

CHOOSE ONE MONOLOGUE. Memorize it, act it out, show a panel of judges your best emotion, characterization, and actions.

Before you begin, give a slate: State your name, your grade next year, and if you are auditioning for advanced theatre or musical theatre, or both. For musical theatre, there will also be a singing audition. A song file will be attached.

Student

I know, Miss Wilson, I know! I *did* have my hand up. Shall I answer it? He discovered America in 1492. It was because he believed the world was round and Queen Elizabeth thought it was flat, so she sent him to find out. That's how he came to America only he was trying to find China. He had three ships: The Ninta, The Pinta, and The Santa Maria. Oh, the Nina, then. Well, anyway, the first time he landed in Virginia, but that didn't count because someone else had already landed there before him It was Plymouth Rock that he really landed on. What? I don't know who the other man was. Columbus didn't know about him and anyway he didn't stay. (*pause*) Well, that's what it said in the history book! (*pause*) Yes, Miss Wilson, I will. I'll read it tonight. Yes, Miss Wilson.

Amatuer Cook

Bill, come look at this—there's something awfully *odd* about it. I did exactly what the book said, but it tastes weird and it doesn't *look* right. It's the sauce for that fish you caught. Wait while I check—yes, two tablespoons of vinegar and water, four egg yolks, salt, butter—stir over boiling water until it's thick and smooth. Perfectly simple. Only it *isn't* thick and smooth—it's lumpy and stuck to the bottom of the pan. Oh! Oh, I forgot the butter. Here—you stir while I melt the butter. There was *something* I had to do while that was cooking—now let me think. Burning? Nonsense, I don't smell anything—OH, BILL! THE FISH! I forgot all about it! Quick—in the oven—it's been there for hours! Oh look, it's all black and wrinkled—Bill, your beautiful fish, it's ruined!

Homicide

Oh, David—David, I thought you'd never come! You don't know what it's been like, sitting here—waiting. I couldn't tell you over the phone. I thought any minute the police would arrive. It was an accident! It was dark on the road—I couldn't see him. I swerved but —oh, God, I don't know—it all happened so quickly. I felt the car go over him. When I got out I saw that he was dead. There wasn't anything I could do. I should have stayed there—but it was so dark, so quiet—so horribly quiet. I couldn't stay. As I was driving home, I realized what I'd done. I was a hit-and-run driver! I killed a man! (*near panic*). I realized there'd be a mark on the car—blood, maybe, or a dent. But I didn't dare stop, David, what am I going to do? The car's outside now—if anyone see it—Oh, David, you will help me—won't you?

It's Terrible Being Nice

Don't do it! Don't open that little box one more crack! Don't ask me to marry you. Don't say another word. Before I met you I used be a raging jerk. Those people I introduced as my friends. They're not my friends. They're scared of me. But since being with you, I've begun to feel warm inside. Fuzzy. I have urges to donate to charities. To help out in soup kitchens. To hug people. You're making me NICE! And if you open that box and ask me to marry you and I nicely say "yes," I'll be nice for life. The planet already has millions of nice people. It doesn't need me. I'm begging you – I'm getting down on one knee. Will you not marry me?

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Third Degree

(Hysterically) Stop asking questions! I've told you all I know! *(Dully)* We were playing charades—Derek, Paul and I were acting out the word “murderous”. Paul gave me the gun—it was meant to be loaded with blanks-- *(outburst.)* I've told you all this! Why do you make me do it again? Why don't you ask the others? Everybody saw it! *(pause)* Paul gave me the gun. Derek was sitting at the desk pretending to write. Paul pointed to him and nodded. I crept up behind him, put the revolver against his back and—and pulled the trigger. He jerked and then fell forward against the desk. I remember thinking that he was overdoing it. I turned back to Paul and started to act out the word “us” when I heard someone gasp. We turned to Derek who hadn't moved. Then I saw the stain on his coat. It was so dark—it didn't look like blood, it just kept getting bigger. Someone in the group must've seen it too—the one who gasped. When Paul touched Derek he just slumped over sideways and fell to the floor—dead. It's all mixed up, don't you see? It was a *game!*

Innocent

(sitting in the Principal's office)

Mr. Spencer, I didn't do it—really. I didn't even stay after school yesterday...ask my Mom. I had to go to the orthodontist. It wasn't me. It was John Parker. And I know because he called me last night and told me. This is what happened, OK? ...Yesterday morning, John asks me if he can borrow my jacket to give to his girlfriend because she's cold. So I let him. And then I forgot about it. After school I go to the dentist, and when I get home, my brother tells me that Mr. Woods is really mad at me for dinging up his car with my skateboard. But I wasn't even there! So then, John calls me and tells me that when he was skateboarding after school, he lost control of his board and it slammed into the side of Mr. Woods' car, just as he was coming out of the building. So Mr. Woods sees John wearing my jacket and thought it was me. But I didn't do it, Mr. Spencer. Honest! I wasn't even there!

The Angler

(laughing) Oh, Phyliss, if you could have seen yourself! You looked so funny! Why didn't you say you'd never caught a fish before? I wouldn't have minded. Anyhow, it would have been much better than leaning out of the boat and trying to knock the wretched thing out! Oh man, sometimes you do the *oddest* things! If you'd only sit back and be feminine and helpless—but no—you have to put on an act—the “outdoorsy type”. Ooooooh, I struggled with that fish for forty-five minutes and *you* had to knock it off the line! Well, what did you expect me to say? “Darling, I love you, let's get married?” As a matter of fact, I think I'm a saint not to —hit you! Oh, for goodness sakes, don't start crying again! I'm not going anywhere. Only next time, don't try to be the athlete!

The Fact Checker

I'm not the guy who jumps a last minute flight back to New York and knocks on my best friend's girlfriend's door to run off and elope with her based on one crazy, thoughtless, inexplicably romantic night. So what am I doing here, Audrey? I'm not passionate. I'm a fact checker. And the fact of me – being here – doesn't check out. This is the kind of thing that happens in the movies – and we're not in the movies. Look around. We're in the middle of nowhere, on McDougal Street. That is a geographical fact. We can't do this. Because the fact is you are in a relationship. Because the fact is you're my best friend's girlfriend. Because the fact is we just met yesterday. But the problem is....despite every fact I can muster, there's something that still doesn't check out. I still love you madly.