SUGGESTED AUDITION MONOLOGUES FOR THEATRE
You may also choose your own piece, but it should be of a similar length and content.

#1
I was at a wedding once. All these roses all around. I never seen so many roses. Bees buzzin. Lotsa other flowers, too. They came out. Everybody was throwin rice. And then the bride came out. The groom was nothing. He looked good. But it was the bride. Here comes the bride. Here comes the bride. I was sittin on a stone bench, waitin for ‘em to come out. When I saw the bride, I stood up…. this big white dress. A veil. Flowers in her hand with ribbons blowin around. Little ribbons. And all around her. All these roses. And the bees buzzin. And nice girls. And everybody dressed in good clothes. Then everybody started throwin rice. You wanna hear something crazy? I wanted to be the bride. Everybody bein nice. Special, you know? Yeah. I wanted to be the bride.

#2
It sucks to be poor, and it sucks to feel that you somehow deserve to be poor. You start believing that you’re poor because you are stupid and ugly. Then you start believing you are stupid and ugly because you are Indian. And because you’re Indian, you start believing you are destined to be poor. It’s an ugly circle and there’s nothing you can do about it.

So poor and small and weak, I picked up Oscar (my dog). He licked my face because he loved and trusted me. And I carried him out to the lawn, and I laid him down beneath our green apple tree. “I love you, Oscar”, I said. He looked at me and I swear to you he understood. He knew what Dad was gong to do but he wasn’t scared. He was relieved. But not me. I ran away from there as fast as I could. I wanted to run faster than the speed of sound, but nobody, no matter how much pain they’re in can run that fast. So I heard the boom of my father’s rifle when he shot my best friend.

A bullet only cost about two cents, and anybody can afford that.

#3
Today's my birthday, you know.
I know you don't care. All you care about that bottle.
It's my life too mom.
I can't bring my friends here. Cause, here you come with your liquor breath and loud talking.
Talking about the good old days, you never had.
I remember the old days and I know they weren't so great. Trust me.
I never know what you are going to say or do. We walk on egg shells around you and it sucks big time.
Ever since Karla died. It been the same thing everyday.
I, I clean the house, take care of my brother and watch over you. Shouldn't it be the other way round. My teachers at school call you but you never answer. They are worried about me. The straight A student has become the straight D student.
I'm looking at you because there no one else I can blame.
Oh here you go crying again. Why are you crying? It's my birthday. I should be crying mom. I should be crying.'
Mom, I'm going out. I would ask you for some money. Never mind…

#4
Let me tell you something about Janis Ian. We were best friends in middle school. I know right, it’s sooo embarrassing. I don’t even… whatever. So then in eighth grade I started going out with my first boyfriend Kyle, who was totally gorgeous but then he moved to Indiana. And Janis was like, weirdly jealous of him. Like if I would blow her off to hang out with Kyle, she’d be like Why didn’t you call me back?! And I’d be like, Uh, why are you so obsessed with me? So then for my birthday party, which was an all girls pool party, I was like, Janyce I can’t invite you because I think you’re a lesbian. I mean, I couldn’t have a lesbian at my party! There were going to be girls there in their bathing suits! I mean right, she was a lesbian! So then her mom called my mom and started yelling at her and it was so retarded and then she dropped out of school because no one would talk to her and she came back in the fall for high school and her hair was all cut off and she was totally weird and now I guess she’s on crack. Oh my God! I love your skirt, where did you get it?

#5
So, OK, like right now, for example, the Haitians need to come to America. But some people are all, “What about the strain on our resources?” But it’s like, when I had this garden party for my father’s birthday right? I said R.S.V.P. because it was a sit-down dinner. But people came that like, did not R.S.V.P. so I was like, totally bugging. I had to haul ass to the kitchen, redistribute the food, squish in extra place settings, but by the end of the day it was like, the more the merrier! And so, if the government could just get to the kitchen, rearrange some things, we could certainly party with the Haitians. And in conclusion, may I please remind you that it does not say R.S.V.P. on the Statue of Liberty? Clueless

#6
I hate the way you talk to me, and the way you cut your hair. I hate the way you drive my car. I hate it when you stare, I hate your big dumb combat boots and the way you read my mind. I hate you so much it makes me sick, it even makes me rhyme. I hate the way you’re always right. I hate it when you lie. I hate it when you make me laugh, even worse when you make me cry. I hate it that you’re not around. And the fact that you didn’t call. But mostly I hate the way I don’t hate you, not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all.

#7
I know exactly who you are. You’re Kenny Fisher. We used to play Miami Vice in my basement. You used to sleepover at my house. You had to leave the hall light on every night. You’re Kenny Fisher who used to buy me a card every Valentine’s Day and a bag of those little hearts with the words on them. And you’re Kenny Fisher who suddenly got too cool to hang out with me when we hit junior high. Cause, I was in all the smart classes, and cause my parent’s didn’t make a lot of money. And cause you desperately needed to sit at the trendy table in the cafeteria.