

Female audition monologues Advanced/Musical Theatre 2024-2025

CHOOSE ONE MONOLOGUE. Memorize it, act it out before a panel of judges. Show your best emotion, characterization, interpretation and actions. We are looking for stage presence, characterization, projection, movement, and overall performance.

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Treat Me Nice by Joseph Arnone

Corinne doesn't get along with her mother. They live together. Just the two of them. They are masters at pushing one another's buttons.

Corinne: Look, I know you haven't felt well lately. I know that you aren't well...so it makes it hard for me to tell you this...I wish we were close. I wish we were friends. I, I don't like waking up in the morning, scrambling your eggs with you shouting obscenities in the background at me about things that don't deserve shouting. I understand it's hard for you. I get that but you forget that I'm a person. I'm not, you know, some worker that you've hired to cook and clean. I am your daughter. I don't feel like I'm your daughter, but I am, I guess. These are the cards we were dealt, Mom. I'm sorry I'm not all that you hoped for and that this life we live here together isn't glamorous and that Dad abandoned us when I was born and you shouldn't make me feel like it's my fault! (beat) I didn't even know the guy. I never even met him and I, I just want to say that I try, you know, I try to be there for you and do all the things a good daughter is supposed to do for her mother but you are so rude and I can't take it anymore! (beat) Be nice...to me. I'm worth enough to be treated nice. Treat me nice before I have an outburst. A real outburst. I'm talking a sumo outburst. Huge. So...treat me nice. (beat) Do you want more coffee?

Spirit Forward by Joseph Arnone

In this dramatic female monologue, Dasana talks to her boyfriend in order to lift his spirits about continuing on with his passions.

DASANA: ...You're a genius and you don't even know it. Or maybe you do know it but you are not one hundred percent sure because you don't have financial success. Well, I got news for ya. You ARE a success. You ARE special. You ARE a genius. I see it everyday. I see you create these wonderful worlds that just happen. I see these little miracles everyday. I see the magic in you. You walk around with this attitude of not caring as much and I love that about you but you don't need to always be this tough street guy who wears his leather jackets and has a chip on his shoulder. You also have that sensitive side that you try to hide but it's always there in your eyes.

I know you've been through so much but that's what makes you such an inspiration. It's amazing that you are where you are with everything that happened in your life. If you gave it up, you'd be miserable and you know it. You can't stop now. You need to keep on going forward. You've come this far. You need to keep the fire burning.

When The Cooking Is Done by Joseph Arnone

When The Cooking Is Done is a one-act play that explores the conflicted role of Marza in relation to her family vs. her identity and desires.

MARZA: It was the most extraordinary time I've ever had alone. It felt unreal, like I had stepped into a different world altogether. He told me at the last minute that he could not go. I was so angry with him. We planned this months in advance. He blames work. Always. I've had enough. I've finally had enough...

I reached the theatre. I watched half the play. I left at intermission. Not because the play was boring, but because it was the greatest play I had ever seen. I wanted to imagine the ending. I didn't want it spoiled. I walked into the night. I imagined all the people from the play. The daughter, the husband, the wife, the sisters...all the characters I somehow knew. I knew these people. Intimately. Closely. I could think their thoughts. Live their lives. I wanted them to be happy. To be brave. To love. ...It suddenly occurred to me that if I was able to invent the outcome of people's lives in the play, I should have the power to invent my own life, the way that I want it to be lived. I began to understand that there were things I wanted changed. Things about myself; what matters most in my own play? ...My life; our lives are theatre, aren't they? We write our own narrative. And if something is wrong with your narrative, you must be strong enough to change it! And so, I've decided that I am going to change my story. I'm going to do the things that only I wish to do, and I don't care what anyone else thinks; they aren't living my life.

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"ALMOST RICH" by D. M. Larson from Death of an Insurance Salesman script

PETE: One more sale... One last sale... The sale that will make me rich... The sale of a lifetime. They say I can sell anything. I believed them... You'd be amazed what I get away with. It almost made me rich... Almost ... I am so close I can taste it. That's how you do it. You picture what you want and then you make it real. No matter what it takes. You do anything and everything to make it happen. You have to sell yourself on it first. You have to make this goal your life. Nothing else matters except this... Right now. That's the only way to do it. Let it all go. Nothing else is really important. Everything else just gets in the way. Don't let anyone distract... Not anyone. If someone doesn't help you get to your goal then they're useless. Surround yourself only with people who can help you and when they're no longer useful, cut them loose. You don't need the baggage. Baggage only weighs you down. You have to be free. Free to achieve that dream ...even if it means you do it all alone. Waiting... (Looks at watch) Waiting.... Waiting forever if I have to. Waiting for that final deal.. That one last deal that makes you rich... To enjoy all alone... No sharing the glory... a victory that will be mine and mine alone.

"Before You Punch Me..." by D. M. Larson From "Flowers in the Desert"

LINC: Before you punch me there is something you should know. This woman we're fighting over is no ordinary woman... You don't know how good you had it. If I am going to die I want the world to know how great she is... Why do you want me to shut up? You afraid? You afraid I will say something that will hurt you? You that sensitive? You gonna cry, Softy? Then listen... Punch me all you want when I am done... Beat me to a pulp but let me say how I feel... For her.. Do this one kindness for her... She's worth it. Do you know about serendipity? Word too big for you? I should stick to one or two syllables when speaking to you... "Serendipity means a "happy accident" or "pleasant surprise"; a fortunate mistake. Specifically, the accident of finding something good while not specifically searching for it." That's what our love was... A happy accident. We didn't plan on this. She is amazing ... She is so very good... She has made me happier than I thought was possible. Before her, it was like I was living in black and white and suddenly she brought color to my world. And by some miracle she chose me. I thought she was wonderful of course, but I never thought in a million years she'd want me. She was the princess to my pauper. The Batman to my Robin. She was so much better, and I was so unworthy, yet she wants me. By some incredible stroke of luck, she wants me. And her kisses will last me until death... Which might not be very far off. Yes, we're talking about the same woman, you idiot. (Takes off glasses) And now you can punch me.

"I NEED DETENTION" by D. M. Larson from ["The Ghosts of Detention"](#)

JIMMY: I need detention. I really need detention. See, there's this girl... I know, I know, it always starts with a girl ... But this girl is special... I mean it this time... Really special. Her name is Harmony... But she goes by Harm. Cute huh? She can harm me any time she wants. And she has too. A couple of times. But I deserved it... Cause I touched her once. I didn't touch her anywhere bad. Just on the shoulder. And she broke my finger. So I guess we kind of have held hands. I was just gonna ask to borrow a pencil. One of those ones she sharpens with her pocket knife and then throws in the ceiling all over school. She even got one in the gym ceiling. You know how high that is? Like 5000 feet. And I just stand under those pencils, hoping one will fall down and I can have one of them for my very own. Something to remember her by. Until I get into detention. I gotta figure out some way to get detention because I wanna see her more... Be with her more... And turn Harm into Harmony again... Cause I see that beautiful harmony under all that black and gloom. She just needs a reason to smile and I want to be that reason.

So I have to get detention. What's something good... I mean I want it to be really really good so I get thrown in there a long time... Plus I have to make it worth it... Something great that she can respect... How about giving the principal a wedgie? That would do it... A good old up the back over the head mega wedgie. Let's do this.