

VCASS THEATRE ARTS MONOLOGUE LIST

Please choose one of the following monologues for the first acting piece of your audition. Please take into account what the character wants, who they are, and the wider world of the play (given circumstances).

List of Monologues to choose from;

1. JUNHEE – YOU FOR ME FOR YOU by Mia Chungng
2. IRENA – THE THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekov
3. MICHELLE – CRYING IN H MART by Michelle Zauner
4. ADELE – BROTHERS WRECK by Jade Alberts
5. JUDY – WOMEN OF MANHATTAN by John Patrick Shanley
6. ERIC – THE INHERITANCE by Matthew Lopez
7. THE FACT CHECKER – GOODBYE CHARLES by Gabriel Davis
8. FREDDY – CROOKED PARTS by Azure D. Osbourne-Lee
9. PORTIA – JULIUS CAESAR; Act 2 Scene 1.
10. LAUNCE – TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; Act 4 Scene 4.

1. JUNHEE – YOU FOR ME FOR YOU by Mia Chungng

JUNHEE

I can't seem to make the simplest decisions. I usually bring my lunch, but a friend wanted to go out, and I want to be relaxed and engaged and approachable. But then the menu came and I couldn't decide what to order. No fish or 'specials' on Mondays cuz that's what didn't sell over the weekend. If I'm out, should I really be ordering something I could cook myself? Burnt food and potato chips are carcinogenic; not all antioxidants are created equal; I think I've caught the gluten allergy; sugar is suicide with a spoon! The New York Times told me that rice contains arsenic – even brown rice! – could that possibly be true? In the end, I got a few pieces of kale and a lentil soup and spent the rest of the day hungry. I think I'm afraid of food!

I'm learning to stay positive, don't be judge-y, step back and let go.

I take deep breaths, read Ralph Waldo Emerson on my breaks. I've tried four different kinds of yoga, splurged on a massage, signed up for meditation class. But then each thing stops working. I think I have yoga immunity! I'm always looking for the next thing. I feel empty and sad and unhappy. And then I get unhappy that I'm unhappy.

2. IRENA - THE THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekov

IRENA

Tell me, why is it I'm so happy today? Just as if I were sailing along in a boat with big white sails, and above me the wide, blue sky, and in the sky great white birds floating around? You know, when I woke up this morning, and after I'd got up and washed, I suddenly felt as if everything in the world had become clear to me, and I knew the way I ought to live. I know it all now, my dear Ivan Romanych. Man must work by the sweat of his brow whatever his class, and that should make up the whole meaning and purpose of his life and happiness and contentment. Oh, how good it must be to be a workman, getting up with the sun and breaking stones by the roadside - or a shepherd - or a school master teaching the children - or an engine-driver on the railway. Good Heavens! It's better to be a mere ox or horse, and work, than the sort of young woman who wakes up at twelve, and drinks her coffee in bed, and then takes two hours dressing... How dreadful! You know how you long for a cool drink in hot weather? Well, that's the way I long for work. And if I don't get up early from now on and really work, you can refuse to be friends with me anymore, Ivan Romanych.

3. MICHELLE - CRYING IN HMART by Michelle Zauner

MICHELLE

I am sitting next to a Korean mother and her son. The kid dutifully gets their silverware from the counter and places it on paper napkins for the both of them. He's eating fried rice and his mom has seolleongtang, ox-bone soup. He must be in his early twenties, but his mother is still instructing him on how to eat, just like my mom used to. "Dip the onion in the paste." "Don't add too much gochujang or it'll be too salty." "Why aren't you eating the mung beans?" Some days, the constant nagging would annoy me. Woman, let me eat in peace!

The mom places pieces of beef from her spoon onto his spoon. He is quiet and looks tired and doesn't talk to her much. I want to tell him how he should be kind to his mom, remember that life is fragile and she could be gone at any moment. Tell her to go to the doctor and make sure there isn't a small tumor growing inside her. I want to tell him how much I miss my mother.

4. ADELE - BROTHERS WRECK by Jada Alberts

ADELE

There's this spot the boys used to fish at. Jarrod, Rue and Joe. Couple of years back they rescued this tinny from the dump. It sat on the front lawn busted and full of holes so long, they nicknamed it 'The Front Yard Challenge.' Eventually they patched the holes. Joey found an old motor, Jarrod fixed it. Ruben would watch the moon and tides and they'd fish all the time, the 3 of them. All night and all day if they could.

They found this spot on the harbour with 3 sunken ships all in a clump. Brothers Wreck they named it, best spot on the harbour. Place is teeming with fish, get the salmon schools coming in on a high, couple of barra if you're lucky.

Beat.

Since Joey's gone it's like... I can't help but think we'll all end up down there, sunk. At the bottom of the ocean, clumped together.

Pause.

Maybe you can't talk about it, patient confidentiality or whatever, that's ok, I just. I just want to know if he's moving, not sinking.

