

PiM Arts High School

Theatre & Musical Theatre Placement Workshop

Audition Monologue Selections

Choose one of the monologues below to perform for your placement workshop. For best results, follow the guidelines below:

- We prefer, and strongly suggest, that you memorize the monologue. If that is not possible, become so familiar with it that your eyes aren't glued to your script during the entire performance – we want to see your face.
- Consider, and dream up, answers to the following questions, as your character:
 - FOCAL POINT: Who am I talking to? Where are they in the room? How are they reacting to my words?
 - OBJECTIVE: What do I want? What is keeping me the room? Why are these words important to me?
 - CONTEXT: What happened right before this monologue? What will happen when it's done?
- Take a moment before you begin to take a deep breath and ground yourself in space.
- Do not deliver your monologue to your adjudicator/s. Instead, refer to your answer to the questions above and pick a strong focal point at the back of the room to speak to.
- Plant your feet. Stay grounded in your body, and avoid “wandery feet” that are often an actor tell that you are nervous.

Break a leg! We are so excited to meet you. Welcome to the PiM community!

FEMALE MONOLOGUES

#1 Brighton Beach Memoirs – by Eugene O’Neill

Nora is still smarting over Blanche’s decision not to allow her to participate in a Broadway production. She is disrespectful and judgmental. When Blanche angrily tells her that Nora has no right to judge her, Nora lashes out, exploding in an outburst of deep-seated feelings.

Nora

Judge you? I can’t even talk to you. I don’t exist to you. I have tried so hard to get close to you but there was never any room. Whatever you had to give went to Daddy, and when he died, whatever was left you gave to—*(She turns away)*

. . . I have been jealous my whole life of Laurie because she was lucky enough to be born sick. I could never turn a light on in my room at night or read in bed because Laurie always needed her precious sleep. I could never have a friend over on the weekends because Laurie was always resting. I used to pray I’d get some terrible disease or get hit by a car so I’d have a leg all twisted or crippled and then once, maybe just once, I’d get to crawl in bed next to you on a cold rainy night and talk to you and hold you until I fell asleep in your arms. . . just once. .

#2 The Swing of the Sea – by Molly Hagan

13-year olds Boots & Eggs are coming to terms with the unexpected death of their best friend Peter. Both are torn between dwelling in the memories of Peter, and moving toward healing by connecting with each other. In this scene, Boots is speaking to Peter as if he is there with her, and envisioning a future that she knows can never come true.

Boots

Peter? Don’t come in here. I’m getting ready. I’m getting ready for the Favorites Dance. Just wait downstairs with Mom, Dad, and Megan. I’ll only be a few hours! *(she laughs, she has an idea)* Peter! I have a story for you. We’re not going to Favorites Dance, we’re going to prom! High school. Junior year. I walk into the gym all decorated with streamers and balloons, and I see you swaying in the middle of the dance floor. Billie Holiday is playing. The slow one that we like. I can see you behind Ashley Tiggs and her weird boyfriend, David Grover. You’re all alone, dancing with your eyes closed. I tuck my hair behind my ears and just like that – I slip right through Ashley and David, and the whole softly swaying crowd like a breeze or a whisper on a hot breath. One more step and I am standing in front of you. One more step and everything disappears, but not really. They – Ashley, David, the gym and everybody in it – they just keep moving back and forth from my eyes like the tide. You say, May I have this dance? And I say, I suppose. As I take your hand the music changes. And when the music plays only we can hear it as we don’t dance, but sway, like the sea. But when I open my eyes - you’re gone.

MALE MONOLOGUES

#1 Brighton Beach Memoirs – by Eugene O’Neill

Eugene Jerome is a fifteen-year-old boy growing up in Brooklyn during the Depression. When he’s not fantasizing about girls and baseball, he is an astute observer, secretly documenting his family’s life story. In this moment, Eugene is heartbroken as his older brother Stanley decides to leave the home for good after admitting to their parents that he’s gambled his salary away.

Eugene

What are you putting on all those things for? You’re leaving home? I have eight cents worth of stamps if you want that too. The medal you won for the hundred yard dash two years ago. You gave it to me. You can have it back if you want it. *(beat)* I’ll probably have to stay home and work if you leave. We’ll need the money. What do you have to leave for? They’ll get over it. They won’t stay mad at you forever. I was mad at you and I got over it. I don’t see what’s so bad about you. *(Eugene sits there in silence for a while, then turns to the audience.)* I guess there comes a time in everybody’s life when you say, “This very moment is the end of my childhood.” When Stanley closed that door, I knew that moment had come to me... I was scared. I was lonely. And I hated my mother and father for making him so unhappy... I even hated Stanley a little because he left me there to grow up all by myself. And I hated [my mother] for leaving Stanley’s name out when she called us for dinner. I don’t think parents really know how cruel they can be sometimes... *(A beat)* At dinner I tried to tell them about Stanley, but I just couldn’t get the words out... I left the table without even eating my ice cream... If it was suffering I was after, I was beginning to learn about it.

#2 The Swing of the Sea – by Molly Hagan

13-year olds Boots & Eggs are coming to terms with the unexpected death of their best friend Peter. Both are torn between dwelling in the memories of Peter, and moving toward healing by connecting with each other. Here, Eggs talks to his dead friend as though he were there with him.

Eggs

My closet. My clothes. When I get scared, I like to come in here and take my hamper and tip it over and I wrap myself in the dirty clothes. Which is gross, I guess. *(beat)* I went to school today without you. Your desk is still there, in case you were wondering. It’s empty though, obviously. Are you going to the favorites dance on Friday? I thought we could go together so it wouldn’t be awkward. We can headbang near the bleachers. That would be pretty cool. *(beat)* Should I ask Boots to the dance or would that be weird? It would be weird. When we were kids, she saw me naked. I mean, I don’t remember or anything, but what if she does? What if I asked her and all of a sudden, the memory came rushing back – I would die. Or. Sorry. I didn’t

mean that. Was I a bad friend? (*beat*) Boots didn't come to school today at all. I thought she would. If you were here, here's what you would say: Be *FUNNIER*. Girls will like you. If you were here, here's what I would say: I'm *TRYING!* (*he laughs, he catches himself*) That wasn't very funny.