

Dear Actors,

This packet serves as a resource full of monologue suggestions, some dramatic, some comedic and some plucked right from our upcoming season. You do not have to use one of these monologues for Summer Season Auditions. Just do what you do best!

All of these monologues have introductions to give them some context. Some monologues include lines by other characters, so that you know what you are reacting to, but neither those lines nor the introductions should be spoken when you perform the monologue.

At the end of this packet, we have included monologues recommended specifically for actors auditioning for Young Actor Institute (YAI), although older actors are free to use them as well.

Aside from the monologues in the YAI section, we have not included any age or gender guidelines – it is best to find material you are comfortable with and that you think is appropriate. Again, just do what you do best!

If you choose to look outside this suggestion packet, look for monologues from plays. Books and poems occasionally have strong monologues. What makes a strong monologue, you ask? Monologues are most effective when the character is talking to another character, trying to get something important from that character. Avoid telling stories from the character's past.

We can't wait to see your hard work in the audition room! Break a leg!

SCT Drama School and Summer Season Directors

FROM THE 2019 SUMMER SEASON	3 - 10	DRAMATIC	23 - 32
Little Sister - <i>In the Forest Grim</i>	3	Mario - <i>Mario and the Comet</i>	23
Boy - <i>In the Forest Grim</i>	4	Jane Eyre - <i>Jane Eyre</i>	24
Gretel - <i>In the Forest Grim</i>	5	Berte - <i>Snow White</i>	25
Calvin - <i>Anon(ymous)</i>	6	The Warden - <i>Holes</i>	26
Mr. Zyclo - <i>Anon(ymous)</i>	7	Leo Borlock - <i>Stargirl</i>	27
Mr. Mackus - <i>Anon(ymous)</i>	8	Bobby Strong - <i>Urinetown</i>	28
Nemesani - <i>Anon(ymous)</i>	9	Klytemnestra - <i>The Odyssey</i>	29
Callista - <i>Anon(ymous)</i>	10	Lawyer - <i>Ragtime</i>	30
		Sonya - <i>Uncle Vanya</i>	31
		Treplyov - <i>The Seagull</i>	32
COMEDIC	11 - 22	YAI (YOUNG ACTOR INSTITUTE)	33 - 40
Mrs. Gorf - <i>Sideways Stories from Wayside School</i>	11	Susan B. Anthony - <i>This One Thing I Do</i>	34
Mr. Gorf - <i>Sideways Stories from Wayside School</i>	12	The Wild One - <i>The Cage Birds</i>	35
Mr. Pickle - <i>Sideways Stories from Wayside School</i>	13	Rose - <i>Street Scene</i>	36
Ursula - <i>The Little Mermaid</i>	14	Alan - <i>P'tang Yang Kipperbang</i>	37
Bottom - <i>A Midsummer's Night Dream</i>	15	Dave - <i>The Emerald Circle</i>	38
Dennis - <i>Spamalot</i>	16	Christopher - <i>Sally's Gone, She's Left Her Name</i>	39
Candy - <i>Madagascar Jr.</i>	17	Kenny - <i>Edith Can Shoot Things and Hit Them</i>	40
Alex - <i>Madagascar Jr.</i>	18		
King Julien - <i>Madagascar Jr.</i>	19	SONG SELECTION TIPS	41
Trinculo - <i>The Tempest</i>	20		
Olivia - <i>Twelfth Night</i>	21		
Beatrix - <i>Promedy</i>	22		

IN THE FOREST GRIM

By the Brothers Grimm; Adapted by Cate Fricke

Little Sister had grown up thinking she was an only child. Earlier today, she had learned from a neighbor that she used to have seven older brothers that were turned into ravens, and she confronts her parents about what had happened to them. Her mother reveals that they do not know the location of the seven brothers, and that she doesn't intend to look for them. Little Sister talks and plans with her Rag Doll, Elise.

LITTLE SISTER: *(To her doll:)* Oh, Elise! If Mother and Father won't look for my brothers, then it's up to us. *(Pretends to speak for the doll:)* Yes! It must be us! *(She tucks the doll in her belt and begins gathering her "supplies" from around the stage.)* We will be walking quite a ways, and may need to stop and rest from time to time. So a stool will be quite useful! *(She puts the stool on her back [it is already rigged with straps].)* And we will likely become very thirsty, so we'll bring a jug, too. And a knife, for protection. *(Of course, it is the jug from the well, lying forgotten on the floor. She hangs it on her belt before picking up the knife her mother left behind.)* And we would not want to forget Mother and Father. It might be hard to remember them in all their particulars, after so much travelling. *(She finds a ring; perhaps the ENSEMBLE MEMBER who previously played the BRIDE hands it to her from the edge of the stage.)* We'll take Mother's favorite ring with us, so we'll be able to look at it, and remember her and Father well. *(She puts on the ring and faces the audience.)* Mother and Father don't know where my brothers are, and they are the cleverest people in the world. We'll have to travel far, Elise—all the way to ends of the earth—to find someone who knows even more than they do. We shall have to ask the Sun.

IN THE FOREST GRIM

By the Brothers Grimm; Adapted by Cate Fricke

The Boy who didn't understand fear is forced to leave home and is on a quest to understand the creeps. A stranger recommends that he spend a night at a gallows (an execution place) to learn fear. The boy doesn't realize that he is interacting with skeletons.

