

CHARTER ARTS THEATRE - AUDITION MONOLOGUES 2018-2019

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 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.

MALE MONOLOGUES 2018-2019

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 any more. 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. THE FOREIGNER, by Larry Shue

In a resort-style fishing lodge in rural Georgia, the plot revolves around the visit of two Englishmen, Charlie Baker and Staff Sergeant Froggy LeSueur. Naturally shy, Charlie is also depressed because his wife may be dying. To help his friend, Froggy tells Betty Meeks, who owns the lodge, that Charlie is the native of an exotic country who does not understand a word of English. Ellard is a young man whose family is convinced that he has isn't very bright. However, they have a man staying with them who they think does not speak any English and in this monologue Ellard is successfully teaching him how.

ELLARD: 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. *(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!

5. BILOXI BLUES, Neil Simon

Biloxi Blues tells the story of Eugene, a young man from a close-knit Brooklyn Jewish family. Through Eugene's diary entries, we learn how he is sent to army training camp in Biloxi, Mississippi. There, the naive Eugene, who has never before left home, is forced to confront difficult issues like the one his friend Arnold is dealing with below. Arnold is incredibly shaken by the event he describes and Eugene is the only person he feels comfortable sharing this with.

ARNOLD: I was in the latrine alone. I spent four hours cleaning it, on my hands and knees. It looked better than my mother's bathroom at home. Then these two non-coms come in, one was the cook, that three-hundred-pound guy and some other slob, with cigar butts in their mouths and reeking from beer . . . They come in to pee only instead of using the urinal, they use one of the johns, both peeing in the same one, making circles, figure-eights. Then they start to walk out and I say, "Hey, I just cleaned that. Please flush the johns." And the big one, the cook, says to me, "Up yours, rookie," or some other really clever remark . . . And I block the doorway and I say, "There's a printed order on the wall signed by Captain Landon stating the regulations that all facilities must be flushed after using" . . . And I'm requesting that they follow regulations, since I was left in charge, and to please flush the facility . . . And the big one says to me, "Suppose you flush it, New York Jew Kike," and I said my ethnic heritage notwithstanding, please flush the facility . . . They look at each other, this half a ton of brainless beef, and suddenly rush me, turn me upside down, grab my ankles and—and—and they lowered me by my feet with my head in the toilet, in their filth, their poison . . . all the way until I couldn't breathe . . . then they pulled off my belt and tied my feet on to the ceiling pipes with my head still in their foul waste and tied my hands behind my back with dirty rags, and they left me there, hanging like a pig that was going to be slaughtered . . . I wasn't strong enough to fight back. I couldn't do it alone. No one came to help me . . . Then the pipe broke and I fell to the ground . . . It took me twenty minutes to get myself untied . . . Twenty minutes! . . . But it will take me the rest of my life to wash off my humiliation. I was degraded. I lost my dignity. If I stay, Gene, if they put a gun in my hands, one night, I swear to God, I'll kill them both . . . I'm not a murderer. I don't want to disgrace my family . . . But I have to get out of here . . . Now do you understand?

6. 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 find the comfort and admiration she never got out of life and in doing so, ends up pushing them away. In this moment, Tom confides in Jim, an old friend and co-worker at the shoe factory about his plans to leave.

TOM: I'm tired of the movies. Yes, movies! Look at them. (He waves his hands.) All of those glamorous people – having adventures – hogging it all, gobbling the whole thing up! You know what happens? People go to the *movies* instead of *moving*. Hollywood characters are supposed to have all the adventures for everybody in America, while everybody in America sits in a dark room and watches them having it! Yes, until there's a war. That's when adventures become available to the masses! Everyone's dish, not only Gable's! Then the people in the dark room come out of the dark room to have some adventures themselves – goody – goody! It's our turn now to go to the South Sea Island – to make a safari – to be exotic, far off. . . .! But I'm not patient. I don't want to wait till then. I'm tired of the movies and I'm about to move! I'm starting to boil inside. I know I seem dreamy, but inside – well, I'm boiling! Whenever I pick up a shoe I shudder a little, thinking how short life is and what I am doing! – Whatever that means, I know it doesn't mean shoes – except as something to wear on a traveler's feet! (Gets card from inside coat pocket.) Look. I'm a member. [The Union of Merchant Seamen] I paid my dues this month instead of the electric light bill. I'm like my father.