

## Audition Monologue Selections for Theatre Arts Mackenzie Auditions

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### Option A: Monologue Memorization

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### Option B: Storytelling Monologue

Students who choose this option have a maximum of two minutes to tell the audition panel an original story. The story must have:

- clear beginning, middle, end
- variety of emotions
- clear conflict
- clear resolution

Students will be required to bring a written copy of their story to the audition and must present that written copy when they register in the morning.

TOTALLY OVER YOU by Mark Ravenhill

**LETITIA**

I want to be my character again. Just a bit longer. It was so exciting. I mean she's a boring person but still....I made up a whole biography and everything. Like I lost myself. I never had that happen before. I mean I've been in plays and that. But I was always like 'Look at me.' Or sometimes 'I look terrible. Don't look at me.' And I'd always be looking over at my dad with the camcorder. But then, just now, I was gone. Like if I'd look in the mirror I wouldn't have recognized myself. Did you feel like that? When you were up there singing and you were pretending to be in that band? Wasn't pretending exciting?

## I, CLAUDIA by Kristen Thomson

### CLAUDIA

Some kids are mad when they're teenagers, right? Like in movies and at school lots of kids hate their dads. For different reasons at different times. Some kids hate their dads 'cause they want to shoot speed into their arms! Dads don't let them. Dads try to stop them. They say "I'm shooting speed into my arm and you can't stop me!" And that's 'cause they're into speed.

But I would never do that 'cause I don't hate my dad. My dad is my best friend and I get to see him every week! It starts Monday after school at 3:45. I wait for him in the park across the street from school and he is never late like other kids' parents and we do something totally bohemian together like go bowling or for pizza. And I have to say, it is the best moment of my entire life because there's so much to talk about and we're both hi-larious. Like every time I say, "I'm thirsty," he says, "I'm Friday," which is just something between us, like father-daughter. And then we go down to his apartment which is a downtown condo where I have my own room with a name plate on the door that says "Albert" for a joke and so I say to him, I say, "al- BERT"—and I have lots of posters, no pets, and I do homework and we just hang out and then I go to sleep. And when I wake up on Tuesday morning it is the worst day of my entire life because it's the beginning of the whole next week of not seeing him. So I come down here on Tuesday morning before class to get control of myself.

But Tuesday is also sophisticated because my Dad leaves for work before me so I get about twenty minutes in the apartment all by myself, which is very special time for me which I think of as my teen time. Like, I drink juice but I drink it out of a coffee mug. I look out over the vast cityscape and listen to the top music of my time...

THE FIGHTING DAYS by Wendy Lill

**NELLIE**

My name is Nellie McClung and I'm a disturber. Disturbers are never popular. Nobody likes an alarm clock in action, no matter how grateful they are later for its services! But I've decided that I'm going to keep on being a disturber. I'm not going to pull through life like a thread that has no knot. I want to leave something behind when I go; some small legacy of truth, some word that will shine in a dark place. And I want that word to be... DEMOCRACY! Democracy for women. Because I'm a firm believer in women, in their ability to see things and feel things and improve things. I believe that it is women who set the standards for the world and it is up to us, the Women of Canada, to set the standards HIGH! Maybe I'm sort of a dreamer, maybe I'm sort of naive, but I look at my little girls and boys and I think I want a different world for them than the one I was born into. I look at them and my heart cries out when I see them slowly turn towards the roles the world has craved for them: my girls, a life of cooking and sewing and servicing the needs of men; and the boys, scrapping and competing in the playground, then right up into the corridors of government, or even worse, the battlefield. I want them to have a choice about their lives. We mothers are going to fight for the rights of our little girls to think and dream and speak out. We're going to refuse to bear and rear sons to be shot at on faraway battle fields. Women need the vote to bring about a better, more equitable, peaceful society, and we're going to get it!

## INVISIBLE FRIENDS by Alan Ayckbourn

### LUCY

You may have heard my mom talking about my invisible friend. Do you remember?

