

Suggested Monologues For Theatre Arts Audition

Choose *TWO* contrasting monologues, memorize them well, and be ready to perform them for your audition. Be familiar with the entire play and be prepared to answer questions about the play.

***Our Town* by Thornton Wilder**

EMILY: I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year, George. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings, but I've got to tell the truth and shame the devil. Up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you as you did everything because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. And you never stop and speak to anybody anymore. Not even to your own family you didn't. And, George, it's a fact, you've got awful conceited and stuck up, and all the girls say so. They may not say so to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it, but I've got to agree with them a little. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings? but I can't be sorry I said it.

***The Red Coat* by John Patrick Shanley**

MARY: Oh, that coat! I've had that for ages and ages. I've had it since the sixth grade. I have really special feelings for that coat. I feel like it's part of me...like it stands for something...my childhood...something like that. That's funny how you felt about that coat. The red one. No one knows how I feel about that coat. Do you? If you understood about my red coat...that red coat is like all the good things about when I was a kid...it's like I still have all the good things when I'm in that red coat...it's like being grown up and having your childhood, too. You know what it's like? It's like being in one of those movies where you're safe, even when you're in an adventure. Do you know what I mean? Sometimes, in a movie, the hero's doin' all this stuff that's dangerous, but you know, because of the kind of movie it is, that he's not gonna get hurt. Bein' in that red coat is like that...like bein' safe in an adventure.

***The Food Chain* by Nicky Silver**

AMANDA: I was reading my paper when the waiter came over and asked if I was alone....*alone*. Well! It was obvious that I was *alone*! I was sitting there, in a booth, by myself – did he think I thought I had an imaginary friend with me? I was *alone*! Did he have to rub it in? Was he trying to be funny? It was in his tone. He said “Are you alone?” But what he meant to say was, “You’re alone. *Aren’t you!*?” – And I can’t imagine that he’s not alone every single day of his miserable, *pathetic* life! *(Pause)* He has terrible skin. And it’s not attractive. Not the way bad skin, or at least the remnants of bad skin, is attractive on some people. On some men!! It’s never attractive on WOMEN! – have you noticed that? Just one more example of the injustices we are forced to suffer! If we have bad skin, we’re grotesque! Let a man have bad skin and he can beRichard Burton for God’s sake!

***Arms and the Man* by George Bernard Shaw**

LOUKA: How easy it is to talk! Men never seem to me to grow up: they all have schoolboy’s ideas. You don’t know what true courage is.Look at me! How much am I allowed to have my own will? I have to get your room ready for you: to sweep and dust, to fetch and carry. How could that degrade me if it did not degrade you to have it done for you? But if I were Empress of Russia, above everyone in the world, then, ah, then, though according to you I could shew no courage at all, you should see, you should see...I would marry the man I loved, which no other queen in Europe has the courage to do. If I loved you, though you would be as far beneath me as I am beneath you, I would dare to be the equal of my inferior. Would you dare as much if you loved me? No: if you felt the beginnings of love for me you would not let it grow. You would not dare: you would marry a rich man’s daughter because you would be afraid of what other people would say of you.

***Death Comes to Us All, Mary Agnes* by Christopher Durang**

MARGOT: Grandma, do you remember me? It’s your little Margot. Sit down, let me look at you. Do you remember me? I remember you, way back before you first feigned madness. Do you remember that summer I was fifteen, and Daddy and I came to visit right after he’d found the French orphanage my mother had put me in? And Grandad had just gotten the first of his secretaries. Remember? It was Miss Willis, then, I think. And I asked you why Mama had put me in an orphanage like I didn’t belong to her, just so she could go to Italy with her two boys, her two sons, my twin brothers! She left me there for five years! *(Getting teary and hysterical.)* And I said to you, Grandma, will there ever be anyone in the world who will love me? Love me for what I am, and love me, not pity me? And you looked at me and you said, “No,” and I said, “But Grandma, Why?” And you said, “Because there never was for me!” Do you remember, Grandma? There never was for me!

