

PLEASE CHOOSE ANY MONOLOGUE THAT RESONATES WITH YOU, REGARDLESS OF THE ORIGINAL GENDER IDENTITY OF THE PIECE.

Please select one of the following monologues to prepare for your audition. All pieces are roughly 1 and ½ to 2 minutes in length, so you need not worry about timing them. We've offered some unique characters at varying ages, so make sure you choose the character that is most appropriate for your *type* and *age range*. Read the descriptions provided to help you choose, or ask for advice from your teachers, parents or mentors who are familiar with these works. All of these monologues have been pulled from published, highly acclaimed works, so you should have no problem finding copies of the plays in local bookstores or in your local or school libraries. Please refer to our [audition guidelines](#) for further assistance in preparing your piece.

1. THE CRUCIBLE, by Arthur Miller

The Crucible is based on the Salem Witch Trials and the hearings that took place to prosecute a great many innocent women accused of witchcraft. Set in colonial Massachusetts between February 1692 and May 1693, the town's inhabitants begin to turn against each other for their own manipulative reasons and in some cases to save themselves. In this moment, Mary is sharing a fictional account of her interactions with another woman, whom she hopes will be tried for witchcraft as a result of her story.

MARY WARREN: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

2. THE FIFTH OF JULY, Lanford Wilson

Kenneth Talley, Jr. is a gay paraplegic Vietnam veteran living in his childhood home with his boyfriend, Jed. At the beginning of the play, he is due to return to his former high school to teach English, but has decided not to. Visiting Ken and Jed are Ken's sister, June and her daughter, Shirley, as well as their longtime friends, John Landis and his wife Gwen. John is visiting to purchase the Talley House for Gwen to convert to a recording studio, so that she can have a career as a country singer. Unbeknownst to anyone but June, John and Ken, Shirley is John's daughter, and his visit has as much to do with a desire to gain joint custody of Shirley as it does with the house. In this moment, Shirley expresses her desire to be someone of great substance and commits whole heartedly to the possibility.

SHIRLEY: “(Quietly determined.) I’m going to be the greatest artist Missouri has ever produced. No – the entire Midwest. There have been very famous people – world famous people – Tennessee Williams grew up in Missouri. He grew up not three blocks from where I live now! All his formative years. And Mark Twain. And Dreiser! And Vincent Price and Harry Truman! And Betty Grable! But me! Oh God! Me! Me! Me! Me! I am going to be so great! Unqualified! The greatest single artist the Midwest has ever known! A painter. Or a sculptor. Or a dancer! A writer! A conductor! A composer! An actress! One of the arts! People will die. Certain people will literally have cardiac arrests at the magnitude of my achievements. Doing something astonishing! Just astonishing. I will have you know that I intend to study for ten years, and then burst forth on the world. And people will be abashed! Amazed! Astonished! At the magnitude. Oh, God! Look! Is that she? Is that she? Is it? IT IS! IT IS SHE! IT IS SHE!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (She collapses on the floor. Slowly getting to a sitting position; with great dignity) She died of cardiac arrest and astonishment at the magnificence of my achievement in my chosen field. Only Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven, and Frank Lloyd Wright have raised to my heights before me!”

3. TOMORROW’S WISH, by Wade Bradford

Juniper is a creative young woman who lives in a small town with her grandmother, sheltered away from most of the world. In this scene, she is talking to her cousin, Megan, about her first and only kiss. This play is only available on-line at www.wadebradford.com.

JUNIPER: I kissed a boy once. At least I tried. I don’t know if it counts if they don’t kiss back. But I tried to kiss a boy and it almost worked. Most of the time Grandma and I don’t get to see folks much, but we go into town. Sometimes. And Grandma says I just have to be careful to mind my manners, and Grandma says I’m real good at being careful, but sometimes I get so bored in that little town. Only one video store. Only two churches. And the park only has two swings and a pool that never gets filled up anymore. But in our little town there is a boy named Samuel. He’s a bag-boy at the grocery store. He does it just right and never squishes the eggs. And he has red hair and green eyes. And... (Laughs at the memory.) Freckles all over his face! And Samuel is so nice. So nice to me and Gram. He would always smile and always say “thank you” and “your welcome.” If he says, “Have a nice day,” then you do. That’s how good he is at his job. And I always wanted... I always wanted to be close to him, or to talk to him, without Gram around. And one day when Grandma had a really bad cold I got to go to the store all by myself. And I bought some oyster crackers and some medicine. Then I got to watch Samuel all by myself. Watch him do his bag boy job. I just stared and stared, trying to count all of those handsome freckles. Then, he asked if there was anything else I wanted. I just whispered “Yes.” (Pauses, closes eyes in remembrance.) And then I grabbed him by the ears and Mmmmmmm! (Pretends she’s grabbing and kissing him.) That was my first kiss. It was the most romantic moment of my life. Until the manager pulled me off of him.

4. THE GLASS MENAGERIE, by Tennessee Williams

Laura cherishes her glass figurines and does her best to avoid the painful reality of her existence. Her mother, Amanda, is determined to marry her off. She forces Laura to receive a gentleman caller, not realizing Jim was the boy Laura had a crush on in high school. Laura’s insecurity is revealed as she tries to persuade her mother to leave her be. Unlike the rest of the play, Laura seems to find strength in this moment to stand up to her mother to stop her from interrupting her speech. But in the end, she still obeys Amanda’s wishes.

