

Audition Monologues

Musical theatre only: Memorize one monologue and one minute of a song from a musical. You select a song and you must have a musical track to accompany.

Play production class only: you need to memorize and perform two monologues.

All my life I've lived and worked in the big city, which now that I think of it, is a problem since I always feel uncomfortable around crowds. I mean it I have this fear of enclosed spaces, everything makes me feel trapped all the time. You know I always tell my self there's got to be something better out there, but maybe I think too much. I think everything must go back to the fact that I had a very anxious childhood, you know my mother never had time for me. You know when you're a middle child in a family

Alright, I have an admittedly insane idea, but if I don't ask you this, it's just, uh, you know, its going to haunt me the rest of my life. I want to keep talking to you, y'know. I have no idea what your situation is, but, uh, but I feel like we have some kind of, uh, connection. Right? Yeah, right, well, great. So listen, so here's the deal. This is what we should do. You should get off the train with me here in Vienna, and come check out the town. Come on. It'll be fun. Come on. All I know is I have to catch an Austrian Airlines flight tomorrow morning at 9:30, and I don't really have enough money for a hotel, so I was just going to walk around, and it would be a lot more fun if you came with me.

She's great. I mean, she's smart, she's beautiful, she's funny, she's a big ol' scaredy cat. If you creep up from behind her she'll jump out of her skin. It's pretty amusing. She's honest. She always calls them just like she sees them. You can always count on getting the truth from Joey even if the truth hurts. She's stubborn. We fight a lot. She can be so frustrating sometimes. But she's a really, really, good friend. I know her to a fault. She believes in me. And I'm a dreamer so it's so good to have somebody like that in my life. If she goes away, I don't know what I'm going to do. I mean, she's my best friend, you know? She's more than that. She's everything.

I was robbed! I spent the whole night waiting for the Great Pumpkin when I could have been out for tricks or treats! Halloween is over and I missed it! You blockhead! You kept me up all night waiting for the Great Pumpkin and all that came was a beagle! I didn't get a chance to go out for tricks or treats! And it was all your fault! I'll sue! What a fool I was. And could have had candy apples and gum! And cookies and money and all sorts of things! But no, I had to listen to you! You blockhead. What a fool I was. Trick or treats come only once a year. And I miss it by sitting in a pumpkin patch with a blockhead. You owe me restitution!

I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you're take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything.

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'? (the teachers voice is heard offstage) Thank you, Miss Othmar. (to audience) The squeaky wheel gets the grease! (exits)

Anything there is that I can do for you, I will do for you; anything there is that I cannot do, I will learn to do. I know I cannot compete with the Countess in skills or wisdom or appeal, and I saw the way she looked at you. And I saw the way you looked at her. But remember, please, that she is old and has other interests, while I am seventeen and for me there is only you. Dearest Westley--I've never called you that before, have I?--Westley, Westley, Westley, Westley, Westley,--darling Westley, adored Westley, sweet perfect Westley, whisper that I have a chance to win your love.

I dream of a place where we could be together at last... It's just a daydream of mine. A little development that I dream of. Just off the interstate in a little suburb, far, far from urban Skid Row. The sweetest, greenest place - where everybody has the same little lawn out front and the same little flagstone patio out back. And all the houses are so neat and pretty... 'Cause they all look just alike. Oh, I dream about it all the time. Just me. And the toaster. And a sweet little guy - like Seymour...

So, she finally comes to work. Don't tell me good morning, what morning? It's two o'clock in the afternoon. Not that we had a customer. Who has customers when you run a flower shop on Skid Row? Audrey, you better go back there and see what Seymour's... Audrey, where did you get that shiner? Yes, *that* shiner... Audrey, that greasy boyfriend of yours - he's been beating on you again? Look, I know it's none of my business, but I'm beginning to think he's maybe not such a nice boy...

I know you think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on me. But, I don't mind. After all, I owe him everything. He took me out of the Skid Row Home for Boys when I was just a little tyke. Gave me a warm place to sleep, under the counter. Nice things to eat like meatloaf and water. Floors to sweep and toilets to clean and every other Sunday off. A lotta garden clubs have been calling - asking me to give lectures - imagine me, giving lectures. I never even finished grade school. And, I know I need new clothes, Audrey, but I'm a very bad shopper. I don't have good taste like you.