BOY: What a brisk night! And these coy gentlemen have said nothing—not one word!—about the creeps. Hello up there? *(He waits for a reply.)* That's not very nice, to deny me conversation. Think I'm below you, is that it? Or is it just that you're too cold to do any talking? That must be the reason. Flying has tired you out, and now you're jealous of my cozy fire. Well, I'm not too grand to share. Come on down and sit with me! *(No reply.)* You boys need a lesson in manners! Ah well, I'll help you down if it's help you're after. Too proud to say so, but no matter! Always ready to oblige, that's me. *(He climbs up the gallows and cuts the "men" down one by one.)* There you go, saucy sirs—safe and sound on the good ground. *(He climbs back down and drags each of them over to his campfire.)* Now that we're a party, this fire could use some more heat! *(He blows on the fire to make it grow.)* Hey, watch out there, sir, your clothes are catching alight! *(He fans one of the dead men's pant legs.)* I say, you're all letting your rags burn up! Get yourselves away from the flames, you sillies! *(The "men" do not move.)* You stupid dolts, you're letting yourselves get all burnt up! Why won't you help yourselves? Must I do everything here, and get nothing in return? Fine, if you won't take care, I can't help you, but I won't let myself get all burned up, too! *(He puts out the fire.)* What a bunch of idiots!

IN THE FOREST GRIM

By the Brothers Grimm; Adapted by Cate Fricke

Hansel and Gretel have been wandering the forest, lost for several hours. Gretel finds a good place to sleep for the night, and is trying to calm Hansel and convince him to rest. Hansel reveals that he heard his mother planning to abandon the children. Hansel becomes distraught, and Gretel responds:

GRETEL: It's all right, we're not lost. As soon as the sun is up, everything will look familiar again. And I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding. You probably were dreaming. Mother and Father would never send us away. Don't cry—look at it this way. We're on an adventure, just like one of Father's stories. Why, some of those stories might have happened in a forest just like this one. Here, lie down. Get some rest. Morning will come before you know it. And remember—those stories of Father's always turn out well in the end, don't they? Every last one. They all end the same. "They lived happy all the rest of their days." Our story will be just like that, you'll see.

A WRINKLE IN TIME

By Madeleine L'Engle; adapted by Morgan Gould

Calvin had just met Charles and Meg by chance and accompanies them to find Mrs. Whatsit when Charles is whisked away. Meg and Calvin go to the neighborhood's haunted house to look for Charles, where Calvin uses his homework for an excuse not to go inside. Meg does his homework quickly, despite being several years younger, and Calvin is amazed.

CALVIN: Jeez, are there any more morons like you and Charles around? If so, I should meet them! I know I just met you but for the first time in my life I feel like I'm not alone anymore! Do you realize what that means to me? There hasn't been anybody, anybody in the WORLD I could talk to! Sure I can function on the same level as everybody else, I can hold myself down, but it isn't me. How did all this happen? Isn't it wonderful? I don't understand it but I feel as though I were just being born!

ANON(YMOUS)

by Naomi Iizuka

Anon and Pascal stop at Mr. Zyclo's butcher shop looking for work. Mr. Zyclo hires them saying he will compensate them well. Anon goes to look in the freezer briefly, leaving Pascal alone with Mr. Zyclo. The audience sees the open freezer, which shows slabs of bloody meat.

MR. ZYCLO: Have you seen my bird? I have a little pet bird. I feed her little morsels from my hand. She's very tame. I coo to her and she coos back. This is my freezer. It's very cold. Aren't you cold? I have to keep it cold like this or else the meat gets bad. Look at all this meat. Isn't it strange? When you cut off the head and scrape off the skin, when you boil away the fat and the gristle, it's hard to tell what something was. Was it a cow? Or a pig? Or a goat? Was it a little baby lamb? Or was it something else? A different kind of meat? Fleshy and tender and vaguely familiar. Do you know what goes into my sausages? Do you know what makes them so mouth wateringly delicious? Do you have an idea? The tiniest inkling? What? Cat got your tongue?

ANON(YMOUS)

by Naomi Iizuka

Mr. Mackus, the owner of a sweatshop that employs immigrants, discovers that Nemasani, his employee whom he wishes to marry, tricked him. He discovers that she has been unspooling the traditional funeral shroud each night, and using it as an excuse to delay her marriage. He confronts her in this monologue.

MR. MACKUS: LIES LIES LIES! I've had it with your lies! I'm onto you. You tell me you're going to marry me when this shroud is done, but it's never going to be done, is it? Is it? Because you undo it in the night when no one's looking—except for Vanna here who happened to see what you were up to and had the decency to tell me. Thank you, Vanna. As for you, you deceitful, duplicitous, mendacious minx, your little charade is over. We're getting married now. No more stalling. No more delays. (*Nemansani tries to exit*) Where do you think you're going? We have things to do. We're getting married. And then we're going to live HAPPILY EVER AFTER! HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY ! THE END!

ANON(YMOUS)

by Naomi Iizuka

Nemasani works as a stitcher in a sweatshop owned by Mr. Mackus. Mr. Mackus wants to marry Nemasani, and tells her that she must marry him or lose her job. She delays her marriage by sewing a funeral shroud for her son, and by undoing her work every night. Here, she deters Mr. Mackus' advances.

NEMESANI: Mr. Mackus (*Mr. M: You know you want to marry me. You find me irresistible.*) Mr. Mackus, please. As I told you in my homeland it is customary to make a shroud- (*Mr M: yes yes yes, in which to bury the dead.*) When I am done, we can get married. (*Mr. M: Can't you speed things up?*) It takes as long as it takes. If you can't wait, then you will incur the wrath of the gods. Bad luck like you have never seen before. Forget about the number 13. Forget about breaking a mirror or stepping on a crack. Do you want to tempt fate, Mr. Mackus? Do you know what happens to mortals who tempt fate? Vultures pecking at your liver and your eyeballs for all eternity. Your arms and legs ripped from their sockets, your head pried loose from its neck. Your skull smashed against a rock, brain goo splattered all over the pavement--

ANON(YMOUS)

by Naomi Iizuka

Callista tries to convince her new adopted brother to enjoy living with her and her family, and to forget about the home and mother he had left behind as a refugee.

CALLISTA: Why are you so mean to me? You should be nice to me. I saved your life. You washed up on the shore of my dad's luxury beachfront condo and you weren't even breathing. I fished seaweed out of your mouth. I administered C.P.R. I gave you the kiss of life just like I learned in summer camp. And I thought you were so handsome and exotic and not like any of the boys from around here. I saved your life and you're so ungrateful. You won't even tell me your real name. (beat) Your real name is not "Nobody." What kind of mom names their kid "Nobody"? I mean I'm sure she was nice and all, but it's not even like she's even part of your life anymore. I mean she's probably dead and even if she's alive, it's not like she's been trying that hard to find you. Honestly, if you want my opinion, she's probably moved on with her life. I know I would. I bet if you showed up on her doorstep like right this second, she probably wouldn't even know who you were. She'd probably be like: "Who are you? Do I know you?" (beat) I'm just saying how it is. Don't be mad. Now you're mad. Let's kiss and make up.

COMEDY

SIDEWAY STORIES FROM WAYSIDE SCHOOL

by Louis Sachar, adapted by John Olive

Mrs. Gorf, the most evil teacher in the world, is tormenting her class because she enjoys that sort of thing, threatening to turn them into apples. Several have been turned into apples already.

MRS. GORF: Does anyone else have an opinion? Myron? BeBe?

(MYRON and BEBE: N-n-n-no, Mrs. Gorf.)

Good. Because if you fidget or wriggle or squirm or sass me or get an answer wrong, I'll wiggle my ears--(*Wiggles her ears*)--stick out my tongue and turn you into apples! (*MRS. GORF laughs*) Just like Rhondi, and Dameon, and—

(*Picks up apple, speaks to it*)

Hello, Leslie. My, how red and delicious you look today.

I hate climbing up to the Thirtieth Floor every day. If I turned you all into apples I wouldn't have to do it any more. That sounds like such a good idea. I love apples. I hate children.

(Myron starts to sneeze)

Myron. You're not going to sneeze, are you? No sneezing allowed on the Thirtieth Floor of Wayside School, you know that.

Myron!

SIDEWAY STORIES FROM WAYSIDE SCHOOL

by Louis Sachar, adapted by John Olive

MR. GORF: Is this the Thirtieth Floor? I only count twenty-nine. But this is the last classroom before the roof and I'm told there are thirty stories. I must have miscounted.

Well! Here you all are! And here I am! This is my first teaching job and I'm not ashamed to admit that I'm pretty

(Stops. Swallows. Then he takes out his notes, glances at them)

nervous. Whew.

(Takes a deep breath, and continues to read from his notes)

But I bet that you are nervous, too. After all, we are going to spend a lot of time together and no doubt you are wondering what I am like. But don't worry. I took two semesters of How To Make The Students Like You. Hahahahahaha!

SIDEWAY STORIES FROM WAYSIDE SCHOOL

by Louis Sachar, adapted by John Olive

Mr. Pickle, the new school counselor (who believes his name should be pronounced pick-ELL), tries to prove his power by curing Myron of his pigtail-pulling addiction through hypnosis.

MR. PICKLE: I can help you, Myron. But you must trust me. Watch the pickle, Myron. You are getting sleepy. Your eyelids are getting heavy, heavy, heavy... When I count to three, you will fall into a deep, deep sleep. One... Two... Three... Can you hear me? Good. You will do what I say. I used to be a world famous psychiatrist. People came from all over the world to consult Dr. PickELL. But zealots motivated by professional jealousy stripped me of my license. Well, I'll show them! Ha! When you wake up you will take your seat behind Leslie. You will want to pull one of her pigtails. But when you reach for it, it will turn into a rattlesnake. Very good. Now. One more thing. Whenever Leslie says the word "pencil", you will flap your arms and dance in a circle, squawking like a crow. When I snap my fingers you will wake up and you will remember nothing of this. I don't think you'll be pulling anyone's pigtails any time soon. Trust me, Myron.

THE LITTLE MERMAID

by Doug Wright

Ursula, who has been banished from King Triton's kingdom, plots with her moray eels Flotsam and Jetsam to return to power.

URSULA: Flotsam, my pet! Jetsam, my darling! Come to me, my little sea-spies! Mama's feeling woebegone – banished to the nether regions of the sea. No food, hardly any company. I'm simply wasting away. Poor me. Use a little black magic to help out a few merfolk, and this is the thanks I get. Well, now it's time to turn the tides on Triton. We just need to find his Achilles heel: a weakness that will crack his armor.

(Flotsam: He's devoted to his daughter.)

His daughter! Ariel. Of course!

You two find out what that girl really wants. Then lure her here to my lair. I'll whip up a little spell to make her dreams come true. Once we have her trapped, Triton will rush to her rescue.

And then, my dears, the trident, crown and throne will all be mine.

A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT DREAM

by William Shakespeare

Bottom does his untrained-but-enthusiastically-over-the-top best to impress Duke Theseus and the other noble guests at Theseus' wedding by acting the part of Pyramus, a tragic lover who kills himself when he sees the cloak of Thisbe, his lady love, fall from a lion's mouth and believes that she has been eaten by the lion.

BOTTOM: But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!

Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound

Stabs himself. Perhaps more than once.

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon take thy flight:

Exit Moonshine

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dies

SPAMALOT

by Eric Idle

Dennis, a peasant who belongs to a commune, resists King Arthur's claim to authority on the basis of receiving the sword Excalibur from the mystical Lady of the Lake. A version of this monologue is familiar to many from the film Monty Python and the Holy Grail, but try to make original choices, rather than doing an imitation. After becoming a knight, Dennis is renamed Galahad.

DENNIS: What? She lives in a LAKE? Underwater? And she gave you a sword with a fancy name. And that makes you King.

Listen, strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony. You can't expect to wield supreme executive power just because some watery tart threw a sword at you. If I went around saying I was an emperor just because some moistened bint had lobbed a scimitar at me they'd put me away! Imaginary blondes with backsides in ponds can't replace the electorate.

