

Audition Monologues – Male

Huck (From “The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn” by Mark Twain)

HUCK:

Miss Watson told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow, I couldn't make it work.

By and by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it.

I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork?

Why can't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole?

Why can't Miss Watson fat up?

No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was “spiritual gifts.” This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant—I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it.

I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it—except for the other people; so, at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it anymore, but just let it go.

Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory (Based on the book "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" by Roald Dahl)

SLUGWORTH:

I congratulate you, little boy.

Well done. You found the fifth Golden Ticket.

May I introduce myself: Arthur Slugworth, President of Slugworth Chocolates, Incorporated.

Now listen carefully, because I'm going to make you very rich, indeed.

Mr. Wonka is, at this moment, working on a fantastic invention:

The Everlasting Gobstopper.

If he succeeds, he'll ruin me.

So, all I want you to do is to get a hold of just one *Everlasting Gobstopper* and bring it to me so that I can find the secret formula.

Your reward will be ten thousand of these.

(He flips through a stack of money.)

Think it over, will you?

A new house for your family, and good food and comfort for the rest of their lives.

And don't forget the name: *Everlasting Gobstopper.*

Shrek the Musical (by David Lindsay-Abaire)

DONKEY:

Can I just say? That was incredible!

Man, they were trippin' over themselves to get away from you.

I liked that.

Say, you lost or something?

You're trying to figure out the best route to Duloc?

I know Duloc! You gotta let me show you the way, because I am like a GPS with fur!

C'mon, nobody's fine on their own. Not when you look like we do.

Man, this place is goin' Stepford!

We gotta join forces. Otherwise they're gonna lock me up. I cannot go back in a cage.

I don't know if I mentioned it but I did 6 years in solitary for impersonating a piñata.

Romeo and Juliet (by William Shakespeare)

ROMEO:

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Audition Monologues – Female

Alice In Wonderland (adapted from the book by Lewis Carroll)

ALICE:

Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice.

(Calling out.) I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going?

Hmmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not?

There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I- I will follow him.

Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! *(She falls.)*

How curious.

I never realised that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph!

After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house!

I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time? I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny that would be.

Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom.

I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

Shrek the Musical (by David Lindsay-Abaire)

FIONA:

Donkey, it's okay!

Shhh! Donkey, I am the princess. It's me – in this body.

No, I didn't eat the princess.

"By day one way, by night another – this shall be the norm until you find true loves first kiss, and then take loves true form."

No, Donkey it's not a poem it's a curse. I've had it since I was a girl.

A witch cast a spell on me. So now every night, when the sun goes down I become this . . . this horrible, ugly beast.

Donkey, if Lord Farquaad finds out I look like this, he'll never marry me.

I have to kiss my true love. The kiss is the only thing that will break the spell and make me beautiful.

Tell Shrek? No! He can't know!

And you can't tell him! No one must ever know!

Promise you won't tell.

Away (by Michael Gow)

MEG:

I saw the carton. I saw it in the hall.

I saw it. It was near the telephone table, wasn't it?

You saw it too, didn't you? You saw the box sitting there.

You must have. It was sitting next to your vanity case.

Everything else that was in the hall got packed in the car. You did see it.

You were the last one out. You're the one who shuts the door, after

you've made sure the stove's off and the fridge has been left open.

You saw the carton and you left it there on purpose. You left it behind.

And you knew what it was. You knew what was in it and you left it there.

Why did you do that?

Why would you do a thing like that?

I want to know why you did it.

Tell me why you deliberately left that box behind.

We have a game we play every year. We sneak presents home, we hide them, we wrap them up in secret even though we can hear the sticky tape tearing and the paper rustling; we hide them in the stuff we take away, we pretend not to see them until Christmas morning even when we know they're there and we know what's in them because we've already put in our orders so there's no waste or surprise.

And Dad always hides his in a pathetic place that's so obvious it's a joke and we all laugh at him behind his back but we play along!

You knew what was in that box. You left it behind. I want to know why.

What were you trying to do, what did you want to gain?

Did you want to have something we'd all have to be sorry for the whole holiday?

There's always something we do wrong that takes you weeks to forgive. You have to tell me.

Romeo and Juliet (by William Shakespeare)

JULIET:

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring.
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But oh, it presses to my celebration,
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishèd."