

M Manhattan
School of Music

MUSICAL
THEATRE
AUDITION
MONOLOGUES

Many of these mongologues, including additional suggested monologues, will need to be condensed to one minute in length.

All monologues may be performed by any person regardless of race, ethnicity, or gender expression.

MONOLOGUE LIST

David — from “Torch Song” by Harvey Fierstein

Jim (Gentleman Caller) — from “The Glass Menagerie” by Tennessee Williams

Cornelius — from “The Matchmaker” by Thornton Wilder

Hope — from “Almost, Maine” by John Cariani

Mary — from “The Red Coat” by John Patrick Shanley

Suzanne — from “Picasso At The Lapine Agile” by Steve Martin

Nora #1 — from “Brighton Beach Memoirs” by Neil Simon

Nora #2 — from “Brighton Beach Memoirs” by Neil Simon

Narda — from “Not Just Yet” by John Cariani (unpublished)

Joey — from “The Story of Stacey” by John Cariani (unpublished)

Hunter — from “Opioid Heart” by John Cariani (unpublished)

“TORCH SONG” BY HARVEY FIERSTEIN

David

Shut up and let me finish. I stay with you because I want to. I like living with you. I even like the way you mother me. You make me feel like I've got a home and a bunch of other mushy crap we don't need to get into here. But you can be a real shithead. I'm telling you now - I'm gone if you try to use me as an excuse for sitting home alone or picking a fight with Ed or your mother. You do what you gotta do. I ain't judgin'. But don't blame anybody but yourself, if you get my drift. You get my drift? I come down too heavy? Still want me to stay? All right. Now we're dancin'.

“THE GLASS MENAGERIE” BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Jim (The Gentleman Caller)

I'm glad to see you have a sense of humor. You know – you're – different than anybody else I know? Do you mind me telling you that? I mean it. You make me feel sort of – I don't know how to say it! I'm usually pretty good at expressing things, but – this is something I don't know how to say! Did anybody ever tell you that you were pretty? Well, you are! And in a different way from anyone else. And all the nicer because of the difference. Oh, boy, I wish that you were my sister. I'd teach you to have confidence in yourself. Being different is nothing to be ashamed of. Because other people aren't such wonderful people. They're a hundred times one thousand. You're one times one! They walk all over the earth. You just stay here. They're as common as – weeds, but – you, well you're a rose! It's right for you! – You're pretty! You're pretty in all respects – your eyes – your hair. Your hands are pretty! You think I'm saying this because I'm invited to dinner and have to be nice. Oh, I could do that! I could say lots of things without being sincere. But I'm talking to you sincerely. I happened to notice you had this inferiority complex that keeps you from feeling comfortable with people. Somebody ought to build your confidence up – way up! And make you proud instead of shy and turning away and – blushing – . Somebody – ought to – somebody ought to – kiss you Laura!

“THE MATCHMAKER” BY THORNTON WILDER

Cornelius

Isn't the world full of wonderful things? There we sit cooped up in Yonkers years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs. Malloy are walking around in New York and we don't know them at all. I don't know whether—from where you're sitting—you can see—well, for instance, the way her eye and forehead and cheek come together, up here. Can you? And the kind of fireworks that shoot out of her eyes all the time. I tell you right now: a fine woman is the greatest work of God. You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids; they aren't in it at all. Of course, up there at Yonkers they came into the store all the time and bought this and that, and I said, “Yes, Ma'am” and “That'll be seventy-five cents, ma'am”; and I watched them. But today I've talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal, and to the finest one that ever existed in my opinion. They're so different from men. Why, everything that they say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. Golly, they're different from men. And they're awfully mysterious too. You never can be really sure what's going on in their heads. They have a kind of wall around them all the time—of pride, and a sort of play acting; I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without every being really sure whether she liked you or not. This minute I'm in danger. I'm in danger of losing my job and my future and everything that people think is important but I don't care. Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch-digger who once had a wonderful day.