(KING ARTHUR: If The Lady of the Lake exists will you join my army?)

Oh sure, if she exists, I'll join any bloody army. And for the Tooth Fairy, I'll join the Navy ...

(Mystic fog appears, magical music is heard, and the Lady of the Lake and six scantily-clad Laker Girls in fronds emerge from beneath the ground)

Cor Blimey!

MADAGASCAR JR.

By Kevin Del Aguila

A T.V. reporter tries to make a zoo escape story as exciting as possible.

CANDY HAMMERNOSE: This is 'The Evening Action News' with Candy Hammernose, the nose for news. We take you live to Times Square where witnesses say a zebra has been seen roaming the streets.

Now it's time for an eyewitness interview. Ma'am, what did the zebra look like?

(as the PASSERBY starts to speak, CANDY stops her. Someone is speaking to her through her earpiece.)

Wait a minute ...

(she listens to her earpiece)

this breaking news just in. We are now learning that three more animals have escaped from the Central Park Zoo. Officials say ...

(she listens to her earpiece again)

a hippo, giraffe and a lion are currently on the loose. Is this the end of civilization as we know it? Are animals now in control of the New York City subway system? Tune in at eleven for more on this Subway Zoomageddon!

MADAGASCAR JR.

By Kevin Del Aguila

Alex the Lion, Melman the Giraffe and some other animals are trying to bring their friend Marty the Zebra back to the zoo from which Marty has escaped. Unfortunately, Alex cannot read human signs or speak human language.

ALEX: *(Alex looks at a train station sign)* I can't read this thing. Which one of these trains goes to Connecticut?

(Melman: Maybe we should go back to the zoo and let the zoo people handle it.)

Melman, if we tell people that Marty's escaped, they'll be really mad and transfer him to another zoo for good. You don't bite the hand that feeds you! We gotta bring him back and stop him from making the biggest mistake of his life. I'm gonna ask for directions.

(Alex approaches the newspaper man)

Roar.

(Newspaper man runs away, screaming)

What did I say? I'll speak slower.

(Alex approaches an Old Lady)

Rooooo...aaaarrrrrr.

(The Old Lady attacks Alex)

Ow! Ow! Lady, would you please-Ow!

MADAGASCAR JR.

By Kevin Del Aguila

Shortly following his grand entrance dance number, self-proclaimed Lord of the Lemurs, King of Madagascar, and other titles, King Julien addresses the newcomers, animals who have escaped from a zoo in New York City, including Melman the Giraffe and Alex the Lion.

KING JULIEN: Welcome, you cavalcade of weirdos! Feel free to bask in my glow. We thank you for saving the insignificant life of Mort. We also thank you with enormous gratitude for chasing away the ... Foosa! The Foosa are catlike carnivorous animals native to Madagascar. They are always annoying us by trespassing, interrupting our parties and ripping our limbs off. Maurice! I have a plan. We must make friends with the New York Giants. Then, Mr. Alex will protect us, and we will be safe and never have to worry about the dreaded Foosa ever again! I thought of that. Yes! Me! I did! Maurice, why are you pooping on my party?

THE TEMPEST

by William Shakespeare

Trinculo, a sailor, has been shipwrecked on a deserted island by a tremendous storm. He is desperate to find shelter as another storm approaches, but the only shelter he can find is to creep under the loose clothing/blanket of an unconscious, stinking, horrible monster (Caliban) that he finds motionless on the beach.

TRINCULO: Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: I know not where to hide my head.

(He sees the motionless Caliban)

What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell.

Legged like a man and his fins like arms! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, lately struck dead by a thunderbolt.

(Thunder)

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the storm be past.

TWELFTH NIGHT

by William Shakespeare

Countess Olivia has been mourning for her brother and refusing to see any messengers from the Count Orsino, who is in love with her. In this scene, an interesting messenger from Orsino asks to see her face. Olivia is intrigued by the young man (who is actually a woman in disguise) and agrees to put aside her mourning veil and show off her beauty.

OLIVIA: Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is it not well done?

(Unveiling)

(VIOLA: Excellently done, if God did all.)

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*(VIOLA: Lady, will you lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy?)*

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

PROMEDY

by Wade Bradford

Beatrix's friend Dante used their theatrical talents and powers of persuasion to cancel prom after being rejected by the arrogant, texting-obsessed cheerleader. Beatrix, as the president of her class, attempts to rouse her class mates into joining her plan to save prom.

BEATRIX: Young people need the prom. It's a rite of passage as sacred as getting your driver's license or buying your first bra. There are only a few things in life that are guaranteed to be glorious and memorable and sparkling with gowns and cummerbunds. Prom is the quintessential teenage experience.

Think of the unlucky grown-ups and the elderly who lament the day they decided not to go to the Prom. It is a key ingredient to a happy and meaningful life. Prom is short for Promenade, a slow gentle, walk through a shady glen, and this beloved ceremony symbolizes our journey from the shadows of adolescence to the bright sunshine of the adult world with all its freedoms.

And it may be the only chance I'll ever have to dance with another person. Maybe I'll never have someone get down on a knee and offer me a diamond ring. But it is my right, and the right of book-wormy, soon-to-be librarian to have one night of Cinderella magic. Even if we have to go with our cousin or our best friend from tap class, we will have a prom. And you will help me.

DRAMATIC

MARIO AND THE COMET

by Gabriel Jason Dean

Mario is a science-oriented child. Mario's mother, a pilot, has been lost and is presumed dead. But Mario is sending out balloons in hopes of finding her. He tries to keep his Dad active and accurate in his search.

MARIO: Wait, the balloon is red? We can't send red! Color matters. Yellow is the easiest color to see. Lateral peripheral vision for detecting yellow is 1.24 times greater than for red. We've been over this. We should just order our own supply of yellow balloons online AND a helium tank. So we don't make mistakes like this in the future.

