

AUDITION MONOLOGUES - FEMALE

From *August: Osage County* by Tracy Letts
Theatre Communications Group

VIOLET

I ever tell you the story of Raymond Qualls? Not much story to it. Boy I had a crush on when I was thirteen or so. Real rough-looking boy, beat up Levis, messy hair. Terrible under-bite. But he had these beautiful cowboy boots, shiny chocolate leather. He was so proud of those boots, you could tell, the way he'd strut around, all arms and elbows, puffed up and cocksure. I decided I needed to get a girly pair of those same boots and I knew he'd ask me to go steady, convinced myself of it. He'd see me in those boots and say, "Now there the gal for me." Found the boots in a window downtown and just went crazy: I'd stay up late in bed, rehearsing the conversation I was going to have with Raymond when he saw me in my boots. Must've asked Momma a hundred times if I could get those boots. "What do you want for Christmas, Vi?" "Momma, I'll give all of it up for those boots." Bargaining, you know? She started dropping hints about a package under the tree she had wrapped up, about the size of a boot box, real nice wrapping paper. "Now Vi, don't you cheat and look in there before Christmas morning." Little smile on her face. Christmas morning, I was up like a shot, boy under the tree, tearing open that box. There was a pair of boots, all right... men's work boots, holes in the toes, chewed up laces, caked in mud and dog poo. Lord, my Momma laughed for days. My Momma was a mean, nasty old woman. I suppose that's where I got it from.

From *Transit of Venus* by Maureen Hunter
Canada Playwrights Express

CELESTE

No. I don't do it, you see. I don't do any of it. I don't baste, I don't sew, I don't knit, I don't mend, I don't darn, I don't tat, I don't embroider and I do not do petti-point! I do, however, read. And because I can read, I can learn. Oh, I can't actually travel – you have the advantage of me there - but I can read about travel, I can dream about it, I can imagine what it's like. I've been everywhere with you. You don't know it, but I have. I know every inch of sea you've sailed, every island you've set foot on. I know how the rains come sweeping across the mountains of Ile de France, and how the island itself lies curled in the sea like an oyster. I know about the doldrums and trade winds and tides. Tides! Tides are so mysterious. We've known about them since the days of Alexander, yet there's so much we don't know. Why, for instance are there two high tides and two low tides every day in some places, and only one in others? Why the tides of Saint Malo rise almost ten meters and only a fraction of that on the islands you visited? They do; did you know that? I want to know why. I want to know everything there is to know before I die. This was your gift to me, you see? You pointed me at the sky and said, look! And when I looked, what did I see? Mirrors! Mirrors reflecting mirrors reflecting mirrors, on and on to infinity. So much to know, so much to learn, so much to wonder about. Once you begin to wonder, it's impossible, isn't it – inconceivable! – to abandon that sense of wonder for anything as straight-forward and mundane as a needle and a piece of thread.

From *Provenance* by Ronnie Burkett
Playwrights Canada Press

PITY

And just as I was about to give up, there was a miracle. There was a school play. See my high school had this drama teacher, Mr. Garfinkel, who apparently had studied at a lesser institution of higher learning in a suburb of Toronto that made him like this total theatre expert. He was always doing collectives and student-created work. That's just a step up from musicals and murder mysteries, I suppose, but, just the same, they were always so lame. But in his mind they were completely relevant to our teenage angst. Anyway, there was a play – or rather a student collective – called *Beautiful Voices*, a hodge-podge of melting-pot stories reflecting the diversity of teenage experience and the one-ness of our global village, blah blah blah. It was a series of monologues and choral chanting with yoga-base movement, and featured the usual cast of characters. Amy Tamblidge, this totally annoying born again “ho” with giant tits talking about her dreams for global peace, Randall Betrick ranting on about his parents' divorce again, Trey Fergusson and Amber Witherspoon in this embarrassing dialogue regarding teenage suicide without having the courtesy to actually perform it for us, Blaine Hawker confessing that he was gay – oh puh-leese, like that was news – and now were all supposed to like him even though he was just as annoying as before but out, and on and on and on, blah, blah, blah. But in the end, there he was. My miracle. A boy who had never dipped his toe into the cesspool of drama club before, but had been coerced into my group by Mr. Garfinkel because of his brooding intensity and sullen mystique. Which meant he was totally hot, in that damaged and dangerous kind of way.

From *Spring's Awakening* by Frank Wedekind
Applause

WENDLA

Why have you made my dress so long, Mother? If I'd known you were going to make my dress as long as that I'd rather have stayed thirteen. The little girl-dress suits me better than that old sack. Let me wear it a little longer, Mother! Just for the summer! This penitential robe will keep. Hold it till my next birthday. I'd only trip on it now! Who knows? Maybe I won't be around. Oh, Mother, please don't be sad! Such ideas come to me in the evening when I can't go to sleep. And I don't feel sad, either. I know I'll sleep all the better. Is it sinful to think of such things, Mother? Oh Mother, a girl doesn't get diphtheria in the back of her knees, why so fainthearted? You don't feel the cold at my age, 'specially not in the legs. And would it be any better if I was too hot, Mother? You can think yourself lucky if one fine morning your little precious doesn't cut her sleeves off or come home in the evening without shoes and stockings. When I wear my penitential robe I'll be dressed like the queen of the fairies underneath.... Don't scold, Mother darling. No one will ever see it!