LAURA: Mom, I can't do anything— No, Mom, please! I have to say this. I can't go outside these walls. There's just too much pain! I can feel everyone staring at me—staring at this. *(She points to the braced leg.)* The noise it makes, it's just so loud! That's why I dropped out of high school! I felt everyone's eyes staring at me, heard all the giggles they tried to suppress as I clomped and limped down the hall. Especially when I would enter the choir room! Jim would never want to be around me again. Sure, we talked sometimes, but he wouldn't want to be around me any more than those few occasions—not around the limping girl who makes such a racket! Nobody would want to be near me. So I tuned out from the rest of the world before it could cause me any more pain than I have already suffered. And it seems that whatever crippled my leg— *(Amanda opens her mouth as if about to interject.)* —yes, Mom, you might as well admit that I'm crippled!—has crippled the rest of my being throughout time. It seems I just got worse and worse at school. And then at business college, in that confined typing room, that quick clacking of keyboards surrounded me as I stumbled and fat-fingered all the letters. It felt as if the professor was breathing down my neck, silently mocking me as I continued to fail. Until finally, all that pressure poured out of me—and into a toilet. Mom, secluded from the world in this home listening to phonograph records and dusting my glass collection—this is where I belong! I fail everywhere else in the outside world. Here, there's nothing to fail at! I'll never succeed at finding a husband or a job, so I might as well give up trying now and just be content in my bubble with at least having no additional failure for the rest of my life! I can't see Jim! *(Tears are welling in her eyes.)* It would only result in the ultimate failure—rejection from the only person I have ever loved! Mom, I can't! Just have dinner without me. Please, Mom.

5. A RAISIN IN THE SUN, by Lorraine Hansberry

This play focuses on the Youngers, an African-American family living on the South Side of Chicago in the 1950s. When the play begins, the family is about to receive an insurance check for \$10,000 from their deceased father's life insurance policy. Each member of the family has an idea as to what this money should be used for. Beneatha tries to convince her brother and mother to use the money for her medical school tuition.

BENEATHA: When I was small... we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day... and it was very dangerous, you know... far too steep... and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and sewed it all up... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face.... I never got over that... What one person could do for another, fix him up — sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know — and make them whole again. This was truly being God... It used to be so important to me. It used to matter. I used to care. Yes — I think [I stopped]. Because it doesn't seem deep enough, close enough to what ails mankind! It was a child's way of seeing things — or an idealist's. You are still where I left off. You with all of your talk and dreams about Africa! You still think you can patch up the world. Cure the Great Sore of Colonialism — (loftily, mocking it) with the Penicillin of Independence - ! Independence and then what? What about the crooks and thieves and just plain idiots

who will come into power and steal and plunder the same as before – only now they will be black and do it in the name of the new independence – WHAT ABOUT THEM?

6. THE LITTLE FOXES, by Lillian Hellman

*A home in the South, the Spring of 1900. The Hubbard siblings, Ben, Horace and Regina, scheme to outwit each other in a business deal that could make them very wealthy. The brothers need \$75,000 to complete a cotton mill and they hope the money will come from Regina's ailing husband, Horace. In the course of the play, Horace is set upon by his greedy wife and her greedy relatives. Soon realizing that the brothers have stolen bonds from him, he informs his wife that in his will he has left the bonds to her with certain stipulations. She cruelly recounts their unhappy married life, causing Horace's heart condition to act up, then refuses to get his medicine, which results in a heart attack that kills him. **Alexandra, their 17 year old daughter**, eventually sees her mother for who she really is, and in this final moment of the play, decides that she needs to leave her and the family for good.*

ALEXANDRA: Mama, I'm not coming with you. I'm not going to Chicago. I mean what I say with all my heart. There is nothing to talk about. I'm going away from you. Because I want to. Because I know Papa would want me to. Say it, Mama, say it. [Say no] And see what happens. That would be foolish. It wouldn't work in the end. You only change your mind when you want to. And I won't want to. You couldn't [make me stay], Mama, because I want to leave here. As I've never wanted anything in my life before. Because I understand what Papa was trying to tell me. (Pause) All in one day: Addie said there were people who ate the earth and other people who stood around and watched them do it. And just now Uncle Ben said the same thing. Really, he said the same thing. Well, tell him for me, Mama, I'm not going to stand around and watch you do it. Tell him I'll be fighting as hard as he'll be fighting some place where people don't just stand around and watch. Are you afraid, Mama?

7. PICNIC, by William Inge

A small Kansas town in the early 1950's. The play takes place on Labor Day weekend in the joint back yards of Flo Owens and Helen Potts. Mrs. Owens lives with her two daughters, Madge and Millie (16). When Mrs. Potts employs a young man named Hal to help her out around the yard, Flo is instantly worried. Though there is an obvious attraction between Hal and Madge, since Madge is dating his friend, he winds up escorting Millie to a dance at the Pavilion. At this moment, Millie goes to her older sister for advice, which is a very rare occurrence.

