

Monologues for Theatre Production Auditions

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When The Cooking Is Done-DRAMA

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 stepped into a different world altogether. ...I was upset because he tells me last minute that he cannot go. I was so angry with him. This was something we planned months in advance. Three hours time max, together. No preparation. He blames work. Always. I've had enough. I've finally had enough...

I was all ready to leave and so I left as soon as I hung up the phone with him. I was so mad I could not believe it. I left the house in a rage. Didn't even remember if I had locked the front door. I think I did. He would have said something. I went to the train and something took over me. I was lost. I felt different. Free. Like I had stepped out from the shadows. I don't know. I was uplifted. I felt like the speed of the train. Energy. Such energy.

I reached the theatre. Watched the play. I only watched half. At intermission I left. 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. Instead, I walked into the night. Over the bridge, back again, over again...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 the people's lives in the play, that I should have the power to invent my own life, the way that I want it lived. I could not stop thinking about this. I began to understand that there were things I wanted changed. Things about myself; what I do with my time; 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 change it. You must be strong enough to change it! And so, I've decided, over the last few days, that I am going to change my story. I'm going to do the things that only I wish to do and I do not care what anyone else will think.

Just once I would like to see you clean out the refrigerator Mara. Unbelievable! You think you would have some freaking decency. Why do I always have to do it?! It's like you don't care. You simply don't care if we have people over and they look into our fridge! It's disgusting. Just *once* I would like to see you clean out the refrigerator. YOU'RE the one who spills the ice tea or the soda! YOU'RE the one that loves keeping food wrapped up until it becomes moldy!

Are you waiting for it to get up and walk itself out of the refrigerator? Are you? Really? Am I the only one responsible enough to take a minute out of my day and clean up once and awhile?

(pulling "items" out of the refrigerator)

Look at this stuff. Look at this! Macaroni and Cheese that has been in here three Macaroni and Cheeses ago! No wonder we don't have enough bowls and dishes! No wonder! Look at this Mara, a dish of left over chinese food that has all kinds of yellow, blue, green and white mold on it! Beautiful! That looks appetizing. Oh wait! What about this?! Look at this Mara, some left over chicken fingers from, God, must be six months ago at least.

(she smells the food and GAGS)

You have got to be kidding me, right? I am NOT cleaning it up this time. YOU CAN! You can clean it all up and wash out the refrigerator, actually, SCRUB the inside of the refrigerator from God only knows what else because I just had my nails done and I am NOT ruining them!

I Can't Win-DRAMA

In I Can't Win, Nella talks to her husband about the ongoing trouble with their daughter, based on the man she's currently dating.

NELLA: I'm tired of him! Who the hell does he think he is to insult me that way? I cannot believe it. I am the adult. How dare he? Where does he get the nerve to speak that way? I just don't know what to say. I'm at a loss for words here. I cannot believe our daughter is dating an animal like that. You know, I told her to stay away from Germans. Did she listen? Of course not. She does what she wants to do anyway. What's the point?

I never liked him from day one. Hey, I'm sorry, but it's how my mother raised me. She told me, "Nella, you stay away from those German boys. They are controlling and jealous". So, that's exactly what I did. I respected my mothers wishes. If my mother said jump in front of a train I would have, because I trusted her word. My daughter, completely different story altogether. She rebels, she rebels against what I want her to do. She forgets all that I do for her as a mother and as a friend. Sometimes I can't believe she was raised under this roof.

Whatever, I'm through with it, let them both do what they want. I don't care anymore. At least my other daughter listens to me. She's my pride and joy. Thank God for her. She keeps me sane. I never have to complain about that one. A perfect little angel.

There He Is-COMEDY

In There He Is, PETE talks about how annoying his co-worker Andrew is and how he is caught in a world of inner turmoil over it.

PETE: My co-worker is the most annoying guy in the world. I wish to God I wasn't so nice to him when I first started working at my new job. I should have wondered why he was so overly nice at the start. I thought it was just good manners but it was purely desperation. You see, the guy is a douchebag, alright? There, I said it. All the other co-workers round on him like he's diseased and now I'm stuck with him and don't know how to get rid of him. I don't mean to sound mean and I know I probably do but you don't understand.

