

The Chicago Academy for the Arts

Theatre and Musical Theatre Department Audition Monologues

Molly in **PETER AND THE STARCATCHER** by Rick Elice (actor of any race)

You stop that right now. I won't answer any such question. You're inclining toward the sentimental and that's all well and good for a boy, but the fact is we girls can't afford to be sentimental. We must instead be strong. And when I marry, my husband will have to – Not you, you swot! Uch, the ego. (*Starts again*) And when I marry, I shall make it very clear to this person – that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if should leave, I'll stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at the hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like "hyacinth" and "Piccadilly" and "onyx." And I'll have a good old dog, and think what I like, and be a different sort of family, with friends, you know? – who understand that things are only worth what you're willing to give up for them.

Alejandro in **SOMEWHERE** by Matthew Lopez (Latinx actor)

Let's get outta here!
I mean, forever. Let's get out of this city.
Let's go explore the world, like Pop does!

I get it now. I get why he left.
They came here so full of dreams.
And look what it got them. This city beat him down, made him a dishwasher instead of the star he thought he deserved to be.
"Dream smaller," they told him.
Dream smaller until you can't see your dreams anymore.
Until they're so small they slip through your fingers.
That's what this city does to a man with dreams.

When I was a kid, I used to think that all the fire escapes in this city were connected, that if I crawled onto this fire escape, I could swing from building to building until the city had ended and I was free!
I wanna do that, Cisco! I wanna run up this fire escape and swing to the next one and not stop until I see trees. And grass. And wide open spaces.

BENEATHA from ***A Raisin in the Sun*** by Lorraine Hansberry (Black actor)

When I was very small...we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day...and it was very dangerous you know...far too steep...and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk...and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us...and I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and they sewed it all up...and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face...I never got over that...

That was what one person could do for another, fix him up--sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world...I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world that human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know--and make them whole again. This was truly being God...

JASMINE from ***Pipeline*** by Dominique Morisseau (actor of Color)

Did you ever like me, miss? When I'd come over, you hardly ever really...it's like you was polite but not nice. I know the difference. I'm not trying to grill you or nothin'. I was always just curious. Like it I did something wrong I didn't know about. Sat in your favorite chair once or drank the last of some juice I didn't know was near empty. Like if it was some action of mine or just my presence alone. I would understand either way. I just always wondered.

Yeah, you don't dislike me, but you don't like me either, right? I mean, "I don't dislike you"...that's like passive-aggressive, sorta. It's not committing to loving or hating. It's almost worse. Like indifferent.

Ms. Joseph, I know you think maybe I'm not good enough for your son. My parents think nobody's good enough for me. I get it. Nobody's good enough for nobody. But me and Omari—we got something real, and even if you think I'm worthless, I'm still gonna love him.

EUGENE in ***Brighton Beach Memoirs*** by Neil Simon (actor of any race)

Let me explain Aunt Blanche's situation . . . You see, her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from . . . (He looks around.) . . . this thing . . . They never say the word. They always whisper it. It was- (He whispers)- Cancer! . . . I think they're afraid if they said it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID THE DREAD DISEASE! -(He points finger down.) JUST FOR THAT, I SMITE YOU DOWN WITH IT!!" . . . There are some things that grown-ups just won't discuss . . . For example, my grandfather. He died from (He whispers)-Diphtheria! . . . Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. And she couldn't support herself because she has (He whispers.) Asthma . . . So my big-hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. My father thought it would just be temporary but it's been three and a half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blanche's situation, my father is developing — (He whispers.)— High blood pressure!

NORA in ***Brighton Beach Memoirs*** by Neil Simon (actor of any race)

I can't believe it. You mean it's alright for you to leave us but it wasn't alright for me to leave you? It was my future. Why couldn't I have something to say about it? I need to be independent. So I have to give up the one chance I may never get again, is that it? I'm the one who has to pay for what you couldn't do with your own life. I'm not judging 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 Laurie...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 and crippled and then once, maybe just once, I'd get to crawl into 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...

CORY in ***Fences*** by August Wilson (Black actor)

I got to get by.

You in my way. I got to get by.

Come on, Pop. I got to get by.

I live here too!

I'm walking by you to go into the house cause you sitting on the steps drunk, singing to yourself.

I aint got to say excuse me to you. You don't count around here no more.

That's right. You always talking about this dumb stuff. Now why don't you get out of my way.

You talking about what you did for me...what'd you ever give me?

You never gave me nothing. You aint done nothing but hold me back. Afraid I was going to be better than you. All you ever did was try and make me scared of you. I used to tremble every time you called my name. Every time I heard your footsteps in the house. Wondering all the time...what's Papa gonna say if I do this? ...What's he gonna say if I do that? ...What's Papa gonna say if I turn on the radio? And Mama, too...she tries...but she's scared of you.

I don't know how she stand you...after what you did to her.

What you gonna do...give me a whupping? You can't whup me no more. You're too old. You're just an old man.

You crazy! you know that?

I aint going nowhere! Come on...Put me out! I aint scared of you.

Come on!

MARISOL from *Marisol* by Jose Rivera (Latinx actor)

No? Then what is it? Are you real or not? 'Cause if you're real and God is real and the Gospels are real, this would be the perfect time to tell me. 'Cause I once looked for angels, I did, in every shadow of my childhood—but I never found any. I thought I'd find you hiding inside the notes I sang to myself as a kid. The songs that put me to sleep and kept me from killing myself with fear. But I didn't see you then. C'mon! Somebody up there has to tell me why I live the way I do! What's going on here, anyway? Why is there a war on children in this city? Why are apples extinct? Why are they planning to drop human insecticide on overpopulated areas of the Bronx? Why has the color blue disappeared from the sky? Why does common rainwater turn your skin bright red? Why do cows give salty milk? Why did the Plague kill half my friends? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MOON? Where did the moon go? How come nobody's seen it in nearly nine months . . . ?