MILLIE: Madge, how do you talk to boys? How do you think of things to say? I think he's a big show off. You should have seen him this morning on the high diving board. He did real graceful swan dives and a two and a half gainer, and a back flip... the kids stood around clapping. He just ate it up. And he was braggin' all afternoon about how he used to be a deep-sea diver off Catalina Island. And he says he used to make hundreds of dollars doin' parachute jumps out of a balloon. Do you believe it? Madge, I think he's... er... girl crazy, too. Alan took us into the Hi Ho for cokes and there was a gang of girls in the back booth – Juanita Badger and her gang. When they saw him, they started giggling and tee-heeing and saying all sorts of crazy things. Then Juanita Badger comes up to me and whispers, "I think he's the cutest thing I ever saw." Is he Madge? Madge, do you think he'll like me? I don't really care. I just wonder.

8. ELEEMOSYNARY, by Lee Blessing

This play examines the delicate relationship of three women: a grandmother, Dorothea, who has sought to exert her independence through strong willed eccentric behavior, Artie, her daughter, who has run from her overpowering mother, and Echo, Artie's daughter, who is incredibly smart and equally sensitive. In this moment, Echo is competing in the National Spelling Bee, determined to win, both the bee and the love and adoration of her mother and grandmother. Note: she is simultaneously talking to herself and participating in the bee.

ECHO: Glunch. G-L-U-N-C-H. Glunch. (She opens her eyes, looks anxious, then smiles. She speaks quickly.) I knew I was right. Glunch is such an easy word – spelled like it sounds. But you always have that little moment of doubt that maybe you thought the right letter, but you said the... (Interrupting herself) What's he getting? What's his word? ...Donzel?! I should have had donzel. It's not fair. (Suddenly outraged.) He guessed! He guessed and got it! He didn't know it and he guessed. I could kill him! (Suddenly her public self.) Yes, Ma'am I'm ready. (Listens for the word she must spell.) Palinode? (A huge grin on her face, as once again we hear her thoughts.) Palinode – great! I love that word. That's the easiest word there is. Thank God! Thank God – I deserve it. I've had too many hard words, and he's guessed on too many. Palinode – a poem in which a poet takes back something he said in another poem. (Public again.) Palinode. P-A-L-I-N-O-D-E. Palinode. (Again she looks anxious until she receives confirmation that she is right. Her grin is almost totally malicious.) This can't go on forever, buddy. I'm going to crack you like an egg. What 's his word? Ovoviviparousness? I know that! I know it. It's the quality of being ovoviviparous. Why'd he get it?! He's guessing! I know he's guessing! Dear God, please let me win! Please! I want five minutes. Just five minutes when all the lights are on me, and all the pictures are being taken of me, and for five minutes I'm the most famous [child] in America, and Mom and Dorothea see it! And after that you can wash me back into the ocean with everybody else. I don't care. I'll just be one of the rabble, hoi polloi, the clamjamfry, the.... (Her public self again.) What? Excuse me, could you repeat the word? Clamjamfry? (Overjoyed.) I don't believe it! She asked the exact word I was thinking of! (With machine-gun precision.) Clamjamfry. C-L-A-M-J-A-M-F-R-Y. Clamjamfry. (Awed by her own abilities.) I know everything in the world!!!

Please select one of the following monologues to prepare for your audition. All pieces are roughly 1 and 4 to 2 minutes in length, so you need not worry about timing them. We've offered some unique characters at varying ages, so make sure you choose the character that is most appropriate for your type and age range. Read the descriptions provide to help you choose, or ask for advice from your teachers, parents or mentors who are familiar with these works. All of these monologues have been pulled from published, highly acclaimed works, so you should have no problem finding copies of the plays in local bookstores or in your local or school libraries. Please refer to our audition guidelines for further assistance in preparing your piece.

1. FENCES, by August Wilson

Cory is the son of Troy and Rose Maxson. He is an African American teenager living in the late 1950's, who aspires to become a professional football player. He and his father are constantly at odds, because of his father's resentment over the possibility of Cory's success. Troy was also a star athlete in his youth, having played baseball in the Negro League, but never rose to the status he'd hoped because he was too old to play by the time the major league teams started accepting black athletes. Troy is a trash collector and spends much of his time drinking with friends and cheating on his wife. His son is aware of his exploits and finds the courage to stand up to his father in this moment,

CORY: I live here too! I ain't scared of you. I was walking by you to go into the house cause you sitting on the steps drunk, singing to yourself. I ain't got to say excuse me to you. You don't count around here anymore. Now why don't you just get out my way. You talking about what you did for me... what'd you ever give me? You ain't never gave me nothing. You ain't never done nothing but hold me back. Afraid I was gonna be better than you. All you ever did was try and make me scared of you. I used to tremble every time you called my name. Every time I heard your footsteps in the house. Wondering all the time... what's Papa gonna say if I do this?... What's he gonna say if I do that?... What's he gonna say if I turn on the radio? And Mama, too... she tries... but she's scared of you. I don't know how she stand you., after what you did to her. What you gonna do... give me a whupping? You can't whup me no more. You're too old. You're just an old man. You crazy. You know that? You just a crazy old man... talking about I got the devil in me. Come on... put me out. I ain't scare of you. Come on! Come on, put me out. What's the matter? You so bad... put me out! Come on! Come on!