For example, every morning when I get to the office, I go into the break room for my morning cup of coffee, this is my moment, the moment I take before dealing with my loser of a manager and all the other dipshits I have to smile at and report to. It's this one little coffee moment, by myself, in the quiet of my tortured life, that I work up all the strength and courage I need to walk down that pathetic hallway, to my desk. But noooo, I have fantastic *Andrew* popping in now because he knows, he knows I'm all alone, so he jumps at the opportunity to speak to me with his cheese breath, about whatever it is he did the night before, which is absolutely nothing all that interesting, whatsoever. (imitates Andrew) "I leveled up in my game man, I leveled up!" Who-cares-man?

It's gotten to the point where I'm getting short. I'm cutting off his sentences now and have a growing attitude in my voice when I respond to his stupid questions of absolutely no importance to mankind. You know the kind of questions that are just asked to keep a useless conversation going?? Those questions.

And now the poor loser flipped it on me because he looked at me in the break room this morning and with the saddest puppy dog eyes I have ever seen on a grown man, said, "You're starting to become just like them now..." and he sloped his arms over and walked out like a lonely cartoon and part of me was elated that he was finally starting to get the hint but...then the other part of me feels bad because I'm really the kind of guy who likes to be friendly with everyone and now he's guilting me hard.

It's just that he's over the top and I don't know how to get him to have a normal barometer on the whole co-work friend thing.

Please Forgive Me...DRAMA

In Please Forgive Me, JESSE talks to his girlfriend about how bad he feels over speaking to her so poorly.

JESSE: I didn't mean to make you feel insignificant. I feel so horrible about it that I would rather cut off my arm but it wouldn't even come close to how I feel about it all. I didn't mean to make you cry and get you upset. When I think of us, I think the world of you and I'd be nothing without you by my side. You give me the kind of strength that I need and the courage to do the things I do because you believe in me so much. I wouldn't have this confidence and I'd be filled with doubt...I wish I could hurt myself worse in some way because you were right, you stood by my side and didn't deserve to be spoken to that way.

I'm sorry babe, please forgive me...

Food On The Table-DRAMA

In the new play, Food On The Table, Chuck gets wrongfully accused of theft at his job and begs his superior to keep his job on behalf of his family.

CHUCK: The other times I left the work area was on account of my boy. There's always something going on with him and my girlfriend, she, without me...I have to be there for my family when they need me...I'm sorry, but that's the truth. If it means me losing my job than so be it, but what is a man supposed to do, Darla? How am I supposed to take care of my family?

I'm focused on my job, but when I got a frantic phone call the blood drained from me, and all I can see is my family...

It's my fault. I left the inventory unattended, but when your girlfriend calls you up crying in a panic on the phone because your child is injured, it's hard to think rationally while I'm in the thick of it, and I'm not the sharpest tool in the shed, I'm smart enough to recognize that fact and umm, I guess what I'm steering at is that I'm asking you to have some compassion for me, for my loved ones, some understanding cause I'm trying, I'm trying real hard and I feel lucky you've given me this chance...I feel blessed.

For the first time in a long time I feel like, I don't know, like I'm adding up to something, that I actually mean something to others. My, uh, my self-esteem, confidence...it goes a long way when you can put food on the table and uh, I plan on marrying Cassandra, I love her and I'm trying to save up for a ring...

This is all I got, please, give me one more chance...please...just one more shot and I swear I won't let you down, no matter what, Darla, no matter what...

Protective Shield -DRAMA

In this dramatic monologue Protective Shield, Rita talks to her friend about how she has a difficult time opening up to people she cares about.

RITA: I keep things in. Things. Emotions. My emotions...I know that that's probably not a good thing. Life has made me that way I guess. I have a tendency to show no emotion when I am feeling emotion.

I just have a hard time opening up to someone. I get closed off. I feel that by being emotional in front of someone, kind of makes me very vulnerable and weak and I have a hard time with that. You know, being in that state of vulnerability, it's not a place where I like to be because I feel like I'm not in control. When I'm not in control, I get anxiety.

Whenever I truly loved anybody and opened myself up to them, they have always stabbed me in the back. I have a hard time with that; trusting people. It can be anyone...friends, family, boyfriend. I'm not sure if I truly trust anyone in my life. It's sort of a protective shield I've put up and it only gets stronger with time.

I do desire to be more vulnerable but at the same time I desire to stay protected. I feel torn. Every time I do take a risk, I get hurt. Not sure if I should keep taking those risks.