

The Lehigh Valley Charter High School for the Arts

THEATRE AUDITION MONOLOGUES

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.

FEMALE MONOLOGUES

1. EURYDICE, by Sarah Ruhl

This play is a fresh take on the ancient myth of Orpheus, the beautiful singer who braves the terrors of the underworld to rescue Eurydice, the girl he loves. In this moment, Eurydice has just entered the underworld where she is met by three stones and her father, whom she doesn't remember and mistakes for a porter. She is lighthearted at first, trying to make sense of the situation.

Eurydice: At last, A porter to meet me!
(To the Father) Do you happen to know where the bank is? I need money.
I've just arrived. I need to exchange my money at the Bureau de Change. I didn't bring traveler's checks because I left in such a hurry. They didn't even let me pack my suitcase. There's nothing in it! That's funny, right? – ha, ha! I suppose I can buy new clothes here. I would really love a bath.
What is that language you're speaking? It gives me tingles. Say it again.
Oooh – it's like fruit. Again!
(Strangely imitating) Eurydice, I'm your father! How funny! You remind me of something but I can't understand a word you're saying.
I need a reservation. For the fancy hotel.
I would like a continental breakfast, please. Maybe some rolls and butter. Oh – and jam. Please take my suitcase to my room, if you would.
What? No rooms? Where do people sleep?
I have to say I'm very disappointed. It's been a tiring day. I've been traveling all day – first on a river, then on an elevator that rained, then on a train... I thought someone would meet me at the station... I don't know where I am and there are all these stones and I hate them! They're horrible! I want a bath! I thought someone would meet me at the station!

2. 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. After Dorothea (who has raised Echo into her teens) suffers a stroke, Echo is forced to reestablish contact with her mother through extended phone conversations, during which real issues are skirted and the talk is mostly about the precocious Echo's unparalleled success in a national spelling bee. In the end, Artie and Echo come to accept their mutual need and summon the courage to build a life together, despite the terror this holds after so many years of estrangement.*

Echo: Uncle Bill hardly remembers you, you know that? I asked him what you were like as a little girl, and he couldn't even say. He remembers Grandma even less. He didn't have one interesting thing to say about her – about *Grandma*. They don't have a single picture of her, either. Not even in their minds. To them, she's just a woman who lived a big, embarrassing life. They all think they've saved me just in time. Not just from Grandma – from you, too. (A beat.)

So I started wondering if they weren't right. Maybe the smartest thing would be to forget you completely. And Grandma. After all, what did I ever get from the two of you, except a good education? You especially – what were you ever to me, except a voice on the phone now and then? And I looked around the new room where I was staying, and it was real nice and... blank, the way a thing is before you put any time into it. I thought, I could live a whole new life here. I could invent a whole new me. I could be Barbara if I wanted to, not Echo. I could fit in. I don't mean I'd become like Whitney and Beth. I'm not that crazy. But I could become like Robinson Crusoe, and adapt myself to a strange and harsh environment. I could live in a kind of desert. I could even flourish. Like you have. I could live without the one thing I wanted. But I kept hearing your voice. That voice on the other end of the phone, hiding behind spelling words, making excuses – or so energetic sometimes, so... wishing. I don't even remember what you said, just the sound of it. Just a sound that said, "I love you, and I failed you." I hate that sound. And I will never settle for it, because no one failed me. No one ever failed me. Not Grandma and not you. I am a prize among women. I'm your daughter. That's what I choose to be. Someone who loves you. Someone who can make you love me. Nearly all the time. I'm going to stay with you. I'm going to prepare you for me. I'm going to cultivate you. I'm going to tend you.

3. 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?

4. ALMOST, MAINE, by John Cariani

Residents in the town of Almost, Maine are bruised and broken by a strange phenomenon that has them all falling in and out of love. But on one particular mid-winter night, they mysteriously find the elusive lovers they've been searching for. In "Getting it Back," Gayle comes to metaphorically retrieve the love that she gave to her boyfriend, Lendall, because she fears he will never commit.

Gayle: I told you we're done. Because –

Because when I asked you if you ever thought we were gonna get married – remember when I asked you that? In December? It was snowing? Yeah, well, when I asked you... that, you got so... quiet. And everybody said that that right there shoulda told me everything. Marvalyn said that how quiet you got was all I needed to know, and she's right: You don't love me.

And I've been trying to fix that, I've tried to make you love me by giving you every bit of love I had, and now... I don't have any love for me left, and that's... that's not good for a person... and... that's why I want all the love I gave you back, because I wanna bring it with me. I want it back in case I need it. Because I can't very well go around giving you love to other guys, cause that just doesn't seem right – So I think – I think that, since I know now that you're not ready to do what comes next for people who have been together for quite a long time (*i.e. get married*), I think we're gonna be done, and so I think the best thing we can do now is just return the love we gave each other, and call it... (*Taking in the bags – the pathetic one that contains the love she gave him and the awesome several that contain the love that he gave her.*) even. Oh, Jeezum Crow, is that really all the love I gave you, Lendall? I mean, I thought – I mean, what kind of person am I if this is all the love I gave y - ... No... n-n-no! (*Fiercely*) I know I gave you more than that, Lendall, I know it! (*She thinks. Collects herself. New attack.*) Did you lose it? Did you loose it, Lendall? 'Cause I know I gave you more than that, and I think you're pulling something on me, and this is not a good time to be pulling something on me! (*She looks at the little bag, takes it, and is about to leave. But curiosity stops her. She sits on the chair, opens the bag and examines what's inside.*) Lendall? What is this? What the heck is this, Lendall? This is not - Oh, Lendall, this is a ring. Is this a ring? A ring that you give to someone you've been with for quite a long time if you want to let them know what comes next for people who have been together for quite a long time? Oh!

(*Beat.*) But all the love I gave to you? Where is it?