2. ORPHANS, by Lyle Kessler

Two orphan brothers live in a run down house in Philadelphia. Treat, the elder brother, has chosen to keep Phillip, the younger, closed off from the world, convincing him that he has a condition that will kill him if he's exposed to the outdoors. Meanwhile, Treat comes and goes from the home, making his way through the world as a violent pickpocket and thief. One day, Treat kidnaps a middle-aged business man named Harold, who manages to turn Treat's life on end by enlightening young Phillip, thus threatening the relationship between the two brothers. In this moment, Phillip finally rebels against the tyrannical rule Treat has had over him for so long.

PHILLIP: I took a walk tonight. I walked over to Broad and Olney. I was breathing okay, Treat. I didn't have no allergic reaction like you said I would. I took the subway, Treat. Harold told me the secret. You can stand all day at the turnstile putting in nickels and dimes, you can say Open Assasime and all kinds of words, but it won't do any good unless you have one of these magical coins. If Harold hadn't given me one I never would have been able to take that ride. You never told me about them token booths! You never told me nothing! You told me I would die if I went outside, I can breathe, Treat. Look! My tongue ain't hanging out. My face ain't swollen! (Pause) I walked over to Broad and Olney tonight, Treat. I seen people walking, and I heard children laughing. I wasn't scared no more 'cause Harold gave me something. (Takes out a map) He gave me this! You never gave me no map, Treat. You never told me I could find my way!

Nothing's gonna happen to me, Treat, 'cause I know where I am now. I know where I am, and you ain't never gonna take that away from me. I'M AT SIXTY-FORTY NORTH CAMAC STREET, IN PHILADELPHIA, TREAT! I'M ON THE EASTERN EDGE OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA! I'M ON THE NORTHERN AMERICAN CONTINENT ON THE PLANET EARTH, IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY, SWIMMING IN A GREAT OCEAN OF SPACE! I'M SAFE AND SOUND AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE MILKY WAY! THAT'S WHERE I AM, TREAT! And you're it, Treat.

3. RABBIT HOLE, by David Lindsay-Abaire

A tragic accident affects an entire family and leaves a married couple inconsolable and confused as to how to deal with each other's grief. When a teenage boy from the neighborhood loses control of his car, Becca and Howie lose their five year old son. As the parents struggle to make sense of a senseless act, Jason, the young man at the wheel, also tries to come to terms with the accident. When Jason reaches out in an effort to speak to the family, Becca invites him by when Howie isn't home, knowing that her husband would be furious to see him in the house,

JASON: So, I don't see any photos anywhere. The one in the article was nice. Him at the beach. I used to have a shirt just like that one. The one he's wearing in the picture. (Beat) I might've been going too fast. That day. I'm not sure, but I might've been. So... that's one of the things I wanted to tell you. (Beat) It's a thirty zone. And I might've been going thirty-three. Or thirty-two. I would usually look down, to check, and if I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, so it's possible I was going a little too fast. And then the dog came out, really quick, and so I swerved a little to avoid him, not knowing, obviously... (Beat) So that's something I thought you should know. I might've been going a little over the limit. I can't be positive either way though.

4. BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS, by Neil Simon

The story of Brighton Beach Memoirs follows almost 15-year-old Eugene Jerome as he grows up in 1937 Brooklyn. Eugene learns about girls, family, relationships, and the impending war. Eugene makes many witty observations about life and the need for family throughout the play, as he interacts with his passionate, quirky Polish-Jewish relatives. (This is direct address, which means Eugene speaks directly to the audience.)

EUGENE: If my mother knew I was writing all this down, she would stuff me like one of her chickens... I'd better explain what she meant by Aunt Blanche's "situation." You see, her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from (He looks around) this thing . . . they never say the word. They always whisper it. It was (He whispers)— cancer! I think they're afraid if they said it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID

THE DREAD DISEASE! (He points his finger down) JUST FOR THAT, I SMITE YOU DOWN WITH IT!!" There are some things that grownups just won't discuss. For example, my grandfather. He died from (He whispers) – diphtheria! Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. Not even insurance. And she couldn't support herself because she has (He whispers) – asthma . . . So my big-hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. So they broke up our room into two small rooms, and me and my brother Stan live on this side, and Laurie and her sister Nora live on the other side. My father thought it would just be temporary, but it's been three and a half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blanche's situation, my father is developing (He whispers) – high blood pressure!

5. THE GLASS MENAGERIE, by Tennessee Williams

The play revolves around the Wingfield family, mother Amanda, daughter Laura, who is crippled by a limp and her insecurity, and brother Tom, forced to become the man of the house when their father abandons them. Amanda pushes her children to pursue the comfort and admiration she never got out of life and in doing so, ends up pushing them away. In this moment, Tom has reached the end of his tolerance with his mother's constant badgering and explodes.

Tom: What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that celotex interior? With fluorescent tubes? Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains than go back mornings. But I go. For sixty five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self- self's all I ever think of. Why listen, if self is what I thought of Mother, I'd be where he is, GONE! I'm going to the movies! I'm going to opium dens, yes, opium dens, Mother. I've joined the Hogan Gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun in a violin case. I run a string of cat houses in the Valley. They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield. I'm leading a double life: a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night, a dynamic czar of the underworld, Mother. On occasion they call me El Diablo. Oh I could tell you many things to make you sleepless. My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky high some night. I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers. You ugly, babbling old witch....

