

Monologue for  
WITCHAPALOOZA  
By Kamorn Klitgaard

**LUNA**

Hello out there in T.V. land. Welcome to the Enchantress Channel and to *Cooking with Luna*. I'm your host, Luna Moonstruck! Today we're cooking up a wonderful dish I like to call *Adolescent Surprise*. Now, the main ingredient of course, is the adolescent. I have one simmering in the oven right now. We'll take it out in a few moments after we've made the basting. But first, a few words on choosing your adolescent. One might think that you just choose a big fat juicy child. The fat is important but the way you capture the little pre-pubescent is just as critical. Don't just scoop them off the trail. You've got to scare them and scare them good. You see, when you scare a child, the adrenal glands release the adrenaline hormone which creates the most succulent flavor. So jump out and startle them. Put them into a panic. I mean frighten the dickens out of them! Get that heart to flutter. And you know what I always say, "more flutter, more better." Now, in a large mixing bowl, dump your premeasured ingredients in this order: Cricket legs, slugs, half a cockroach, lizard tongue, eye of newt and two teaspoons of cilantro. Mix in a can of warthog blood with a ram's bladder, unemptied. The extra moisture will create the perfect drizzle. Once you've mixed that up it's time for the spell. Now remember, all spells must rhyme. So, while you're mixing, say the magic words:

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire bubble, and cauldron burn.

Perfect! Your baste is ready. (*Opening oven*) Take it to the oven and pour it all... What?! He's buggered off! He's completely absent! Well, let that be a lesson to everyone: Always install locks on your oven door. And that's *Adolescent Surprise*! I'm Luna Moostruck, goodnight everyone!

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**SCARLET**

*(Holding notes)*

Good evening, fellow witches. I'm grateful for this opportunity to speak at this year's witch conference. Wait that's not right. Is it a conference or a convention? I don't know! What sounds better? Conference or convention? Coooonfereeeence.

Coooonveentiooon. They both sound boring. I'll just go with conference. I'm grateful for this opportunity to speak at this year's witch convention. *(Looking at her notes)* And that's as far as I got. Oh, I wish they hadn't asked me to speak. I'm a brand new witch! How am I supposed to know what to say? Let's see, what do witches say? Oh! I know. How about a little fire, Scarecrow? No, that's way out of context. Wait that's it! *(Writing in her notes)*

My talk is titled "How to Not Get Burned at the Stake." Yes, that's good. Okay... Every witch is entitled to not get burned at the stake. I mean it's not like we're made of wood. Ha! That's a good one. *(Writing in her notes)* Pause for laughter. Okay, stake burnings often take place when villagers learn of the witch's involvement with witchcraft. To avoid being burned, one should stop practicing witchcraft altogether. Hmm. That probably won't fly. Oh, I know, to avoid being burned, one should keep all witchcraft and witchcraft related activities a secret. And find a nice, handsome young man to settle down with. *(Love struck)* Yes, a boy with big hazel eyes that remind you of the different shades of autumn with hundreds of millions of leaves falling at once amongst which you can dance and sing and bask in their beauty. That's probably a bit much. But it's so good. So, in conclusion, to avoid the stake fires and land those hazel eyes, don't make witch-like faces like this: *(Makes ugly face)* Thank you.

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Audition Monologue for  
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**JACK**

Stand up straight when I'm talking to you, maggots! You've joined the army! Jack's army. And when you're ready, together we will hunt down and destroy the witches once and for all. But until then you will speak only when spoken to and when spoken to the first and last word out of your mouth will be "Sir!" Do you understand me?! I'm sorry, you're not really maggots, I just get carried away sometimes. I shouldn't call you names. It's just that we must stop those potion sniffers and the only way to do that is to change you into a weapon, a weapon of war so destructive that your mummies will wet themselves when they see you come home. But until that day, you are vomit! You are the lowest life form on the planet! You are a festering bowl of puss! Sorry, sorry, that's a rotten thing to say. You're not really puss. That's disgusting. I just mean that you're all the same. I don't show any favoritism. I'm mean but I'm fair because I'm mean to all of you! You are all equally worthless! I will weed out all the lazy no good screw-ups that don't deserve to serve in my army! I will not pander to frail, pathetic, puny, feeble, sad, fragile, little pitiful weaklings! When I'm through with you, those cauldron lickers will be so terrified they'll sit on their hats and spin! You sniveling maggots better get a good night's rest because tomorrow at oh-six-hundred you enter a world of hurt, a world of pain, a world of agony! You're about to enter the bowels of Hell!!! Okay, uh... Sleep tight. goodnight Hansel, goodnight Gretel.

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