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***Men of Steel* by Qui Nguyen**

JASON: You don't know what it was like for me, Helen. Having this much power. It's like God kissing every muscle – every joint – every particle which makes up me. I feel nothing of this world. No pain equals no pleasure – both sensations, connected by a thread so fine that sometimes you can't tell where one ends and the other begins. All I have is power – this constant throbbing vibration within – a power that I feel eating away at me – a power changing me – evolving me – turning me into something beyond this mortal coil. They didn't make me a hero when they turned me into Captain Justice, Helen. They just recreated the Atom Bomb into the form of a man. I like being here – being with you. Out there, I walk among eggshells. I tiptoe between dolls made of rice paper, careful not to breathe too hard, touch too abrasively, embrace anything – anyone – with passion. For if I'm not careful, I'll blow away humanity itself as if it were a Buddhist sand painting. But here – here the world is safe with me. And I get to be here with you.

***Marvin's Room* by Scott McPherson**

HANK: Most of the time I keep to myself. Most of the time I sit in my room. I've got a roommate but most of the time he's got his face to the wall. Most of the time I think about not being there. I think: what would it be like to be someone else. Someone I see on TV or in a magazine, or even walking free on the grounds. They can keep me as long as they want. It's not like a prison term. I've already been there longer than most. A lot of the time I think about getting this house with all of this land around it. And I'd get a bunch of dogs, not little ones you might step on but big dogs, like a horse, and I'd let them run wild. They'd never know a leash. And I'd build a go-kart track on my property. Charge people to race around it. Those places pull in the bucks. I'd be raking it in. And nobody would know where I was. I'd be gone. Most of the time I just want to be someplace else.

***The Red Coat* by John Patrick Shanley**

JOHN: I left the party 'cause I felt like everything I wanted was outside the party...out here. There's a breeze out here, and the moon! Look at the way the moon is...and I knew you were outside somewhere, too! So I came out and sat on the steps here and I thought that maybe you'd come and I would be here...outside on the steps in the moonlight...and those other people, the ones at the party, wouldn't be here ...and you and me would be talking on the steps in the night in the moonlight and I could tell you...how I feel! I don't know. I was looking out the window at the party...and I drank some wine...and I was looking out the window at the moon and I thought of you...and I could feel my heart...breaking. I felt that wine and the moon and your face all pushing in my heart and I left the party and I came out here. And I came out here looking for the moon and I saw that streetlight shining down through the leaves of that tree. It's beautiful. I didn't know a streetlight could be beautiful. I've always thought of them as being cold and blue, you know? But this one's yellow and it comes down through the leaves and the leaves are so green. Mary, I love you! I shouldn't have said it. I shouldn't have said it. My heart's breaking. You must think I'm so stupid...but I can feel it breaking. I wish I could stop talking.

***Everything Will Be Different* by Mark Schultz**

FREDDIE: Um. Hi. Um. OK I know this is awkward and everything. Me just coming here and all. Like this. I mean I know I just really met you and everything. But I've seen you. Really. And I just gotta. I had to come and tell you. You know. And. This is embarrassing. I know. And I don't mean it to be. It's not supposed to be. I mean. But. Jesus, it's cold out, right? Anyway there's like a million things I wanna tell you right now. And I just. I don't know. Right. Um. So I'll just come out and say it. OK. I think I love you. I really do. And. It's not like this happens every day. You know. For me. I don't just like fall in love with people. But. I wanna know if maybe we can go out and be like boyfriend girlfriend or something. Cause I really love you. I really wanna be with you. I really. Just had to come and tell you. Um. Shit I gotta get back to practice. Um. OK. I love you. Please love me. Oh. And. I'm really sorry. About your mom. Being dead and all. That sucks. I gotta go.

***Annie Jump and the Library of Heaven* by Reina Hardy**

KJ: Listen -- about what happened last night -- The whole thing was kind of weird, and I wanted to make sure you're not -- not angry or anything. All that stuff I said about your father -- It wasn't even my idea. It was Pete's idea, and... you know. This is a new town. This is my chance to make friends. I think we're a lot alike. You're super smart. I'm super smart. We're both huge geeks and kinda weird... So I just want you to know, if in the future, we're at school and we run into each other, and I don't say anything -- it's not because I don't like you. I definitely like you. I've never met anyone like you. It's just that. I can't afford to screw this up. I might never get another chance to be like -- one of the normal kids. So. No hard feelings, right? I hope you understand.