THE GLASS MENAGERIE by Tennessee Williams

(In this scene from Tennessee Williams famous play about a fatherless family as they struggle to survive in St. Louis during the Depression, Tom, argues with his mother Amanda. Tom is an aspiring writer who is forced to work in a warehouse to support his mother who stubbornly holds on to her memories of being a southern belle in Blue Mountain, and painfully shy sister Laura.)

What d you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you what I'm doing – what I want to do – having a little difference between them!

Listen! You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that – *celotex interior?! With fluorescent tubes?! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains – I go back in the mornings! I go! Everytime you come in yelling that damn "Rise and shine!" Rise and Shine!" I say to myself, "How lucky dead people are!" But I get up. I go! For sbty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self – self's all I ever think of. Why listen, if self is what I thought of Mother, I'd be where he is – GONE! (He points to his father's picture) As far as the system of transportation reaches! Don't grab at me, Mother! I'm going to the movies!*

I'm going to opium dens! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' hangouts, Mother. I've joined the Hogan Gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun in a violin case. They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield; I'm leading a double life, a simple honest warehouse worker by day, by night, a dynamic czar of the *underworld, Mother*. I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a false moustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions the call me – El Diablo!

Oh, I could tell you many things to make you sleepless! My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky-high some night! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You ugly – babbling old- witch...

THE CORN IS GREEN by Emlyn Williams

(Although this play takes place in a remote Welsh mining town, no accent is required for the audition. Morgan Evans is speaking to his British teacher, Miss Moffatt who has taken a deep interest in his school advancement, and has tutored him with devout dedication. Morgan is alternately enthusiastic about learning and rebellious as he feels that his education is alienating him from his tight-knit mining community. Here he expresses his frustration at the changes he has been undergoing.)

MORGAN: I shall not need a nail file in the coal mine. I am going back to the mines. I do not want to learn Greek, nor to pronounce any long English words, nor to keep my hands clean, because....Because. I was born in a Welsh hayfield when my mother was helpin' with the harvest – and I always lived in a little house with no stairs, only a ladder – and no water – and until my brothers was killed I never slept except three in a bed. I know that is terrible grammar, but it's true.

The last two years I have not had no proper talk with English chaps in the mine because I was so busy keepin' this old grammar in its place. Tryin' to better myself, the day and the night!...You cannot take a nail file into the "Gwesmor Arms" public bar!

I have been there every afternoon for a week, spendin' your pocket money, and I have been there now, and that is why I speak my mind! Because you are not interested in me. How can you be interested in a machine that you put a penny in and if nothing comes out, you give it a good shake? "Evans, write me an essay; Evans, get up and bow; Evans what is a subjunctive?" My name is Morgan Evans and all my friends call me Morgan, and if there is anything gets on the wrong side of me it is callin' me Evans!...And do you know what they call me in the village? "The schoolmistress's little dog!" What has it got to do with you if my nails are dirty? Mind your own business!

MY HAIR IS A SPOILED BRAT! By Leviticus Jelks CHARACTERS KINKY WOMAN

Scene Standing center stage is a KINKY WOMAN sitting on a stool and gazing into a mirror. She is in the middle of fixing her wild and kinky hair. She sets it in all sorts of ways: updoes, afros, funky pony tails. Nothing seems to look right to her and she finally gives up. From behind her, she takes out a wig stand with a nice and straight hair wig. Silky, soft and smooth. She sits it in front of her and stares at it. She then looks at her own reflection, pointing a brush at herself.

KINKY WOMAN I am sick of you! You hear me? You have become such a spoiled brat! When did you get up the nerve to disrespect me? You see all these other types of hair walking around out there that are quiet and clean and nice to their respective heads. Laying back quietly into a braid. Shutting up and shifting back into a devastating ponytail. But not YOU! All you do is scream and draw attention to yourself. I am almost always scared to take you out in public because all you do is pitch a loud voice to anyone who tries to come near you. That's why people don't want to talk to me you know. It's because I got a spoiled brat stuck to my head. You are a kinky tumor, a nappy curse, a frizzy millstone around my neck. I'm tired of carrying you. You didn't start out so evil. I grew you myself and I bore you out of love. Touching you and running my fingers through you at first, fascinated by your unique qualities. The way you highlighted my Kenyan nose and balanced my Ethiopian cheekbones. As a little girl, I would lie in bed and find myself cushioned by a nest of Black satin luxury. Like my own Mama came down from heaven and was cradling my head in her arms to sing me to sleep like she used to. But then you started to show your true colors when we got on the playground. Instead of blowing softly in the wind and bending like Becky's hair or Mary Ellen's hair or Consuela's hair, you stood stubborn and steadfast against the wind. You blocked it from my face and kept me so hot in the sun. You always liked to have your own way. You showed yo ass. I buy you nice things to make sure that you always look your best, like hats, ribbons, bows, clips, combs, scrunchies, bunchies, headwraps and scarves. But what did you do? You rejected them all. Why? Because I spoiled you. You are just too wild child. You stand up tall and in my face and grow bigger and bigger, thinking that you can outgrow me. Well you can't. Because I'm gonna fix you.

CHANT By Bria Walker (Sonji. Black woman. Mid 20s – mid 30s. She holds an imaginary BLACK LIVES MATTER sign high above her head. Sonji does a call and response with the audience. In an audition, she must call and respond with herself.)