This is Zara. I want you to meet Zara. Zara, say hello. That's it. Will you say hello to Zara, my invisible friend? I invented Zara – oh, years ago – when I was seven or eight...just for fun. I think I was ill at that time and wasn't allowed to play with any of my real friends, so I made up Zara. She's my special friend that no one can see except me. Of course, I can't really see her either. Not really. Although sometimes I . . . It's almost as if I could see her, sometimes. If I concentrate very hard it's like I can just glimpse her out of the corner of my eye. Still. Anyway. I've kept Zara for years and years. Until they all started saying I was much too old for that sort of thing and got worried and started talking about sending for a doctor. So then I didn't take her round with me quite so much after that. But she's still here. And when I feel really sad and depressed like I do today, then I sit and talk to Zara. Zara always understands.

What's that? Yes, I wish he'd turn his music down, too. I've asked him, haven't I? "How can I hear it if I turn it down, I can't hear the bass then, can I?" I used to have pictures in here but every time he put a disc on they fell off the walls. I mean, don't get me wrong. We like loud music, don't we? We love loud music. Sometimes. BUT NOT ALL THE TIME.

Why doesn't he ever listen to quiet music? Just once. Wouldn't that be nice?

Oh, Zara, did I tell you I've been picked for the school swimming team? Isn't that exciting? Yes. Thank you. I'm glad you're excited, too. Good.

IF ANYONE IS INTERESTED AT ALL, I WAS PICKED FOR THE SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM TODAY. WHAT ABOUT THAT, FOLKS?

Great. Thanks for your support, everyone. They might at least . . . They could have at least . . . Oh, Zara . . . I know you're always here, but sometimes I get so . . . lonely . . .

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TWELFTH NIGHT by William Shakespeare

**VIOLA**

I left no ring with her: what means this Lady:  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her:  
She made good view of me, indeed so much,  
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger:  
None of my Lord's ring. Why he sent her none:  
I am the man, if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor Lady, she were better love a dream:  
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it, for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms:  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
For such as we are made, if such we be:  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him:  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love:  
As I am woman, now alas the day,  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

## THE ACCORDION SHOP by Cush Jumbo

### **M. ELLODY**

Do you have any idea what an accordion is worth? I sell the most expensive items on the whole of The Road. Beautiful, hand-made, antique, one of a kind instruments and they weren't even looking twice, they didn't care. I saw one boy running away with a mismatched pair of Adidas trainers. Idiot I thought. One of these accordions would buy you five hundred pairs of those.

It's not the money, I make enough of that. I repair accordions from all over the world, I have a waiting list of two years. But sometimes...when my Dad was alive the shop was full of life. People would come in just to see and touch and hear the music, otherwise what's the point? The only person that seems to show any interest now is the lady across the road, she brings me a cup of tea everyday and I don't even know her name. I'd never leave The Road but sometimes when those kids chuck their chicken boxes in my doorway, or graffiti on my window, or pass by without even noticing the beautiful instruments inside, yes I do feel like leaving. I feel like giving up. I get angry and this hot scratchy air fills up my throat until I can't breathe and it's trapped in there and I don't know what to do.

Children used to be so excited by the mystery of things, I know I was. Watching my Dad build an accordion was like watching a wizard cast a spell. He'd make the bellows by intricately pleating layer after layer of cloth and cardboard, cloth and cardboard...What I'd seen was a one off. It made me feel special. I'd wanted to pass that on to someone else but unfortunately I don't have any children.

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ZASTROZZI by George F. Walker

## **ZASTROZZI**

You are looking at Zastrozzi. But that means very little. What means much more is that Zastrozzi is looking at you. Don't make a sound. Breathe quietly. He is easily annoyed. And when he is annoyed he strikes. Look at his right arm. It wields the sword that has killed two hundred men. Watch the right arm constantly. Be careful not to let it catch you unprepared. But while watching the right arm, do not forget the left arm. Because this man Zastrozzi has no weaknesses. No weakness at all. Remember that. Or he will have you. He will have you any way he wants you.