Mama's still out there and if we don't send the map, she won't know how to get home. She's stranded on an island, just waiting to be rescued.

(DAD: They've looked on every single island more than once. They've called off the search and...)

Dad, we don't have proof! And until then, I'm going to keep sending balloons. Yellow balloons. Here. I've got the map ready.

(MARIO pulls out a rolled up map. ties it to the end of the balloon.)

One more balloon. What if this is the one that brings her home?

JANE EYRE

by Charlotte Brontë

Jane, a ten-year-old girl, finally rebels against the neglect and abuse she has suffered in her Aunt Reed's house.

JANE EYRE: What would my Uncle John, your husband, say to you if he was alive? He is in heaven and can see all you do and think, and so can my papa and mama. I am glad you are not a real relation of mine. I will never call you aunt again as long as I live. I will never come to see you when I am grown up. You have treated me with miserable cruelty.

(MRS. REED: How dare you say that, Jane Eyre?)

How dare I, Mrs. Reed? How dare I? Because it is the truth. You think I have no feelings, and that I can do without one bit of love or kindness, but I cannot live so. People think you a good woman, but you are bad. And when I leave here I will say so to anyone who asks me.

(MRS. REED: You liar!)

If I were a liar, I would say I loved you. But I hate you. Worse than anyone in the world.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

by Winthrop Ames

Snow White has been told by her stepmother, the queen, that she is on her way to boarding school, accompanied by Berte, a young hunter (who could be male or female). Actually the queen plans to have Berte kill Snow White in the woods, because she is jealous of her beauty. Berte is desperate to find a way to avoid committing murder. Snow White's side of the scene is reflected in the monologue on the following page.

BERTE: Oh, dear Princess . . . Oh, forgive me, Princess! Don't look at me, Princess! Don't look at me! The Queen . . . The Queen . . . has commanded me to . . . kill you . . . here . . . in this forest . . . now! I have no choice. If it were my life alone at stake, I would suffer any torture rather than harm a hair of your head. But ... Greta, my little sister... The Queen has shut her up in the Gray Tower, and she will starve Greta to death unless I bring her your heart before midnight. Oh, I cannot, Princess, I cannot! I ... it impossible for me to kill Your Highness. But I cannot let my sister starve. We must – must find some other way. A Pig. Shhh. I will kill the pig and give the pigs heart to the queen in place of yours. Stay still.

HOLES

by Louis Sachar

The Warden runs a detention center in a dry lake bed where she forces the young people sent to her to dig holes in the desert heat. She maintains control by fear and intimidation. She is talking to Stanley (nicknamed 'Caveman'), one of the boys at the camp, and Mr. Sir, one of her henchmen, who believes that Stanley has stolen his sunflower seeds. Stanley has just admitted to stealing the seeds.

THE WARDEN: You see that small flowered case, Caveman? Will you please bring it to me? Thank you. You see this, Caveman? This is my special nail polish. Do you see the dark rich color? You can't buy it in a store. I have to make it myself.

(She paints her nails.)

Do you want to know my special ingredient? Rattlesnake venom. It's perfectly harmless . . . when it's dry. It's only toxic when it's wet.

(She raises her hand towards Stanley, but suddenly whirls and strikes Mr. Sir. He grabs at his face and cries out in pain. He falls to the floor. The Warden speaks to him.)

I don't particularly care about your sunflower seeds.

(Mr. Sir convulses and screams.)

Caveman. Go back to your hole. He's not going to die. Unfortunately for you.

STARGIRL

by Jerry Spinnelli, adapted by Don Fleming

Leo Borlock tries to get his unusual girlfriend to conform to social norms.

LEO BORLOCK: Doesn't it bother you that nobody talks to you? You just don't care, do you? I mean, you don't care what people think. You don't seem to even know what everybody's thinking. I know what they're thinking. You can't just cheer for the other team and expect your own school to love you for it. Kovac — Kovac, for God's sake. What was that about? Kovac. The guy from Red Rock. The basketball star. The guy who broke his ankle. What were you doing out there on the floor with his head in your lap? He was the enemy, Susan! Stargirl. Whatever. The enemy. There were Red Rock people to take care of him. He had his own coaches, his own teammates, his own cheerleader's laps. You just can't do things the way you do. I think you should try to be more like the rest of us. Don't look at me. We're talking about them. Them. If it was up to me, I wouldn't change a thing. But we're not alone, are we? We live in a world of them, like it or not.

URINETOWN

By Mark Hollman and Greg Kotis

Bobby Strong, a dashing young man who makes up for his lack of intelligence and wisdom with energy and charisma, is leading a rebellion against the evil Caldwell B. Cladwell and his pay-to-pee corporation. However, Bobby has fallen in love with Caldwell's daughter, Hope, who has been taken hostage by the desperate rebels, who want to kill her. In this monologue, Bobby tries to save Hope's life and keep the rebellion alive as well.

BOBBY STRONG: Friends, I know you're afraid. But this has got to be about more than just revenge and the vicarious thrill of stringing someone up who can't defend herself.

(LITTLE SALLY: I think he's just in love with her, that's what I think.)

Maybe I am in love with her.

(ALL: Whaa-?)

And maybe I made a promise up there. A promise that from this day forward, no man would be denied his essential humanity due to the condition of his pocketbook. That no man in need would be ignored by another with the means to help him. Here and now, from this day forward, because of you, and you, and you, we will look into the faces of our fellow men and see not only a brother, but a sister as well.

(Little Becky Two-Shoes: All I remember him saying was 'run for your lives.')

Maybe at the time I did say, 'run for your lives!' But that was in the heat of battle. And in the heat—the actual hotness of battle—the cry of freedoms sound something like Run, Freedom! Run!