KIRSTEN in *The Less Than Human Club* by Timothy Mason (actor of any race)

My dad was so nervous tonight, you'd think he was the one going on a. To a dance. And a little proud, too, I think, you know? But mostly just nervous. He felt better when he met you, I could tell. Did he give you the old third degree while I was upstairs?

I think my dad's a lot more like Thumper's dad than Bambi's dad. Of course Bambi's dad was a great big stag and the king of the forest and my dad's a lot more like an old rabbit. Bambi's mom died around the same time mine did. I mean, that's about when I saw the movie, right around the time my mom died, and we both missed our mom's terribly. I think of all the things I should have said to her but didn't. I guess that's why you mourn. Then you go on. Like Bambi did. I think my dad was afraid I was going to get all twitterpated tonight and that's why he was so nervous.

When I talk to myself I sound interesting but when I say things out loud I don't. And that's a real problem because what you say out loud is important, it's like a bridge, and if you don't have it you're all alone. So whatever you've got to say, Davis, whoever you've got to say it to, you'd better say it.

I would like to go to the restroom now.

EMILY from *Our Town* by Thornton Wilder (actor of any race)

EMILY WEBB— (to George) I'm not mad at you. But, since you ask me, I might as well say it right out, George - I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings, but I've just got to tell the truth and shame the devil. Up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while you did everything - because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. And you never stopped to speak to anyone anymore. Not even to your own family, you didn't. And George, it's a fact - ever since you've been elected Captain, you've got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. They may

not say so to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it, but I've got to agree with them a little. I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be. Well, my father is. And as far as I can see, your father is. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be too.

GEORGE from ***Our Town*** by Thornton Wilder (actor of any race)

Emily, I'm glad you spoke to me about that---that fault in my character. What you said was right; but there was one thing wrong with it. That's where you said that I wasn't noticing--- people---and you for instance---why, you say, you were watchin' me when I did everything---Why I was doin' the same about you all the time. Why sure---I always thought about you as one of the chief people I thought about. I always made sure where you were sitting on the bleachers, and who you were with, and for three days now I've tried to walk home with you, but something always got in the way. Yesterday, I was standing over by the wall waiting for you and you walked home with Miss Corcoran. Listen, Emily, I'm going to tell you why I'm not going to Agricultural School. I think once you've found a person you're very fond of---I mean a person who's fond of you, too, and likes you well enough to be interested in your character---Well, I think that is just as important as college is, even more so. That's what I think.

RAYLYNN from ***Blood at the Root*** by Dominique Morisseau (Black actor)

You know what today is? Today a hot as hell day at school. Today the day my 10-page paper in Miss Lawson's class is due and I over-wrote and have eleven. My brother say I'm the only person he know do MO homework than I'm given. Today different. Today got a weight to it. Today makes three years since my mama passed. Today I woke up to the sound of my daddy cryin' even though he pretended like he wunn't. Today I ate extra flapjacks just so I wouldn't waste no food cuz mama used to hate that. Today gonna mean somethin' different, y'heard. Today can't be like no other day. Today gotta count for somethin'.

You got to live life on the edge. That's what mama used to say. Used to. Break a rule or ten so you remember ain't nothin' more powerful than your own will. People with no will apathetic. That's what she say. Apathy. Aint nothin worse than it. Sittin back and suckin up air and not participatin in the world around you—aint nothin mo selfish than that. I'm gon participate. Got to.

Today is hotter than the devil's ass. Today is the first day of Autumn Equinox. Today the trees is all full of color. Today a day fo'change. Today I'm gon break a rule. Or ten. To stamp out apathy.

Today I'm announcing my decision to run for Class President. Rule break number one.

COLIN from ***Blood at the Root*** by Dominique Morisseau (Black actor)

It was like something out of a Civil Rights documentary. Like the kind they be showin' in class. And most of the folks be fallin' half asleep. Seen this one kid in 3rd period start droolin' on the desk when we was watchin' this one—Eyes on the Prize it called. Real interestin' to me, but guessin' not to most everybody else. I interested cuz it's nice to know what done happened

before I showed up somewhere. Nice to know how things used to be and that things as they is now come from somethin'. It all got roots. Way somebody choose not sit next to somebody in the lunchroom—got roots. Way somebody got problems with the flag somebody else wear on they t-shirt—got roots. Way some people talk the way they talk, or hang out with who they hang out with, or love who they love, or hate who they hate—all got roots. It feel halfway comfortin' knowin' it ain't just start with us. That it been this way. That someone's been plantin these awful feelings in the soil somewhere. Long before we came along and started pullin up crops. We been digestin' this same stuff, grown in this same soil, and ain't even know it. So I like seein' stuff like that Eyes on the Prize...documentaries on the Civil Rights Movement. When that happened today at school...when those students went and stood under that great oak tree...Ol' Devoted they call it...Look like some kinda protest.

Look like somethin' like from another time. From a Civil Rights Time. And it got me thinkin' ...what kinda crop is the folks after us gonna dig up? Is it still gonna be from this same ol' soil? Or is we ever gonna plant somethin' new?