Audition Monologues

Actors should prepare ONE monologue from the list of monologues below. The monologue does not need to be memorized; however, it should be rehearsed and actors should be familiar enough with the material to make distinct acting choices and look up from the paper as they read. Actors will be considered for all roles, no matter which monologue they choose.

If actors would prefer, they also have the option to prepare a 1–2 minute modern, comedic monologue of their choosing. Again, memorization is not necessary, but please be familiar and comfortable with the text.

Dog Anxiety by Joseph Arnone

ZARA: She asks me to watch her puppy, Oscar. I say sure, I mean, how bad could it be to watch an innocent, harmless, cute little puppy? Right? Right? WRONG! It was a nightmare if there ever was one. Look at me! Do you see the bags under my eyes? I look like I went twelve rounds with Muhammad Ali. I look horrible!

She tells me, like it's noooooo big deal. She says, "Zara would you mind watching my puppy for me for three days?" I said, "Sure, no problem." No problem!

This dog has NOT stopped barking his tiny sqeaky voice, (imitates dog) Maar, Maaar,Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaar! Didn't stop barking for the entire night. Maaar, Maaar, Maaaaaaaaaaaaar!

Finally it's time to go to work. I was actually excited to go to work for once in my life. Work was somehow a better option than staying home with Maar, Maaar, MAAAAAAAAAAAR!!

But guess what?! When I stepped foot into my kitchen, I found myself sliiiiiiiiiiiiiiiding allllllll the waaaaaaaaaaay ACROSS the kitchen and FLAT DEAD ON MY BACK! I have bruises the size of boulders…DOG PEE PEE.

About a Goth by Tom Wells

NICK: As beds go, it is passable, I suppose. Obviously I would prefer to sleep in a coffin, but as my mum has so hilariously pointed out, they don't sell coffins at Ikea. Yet.

I check my phone, but nothing. Greg still hasn't replied to my text. It has been three days and eleven hours now, which seems a bit relaxed even for someone as simple as him. Look in my sent messages. It's there in capital letters: I HATE MYSELF. I wonder if I've been too subtle again. Probably. I forget not everyone is as emotionally mature and sensitive as me.

Breakfast is depressing as usual. All I want is to read Camus and eat my Coco Pops, but it is so hard to concentrate with Dad's armour clanking and Mum clattering about with her tankards in the sink. Honestly. It's tragic. Everyone else's parents lie and cheat and have inner turmoil and chuck teapots at each other. I get the world's most cheerful medieval re-enactors.

Death by Peanut by Gabriel Davis

WOMAN: Yes, yes, alright! I did it! You've found me out! I killed the cook in the kitchen with the peanut butter! But honestly, what kind of person goes into cooking with that severe a peanut allergy!? Yes, yes, I killed him. But if it hadn't been me, he would have eventually encountered a peanut on his own.

How did I fool him into eating the peanut butter, you ask?

So I hid the peanut butter inside of ... chocolate! Yes! Everyone knows the cook had a sweet spot for cacao! But it was I who thought to invent a decadent chocolate treat with a peanut butter filling! Yes, it was shaped sort of like a very shallow cup. Why do you ask?

Oh alright. Fine. I didn't invent it. You've found me out. I saw it on the check out line at the grocery store. It's not like you need a PhD to figure that out, Professor Prune. But it was my idea to change the words on the packaging from "Peanut Butter Cups" to "Chocolate Cups." In fact, I sent a copy of the wrapper I created to the company, because it's really confusing, calling them peanut butter cups, when really the chocolate part is more of the cup part.

The Group Project

SAM: Okay, team. Huddle up. We have five minutes, so let's do a quick check-in. Jordan, you had the slides. Great. Can I see the slides? You're showing me your phone. That is a picture of a slide. One slide. It says "The Roman Empire" and there is a clip art lion. Why is there a lion? Were there lions? I mean, yes, there were lions, but that is not the part we are presenting.

Kayla. Research. You said, and I quote from the group chat, "I've got it covered, don't stress." And then you sent a thumbs up. And then you left the group chat. Kayla, you cannot leave the group chat. That is not a thing.

And Marco. Marco is eating a granola bar. Marco, did you do anything? Don't nod with your mouth full. That's not an answer, that's a hostage situation.

Here is what is going to happen. I did the whole thing. All of it. At two in the morning. But when Ms. Ferraro asks who did what, you are all going to look at me and say the word "Sam." Clearly. In unison.

Practice it. Ready? Go.

After Juliet by Sharman Macdonald

GIANNI: Tea. There is no point even trying to make it without first warming the pot. They do it. People do it. Lemon? Milk?

They say, brandishing a cold tea pot. The question doesn't arise. Why? Why would you make tea if you hadn't warmed the pot. Once the pot's warmed, with boiling water mind.

Once the tea's spooned in, dry and black and perfumed with bergamot. Not blended, no shred of dust. I won't have sweepings from the floor that some chap's relieved himself upon. Once boiling water is added. While waiting in that delicious pause when the tea is giving of its essence. Then the question of lemon or milk can be addressed. With Earl Grey lemon always. But in the winter I would maintain it has to be lemon any way. Whether Darjeeling or Assam; lemon and not milk in the winter. Because. There is always a danger that the milk is contaminated. Turnips. That's the danger. In the winter time. There are those who feed their cows turnips.