THE ODYSSEY

By Homer, adapted by Don Fleming

Odysseus, a Greek soldier, has travelled to the land of the dead on his quest to make it to his home in Ithaka from the war in Troy. There he encounters Klytemnestra, who is embittered against all of the Greek army because her husband, the Greek commander Agamemnon (ah-gah-MEM-non) sacrificed their daughter in order to get his army to Troy. Klytemnestra, who has killed Agamemnon and been killed by Orestes, her son, twists the truth about Penelope, Odysseus' wife, to cause Odysseus as much pain as she can.

KLYTEMNESTRA: I killed Agamemnon. Even here in hell, feels good to say it.
The blood of one man on my hands. The blood of a nation on his.

Listen to what I've come to tell you, Odysseus. And know it's true, because the dead don't lie. In Ithaka, Penelope weaves your funeral shroud as we speak, and prepares to promise your bed to another man. Women remember the evil done to them. We find a way to repay it.

She's trapped, growing old, her youth wasted, besieged by thugs. Over the years, love curdles into hate. And that's not the worst. You've betrayed her in your heart. Haven't you? Haven't you?

Go home, Odysseus. Penelope will be waiting for you, just as I waited for Agamemnon. Wearing her best dress, and carrying an axe.

RAGTIME

By E.L. Doctorow

Coalhouse Walker, an African American jazz musician, is trying to hire a lawyer to sue some racist white firemen who have damaged his car. The lawyer tries to convince him to drop it.

LAWYER: Mr. Walker, let me give you some advice. You spend the money on your wedding. Build yourself a home and a family where you can find some comfort. And just forget that some damn white man caused you offense. That's my advice, and I pray you take it to heart. You're a young man. You better start learning now. Mr. Walker, I'll thank you to leave. I have some charity cases you know nothing of. I got clients with real problems - starvation, illness, dispossession. Yes, I want justice for our people. Yes, I do. I want it so bad, I can taste it. If you think I'll go to Westchester County pleading on the behalf of a colored man that somebody dirtied his fancy car, you are very much mistaken. Now, please, leave my office.

UNCLE VANYA

By Anton Chekhov

Sonya, a young, practical woman who has been managing her father's estate in the countryside, confesses her love of Astrov, the young country doctor, to her new step-mother, Yelena Andreeva. Yelena, who is cultured and beautiful, attempts to calm and comfort Sonya, but Sonya dismisses her compliment.

SONYA: No! Whenever a woman's unattractive, they tell her, "You have beautiful eyes, you have beautiful hair!"... I've loved him now for six years, love him more than my own mother; every minute I can hear him, feel the pressure of his hand; and I stare at the door and wait, I get the sense he's just about to walk in. There, you see, I keep coming to you to talk about him. He's here every day now, but he doesn't look at me, doesn't see... It's so painful! There's no hope at all, no, none! Oh God, my strength is gone... I was up all night praying... Lots of times I'll walk up to him, start to speak, look him in the eyes... I've got no pride left, no willpower... I couldn't help it and yesterday I confessed to Uncle Vanya that I love him... Even all the servants know I love him. Everyone knows. (beat) He doesn't notice me.

The SEAGULL

by Anton Chekhov

Treplevov, a young writer who recently achieved literary success, is surprised by a visit from Nina, his first love. Nina had left to pursue a career in acting and continue a relationship with Treplevov's mother's lover. Despite his recent success, their complicated history, and the time that has passed, Treplevov realizes that he still feels empty without Nina.

TREPLEVOV: Nina, I cursed you, hated you, tore up your letters and photographs, but every moment I realized that my soul is bound to you forever. I haven't the power to stop loving you. From the time I lost you and began publishing, life for me has been unbearable –I'm in pain... My youth was suddenly somehow snatched away, and I felt as if I'd been living on this earth for ninety years. I appeal to you, kiss the ground you walk on; wherever I look, everywhere your face rises up before me, that caressing smile that shone on me in the best years of my life... I'm alone, unwarmed by anyone's affection. I'm cold as a dungeon, and, no matter what I write, it's all arid, stale, gloomy. Stay here Nina, I beg you, or let me go with you!

Dear YAI Auditioners,

Thank you for your interest in the Young Actor Institute.

We are well aware of the challenge that young actors face in finding audition material with which they can connect. So, we provide prospective students with audition pieces that contain all the criteria for good material. It frees you from the anxiety of whether the piece is “good” or not and allows us to see your talent and potential more clearly.

We suggest you take advantage of this offer and work on whichever of these pieces is the most interesting to you. We know that you may be unable to find the plays these pieces are from, so we have provided a brief description of the situation at the start of each monologue to give you a basis for making choices about the text.

There are seven monologues here from which to choose. Each of these pieces has room for you to show us what we are most interested in seeing; clear character choices and interpretation, honest emotional connection, an understanding of how to incorporate variety in shaping a piece of text, and a fearless commitment to performance.

If you decide to look for different material on your own, here are some guidelines to follow.

The monologue should be:

- Approximately one minute long
- Age appropriate
- Written primarily in the present tense
- Addressed to one or two specific characters (that is, it should not be an oration or speech directed to the audience)
- Performed without an accent

We look forward to meeting you and seeing your audition,
SCT Drama School and YAI Program Director

THIS ONE THING I DO

By Claire Braz-Valentine

This play comes from an historical base – Susan B. Anthony’s actual achievements. In this monologue we glimpse the passion of her feelings as a young woman, sometime in the late 1830’s. Decide on a specific listener for the piece: a friend of hers, a teacher, a fellow student... It should be someone who does not share her beliefs.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY: It’s not that I want to be a man...but sometimes I wonder – you know, about people and their spirits. I sometimes wonder if spirits have gender. I mean, if I took my brain out and put it on the table and Bobby Gilbert, who lives down the street, took his brain out and put it on the table, would anyone be able to tell the difference? Whose was the boy’s and whose was the girl’s? That wouldn’t work. (*Giggles.*) Bobby Gilbert is stupid. His brain would be much smaller. They could tell that way. But if women aren’t allowed to go to college...work in business...enter into politics...then how come I began to read when I was three years old? Would God be so unjust as to give me a mind to work with and then not let me use it? It’s not that I want to be a man...but don’t you think that would be crazy? And God’s not crazy, but I would be if I’m not allowed to use my mind. It’s not that I want to be a man...I want...to drive a carriage...Oh yes, it’s lovely to be picked up on Sundays by suitors and be taken for a drive, but...I would like...an excellent position in a fine firm. I would like to be able to walk into a bank. I would like to not wear a corset. It’s not that I want to be a man...I want to be a person.