SONJI: No justice! No peace! No justice! No peace! Hands up! Don't shoot! Hands up! Don't shoot! (She feels the intense heat and then speaks directly to the audience.) It is hot! I mean, hot! Like, oppressively hot. And I'm holdin' a sign high above my head. I'm tall and my arms are long. (triumphantly) No one can ignore me. The sun's rays are beatin' down on me but my sign is doin' double duty. It's shielding me from the rays and it shields me from the taunts. (proudly) I'm tall and my arms are long. But my arms are gettin' tired. So I lower them. My soul's been gettin' tired but I'm fighting not to lower it. Not to lower it into depths of deep despair. Anotha brotha was shot. They shot anotha brotha. They shot him and my soul crept deeper into despair. I turned on a screen. I watched them shoot anotha brotha. I watched and I cried. I covered my mouth and cried for anotha brotha that was shot. I cried a eulogy of tears for a man I didn't know. I didn't know what to do. So, I cried. I couldn't stop. My soul sank deep. And I cried. Something inside me broke. What do I do? How do I get my soul back? How do I get my heart to start beatin' regular again? What do I do? (beat) Between the deluge of tears and the sinking of my soul, I turned on a screen and I searched. And I found a protest. I found a place for my voice to be heard... so that my soul wouldn't delve any deeper into despair. So that maybe I could figure out a way to get my heart to beat regular again. So that maybe I could fix this thing inside me that broke. (beat) So here I am. Holding a sign high above my head. I gotta keep it up. It's hot and my soul is heavy. I gotta lift it up. Society is refusing to let my people live and I can't understand why. So I gotta lift us up. And with each chant, with each lifting of my voice, I can feel my heart start to beat regular again. I can feel my soul try to fix that thing that's broke inside of me. So I chant. Harder. And I lift my voice. Louder. And I keep my hands up. Higher. (The holding of the imaginary sign morphs into a "hands up" gesture.)

A RAISIN IN THE SUN by Lorraine Hansberry

This monologue is Asagai's, the young African student, explaining himself to Beneatha, a black American girl.

ASAGAI: (Shouting over her) I live the answer! (Pause) In my village at home it is the exceptional man can even read the newspaper...or who ever sees a book at all. I will go home and much of what I will have to say will seem strange to the people of my village...But I will teach and work and things will happen, slowly and swiftly. At times it will seem that nothing changes at all...and then again...the sudden and dramatic events which make history leap into the future. And then the quiet again. Retrogression even. Guns, murder, revolution. And I even will have moments when I wonder if the quiet was better than all the death and hatred. But I will look about my village at the literacy and disease and ignorance and I will not wonder long. And perhaps...perhaps I will be a great man...I mean perhaps I will hold on to the substance of truth and find my ways always with the right course...and perhaps for it I will be butchered in my bed some night by the servants of the empire...or perhaps I shall live to be a very old man respected and esteemed in my new nation...and perhaps I shall hold office and this is what I'm trying to tell you; perhaps the things I believe now for my country will be wrong and outmoded, and I will not understand and do terrible things and have things my way or merely to keep my power. Don't you see that there will be young men and women, not British soldiers then, but my own black countrymen... to step out of the shadows some evening and slit my then useless throat? Don't you see they have always been there...that they always will be. And that such a thing as my own death will be an advance? They who might kill me even...actually replenish me!

CASS HARRIS

Is this a conversation? Because if it is, I wanna check it off.

I had this list of all the things I wanted to do in life, but for some reason I put it away when I married Kip. P. S.: big mistake. (pulls out list) Here it is. Number forty---eight: "Strike up a conversation with a stranger." I've never done that before. My mother was always like "Don't talk to strangers, Cass. Don't talk to strangers." So I never did. And you know what? Now I have no friends.

I'll read some of my list while you eat. (reads from list) Number one is "Find your soul mate." Ignore the checkmark. That one's a do---over. Number two is "Learn Swedish." Followed by "Wear a large wig," and "Drive cross---country." You know, I haven't driven in seven years. Kip was always afraid I'd bang up his Volvo.

(returns to list) Then we've got "Have a baby. Wear overalls. Go parachuting." I wanted to get married while skydiving. Kip said that was insane, so we had a church service instead. Our wedding song was "Close To You" by the Carpenters.

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

This drama is adapted from the famous diary of a young Jewish Girl which she kept as her family was in hiding from the Nazis in a secret apartment during WWII. In this speech Anne speaks with her father (whom she calls Pim) about her desire to be a better person.

ANNE: I'm trying. Really I am. Every night before I go to sleep I think back over all the things I did that day that were wrong...like putting the wet mop in Mr. Dussel's bed...and this thing now with Mother. I say to myself that was wrong. I make up my mind, I'm never going to do that again. Never! Of course I may do something worse, but at least I'll never do that again! I have a nicer side, Father...a sweeter, nicer side. But I'm scared to show it. I'm afraid that people are going to laugh at me if I'm serious. So the mean Anne comes to the outside and the good Anne stays inside and I keep trying to switch them around and have the good Anne outside, and the bad Anne inside and be what I like to be...and...might be...if only...if only...

(Anne then speak directly to the audience as she narrates from her diary.)