“ALMOST, MAINE” BY JOHN CARIANI

Hope

I know this isn't going to be very easy, but I was just out there all alone in the world, and I got so scared, because all I could think about was how I had no place in this world, but then I just outta nowhere realized that there was one place in this world that I did have, and that was with you, so I flew and I took a taxi to get to you, I just had to come see you. (Finally really looking at him.) Thank God you're – ... (The man is not who she thought he'd be.) Oh – ... Wait – ... I'm sorry. You're not – ... I'm – ... I'm so sorry – ... Does Daniel Harding live here? I'm looking for Daniel Harding. He lives here. I thought. But Ooooh ... he doesn't, does he? Oooh. I am so sorry. (The woman gathers her bags, preparing to leave.) I'm so embarrassed. “Who is this woman and what is she doing here?” (Beat.) I just honestly thought he'd be here. I always thought he'd be here. Always. (Beat.) Do you know him? Big guy, big tall guy. Played basketball, all-Eastern Maine, center? Strong. Do you know him? Played hockey, too? Oh, don't even answer that. That was –. I know that's a horrible question to ask a person who lives in a small town, as if everybody in small towns knows everybody else, agh!, can't believe I asked that. I don't live here anymore, but when I did, I hated it when people assumed I knew everybody in town just because it was small. It was worse than when they'd ask if we had “... plumbing way up there?” ‘ cause, you know, people in small towns really don't know each other any better than in big towns, you know that? I mean, you know who you know, and you don't know who you don't know, just like anywhere else. (Beat.) I'm so sorry to have bothered you.

“THE RED COAT” BY JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY

Mary

That's funny how you feel about my coat. The red one. No one knows how I feel about that coat. I have really special feelings for that coat. I feel like it's part of me...like it stands for something... my childhood...something like that. If you understood about my red coat...that red coat is like all the good things about when I was a kid...it's like I still have all the good kid things when I'm in that red coat...it's like being grown up and having your childhood too. You know what it's like? It's like being in one of those movies where you're safe, even when you're in an adventure. Do you know what I mean? Sometimes, in a movie the hero's doin' all this stuff that's dangerous, but you know because the kind of movie it is, that he's not gonna get hurt. Bein' in that red coat is like that...like bein' safe in an adventure. It seems silly but I've always wanted someone to understand some things and that was one of them...the red coat. I don't know. I don't know. I don't know about tomorrow...but right this minute I...love you. I didn't know two people could understand some things... share some things. Only a few minutes ago we were alone. I feel like I could tell you anything. Isn't that crazy?

“PICASSO AT THE LAPINE AGILE” BY STEVE MARTIN

Suzanne

Oh, one other thing. Just before he left, he went to the window and reached down on the sill and, like lightning, grabbed a pigeon. Then he held it in one hand and turned it upside down, and he soothed it and talked to it, and the pigeon fell asleep. Like it was hypnotized. Then he held his hand out the window and dropped the pigeon. And it just fell two stories upside down, straight down, like a stone. Then just seconds before it would have hit the ground, the pigeon turned itself over and started flapping like mad, and it took off flying, straight up past us, above the buildings and just away into the night. Then Picasso turned to me and said, “That’s like me.” And he was gone. Could I have a refill?

“BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS” BY NEIL SIMON

Nora: No. 1

Oh, God, I wish Daddy were alive. Oh, God, he was so handsome. Always dressed so dapper, his shoes always shined. I always thought he should have been a movie star...like Gary Cooper...only very short. Mostly I remember his pockets. When I was six or seven he always brought me home a little surprise. Like a Hershey or a top. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to the closet and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and movie stubs and nickels and pennies and rubber bands and paper clips and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the winter time. Then I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry-cleaned and it felt cold...And that's when I knew he was really dead. Oh God, I wish we had our own place to live. I hate being a boarder. Listen, let's make a pact...The first one who makes enough money promises not to spend any on herself, but saves it all to get a house for you and me and Mom. That means every penny we get from now on, we save for the house...We can't buy anything. No lipstick or magazines or nail polish or bubble gum. Nothing...Is it a pact?

“BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS” BY NEIL SIMON

Nora: No. 2

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...