From *Enigma Variations* by David Ives
Grove Press

FIFI

In the great dance of life, the possible positions are so many, the organs are so few. Some years ago, a scientist floated a man face down in a deep pool. The man in the pool wore a pair of special goggles that blanked out his vision into a field of pure and limitless white. After several hours the man began to hallucinate. He thought he was walking down a street in Paris. In a fictive café near the Eiffel Tower, he hallucinated a beautiful woman and immediately fell in love with her. I, Fifi LeBlanc, was that woman. But am I really Fifi LeBlanc, a former au pair – or am I Aphrodite, the eternal goddess of love? Or am I, as I have begun to suspect, Franklin Spong, a gym teacher from Kankakee, wearing a dress? And how does this affect my health insurance? The need for meaning! The search for answers! The great question! Class, what is the question? Help!?! Correct! Everybody in the pool!

From *Moon People* by Aviva Ravel,
Playwrights Canada Press

HARRIET

About a year ago, I go so low, lyin' in the gutter completely messed up. My Mom said I could only go up 'cause I was as low as you can get. The only worse you can get is dead. All'f sudden, I didn't want to die. I mean stuck down in the earth, and never see my crazy squirrels, and the Moon-People or hear my music. Anyhow, I told my Mom I gotta know who my mother is. She looked so upset; I patted her on the bum and said *she* was my real mother. I only meant the woman who gave birth to me 'cause not knowing was makin' me nervous. So she said she'd help me find you. She wrote a million letters, went to hospitals, and talked to the Agency people all over the place. It was like being a detective but much harder, 'cause no one wants to tell you nothin'. Anyhow, she found you so here I am. She wanted to come with me. She thought it'd be hard for me to do it alone. But I said I gotta do it myself. She gave me lots of money for the train ticket and the hotel – we live about 600 miles away. She ain't scared I'll leave her and go to you. She says she only wants me to be happy. That's love, you know. When you don't care about yourself, just the other person. (*Pause*) Ah, she ain't so special. She's got big ears she hides with her hair. She's a little fat and always goin' on a diet, then eats chocolate and gets fat again. She ain't so pretty, but she smiles with her eyes. Yeah, they sure care about me. Must be my terrific personality.

From *As Long as Life Lasts* by Claudette Alexander-Thomason
Applause

YOUNG GIRL

Please Lord. Just help me get back to her. If you do this one thing for me, I ain't never gonna smoke or sneak no more Jack Daniels. Please, Lord. (*Looks around and spies the audience*) Stop invading my prayers. They are private you know. Well, if you just have to be nosy, I'll tell you what I'm praying about. Promise me you're gonna be quiet and listen 'cause if my stepmother has a notion I'm here, she'll have my as- 'cuse me –behind back home so quick, I'll see more stars than when I drink a whole bottle of JD. No, I ain't no drunk. I only drink when I'm alone with my dreams and my wishes and my mother. (*Laughs*) I guess you're confused right about now. (*She opens her satchel and presents a large picture of a woman.*) This is my mother. Ain't she gorgeous? My stepmother on the other hand is a dog's dog – in more ways than one. My Grandma says she have to tie a chicken bone 'round her neck for dogs to play with her. I don't know what she tied around her neck for my Daddy to play with, if she tied anything at all. I'm going home to see her - my real mother, that is if she still want me or remembers me. (*In a conspiratorial whisper*) I haven't seen her in nine years - well, ever since I came to live with my Daddy. He never lets me write her or call her or nothing. Always saying, "You ain't gonna be nothing." "You just like your Momma, you little tramp." What kind of way is that to talk to a child, your own daughter? That's what my Grandma used to ask him.

From *Surface Tension* by Elyne Quan
Playwrights Canada Press

WOMAN

(*Sighs*) I've always wanted to be taller. I've wanted to be taller and... different. Sometimes blond. That would be something. I clearly remember that in grade one I wished I had blond curly hair so I could wear pale blue ribbons in it and be *really* cute. Not just kind of cute, but really cute. I was walking home for lunch. The sun was out and it was a beautiful day. I was looking down at the ground at my silhouette - specifically my head – and I remember wishing I had curly blond hair. I would be noticed. Pale blue ribbons and pigtails. And a matching dress, frilly but not too frilly. And matching little blue shoes with white patent bows on them. Shoes can make or break an outfit, you know. Well as hard as I wished I never became blond. Go figure. And dye jobs in the early eighties weren't the science they are now. Curly blond hair for a little Chinese girl was bit far-fetched so I did the best I could. Perms! So I could actually have curly pigtails if I wanted them. Of course I was older by now so pigtails were out of the question. (*Takes out a photo and presents it to the audience.*) Parted down the middle and curly and away from my face. Like the girl in Aha's "Take On Me" video. Yeah. So I had bad hair all the way through my formative years. But hair isn't everything.