5. JUDY - WOMAN OF MANHATTAN by John Patrick Shanley

JUDY

I will! I will dream on. Because that is exactly what I am talking about. My dreams. Which you do not know. And which you don't think are important enough to know. Do you think this body is something? What a joke! Any great poet the last three thousand years will tell you what a joke that is! This stuff, this flesh, this heavy breathing ... We have this aptitude in our hearts and brains and souls to arrive at something so rich and inflamed and unspeakable and sacred and New! Not this tired shit you want to foist on me. That's not what I want. I won't give up my standards! I know what I know. If I tried to live on the kind of things you're offering me, I'd starve to death. You've got to dig for treasure, Duke! Not settle for the stuff just lying out on the ground. You could sleep with me if you weren't so god damn lazy and narcissistic and were willing to exert yourself a little and show some interest in the actual core of another human being! But you will not sleep with me because I will not perform a stupid mechanical pantomime, like I was trying and failing to remember something fine, something from a better world, something alien and beautiful and lost! What, you look vacant, don't you get it? I'll give it to you in a nutshell. I'll give it to you in basic modern American: I'm not interested in the hardware without the software. Look, let's just let this fall apart, okay? Don't hang around for the sake of neatness. I'll get the check. It was worth that much to me to have my say.

6. ERIC - THE INHERITANCE by Matthew Lopez

ERIC

Speaking to Toby

That is the last thing that you are, Toby. You've become so good at spinning people you think you can spin me, too. But I know that your book was a fraud from start to finish, and your play was – and your play was even worse. Not without talent, of course. God forbid anyone should accuse you of that. But worse: without truth. Toby, you are so afraid of actually being known – of really looking at yourself – that you have spent the last decade of your life constructing this elaborate narrative that has nothing to do with the truth.

What happened to you as a child was unconscionable and it hurts me every single day to know that it did. But that was not the great tragedy of your life, Toby. No, the great tragedy of your life was denying that it was your life, and insisting on another at the expense of the truth. I know who you are, Toby. And I know who you aren't. You aren't Elan. And you aren't Adam. It's why you gave him the job. Because he is everything you will never be. I couldn't even look at you after I saw your play. Because it was a betrayal of the frightened little boy you once were. And soon all of New York is going to see it and I will be the only one who'll remember who you really are. And that's why you want to get as far away from me as possible: because I would remind you every day of what a fraud you are and what wasted potential your life has become. And that's what you're too much of a coward to say.

7. ERIC - THE FACT CHECKER - GOODBYE CHARLES by Gabriel Davis

THE FACT CHECKER

I'm not the kind of guy who spends hundreds on a last minute flight, back to New York, tears across town, then run up six flights of stairs and knocks on my best friend's girlfriend's door in order to run off and elope with her based on one crazy, thoughtless, inexplicable romantic night.

So what am I doing here, Audrey? I'm not passionate. I'm a fact checker for Christ's sake. And the fact of me – being here – doesn't check out. It's nuts! Soul mates? I don't believe in them. Never have. So how can I be yours? The fact is, you hardly know me! And I hardly know you!

Now your boyfriend, I've known since kindergarten. Am I really willing to throw all those years of friendship away based on...what? Some feeling?

Because the fact is you are in a relationship. Because the fact is we just met yesterday. Because the fact is I'm not the kind of guy who falls in love. That's a fact. A cold hard fact. And facts are supposed to be true.

But the problem is....despite every fact I can muster, there's something that still doesn't check out. Because the truth is despite all facts to the contrary...I still love you madly. And it just defies all reason. All morality. All sense. But I do. I love you madly. And it's not like me. And I don't want to. But I can't help it.

8. FREDDY - CROOKED PARTS by Azure D. Osbourne-Lee

FREDDY

I had an idea before then, I guess. But on this trip ... something shifted for me. We were on the BART, Terrence and me, after this long-ass flight from New York to San Francisco. I get on the train, and it's like I'm in shock. Like I can't trust my senses. There's trees and mountains and this super-fresh air, and my body just can't take it all in. Spending too long in New York City will do that to you, I guess. So we were there on that train and I -finally start to relax. I have a vision. I see two paths open up before me, two possibilities of the future. One is Winifred and the other is Freddy. I see her, Winifred, twenty years in the future, working hard as ever and making a real difference healing her community. But she looks so serious, so full of responsibility. There's no joy in her face or in her body, at least not that I can see. She is in her home all alone. After all her clients left at the end of the day, there is nobody there with her. No lovers. No children. Nobody. Just her sitting in silence. Then I see him. Freddy. I see him twenty years in the future, wearing vibrant colors and smiling brightly. He's laughing! And I know that he, too, has community. And he's doing the work. Of course he is! But he's joyful. He's at ease. And he's having great sex. I can just tell from the way he holds his shoulders. He has opened up and he has somebody waiting for him. So I decided that's what I wanted for myself. I decided it was worth the risk. I guess ... that's when I knew for sure.

9. PORTIA - JULIUS CAESAR; Act 2 Scene 1

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had to resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

10. LAUNCE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; Act 4 Scene 4

LAUNCE

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I saved from drowning when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg.

O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't. Sure as I live, he had suffered for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the Duke's table. He had not been there -- bless the mark -- a pissing-while but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog,' says one. 'What cur is that?' says another. 'Whip him out,' says the third. 'Hang him up,' says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stol'n, otherwise he had been executed. I have stood in the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?