“NOT JUST YET” BY JOHN CARIANI

Narda

You're Jerry? Really. Well, hello Jerry. How you doin' Jerry? Nope. Nope. Not expecting anyone else, I'm not with anyone, I'm just out on my own, by my lonesome: Just me, and I need you to know: That does not give you license, okay, Jerry? I'm single, but I'm not lookin', okay? So...if you're trying to score, well, can I tell you something, Jerry?: Now's not a great time, because I'm healing. I've got a little bit of healing to do—not a good time, because I just lost in love recently, yeah, so there's a lot goin' on here, yeah, so if you want... you know...whatever it is that you guys want when you approach girls like this, then you'd better just give me a little space, because Chuck is gone and I'm not over him and you should know: He was a lot to measure up to. Big shoes to fill. Are you ready for that Jerry? Are you? 'Cause Chuck was fun. Are you fun Jerry? Cause Chuck was. One of a kind, Jerry. We had fun. On our date. And... yeah, it was only one date, but it was an auspicious beginning, you know, there was promise and magic, and I knew he was the one, you know, and before I even had the chance to tell him that he was the one, he decided that he liked meeting me but that meeting was as far as we'd get...so...that's where I am, Jerry. Grieving. So, it might be better if you just—...huh? What—Oh, you're gonna be my server for the evening? Oh, well, great. Um...I'll just have some water to start. Thanks. Yeah.

“THE STORY OF STACEY” BY JOHN CARIANI

Joey

I am doin' really good. Really good. Good. Good. Business is really—you know I took over for my dad—goin' really good. We've expanded—do rugs now. Shampoo 'em and stuff. I had to decide recently—there was a rug cleaning professionals' expo in town and I had to decide when we were upgrading our equipment line weather to go with the Rug Doctor or Hoover or the Bissell or the Shark, and I did a test run on my rugs with the new, Rug Doctor, and it was—it was bad, no fault of the machine, just me bein' dumb—you gotta read the directions, and I didn't, thought I knew, you know how you think you know and you don't sometimes?—yeah, well, turns out I didn't know, and I put twice as much shampoo as you need on there, on the rugs—thought it was two capfuls and it was one—so now there's foam and suds embedded in my carpets, and that stuff ruins your fibers in your carpets, and now I gotta do some rinsing treatments, cause that stuff's carcinogenic, did you know that?, so you know what?, you might not wanna come over later on cause you might get cancer if you do, which would just be awful, cause that's what a carcinogen is— causes...cancer, so might not be so good if you come over...but maybe if you wanna we could go somewhere else and have some fun?

“OPIOID HEART” BY JOHN CARIANI

Hunter

Oh, geez, LeeAnn, my Dad's dead. Yeah. Oh, no, it's okay, it's okay, how could you know? You been away, you can't know everything. It was tough. Um, he was, um, huntin', down near Jackman...huntin' bear, a couple of years ago, and he had to...take a leak, while he was out huntin',...and he just used what was available to him, and bein' that they were out there in the woods, he used a big scotch pine shrub, that happened to be right there, and the pine was on the edge of a blueberry tract, as I understand—this was all told to me second hand, of course, I wasn't there—and, to keep the black bears out, they have those electrical fences, the barbed-wire ones, yeah?, and he couldn't see the fence, it ran through the scotch pine, he should've known, and he inadvertently peed a bit on the fence, and, well, pee is a conductant, of course, of electricity, of course— it's a lotta water and salt—and it just got him. The electricity got him, in the way that if you prick you finger with a needle just right, it can create a series of reactions in your nervous system that can make your heart stop, and that's what happened...just, the right zap...stopped his heart...so I'm told...and so, that's been tough...

ADDITIONAL SUGGESTED MONOLOGUES

Eugene from “Brighton Beach Memoirs” by Neil Simon (“..if my mother knew I was writing all this down.....end at ‘high blood pressure.’)

Eugene from “Biloxi Blues” by Neil Simon

Jay from ”Lost in Yonkers” by Neil Simon (“Don’t do it Arty...”)

Pharus from “Choir Boy” by Tarell Alvin McCraney

Emily and George from “Our Town” By Thornton Wilder

Chis from “All My Sons” by Arthur Miller (dry socks monologue)

Happy/Biff from “Death of A Salesman” by Arthur Miller

Joe from “Golden Boy” by Clifford Odets (“Can I tell ya something?”)

Echo from “Eleemosynary” by Lee Blessing (“Gluch” monologue)

Otto from “ The Food Chain” by Nicky Silver (“Did you know I have a neurotic fear of being upside down?”)

Sebastian from “Raised In Captivity” by Nicky Silver (“Mr. Giggles..)

Richard from “Ah! Wilderness” by Eugene O’Neil (“must be nearly nine.....”)

Hope, Dave, Glory, Gayle, Shelly, Deena, Chad from “Almost Maine” by John Cariani

Jill, Liz, Abbie, Andy from “Love/Sick” by John Cariani

