

SANTAPHOBIA
Audition Monologues
By Kamron Klitgaard

ALICE GRUBER

Good evening ladies of the Springfield City book club. I'm very excited to share with you my review of our latest read, that wonderful novel by Joanne Rowling, *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*. Now, in the previous book, *Harry Potter and the Half Blood Prince*, Professor Slughorn was hiding that memory of when Tom Riddle was his student. I can't believe he was hiding that! Oh, I'm sorry about that, my accent comes out when I get angry. I will... I will try to control my emotions. But hiding things, keeping deep dark secrets, is what gets all these characters in trouble! If they would just tell the truth, things would be just fine! Sorry, sorry. I just get carried away, you know. Now back to Miss Rowling's book. Now see? There's another thing: Why does the book say, *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows by J. K. Rowling?* J.K.? J.K.? What is J.K.? Just Kidding? It's Joanne Rowling! That's it! There is no "K!" She was hiding something! The Truth! Sure, everyone knows that it was the publisher's idea to hide her female name because little boys would not read anything from a female author! This is an outrage! Covering up the truth and then profiting from the result is Schreckenstat! I for one, would never commit such an *sich daneben benehmen!*

(pounding the book and yelling)

Undt further more! Wann wird das Mittagessen serviert! Ich bin am Verhungern!! Oh, I'm terribly sorry. My blood sugar must be low. Or should I say, my half-blood sugar must be low. Ahaha. Actually, now that I think about it, everyone knows that "J.K." is a woman! Undt little boys will now read things written by female authors, so... I guess that she did was actually a good thing. Hmm, maybe keeping a secret and then revealing it at the right time might not be so bad after all. Harry Potter *uber* alas!

CHARLES GRUBER

Sandra, Lorena, will you please sit down? Your mother and I have decided that it is time that you two have "The Talk." Now even know you're a... you know and I'm a... you know, your mother thought that it would be best if I was the one who explained the... you know... "The Talk" to you. First off, the question that, um, makes us have to have "The Talk" is, you know, "Where do... you know... little, miniature people... called, you know... babies come from?" I don't know. Well, I do know. It's just that, you know... something. So the first thing you need to know is that contrary to popular opinion it has nothing to do with birds or bees. I don't even know why they equate the two. I mean that would be impossible right? Ha, ha, ha. I mean a bird and a bee can't... you know. I mean you don't see many bee-birds flying around, do you? So you can just forget about that. Now the real story is this: There are two types of people in this world. The first one is like you two. They're... you know... something. Uh... they umm... have longer hair, well; most of them do, except for, you know, some of them. And they watch different shows on television, you know, like Lifetime. And for the most part they don't spit. Now the other half of the people are, you know, like me; short hair, zombies, and loogies. So that pretty much sums up the two types of people. But the main difference between the two

types of people is that the long-haired people, you know, have a you know and the short-haired, phlegm-people, have a you know. Don't they teach you this stuff in school or on the streets? Alright, now when a mommy person and a daddy person want to have a you know, there are several options available to them. Adoption is definitely one of them! In fact, that's where a lot of you knows come from; probably most of them. So I guess, you know, adoption is definitely part of, you know... "The Talk." I'll bet it would hurt if you got stung by a bee-bird. Alright, enough is enough. I'm just gonna come out and say it. Girls, I'm gonna tell you straight out: When a you know and a you know are something and they you know what and you know where and something is if I'm not mistaken they would be you know or is it just me? And then you know what travels through the something until it you know what happens with the you know thing-a-ma-jig which your mother likes to call something until finally the stork, which hasn't had any stinging insect interaction at all, drops the something on the front door or down the chimney, I can't remember which. Okay, that's good. That was pretty good. I'm ready. Go get the girls for real this time.