I am Zastrozzi. The master criminal of all of Europe. This is not a boast. It is information. I am to be feared for countless reasons. The obvious ones of strength and skill with any weapon. The less obvious ones because of the quality of my mind. It is superb. It works in unique ways. And it is always working because I do not sleep. I do not sleep because I have nightmares and when you have a mind like mine, you have nightmares that can petrify the devil. Sometimes my mind is so powerful I even have nightmares when I am awake and because my mind is so powerful I am able to split my consciousness in two and observe myself having a nightmare. This is not a trick. It is a phenomenon. I'm having one now. I have this one often. In it, I am what I am. The force of darkness. The clear sane voice of negative spirituality. Making everyone answerable is the only constant I understand. Mankind is weak.

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RATTLE IN THE DASH by Peter Anderson

**BRANDON**

I ever tell you about the time my old man ran into our house? I was five or six and I was upstairs in bed and my mother was reading me this bedtime story when we hear this crash, sounds like thunder only it come from downstairs. My mother tells me to stay in bed and goes down to see what's up. She doesn't come back for a while so I tiptoe down the stairs and right there in the living room is the old man's Thunderbird. It's half inside and half outside and there's bricks all over and this perfect half-circle knocked out of the wall. And there's the T-bird sitting in the middle of the living room with the stars shining through. And this big crowd of neighbours in pajamas and housecoats standing around outside staring into our house. Nobody was talking. They were staring in at me and my mom and the T-bird in the living room. My old man was sitting there behind the steering wheel with this stunned kind of look on his face like he couldn't believe it. I thought it was the most terrific thing he'd ever done.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN by Clark Gesner

**CHARLIE BROWN**

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of the day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes mornings aren't so pleasant, either—waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too—lying there and thinking about those stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between—when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunch time is among the worst time of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely. I guess they're right. And if you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. Boy, the PTA sure did a good job of painting these benches.

There's that cute little redheaded girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she'd do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her. She's probably laugh right in my face. It's hard on a face when it get laughed in. There's any empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up. I'm standing up. I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward she wouldn't even think of looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is she so great and am I so small that she couldn't spare one little moment just to... She's looking at me. She's looking at me.

## OF THE FIELDS, LATELY by David French

### **BEN**

He rushed out the door and down to the school-yard, the first game he had ever come to, and my mother put his supper in the oven, for later ... I hadn't reminded my father of the game. I was afraid he'd show up and embarrass me. Twelve years old and ashamed of my old man. Ashamed of his dialect, his dirty overalls, his bruised fingers with the fingernails lined with dirt, his teeth yellow as old ivory. Most of all, his lunch pail, that symbol of the working man. No, I wanted a doctor for a father. A lawyer. At least a fireman. Not a carpenter. That wasn't good enough ... And at home my mother sat down to darn his socks and watch the oven ... I remember stepping up to bat. The game was tied; it was the last of the ninth, with no one on base. Then I saw him sitting on the bench along third base. He grinned and waved, and gestured to the man beside him. But I pretended not to see him. I turned to face the pitcher. And angry at myself, I swung hard on the first pitch, there was a hollow crack, and the ball shot low over the shortstop's head for a double. Our next batter bunted and I made third. He was only a few feet away now, my father. But I still refused to acknowledge him. Instead, I stared hard at the catcher, pretending concentration. And when the next pitch bounced between the catcher's legs and into home screen, I slid home to win the game. And there he was, jumping up and down, showing his teeth, excited as hell. And as the crowd broke up and our team stampeded out of the school-yard, cleats clicking and scraping blue sparks on the sidewalk, I looked back once through the wire fence and saw my father still sitting on the now-empty bench, alone, slumped over a little, staring at the cinders between his feet, just staring... I don't know how long he stayed there, maybe till dark, but I do know he

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never again came down to see me play. At home that night he never mentioned the game or being there. He just went to bed unusually early...

TWELFTH NIGHT by William Shakespeare

**SEBASTIAN**

This is the air, that is the glorious Sun,  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't,  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then,  
I could not find him at the Elephant,  
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,  
That he did range the town to see me out,  
His counsel now might do me golden service,  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
Or else the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does: there's something in't  
That is deceivable. But here the Lady comes.

## As You Like It by William Shakespeare

### JACQUES

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

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Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

**PROLOGUE**

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.