

Monologue/Scene Choices

Jr. Leads (choose 1 character)

Monologue #1

Whenever I pluck the strings of my guitar, I can feel the musical passion within me igniting like a wildfire. My heart only wants one thing, one place. *(pauses)* The stage, where I can become the ultimate winner of Pop Fest. I know some may scoff at my dream, but I feel it in deep down that I am destined for greatness. Every note I play and every lyric I sing is leading me closer to my moment in the spotlight. The thrill of standing there, the deafening roar of the crowd, the anticipation before the first note - it's all I can think about. The spotlight, the rush of adrenaline as I pour my soul into the music, leaving everything on the stage. And then, in that moment of pure magic, it just hits me... *(You fill in the ending!)*

Monologue #2

So, what! I choked. What does it matter anyway? I don't care. I still recall my first ever performance, back in sixth grade, November of '98. The memory clings to me, for all the wrong reasons. Why? Because I also choked. I stepped onto that stage, loaded with confidence, ready to conquer the world. But then, the high note approached, looming over me like a relentless storm, building.... I felt it deep within, crawling up from the depths of my being, twisting up through my vocal cords, and with a deafening crack, it escaped my lips *(let's out an awful crack of a note)* The kids laughed, their chuckles stinging as I fled, tears filling my eyes. Everything I ever loved has been snatched away from me. That moment changed me, locked in the fear that would only grow stronger with time. And here I stand, facing the stage once again, only to flee before I even begin. I guess once a choker, always a choker.

Monologue #3

(looking into the distance) You know, sometimes life has a way of throwing glitter in your face and then telling you it's not your time to shine. PopFest, they say. The biggest stage in town, the ultimate chance to show the world who we are. And here we are, on the edge of that stage, only to be told we're not old enough to jump into the spotlight.

She runs a hand through her hair, frustration evident in her voice.

Age limits. Like, who came up with that nonsense? As if our passion for music has an expiration date. But you know what? We can't let some arbitrary number dictate our destiny.

A determined spark flickers in her eyes as she paces back and forth.

We're rockers. We don't conform to rules; we break them. Our music is a rebellion, and age won't silence our voices. PopFest might be off-limits this time, but it's not the end of our story. Our time will come, and when it does, Ridgeway won't know what hit them.

So what if they say we're too young? We're not backing down; we're gearing up for a musical revolution. And trust me, the world will have no choice but to listen.

Monologue #4

The scene. 2005. Prime time for Pop! The charts are awash with boy bands , high energy disco and Britney has taken her position as the biggest pop star in the world. You were probably watching Paris Hilton on the Simple Life or feeding your Tamagotchis. That's Hot! Yeah. None of this itechnology. Iwatch, ipad, iphone. No. pauses... You have a pink razor flip phone and it... is...fetch. Brand new country artist Taylor something has just released her brand new single "Love Story". You know that new swift girl, meh she isn't that great! Probably a one hit wonder.

But do we care? No!!! Because we are rockers. Ridgeway are you ready to rockkkkkkkkkk!!!!!!! I can't hear you. I said are you ready to rock?!

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The group is buzzing with excitement. A makeshift stage is set up, and a neon "PopFest Auditions" sign flickers above. The air is filled with anticipation as the tight-knit group of pop-crazy, rockin' youngsters, known gather at the back door. The atmosphere is a mix of nervous energy and rebellious enthusiasm. BLAKE (aka Blaze Thunder), a charismatic and edgy pop sensation, adjusts the spikes on his leather jacket. His eyes gleam with determination.

BLAKE (looking at the others) Alright, rockers! This is our moment to shine. PopFest is in our town, and we're not letting this slip through our fingers. Blaze Thunder is about to set this stage on fire!

VIOLET (aka Velvet Riot), draped in dramatic black and purple attire, rolls her eyes playfully.

VIOLET (laughing) Come on, Blaze! Save the pyrotechnics for the performance. We want to stand out, not set off the fire alarms.

AMBER (aka Ember Stardust), adorned in glitter and neon, twirls around, spreading stardust in her wake.

AMBER (laughing) Who cares about alarms? We're here to make a statement! Ember Stardust is ready to sparkle and shine.

INDIANA (aka Indie Rocket), the rebellious and eclectic one of the group, strums a guitar with a laid-back confidence.

INDIANA (smirking) Let's not forget the real reason we're here. The music. I'm bringing some serious indie vibes to PopFest. No limits, no boundaries.

The group shares a knowing look

BLAKE Alright, Lead Rockers, let's hit the stage and show Ridgeway what we're made of. Age limits whatever! This is our shot, and we're taking it

They huddle together, hands in the center, their spirits high.

VIOLET Rock on!

AMBER (raising her hand for a high-five) To PopFest!

INDIANA (smiling) And to breaking the rules with style.

BLAKE Let's do this, Rockers! On three!

They break the huddle, heading toward the back door. The small town of Ridgeway is about to witness a musical revolution, courtesy of these bold and daring young rockers!