The air raids are getting worse. They come over day and night. The noise is terrifying. Pim says it should be music tour ears. The more planes, the sooner it will come to the end of the war. Mrs. Van Daan pretends to be a fatalist. What will be, will be. Bt when the planes come over, who is the most frightened?

Monday, the ninth of November, nineteen forty-two. Wonderful news. The Allies have landed in Africa. Pim says that we can look for an early finish to the war. Just for fun he asked each of us what was the first thing we wanted to do when we got out of here. Mrs. Van Daan longs to be home with her own things, her needlepoint chairs, the Beckstein piano her father gave her...the best that money could buy. Peter would like to go to a movie. Mr. Dussel wants to get back to his dentist's drill. He's afraid of losing his touch. For myself, there are so many things...to ride a bike again...to laugh till my belly aches...to have new clothes from the skin out. to have a hot tub filled to overflowing and wallow in it for hours...to be back in school with my friends.

STREET SCENE by Elmer Rice

This play takes place in front of some tenement buildings during two days of a hot summer in the 1920's. It deals with how the lives of the building's occupants of many social and cultural backgrounds intertwine. Here, Rose, who comes from a troubled Irish family, speaks to Sam, who comes from a Jewish family and who has fallen in love with her. The Asterisks between paragraphs mark where Sam has said something and Rose responds.

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 only we had a chance to breathe and spread out a little. Only when I said it, I never dreamed 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 than anybody I know. But I'm just wondering how it would work out.

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 was thinking, that if my mother really had belonged to herself, and that if my father had really belonged to himself, it never would have happened. It was only because they were always depending on somebody else, for what they ought to have had inside themselves. Do you see what I mean, Sam? That's why I don't want to belong to anybody, and I don't want anybody to belong to me.

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 goodbye now, it doesn't mean it has to be forever. Maybe some day, when we're older and wiser, things will be different. Don't look as if it was the end of the world, Sam!

It isn't, Sam! If you'd only believe in yourself a little more, things wouldn't look nearly so bad. Because once you're sure of yourself, the things that happen to you, aren't so important. The way I look at it, it's not what you do that matters so much; it's what you are. I'm so fond of you Sam. And I've got a lot of confidence in you. Give me a nice kiss!

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN By Clark Gesner
based on the comic strip by Charles M. Shultz

Here, Lucy, a dynamic young lady with opinions that are bold and unchangeable, tells her brother, Linus, of her dream of being the Queen.

LUCY: Linus, do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up, I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace with a front lawn, and have lots of beautiful dresses to wear. And when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them and in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them...

What do you mean I can't be a queen. There must be a loophole. This kind of thing always has a loophole. Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. IT'S UNDEMOCRATIC!

It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people. I'll bet a few pieces of well-placed correspondence, and I get to be a queen in no time. I know what I'll do. If I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich. I'll work and work until I'm very very rich, and then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and takeover the operation myself. I will be HEAD queen.

REINDEER SOUP by Joe Pintatiro

Julie's mother died two years ago in a car accident. When her father Moses his job at an automobile factory in Detroit, he takes the children to the northernmost region of Canada. Pop hopes to find a better life for his family and a new job. When winter comes, and Pop still doesn't have a job, the money runs out and food is scarce. The family is barely surviving on a large pot of soup made from occasional animals Pop kills on the road. Julie is a devoted vegetarian, refusing to eat any meat. She is so hungry she often loses grip on reality. Furious that her father has caused his current situation, and still refusing his constant urging to eat the soup, Julie argues for her belief.

JULIE: *(Hands over her ears.)* I wasn't meant for this world. I'm wasting away, worrying about the elephants getting shot by poachers so some narcissistic bimbo could wear an ivory bracelet. I go to sleep each night wondering- how does that poor elephant feel? She's got her trunk up in the trees grabbing fruit for her baby and BAMMMMM! Mother is hit. Mother is dizzy. Run, my darling. Mother is falling to her knees. Oh the pain. I'm bleeding to death. Goodbye tree, goodbye clouds. BCOCOM! I've fallen in a heap. My eyes are glaring — my trunk is swinging wildly. Oh no. They're coming closer. They're going to shoot again. The gun is touching my skull. BAMMMMM! In the brain. Goodbye light! The Last thing I see is the giraffes running. The eagles soar up and away. They look down and see the cities covered in pollution... where will we go? The condors too. They swear to the god of all flying creatures they will never lay their eggs again. And how many people eat chickens each day? Twenty million? A hundred million? All those chickens murdered each day. All that blood all over the world. I think I'm going to faint. And now you tell me that string beans and broccoli feel it too?! I just won't stand for it another minute!!!

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING by Carson McCullers

Adapted from her novel, Carson McCullers presents the coming of age story of eleven-year-old Frankie, a somewhat awkward and out-of-sorts little girl in search of her place in this world. Her mother is dead, her father hasn't much time for her and she's too hot-tempered to make friends with other girls. Much of her time is spent with Bernice, the warm-hearted cook, and John Henry, her little cousin, but she is looking forward to much more in life. Here she speaks to Bernice of her plans to leave her home in Winter Hill, and to accompany her brother, Jarvis, and his new bride wherever they may go.

