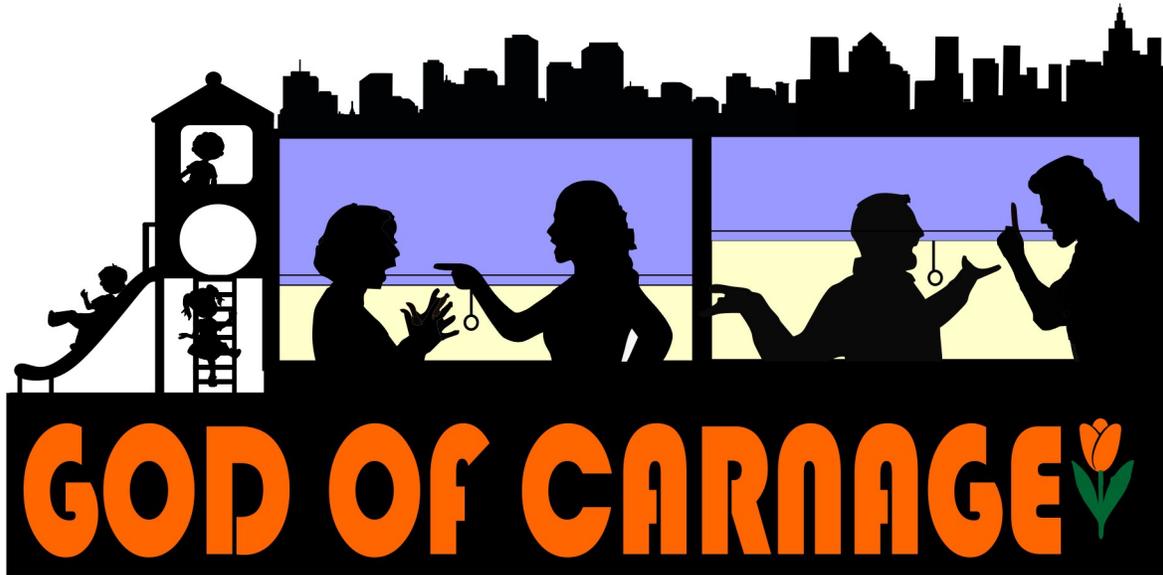


Audition Monologues



by Yasmina Reza translated by Christopher Hampton

Actors should prepare a short 2-3 minute monologue of their choosing. If you don't have a favorite monologue, you can use one of these. Memorization is not necessary, but the actor must be sufficiently familiar with the monologue to present a dramatic interpretation.

MONOLOGUE #1 - *God of Carnage Auditions*

From *Empty Pockets, Empty Dreams* by Joseph Arnone

I ain't nothin' but a pair of lost aces. Yea, yeah. Empty pockets, empty dreams. Yeah, yeah. You ask me who I am, what do I do cause I overheard you talking to your son about the business of show business. There isn't enough life to tell me life, that's how much there is my friend. Heard you talkin' about, what, about pumpin' those cents into dollars for your boy. I get it, I get your vibe daddy but you're better off selling it to someone you don't care about. Now, I'm not trying to rain your talk with your boy, hell, he don't even know nor will he remember if he knew what it is I'm sayin'. But you know. All we could ever do is do what we can for our kids. Show them what we feel is the right way, keep them in the light, out of harms way. Guide them into making the right choices in life, even when we stand by and watch them make the wrong ones, we will always be there to pick them up from what ever turmoil they expose themselves too. All we can do is try. I hear the passion in your voice for your child. You are a man who has not accomplished his dreams and now looks to your little boy to fulfill your promise. What about his promise?

MONOLOGUE #2 - *God of Carnage Auditions*

From *The Actors Nightmare* by Christopher Durang

Oh don't go. Maybe someone else will come out in a minute. Of course, sometimes people have soliloquies in Shakespeare. Let's just wait a moment more and maybe someone will come. Oh dear. To be or not to be, that is the question. Oh maid! Line. Line! Ohhhh. Oh, what mind's eye to kill oneself, or not killing oneself, to sleep a great deal. We are such stuff as dreams are made of; and our lives are rounded by a little sleep. Uh, thrift, thrift, Horatio. Neither a borrower nor a lender be. But to thine own self be true. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. Extraordinary how potent cheap music can be. Out, then happily in Padua. Brush up your Shakespeare; start quoting him now; Da da. I wonder whose yacht that is. How was China? Very large, China. How was Japan? Very small, Japan. I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible with liberty and justice for all. Line! Line! Oh my God. O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee, and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and pains of hell. But most of all because they offend thee, my God, who art all good and deserving of all my love. And I resolve to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life, Amen. That's the act of contrition that Catholic school children say in confession in order to be forgiven their sins. Catholic adults say it too, I imagine. I don't know any Catholic adults. Line! When you call for a line, the stage manager normally gives you your next line to refresh your memory. Line!

MONOLOGUE #3 - *God of Carnage* Auditions

From *The Hundred Dollar Hug* by Stacey Lane

I have here in my hands a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill. That's right—good old Ben Franklin himself—the real deal. And someone here in this audience will get to take Gentle Ben home with them tonight for the low, low price of...One hug. That's right. You heard me. The first person to come up here on this stage and give me a hug gets one hundred big ones. But wait! Before you all stampede down here, there's probably a few questions running through your mind. The first: "is that a real hundred-dollar-bill?" The answer is simple. "Yes." The next question and the biggest: "Why?" That answer is a tad bit trickier. Why does this guy need to pay someone one hundred dollars to hug him? Doesn't he have any friends, loved-ones, family members who will hug him for free? What's wrong with this guy? He looks normal enough. Maybe I'm crazy. Maybe I'm a stalker—a psychopathic killer-rapist. Maybe when you go to hug me, I plan to pull a knife on you or strangle you or inject you with something deadly. Could be dangerous. But then again, there are so many people here in the audience, so many witnesses, and they'd protect you, right? So you're safe...for now...But, maybe I'm going to follow you home after the show, demanding my money's worth. Or maybe I won't do anything to you at all. You'll walk away from this hug perfectly healthy and a hundred dollars richer. But you'll never know what I was thinking about when you touched me...

MONOLOGUE #4 - *God of Carnage* Auditions

From: *Animal Kingdom* by David Michod

You know what the bush is about? It's about massive trees that have been standing there for thousands of years and bugs that'll be dead before the minute's out. It's big trees and pissy little bugs. And everything knows its place in the scheme of things. Every thing, everything sits in the order somewhere. Things survive because they're strong, and everything reaches an understanding. But not everything survives because it's strong. Some creatures are weak, but they survive because they're protected by the strong for one reason or another. You may think that, because of the circles you move in or what ever, that you're one of the strong creatures, but you're not, you're one of the weak ones. That's nothing against you, you're just—you're just weak because you're young. But you've survived because you've been protected by the strong. But they're not strong anymore, and they're certainly not able to protect you. We're here because we know who you are and we know what you've done. Now, I know you feel like you're in a tough situation. But you have an out. There's nothing your uncles can do to squirm out of this one. Craig's learned that the hard way. But you're not like them. We can see that', and you know that. Now I know that they're saying to you that talking to me is betraying the family, but they've betrayed you. The fact that you're talking to me, the fact that you've been left to deal with us is all the proof that you need.