, I just can't! If I fail this, then I have a B on my report card, then I'll lose motivation and then that B will turn into an F and then boom! I'm failing all of my classes and I drop out of school to become a sign spinner outside of KFC. Not to mention that my mom would kill me. I wouldn't blame her either. If I was a single mom working two jobs just to provide for a kid who failed all of their classes I would be mad too. She really is the best. She's always supported my love of theater and to be honest I wouldn't be where I am without her. She's my hero. Wait a minute, that's it! I should write a monologue about my mom and how hard she works every day! This is going to be so good. I think all of this brainstorming has earned me a visit with some of my good friends: Ben and Jerry.

Forgive, Forget, and Fiddlesticks

Description: The protagonist is mad at their best friend and tries to give them the silent treatment.
Genre: Comedic

I'm not talking to her. She knows what she did. (beat) No, I don't think I'm overreacting. I'm not! (turns to someone who's not there) You know what you did! (turns back around) Snickerdoodles. I'm not supposed to be talking to her. I'm giving her the silent treatment, if that's not clear. She deserves it. She knows what she did. (turns to back and looks really annoyed, then yells) I'm not talking to you! (turns back around) Dolly Parton. I just talked to her. I'm really bad at this "ignoring your best friend because she stabbed you in the back, showing you the cold, merciless person she really is after thinking you knew her since kindergarten", aren't I? Well, live and learn. (pauses like someone's talking to her, gets really mad then turns to where the invisible "friend" is) I will not forgive and forget! (turns around and sighs) Fiddlesticks. I talked to her. Again. Ugh. I think she's trying to get me to snap at her so she can talk to me. But she doesn't even deserve my yelling. Traitors don't deserve anything. (beat) I'm going to ignore her. Really ignore her. I'm not going to talk to her nor acknowledge her existence. She's dead to me. (turns to the friend) You're dead to me! (exasperatedly) Tea and crumpets! (exhales) Starting now. She's dead to me starting now. Ugh, why do you think I'm overreacting? I'm not. Do you really want to know what that cockroach did? Fine she- (turns around and starts to talk to the "friend" but stops themselves and turns back around) Did you see that? I totally ignored her. Well, maybe I turned to her, but I didn't say anything. Nothing! Rainbows and unicorns, that felt good! (beat and gets sad) But, now it doesn't. (turns to where the "friend" is) Shish Kabobs. I really messed this up, didn't I? I just threw away a friendship after one mistake. I mean, it was a big mistake, huge. Like Godzilla couldn't even—okay not the time. (sighs) I don't know if I can ever forget what she did. But I can try to forgive, can't I?

I Don't Like Chocolate

Description: When you think you don't like chocolate, but then you try it.
Genre: Comedic

I don't like chocolate. There, I said it. I don't like chocolate and there is nothing you can do to make me think otherwise. What good is chocolate anyway? It only comes in like two flavors! You also can't keep it in your pocket. It'll just melt! That goeey melted-ness along with the color is just... And in case you're wondering why I would need to put chocolate in my pocket, it would obviously be so I could eat it at school! And I am no barbarian. I follow the rules of being a kid and remember to eat my candy BEFORE my food. And another thing, chocolate is poisonous to dogs! I have three dogs, so if I accidentally left chocolate just laying around then my dogs might EAT IT. (*React to thought of what could happen to dogs.*) Have I tried it, you ask? No, I have not. I have not, and will not, ever try chocolate. Not even if you pay me five bucks to do it. Or ten. Maybe fifteen. Fine, I will eat this chocolate bar for 20 bucks. (*Eats the chocolate*) That... WAS THE GREATEST THING EVER! Give me more please!

1

Sherlock Holmes and the First Baker Street Irregular

Scene 1 The Pickpocket

The scene opens one late morning in early December on Coburg Square in London. There is a pawnshop, a market stall for selling geese, a tobacconist and a bank. Men and women of London pass by and ignore the group of dirty children. The street urchins could even stroll the aisles of the audience begging for money. Projection screens are hidden within the set to highlight clues from the mysteries.)

OLIVER. I'm starving. George, do we have any food left?

GEORGE. Naw. We finished the bread we nicked yesterday.

(CONSTABLE makes his rounds.)

TOBY. I say we go the market and steal some more food.

WIGGINS. Not today. Constable Peterson is on duty.

ANNA. He watches us like a hawk.

TOBY. Oliver and George can cause a ruckus and distract 'im while we get bread.

GEORGE. Why do I always have to cause the disturbance?

LUCY. I'll do it!

WIGGINS. No. We did that last time. Constable Peterson won't be tricked by that again.

