

Shrek

Monologues for Auditions

Choose one of the monologues to prepare when you audition. It does not need to be memorized, but special attention should be paid to incorporating appropriate choices of voice, movement, and characterization.

From: *Thank You So Much for Stopping*

Ashleigh: Hi?!? Thank you so much for stopping. I'm sorry to bother you...it's just...kind of an emergency—it's just so embarrassing.... I was driving to my mother's house—yup that's me, right over there, the Prius...as I was driving I just...

Accidentally killed my husband. I know it's so embarrassing, I just—Oh! My gosh, I can't believe it, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm sorry, how rude. I'm Ashleigh, what's your name? Susan? That's my *mother's* name! No, I am not kidding, it really is!...So *anyway*: I just killed my husband, and I was wondering if...

--Oh, well that's a good question,...what happened was, we were driving over to my mother's house...and we were just sort of joking around...about how bad a driver I am, and I got kind of peeved, 'cause—well, I don't know why, I'm usually very even-tempered, but things have been sort of tough lately—and I said: "Well if you hate the way I drive so much why don't you get out of the car?" and he said "Maybe I will" and I said, "Good, then do that," and I pulled over, and he got out, and then, as a joke, sort of, I ...pretended to like you know, hit him with the car, but here's the thing I actually *am* a pretty bad driver....But I thought, Well hey, people get hit by cars all the time, I didn't hit him that hard, I'm sure I didn't do any serious damage, but here's the thing: I did.

From: *The Drowsy Chaperone*

The Man in the Chair: Okay. Now here it comes. The moment I was talking about [...] a moment that has fascinated me more than any other and that has brought me back to this record again and again. Here it comes. (Pause). You can't quite make out what she says because someone drops a cane. Is she saying "live while you can," or "leave while you can"? And that's exactly what you think when you're standing at the altar, isn't it, "Live" or "Leave" and you have to live. [... ..] So, one day [...] you say "I love you" and you basically phrase it as a question, but they accept it as fact and then suddenly there she is standing in front of you in a three thousand dollar dress with tears in her eyes, and her nephew made the huppah, so what do you do? [...] You choose to live. And for a couple of months you stare at the alien form in the bed beside you and you think to yourself "Who are you? Who are you?" And one day you say it out loud...then it's a trial separation and couples counseling and all your conversations are about her eating disorder and your Zoloft addiction, [...] and the whole "relationship" ends on a particularly ugly note with your only copy of Gypsy spinning through the air and smashing against the living room wall. But still, in the larger sense, in a broader sense, it's better to have lived than left, right?

From: *Icarus's Mother*

Jill: Do you know—do you know what this idiot did? Do you know what she did! She—we're walking up the beach, see—we're walking along like this. Very slowly and dejected and sad. So suddenly she stops. We both stop and she says, guess what? And I said what? She says I really do—I really do have to pee after all. So I said all right. I'm very serious with her, see. I say all right, Patsy dear, if you have to you have to. So then she said I have to pee so bad I can't even wait. I have to go right now. Right this very minute. So we're in the middle of the beach with nothing around by sand. No bushes or nothing. So she whips down her pants and crouches right there in the middle of the beach very seriously. And I'm standing there looking around. Sort of standing guard. And od you know what happen? All of a sudden I have to pee too. I mean really bad like she has to. So I whip my pants down and crouch down right beside her. There we are sitting side by side on the beach together. Like a couple of desert nomads or something.

From: *Shirley Valentine*

Shirley: Guess where I'm goin'? Jane's booked a taxi to take us to the airport. She's pickin' me up at four o'clock. (Suddenly.) Four o'clock. (Checking clock and her watch.) Oh Jeez, oh jeez. Passport. Passport. (Checks the content of her passport.) Passport, tickets, money. Passport, tickets, money. Yeh. Oh God, oh God please say it will be all right. O I feel sick. Those travel sickness pills mustn't be workin'--I still feel sick an' I've taken four already. An' I've only travelled up an' down the stairs. Oh God, passport, tickets, money, passport. I got a full one, a proper passport. Well, you never know Shirley--it could be the start of somethin'--this year Greece, next year...the world. [... ...] I don't mean I'm gonna be a girl again--because you can never be that; but instead of sayin' 'Christ, I'm forty-two'. I'm gonna say--'Shirley, you're only forty-two, isn't that marvellous'. (She looks at herself in the mirror) Not bad, not bad. Oh hold on, hold on. (She places the hat on her head and examines the effect in the mirror.) What do you think wall? Oh shut up wall, I'm not talkin' to you. (She smiles at herself in the mirror.) Well, that's it Shirley--all dolled up an' ready to go. Case packed? Case packed. Passports, tickets, money? Passports, tickets, money. Four o'clock Jane's pickin' me up. (She looks at her watch.) Twenty past two.

From: *Ernesto the Magnificent*

Ernesto: Hello, my name is Ernesto the Magnificent! I said, "My name is Ernesto the Magnificent." Hold for applause. I'll wait. I have performed for presidents, crowned head of state, and film stars from around the world. And yet, somehow tonight, I am here with you. What a thrill. Prepare to be amazed, for I am, drumroll please. A FIRE-EATER!!!! Now you are impressed, no? My remarkable feats of derring-do have astounded and confounded young and old alike. Fire is primal, fire is sexy, fire, she is dangerous....Having said that, however, my agent in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to book me in a club where even a match cannot be lit onstage without an overzealous fire marshal wrestling you to the ground so that he can beat you unconscious with a fire extinguisher. Charming, no? But not to worry, for tonight Ernesto the Magnificent becomes Ernesto the Stupendous going where no man has gone before. Behold! (*He pulls a sword out of his pant leg. After a moment he winces.*) I'm okay. Yes tonight, for viewing pleasure, Ernesto will swallow this sword! Feel free to gasp. Go ahead.

From: *Serious Bizness*

Dave: Guys, ya' wanna huddle in close here for a minute... Okay, let's put that first half behind us now. Uh, we got another sixteen minutes of basketball to play, and a lot of other teams throughout history have overcome a deficit of...Eighty-five points, so...The point is it's still anybody's ballgame, and— (Distracted again.) Yeah, I agree it's most likely theirs, but...Now, I have to admit that when I set up this exhibition game with St. Mary's I had no idea they would be so tough. I mean, who could've guessed that five nuns could play hoop so well. But they're a spunky bunch of ladies and ya gotta give 'em credit, they don't seem to be intimidated by...those long dresses they're wearing....All I know is we are not going to forfeit this game. *Why?* Because forfeiting is not in the rulebook. Believe me, I looked, it's just no there. We can't get out of this one. (Pausing, trying to hold back tears.) All right, listen. One of the refs took me aside after the first half and told me he thinks one of you guys has a shar, pointed object concealed in your sock. Is this true? (He waits for an answer and obviously gets one.) Well, why haven't you used it?!...Come on, use your heads. (He cries. Someone speaks to him. He looks up, angry.) Crying is too in the rulebook, Spitzbart!...Oh, god, my parents are here...this is awful...