

Middle School Science Fair  
Audition Monologues

ARCHIBALD

The science fair is a double-edged sword. Sometimes it's wonderful. We get to conduct dramatic experiments. Students experience forces of nature like the effects of air pressure and centrifugal force. It's action packed! But the literal meaning of science has been watered down over the years. The word "science" comes from Old French, meaning knowledge, learning, application. But now it means papier-mâché, vinegar and baking soda volcanos, or blindly following anybody who claims to be a scientist. For example, one year, Bobby Sacamano was the smartest kid in my class. He even wore a lab coat to school. Everyone regarded him as a genius. I mean, why wouldn't they? He wore a lab coat. So, he enlisted several kids to assist him in his science fair project. The name of his project was, "Jumping Off Buildings: How High is Too High?" They all attended the science fair in double-leg casts, double-arm casts, full-body casts, and one kid swallowed his retainer. But they did answer the question, "How High is Too High?" It turns out, anything higher than Barbie's Townhouse, in case any of you're wondering. Oh! One year, a girl made a papier-mâché volcano but without vinegar and baking soda. Somehow, and I still don't know how, she used real lava. The volcano caught on fire and the lava burned through the table, then the floor, fell into the boiler room and blew up the school. Well, almost blew up the school.

(Day dreaming)

I wish it would have blown up the school. I mean, what I'm trying to tell you is don't make a papier-mâché, vinegar and baking soda volcano. Got it?

STUDENT

Good afternoon. My science fair experiment is about cows. It specifically answers the scientific question, "What happens when a cow steps on its own udder?" To answer this question, I watched cows in a grassy field for several hours. Nothing happened. They just stood there. So, I hopped the fence and started chasing them. It was fun but since I was running at the same time, I couldn't ever see if or when they stepped on their own udders. So, I abandoned the whole field idea and visited a dairy. They gave me free rein to observe. Those cows move around a lot more. They move them into shoots and hook up these milker-machine things to their udders. It's pretty cool. And the cows seem relieved afterward. They even taught me how to squeeze some milk out by hand. I squoze it directly into my mouth. It was warm but yummy. I realized, though, that these milking machines would not allow an opportunity for them to step on their own udders. So, I focused on the time when they move them from the corrals to the stalls. I came every day for weeks. Nothing. Then I realized that the dairy farmers might have seen the occurrence. Nope. They said that their udders don't hang low enough for that. So, I gave up my endeavor. But then, yesterday I was walking past that grassy field and a cow began walking next to the fence. She jumped over a fallen tree where a broken branch was sticking up. The cow's udder caught the pointy branch, stretching it far enough that its back hoof stepped right on to it, smashing it onto the ground. Then I heard a guttural sound come from the cow's mouth. It sounded just like, "Uff-Da!"