TOBY. Then, Wiggins, what do you suggest? Sit back, do nothing, and just starve?

10 Sherlock Holmes and the First Baker Street Irregular

OLIVER. I'm really hungry.

WIGGINS. Don't worry, I have a plan.

ANNA. What is it?

WIGGINS. I go to the pawnshop and sell this. *(Pulls out a gold ring.)*

LUCY. A gold ring? Is it real?

ANNA. We'll eat for a week!

OLIVER. You're the best, Wiggins!

GEORGE. How did you get that ring?

WIGGINS. I wouldn't want to bore you with the story ...

ALL *(except TOBY)*. Tell us! Tell us!

WIGGINS. Calm down. Calm down. I guess I'll tell you the story.

(ANNA, LUCY, GEORGE and OLIVER sit to listen. TOBY leans on a wall with crossed arms.)

WIGGINS *(cont'd)*. So this is what happened ... *(Crosses to the other side of the stage to act out the story.)* Last night I was out making my rounds, making sure we were safe. *(Starts walking around the London street in the middle of the night.)*

TOBY. Couldn't get to sleep is more like it.

ANNA *(to TOBY)*. Hush, Toby.

WIGGINS. I was checkin' the bins to see if there was anything edible for you lot. When I heard running boots on the cobblestones. I quickly hid in the shadows.

TOBY. 'Cus you were scared.

LUCY. Because Wiggins is smart.

WIGGINS. Because I was looking for an opportunity. From my hiding place I quickly saw a well-dressed gen'leman running into the street.

(HOPE comes running into the dark street.)

ANNA. What was a rich gentleman doin' around here late at night?

WIGGINS. Exactly what I was wondering. The bloke was out of breath and looking around.

(HOPE looks nervously around.)

GEORGE. Probably nervous he was gonna be robbed.

OLIVER. Or running away from someone.

WIGGINS. He looked into the darkness, and absent-mindedly patted his coat pocket.

(HOPE pats his pocket.)

ANNA. Checking to see if his valuables were still there.

WIGGINS. I hoped so. I then snuck out of the shadows and bumped into the bloke.

(WIGGINS bumps into HOPE. HOPE is startled and turns around to see WIGGINS, who puts hands out for a coin.)

WIGGINS *(cont'd, to HOPE)*. Spare a coin, mister?

HOPE. What? Get away from me, street urchin. I have nothing for you.

(WIGGINS nods as HOPE runs off, then holds up the gold ring.)

WIGGINS. Ah, but the kind gen'leman did have something for me. The gold ring from his pocket.

(Lights fade on the night time backstory and back to the daytime street scene. WIGGINS rejoins the group.)

TOBY. I don't believe you, Wiggins.

GEORGE. Then where did 'e get that ring?

TOBY. He probably found it on the ground.

LUCY *(challenging TOBY)*. Wiggins stole it! He's the best pickpocket in London.

TOBY. Then 'e should prove it.

GEORGE. How?

TOBY. I dare you to pickpocket someone right now. With the Constable still making his rounds.

ANNA. Don't be daft! If he gets caught . . .

WIGGINS. I'll do it.

GEORGE. You don't have to prove anything, Wiggins.

WIGGINS *(to TOBY)*. You choose the mark, Toby.

(TOBY looks around and sees a tall older gentleman [HOLMES in disguise] leaving the tobacconist.)

TOBY. Pickpocket that old bloke who just came out of the tobacconist.

GEORGE. He looks like he has money.

WIGGINS. Fine. Watch and learn.

OLIVER. Good luck, Wiggins!

(WIGGINS skulks around the market stalking the older gentleman. WIGGINS walks out and bumps into the older gentleman, who falls down. This draws the attention of CONSTABLE.)

WIGGINS. A thousand apologies, mister!

(WIGGINS reaches down to help the older gentleman up. CONSTABLE grabs WIGGINS by the scruff of the neck.)



2

LUCY. You have to get it back, Wiggins.

WIGGINS. I will.

ANNA. It's a trap. I don't trust that old gentleman.

WIGGINS. I don't either. I don't trust any adults.

ANNA. The ring is gone. Get it back, Wiggins.

OLIVER. It's not fair. That old bloke doesn't need money.
Not like we do.

ANNA. It's so dangerous.

WIGGINS. Nobody takes advantage of us. I'm going to 221B
Baker Street. *(Exits.)*

Start



Scene 2

221B Baker Street

(As violin music plays, the scene transitions to the reading room in 221B Baker Street. There is a small couch and two reading chairs surrounding a roaring fireplace. DR. WATSON is sitting and reading. A knock on the door.)