FRANKIE: Listen, Berenice. Doesn't it strike you as strange that I am I and you are you? Like when you are walking down a street and you meet somebody. And you are you. And he is him. Yet when you look at each other, the eyes make a connection. Then you go off one way. And he goes off another way. You go off into different parts of town, and maybe you never see each other again. Not in your whole life. Do you see what I mean? That's not what I meant to say anyway. There are all these people here in town I don't even know by sight or name. And we pass alongside each other and don't have any connection. And they don't know me and I don't know them. And now I'm leaving town and there are all these people I will never know. I want to know everybody. Everybody in the world.

Boyoman! Manoboy! When we leave Winter Hill, we're going to more places than you ever thought about or even existed. Just where we will go first I don't know, and it don't matter. Because after we go to that place we're going on to another. Alaska, China, Iceland. South America. Traveling on trains. Letting her rip on motorcycles. Flying around all over the world in airplanes. Here today and gone tomorrow. All over the world. ~~It's the damn truth. Boyoman! And talking of things happening. Things will happen so fast we won't hardly have time to realize them. Captain Jarvis Addams wins highest medals and is decorated by the President. Miss F. Jasmine Addams breaks all records. Mrs. Jarice Addams elected Miss United Nations in beauty contest. One thing after another happenings so fast we don't hardly notice it.~~

And we will meet them. Everybody. We will just walk up to people and know them right away. We will be walking down a dark road and see a light^{ed} house and knock on the door and strangers will rush to meet us and say: "Come in! Come in!"

OPEN ADMISSIONS by Shirley Lauro

The present. A new York City college speech class. CALVIN JEFFERSON (18) intense, intelligent, and street-smart, confronts his instructor Ginny Carlsen about his grade, class performance and the value of what he's being taught.

CALVIN: But I don't know how to improve it. Thass what i come to ax you! Ax you!? Okay, man. Miss Shakespeare, Speech communication !! Know what I'll "ax" you, how come I been in this here college all this time and I don't know nothin' more than when I came in? This supposed to be some big break for me. Supposed to be my turn. You know what I mean – an my sister Salina go me off the streets, man, where I been dealing dope and been in six foster homes – and five schools, she give me this break, 'cause I got brains! You know what I am communicatin to you. Ever school I been has tole me I got brains and can make something outa myself if I gets me the chance! This here supposed to be it! Only nothing is happenin in my head except I is gittin' more and more confuse about what I knows and what I don't know! So what I wanna "ax" you is: How come you don't sit down with me and give me something I can "identify", and teach me how to git them big ideas down instead a givin me a "B" and Franklin a "B". An Doreen a "B." What's that "B" standin for? 'Cause it surely ain't standin' for no piece of work!

From "GEMINI" by Albert Innaurato

In this piece, HERSHEL a shy, socially inept, lonely boy explains his passionate interest in the trolleys (where he lives in Philadelphia), to an older girl he really likes and may even have a crush on.

Oh, I'm not just interested in subways. I love the buses too, you know? And my favorites are, well, you won't laugh? The trolleys. They are beautiful. There's a trolley graveyard about two blocks from here. I was thinking, like maybe Randy would like to see them, you know? I could go see the engine anytime. The Trolley graveyard is well, like, I guess beautiful, you know? Really. They're just there, like old creatures everyone's forgotten, some of them rusted out, and some of them on their sides, and some, like the old thirty-two, is like standing straight up as though sayin'. Like, I'm going to stand here and be myself, no matter what. I talk to them. Oh, I shouldn't have said that. Don't tell my mother, please? It's, you know, like people who go to castles and look for, well, like, knights in shining armor, you know? The past was beautiful and somehow, like, pure. The same is true of the trolleys. I follow the old thirty-two route all the time. It leads right to the graveyard where the thirty-two is buried, you know? It's like, well, fate. The tracks are half covered with filth and pitch, new pitch like the city pours on. It oozes in the summer and people walk on it, but you can see the tracks and you see like it's true like old things last, good things last, like you know? The trolleys are all filthy and half covered and rusted out wand laughed at and even they're not much use to anybody and kind of ugly like, by most standards, they're like, they're well, I guess, beautiful, you know?

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS by Neil Simon

1930s. A house in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn. EUGENE (16) is lying on his bed, making another entry in HIS "memoirs." This one concerns a conversation between his mother, KATE, and his aunt, BLANCHE, about a dreaded disease. All of EUGENE's monologues are directly to the audience.

EUGENE: (*Writing, says aloud*) "That's-what-they-have-gutters-for" (*To Audience*) If my mother knew I was writing all this down she would stuff me like one of her chickens. I'd better explain what she meant by Aunt Blanche's "situation"... You see her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from... (*He looks around*)...this thing... They never say the word. They always whisper it. It was - (*He whispers*) - Cancer!...I think they're afraid if they say it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID THE DREAD DISEASE (*He points finger down*) JUST FOR THAT, I SMITTE YOU DOWN WITH IT!:... There are some things that grown ups just won't discuss... For example, my grandfather. He died from- (*He whispers*) - Diptherial... Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. Not even insurance... And she couldn't support herself because she has - (*He whispers*) Asthma... So my big hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. So they broke our room into two small rooms and me and my brother Stan live on this side, and Laurie and her sister Nora live on the other side. My father thought it would just be temporary but it's been three and a half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blannche's situation, my father is developing - (*He whispers*) High blood pressure!