Dramatic Monologues for Auditions

Male Identifying Monologues

The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams

Tom: What do you think I’m at? Aren’t I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? You think I’m crazy about the warehouse? You think I’m in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that celotex interior? With flourescent tubes? Look! I’d rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains than go back mornings. But I go. For sixty five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self- self’s all I ever think of. Why listen, if self is what I thought of Mother, I’d be where he is, GONE!

I’m going to the movies! I’m going to opium dens, yes, opium dens, Mother. I’ve joined the Hogan Gang, I’m a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun in a violin case. I run a string of cat houses in the Valley. They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield. I’m leading a double life: a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night, a dynamic czar of the underworld, Mother. On occasion they call me El Diablo.

Oh I could tell you many things to make you sleepless. My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They’re going to blow us all sky high some night. I’ll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You’ll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentleman callers. You ugly, babbling old witch....

I Hate Hamlet, Paul Rudnick

Last night, right from the start, I knew I was bombing. I sounded big and phony, real thee and thou, and then I started rushing it: “Hi, what’s new Denmark?” I just could not connect. I couldn’t get a hold of it. And while I’m.. .babbling, I look out, and there’s this guy in the second row, a kid, like 16, obviously dragged there. And he’s yawning and he’s jiggling his legs and reading his program, and I just wanted to say, “Hey, kid, I’m with you, I can’t stand this either!” But I couldn’t do that, so I just kept feeling worse and worse, just drowning. And I thought, okay,all my questions are answered — I’m not Hamlet, I’m no actor, what am I doing here? And then I get to the soliloquy, the big job, I’m right in the headlights, and I just thought, oh Christ, the hell with it, just do it!To be or not to be, that is the question;Whether ‘tis nobler in the mind to sufferThe slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,Or to take arms against a sea of troublesAnd by opposing, end them.And I kept going, I finished the speech, and I look out, and there’s the kid — and he’s listening. The whole audience-- complete silence, total focus. And I was Hamlet. And it lasted about ten more seconds, and then I was back in Hell. And stayed there. But for that one little bit, for that one speech — I got it. I had it. Hamlet. And only eight thousand lines left to go.

The Outsiders Adapted by Christopher Sergel From the book by S.E. Hinton

Ponyboy: Mr. Syme – this is Ponyboy. I didn’t realize it was so late. I forgot. I’m calling about the theme assignment for English. How long can it be? (Repeating what he hears.) Not less than five pages. But can it be longer? Longer than five pages? (Repeating.) As long as I want. (His problem. Apologetically.) It’s all in my head – if I can sort it out. First I have to sort it out. (Listens. Then nods in agreement.) As soon as I get it together. No later than that. Thanks, Mr. Syme. (As he hangs up, he’s already trying to handle this.) The place to begin – I’d gone to a movie. When I stepped out into the bright sunlight from the darkness of that movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home. I wish I looked like Paul Newman. He looks tough and I don’t. The other thing – it’s a long walk home with no company. But I usually lone it anyway. I like to watch movies undisturbed so I can get into them and live with the actors. I’m different that way. I mean my second oldest brother, Soda, never cracks a boot at all, and my oldest brother, Darry, works too hard to be interested in a story or drawing a picture – so I’m not like them. And nobody in our gang digs movies and books the way I do. So I lone it.

Female Identifying Monologues

Nuts,

When I was a little girl, I used to say to her, I love you to the moon and down again, and around the world and back again; and she used to say to me, I love you to the sun and down again, and around the stars and back agian. Do you remember, Mama? And I used to think, wow, I love Mama and Mama loves me, and what can go wrong? What went wrong, Mama? I love you and you love me, and what went wrong? You see, I know she loves me, and I know I love her, and- so what? So what? She's over there, and I'm over here, and she hates me because of things I've done to her, and I hate her because of things she's done to me. You stand up there asking, do you love you daughter, and they say "yes", and you think you've asked something real, and they think they've said something real. You think because you throw the word love around like a frisbee that we're all going to get warm and runny. No. Something happens to some people. They love you so much, they stop noticing you're there, because they're so busy loving you. They love you so much, their love is a gun, and they fire it straight into your head. They love you so much you go right into the hospital. Yes, I know my mother loves me. Mama, I know you love me. And I know the one thing you learn when you grow up is that love is not enough. It's too much, and it's not enough.

None of the Above By Jenny Lyn Bader

Jamie: It wasn’t me who broke the vase! OK? I didn’t do it! I didn’t break the vase. Someone else broke it and I took the blame. So please stop trying to fit me into your little theory of entitlement. Because I do not go smashing up precious antiques; that is not my idea of a fun time. I have never broken anything in my life. It was my boyfriend! Roger Auerbach. And I knew if I told them that he broke it they would make it a rule for me not to see him and it would be really tricky to violate that because they are like really good friends with the Auerbachs. And I thought I loved him. So I told them I broke it. That’s when they came up with the unique punishment of no allowance for thirteen years. …He left me the following week for Sheila Martin. The nonentity who called the other day. The new girl in school. At this point everyone has been at Billington since nursery school and we usually don’t take new people after seventh grade? So to have a new girl junior year is like a revelation. All of the men just melted. Also, she’s richer than Donald Trump, and she buys him presents, which of course I had to stop doing when my funding was cut off. I have to discuss every potential purchase I make with my mother. So this cramps my style a little bit.