THE CAGE BIRDS

By David Campton

A group of birds each having the characteristic of a type of woman is imprisoned in a cage. They have become used to their capture and are now unwilling to return to the outside world. The Wild One, who has only just been captured, thinks quite differently, and tries to stir their feelings, to join in escape.

THE WILD ONE: All right. Let me try to put myself in your place. How long have you been here? Days? Weeks? Months? Years? Have you always been here? Are you content to sit as time slips by – all the days, weeks, months, years, to come?... Doesn't anything matter to you beyond aches and food, scandal and the reflection in your mirror? Isn't there room for anything in your mind but prejudice and fear?... You are denied your basic human rights and you don't even care. Are you content with that? I'm just trying to understand you, that's all. Just trying. Did you ever beat at the door, shout protest slogans, complain about the injustice of it all? Listen to me! You are going to listen to me! Listen... the world stretches farther than the few inches between your ears... There is another world outside. Listen... we are going to escape... you, me and all the others!... A door is only a door. Enough hands can break it down... Must I be caged because you lack willpower? I have no right, have I? No right to commit such an outrage. I come bursting in... and within minutes turn your comfortable, satisfied, non-communicating, slave society upside down... No, I didn't. I only tried. I didn't succeed. I couldn't succeed because you're not alive. You can't be alive because if you were... you'd be charging at that door with me. This very minute. All shoulders together. Boom! Thud! Pow! Crash!... But there you sit. I haven't the right to stir the dust. I'm the Wild One who doesn't belong. Ignore her. You have to ignore her because if you didn't you'd either have to break out or break down.

STREET SCENE

By Elmer Rice

This play takes place during two days of a hot summer in the 1920s. A young Jewish boy named Sam has fallen in love with Rose, a neighbor from a troubled Irish family. The following monologue is taken from a scene between the young people.

ROSE: Well, I haven't really had any time to do much thinking. But I really think the best thing I could do, would be to get out of New York. You know, like we were saying, this morning – how things might be different, if you only had a chance to breathe and spread out a little. Only when I said it, I never dreamt it would be this way. I like you so much, Sam. I like you better than anybody I know. It would be so nice to be with you. You're different from anybody I know. But I'm just wondering how it would work out.

There's lots of things to be considered. Suppose something was to happen – well, suppose I was to have a baby, say. That sometimes happens, even when you don't want it to. What would we do, then? We'd be tied down then, for life, just like all the other people around here. They all start out loving each other and thinking that everything is going to be fine – and before you know it, they find out they haven't got anything and they wish they could do it all over again – only it's too late. It's what you said just now – about people belonging to each other. I don't think people ought to belong to anybody but themselves. I want love more than anything else in the world. But loving and belonging aren't the same thing. Sam dear, listen. If we say good-bye, now, it doesn't mean that it has to be forever. Maybe some day, when we're older and wiser, things will be different. *(Warmly)* I'm so fond of you, Sam. And I've got such a lot of confidence in you. *(Impulsively)* Give me a nice kiss!

P'TANG YANG KIPPERBANG

By Jack Rosenthal

Alan Duckworth is 14 and a pupil at a co-educational school. He has all the usual adolescent worries about growing up, and at present his life is a mixture of sports and appearing in the school play, opposite the girl he loves, the unattainable and lovely Ann. In this scene, which takes place outside Ann's House, she has been friendlier than before, and this gives Alan courage. It is the late 1940s, after the Second World War.

ALAN: *(looking at ANN. He speaks quietly, solemnly, completely unselfconsciously, and very, very simply).* You're beautiful, Ann. Sometimes I look at you and you're so beautiful I want to laugh and jump up and down, and run through the streets with no clothes on shouting 'P'tang, yang, kipperbang' in people's letterboxes. *(Pause.)* But mostly you're so beautiful – even if it doesn't make ME cry it makes my chest cry. Your lips are the most beautiful. Second is your nape . . . *(After she queries this word.)* The back of your neck. It's termed the nape . . . And your skin. When I walk past your desk, I breathe in on purpose to smell your skin. It's the most beautiful smell there is . . . It makes me feel dizzy. Giddy. You smell brand-new. You look brand-new. All of you. The little soft hairs on your arms . . . But mostly it's your lips. I love your lips. That's why I've ALWAYS wanted to kiss you. Ever since third grade. Just kiss. Not the other things. I don't want to do the other things to you. *(Pause.)* Well. I DO. ALL the other things. Sometimes I want to do them so much I feel I'm – do you have violin lessons? On the violin. Well, on a violin there's the E string. That's the highest pitched and it's strung very tight and taut, and makes a kind of high, sweet scream. Well, sometimes I want you so much, that's what I'm like. . . . *(A pause.)* I don't suppose I'll ever kiss you now in my whole life. Or take you to the pictures. Or marry you and do the OTHER things to you. But I'll never forget you. And how you made me feel. Even when I'm 51 or something.