WATSON. Yes, Mrs. Hudson?

(MRS. HUDSON enters with WIGGINS.)

MRS. HUDSON *(a little disgusted)*. This dirty child showed up at the door and demanded to speak to the man of the house.

WATSON. What's your name, young man?

WIGGINS. Wiggins. You live here?

WATSON. I do. My name is Dr. Watson.

(WIGGINS comes very close to scrutinize WATSON's face.)

WIGGINS. You're not him. Anyone else live here?

MRS. HUDSON. What an utter lack of manners. Shall I show him out?

WATSON. No, Mrs. Hudson. Wiggins, you are correct. Someone else does live here.

MRS. HUDSON. But he's out for the morning.

(HOLMES, still disguised as the older gentleman, enters and startles MRS. HUDSON.)

MRS. HUDSON *(cont'd)*. Excuse me, sir! What are you doing?

HOLMES. I live here.

MRS. HUDSON. You do not. This is a private residence and I did not let you into.

HOLMES. I need to find my ...

MRS. HUDSON. Get out!

(HOLMES takes off his wig, beard and disguise.)

HOLMES. Ah, Mrs. Hudson, I do appreciate your diligence in monitoring the visitors to the flat.

MRS. HUDSON. Oh, Holmes. You gave me such a start.

HOLMES. You are everything I could ask for in a landlady.

MRS. HUDSON. You will be the death of me yet, Mr. Holmes. *(Exits.)*

WATSON. You have a visitor. This is Mr. Wiggins.

WIGGINS. I came to get my ring back.

HOLMES. It's not your ring, and my need for it is greater than yours.

WIGGINS. It is my ring! My mother gave it to me.

HOLMES. No, you stole it from another gentleman last night.

WIGGINS. I did no such thing! Just give me the ring or I'll call on the police.

HOLMES. The police are already on their way.

WIGGINS *(backing towards the exit)*. You're trying to frame me!

WATSON. No, Sherlock Holmes is a private investigator. The best investigator in all of England.

HOLMES. Watson, you do flatter me so.

WATSON. Sometimes Scotland Yard asks him to help with crimes they have abandoned as hopeless.

WIGGINS. I don't help the police. *(Turns toward the door.)*

SHERLOCK. I'd rather you not leave, Wiggins. It'd be a waste of time to have to track you down again.

(WIGGINS laughs.)

WIGGINS. Right, mister! The minute I leave here, I'll disappear among the four million people in this lousy city. *(Opens the door to exit.)*

HOLMES. Actually young lady, I would just go down to the empty Old Bengal warehouse on Charterhouse Street where you and your group of orphans sleep.

(WIGGINS stops and turns around.)

WATSON. Young lady?

WIGGINS. How long have you been spying on me?

HOLMES. I haven't been spying on you, Wiggins. I assure you, I first met you in Coburg Square this morning when we exchanged my note for this ring.

WIGGINS. Then how do you know so much about me?

HOLMES. I observed and deduced. It is what I do. Your clothes are ragged and dirty, therefore you are obviously poor.

Stop *(HOLMES points out this clue, an image of dirty clothes is projected onto a hidden surface on the set.)*

CAST BREAKDOWN (some actors may portray multiple roles/some roles may be split amongst actors)

Sherlock Holmes - A brilliant detective

Dr. Watson - Sherlock's kindhearted assistant

Mrs. Hudson - The tough landlady of 221B Baker Street

Lestrade - The pompous inspector from Scotland Yard

Wiggins - 14, street-smart, tough leader of the Irregulars

Toby - 14, a challenger, new to the Irregulars, Anna's brother

Anna - 12, the smartest Irregular, has crutches, Toby's sister

George - 15, the biggest Irregular, but gentle

Lucy - 10, a fearless, impulsive, and small Irregular

Oliver - 8, the youngest and smallest Irregular

Hope - A desperate criminal looking for a ring. Disguises himself as Mrs. Sawyer

Constable - A policeman

Wilson - A pawnbroker with flaming red hair

Spaulding - The pawnbroker's new assistant, later revealed as Clay

Mary - 14, helps clean Wilson's home

Ross - Trustee of the League of Red-Headed Gentlemen

Merryweather - Bank official

Landlady - A landlady at the offices of the League of Red-Headed Gentlemen

Baker - A tall man who lost his hat and goose

Horner - A plumber at Cosmopolitan Hotel

Ryder - Senior attendant at Cosmopolitan Hotel

Catherine - Maid of the countess and pregnant wife of Ryder

Breckinridge - Poultry dealer

Toughs - A gang of rough street youths