

NOCCA Theatre Arts Department Drama Audition Monologues

Male Selections from Shakespeare (Please familiarize yourself with the play from which your monologue is drawn.)

Romeo- *Romeo and Juliet*: Act III-Scene 3

'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
They are free men but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me? 'Banished'?
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell.
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Valentine- *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: Act III- Scene 1

And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self. A deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but Attend on death,
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Edgar- *King Lear*: Act II-Scene 3

I hear myself proclaimed,
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape
I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices

Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod, poor Tom,
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

Sebastian- *Twelfth Night*: Act IV- Scene 3

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 seek me out.
His counsel now might do me a 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.

Benvolio- *Romeo and Juliet*: Act III- Scene 1

O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
Romeo, that spoke him fair, did him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure. All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo, he cries aloud
'Hold, friends! Friends part!' and swifter than his tongue
His agile arm beats down their fatal points
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio; and then Tybalt fled,
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

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Male Selections from Contemporary Drama (Please familiarize yourself with the play from which your monologue is drawn.)

Muley- John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* by Frank Galati

Well, sir, it's a funny thing. Something went and happened to me when they told me I had to get off the place. First I was gonna go in and kill a whole flock a people. But there wasn't nobody you could lay for. Who's the Shawnee Land and Cattle Company? It ain't nobody. It's a company. Got a fella crazy. Then all my folks all went away out west, And I got to wandering around. I'm just wandering around like a damn old graveyard ghost. I been going around the places where stuff happened. Like there's a... a... place down by the barn where Pa got gored to death by a bull. And his blood is right in that ground, right now. Must be. Nobody never washed it out. And I put my hand on that ground where my own Pa's blood is part of it. *(he swallows)* You fellas think I'm touched? I couldn't go out west with my folks. Something just wouldn't let me. I - I ain't talked to nobody for a long time.

Tom Jode- John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* by Frank Galati

Sure. I wonder Pa went so easy. I wonder why Grampa didn't kill nobody. Nobody never told Grampa where to put his feet. And Ma ain't nobody you can push around neither. I seen her beat the hell out of a tin peddler with a live chicken one time because he give her an argument. She had the chicken in one hand and the ax in the other, about to cut its head off. She aimed to go for that peddler with the ax, but she forgot which hand was which, and she takes after him with the chicken. Couldn't even eat that chicken when she got done. They wasn't nothing but a pair a legs in her hand. Grampa throwed a hip out of joint laughin'. *(tom looks at the fire because his parents have been forced to leave their lifelong home)* How'd my folks go so easy?

Jim- *The Rainmaker* by N. Richard Nash

Noah, when I tell you what really happended, you're gonna split your brithces! We went ridin' -- yep, that's right! We opened that Essex up and we went forty million miles an hour! And then we stopped that car and we got out and we sat down under a great big tree! And we could look through the branches and see the sky all full of stars--damn, it was full of stars! And I turned around and I kissed her! I kissed her once, I kissed her a hundred times! And while I was doin' that, I knew I could carry her anywhere--right straight to the moon! But all the time, I kept thinking"; "Noah's gonna come along and he's gonna say "whoa!" But Noah didn't show up--and I kept right on kissin'! And then somethin' happened! She was cryin' and I was cryin' and I thought any minute now we'll be right up there on the moon! And then--then!--without Noah bein' there--all by my smart little self--I said Whoa!

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Female Selections from Shakespeare (Please familiarize yourself with the play from which your monologue is drawn.)

Hero- *Much Ado About Nothing*: Act III- Scene 1

Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursley
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.
Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Phebe- *As You Like It*: Act III- Scene 5

I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon: why now fall down,
Or if thou canst not, O for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eye are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Miranda- *The Tempest*: Act III- Scene 1

I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More than I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillful of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.
Do you love me?
Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or not.

Helena- *A Mid Summer Night's Dream*: Act I- Scene 1

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys, in game, themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere;
For, ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd and show'rs of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, tomorrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

Juliet- *Romeo and Juliet*: Act II- Scene 5

The clock struck nine when I did send the
Nurse, In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
O, she is lame. Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Has she affections and warm youthful blood
She would be as swift in motion as a ball:
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead-
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.
O God she comes. O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

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Female Selections from Contemporary Drama (Please familiarize yourself with the play from which your monologue is drawn.)

Rose of Sharon- John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* by Frank Galati

Me and Connie don't want to live in the country no more. We got it all planned up what we gonna do. Well, we talked about it, me and Connie. Ma, we want to live in a town. Connie gonna get a job in a store or maybe a factory. And he's gonna study at home, maybe radios, so he can get to be a expert and maybe later have his own store. And we'll go to pitchers whenever. And Connie says I'm gonna have a *doctor* when the baby's born; and he says we'll see how times is, and maybe I'll go to a hospital. And we'll have a car, a little car. And when he gets done studying at night, why - it'll be nice, and he tore a page out of *Western Love Stories*, and he's gonna send off for a course because it don't cost nothing to send off. Says right on that clipping. I seen it. And we'll live in town and go to pitchers whenever, and - well. I'm gonna have an *Electric iron*! And, well, I thought maybe we could all go in town, and when Connie gets his store - maybe Al could work for him.

Abigail- *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller

Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam's dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this. Let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word, about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it; I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down! (*she goes to Betty and roughly sits her up*) Now, you-sit up and stop this! (*but Betty collapses in her hands and lies inert on the bed*)

Lizzie- *The Rainmaker* by N. Richard Nash

You think all dreams have to be your kind! Golden fleece and thunder on the mountain! But there are other dreams, Starbuck! Little quiet ones that come to a woman when she's shining the silverware and putting moth flakes in the closet! Like a man's voice saying: "Lizzie, is my blue suit pressed?" And the same man saying: "Scratch between my shoulder blades." And kids laughing and teasing and setting up a racket! And how it feels to say the word "Husband"!--There are all kinds of dreams, Mr. Starbuck! Mine are small ones--like my name--Lizzie! But they're REAL like my name--real! So you can have yours--and I'll have mine!