THE EMERALD CIRCLE

By Max Bush

In this monologue, Dave tries to explain his terrible fears to his best friend and his mother. He has just lost his temper during a backyard basketball game with his friend and started a fist-fight, even threatening his mother while “out of control.” Here Dave reveals how he was shamed recently in front of his girlfriend Sandy by a strange, older bully. It happened one night in the cemetery where Dave and Sandy were meeting, and Dave was helpless to prevent the bully from dragging Sandy off with him. Dave has been silent around the house and at school since the incident, and this is where he first begins to “open up” and tell others about the incident.

DAVE: I keep seeing that night over and over again. I hear him. It’s like he’s right here, right next to me, talking to me, talking. I can’t shut him up. And I dream about her. I’m underground, hiding or dead or something, and I can’t breathe. I can’t push the ground off me. I can’t move. I keep looking for that guy. I even think I see him sometimes and I get ready and it’s not him. Everywhere I go I think he’s watching me. You can’t see at night. Like at the movies, tonight. He could just come up, come up out of nowhere again. So I got to stay ready, I got to be ready this time. I want a gun. I think about a gun all the time. Then I’d be ready. Then that crazy bastard wouldn’t get away. But I – I can’t trust myself. I’ll shoot somebody else, I know I will. I hit you, didn’t I? I hit you! So a knife, I’ll carry a knife – and – and I do, all the time. I have a knife. But they don’t let you have a knife in school and I know he was there, he was watching Sandy there, at school. He was watching us all over. He called her by her name. And me. He called me by my name, too. I wish he’d come back. I even went out to the cemetery looking for him, calling for him, but he wasn’t there. I’m sorry I hit you. You can hit me back; I won’t do anything. I’m sorry I hit you.

SALLY'S GONE, SHE LEFT HER NAME

By Russell Davis

This play is the story of 17-year-old Sally Decker, her parents and Christopher, her brother. Mom and Dad are not what they used to be, nor is the family; life is changing – nothing seems connected anymore. In this monologue, Christopher confronts his father and his sister, Sally, who seems to have driven Mother out of the family.

CHRISTOPHER: You really screwed up, didn't you, Sally? You couldn't stay out of it, could you? I mean I don't think it's any of our business what Mom and Dad do in their spare time. I mean as long as Dad uses his spare time to get into a good mood for around here, as long as he doesn't get nasty about it, I don't know, it's probably all right. But you had to step in, didn't you, Sally? Huh? Didn't you? And that's because you're jealous. You're jealous cause Mom's prettier than you'll ever be, and you're jealous Mom's got Dad, but as soon as Dad went and got anybody else you couldn't stand it. (Pause.) You used to tell me a story, Dad. A real nice story about how Mom came from the next life we're supposed to live. Where people were better. Where they took care of each other better. You said our family was lucky. And it was your job to keep Mom away from knowing she was in the wrong life. You told me if you ever took your eyes off Mom, you'd turn around and she'd be gone. And you wouldn't know how. She could have just crumbled up, right in the air, and slipped away. That's why you married Mom. It was the best way you could figure to keep your eyes on her. (Pause.) If you tell something like that, to a little kid, I was a little kid, you got to make it real. Otherwise you got no business telling it.

EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM

By A. Rey Pamatmat

In this monologue, sixteen-year-old Kenny confronts his father who has all but abandoned him and his twelve-year-old sister, Edith, following their mother's death to live with his girlfriend. At this point in the play, their father has sent Edith away to reform school for accidentally injuring his girlfriend in her efforts to protect their home. This is a decision that Kenny finds unjust and another example of neglectful parenting - this time he actually has the guts to say it.

KENNY: You have to take Edith out of whatever you've sent her to. I mean, reform school? She has perfect grades, she sings choir. She has good friends. You put me in charge, so I'm in charge. Understand? You aren't a parent. You're an interruption. I take care of this house and of Edith, so I decide whether she lives here and how. So before this goes too far, bring her back here or you will never see her again. You made us. You raised us to need nothing except the money in the bank. We used to want you to come back. But now when you're here all we want is for you to leave. I took what you left us and made a home. Our home. We don't need your supervision or your new girlfriend or your decisions about reform school. I can get us everything we need. Without you. You left us wild and free. You can't cage us now. So if you don't want to lose us forever, call that school and bring Edith home. Now. She doesn't need to be reformed. She's Edith. And she's twelve years old. She needs to come back to her home.

ADVICE FOR SINGING AUDITIONS

What kind of song should I sing? We recommend selecting a song from a musical. Songs from musicals often give you an opportunity to play a character and pursue an objective, giving you great opportunities to act while you sing. It is best to find a song from a musical in the same style as the one you are auditioning for. (Golden Age, Pop, Rock, etc.)

Bring sheet music in your key. If possible, bring appropriate sheet music for the audition accompanist and make sure that the sheet music is written in a key that you are comfortable with. You may have to ask for help from a music teacher at your school or a musician that you know. Often, the original key will be perfect as is.

Finding Sheet Music:

Sheet music for most songs can be purchased and downloaded online. Here are two sites:

<http://www.musicnotes.com>

<http://www.sheetmusicplus.com>

Both of these websites are also able to transpose most songs into other keys.

Many “piano-vocal scores” and “song selection” books for popular musicals can also be found in the King County or Seattle public library systems. Here is an example: <http://bit.ly/1anEPHP>

Warning: When looking at sheet music, make sure your music includes the piano accompaniment in addition to the notes you are singing on vocal line.

Should I sing the whole song?

We ask auditioners to limit themselves to about a minute long, and no longer than two minutes. This is about 32-measures, or about one verse and one chorus. It is best to choose a part in which the character makes a decision and/or reveals something about what kind of person they are.

Once you’ve made your selection be sure to clearly mark the selection you’re performing, so that the audition accompanist knows which measures to play. You can do this by making a line and writing “begin” (be sure to include any ‘intro’) before you start singing, and a line after you’ve finished saying “end.”