Musical Theatre Audition Monologues

There are three monologues below and you must present two of them. Women learn the first one, men learn the second one, and all auditionees learn the third one. They must be memorized completely.

WOMAN'S MONOLOGUE
(All women learn this one)

Serious: The Moonlight Room by Tristine Skyler

SAL
What do you know? Your mom's with someone. She's happy. My mom barely goes out. She says she'd rather stay home and clean the apartment. I'm not even allowed to have friends over because they'll interfere with her depression. And she doesn't want to wash her hair. Sometimes she goes a whole week. I tell her that if maybe we had people around she would start to feel better. But she doesn't listen. She'll sit there watching “Jeopardy” and badmouth my dad. The same speech I've been hearing since he left. On and on and on and on. And then when he comes over to pick me up, she puts on lipstick!!! She doesn't wash her hair, and she has on the same outfit she's worn for three days, but she puts on lipstick!! I swear one night I'm going to go out, and I'm just not going to come home.

(a beat, Sal becomes embarrassed)
I just don't want to have to call her.
(pause)

You don't realize how lucky you are. You do whatever you want. You could come home tomorrow and it's fine. I come home tomorrow and I'm on the back of a milk carton.

MAN'S MONOLOGUE
(All men learn this one)

Serious: The Substance of Fire by Jon Robin Baitz

MARTIN
Yes. That's right. There are limits. I believe I know that. Hey, I spent most of my sixteenth year getting chemotherapy, remember? And it's not that long ago, I can still feel it. I cannot waste my life. I feel you people dragging me into this thing. You want this confrontation, Dad. You want nothing more than your children gathered around you, fighting. Well forget it. You don't know what I feel in my back, in my bones. I wake up some days and I'm crying. I think I'm still at
Sloan-Kettering, lying there hairless and white and filling up with glucose from a drip. Hey! I can’t get that time back. I feel all the needles, some days, my lymph nodes, and I’m sweating. And part of my life is spent in fear, waiting. I know none of us has forever, know that very well, and I care very much how I spend my time. And getting involved in an internal war over a publishing house is, by my reckoning, Father, a dead waste. And if I choose to live with plants as an assistant lecturer at an over-rated seven-sisters school, that is my damn choice.

**COMIC MONOLOGUE FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN**
*(All auditionees learn this one as a comic monologue)*

*The Foreigner* by Larry Shue

Don’t tell me you’ve never seen a knife. Knife. That’s a knife. Use it to cut things. Cut things. *(Mimes)* Like – ham. If we had some ham. Or bacon, or sump’m. I can’t believe you don’t – . *(Looks around for help. There is none.)* Or butter. If we had some butter, you could use it to spread it on – . You don't really need it. No, you don't need it. *(Demonstrating.)* Put it down.

*(Sees that Charlie now holds a spoon.)* Yeah, now that’s your spoon. Use that to put sugar in your coffee, if you had some sugar, here. And you had some coffee – shoot. I don't really know why we got all these things. But your fork – man, I wish somebody else'd help you with this, ’cause I don't know anything, but – I think that your fork – your fork’d be the main thing you'd use. ’Cause you got your eggs, and you got your grits. Y’see? Eat ‘em with a fork, just like we been doin’. Can - you - say - 'fork'? 'Faw-werk'? 'Faw-werk.'

Two parts. 'Faw-werk.' . . . Right. Put 'em together. 'Faw-werk’ . . . Good! That was great!