

AUDITION MONOLOGUES - SUMMER 2026

You are welcome to use one of the following audition monologues or bring in your own 1 minute monologue. We prefer that the monologue is memorized so that your focus is on the character and not the words or the script. Please do read over all of these in the event that we ask you to read another monologue at the audition. In the event we ask you to read something you have not prepared, we would not expect the monologue to be memorized.

You need only prepare 1 monologue and it does not have to be from the show for which you are auditioning, or for the character you're hoping to play.

BROTHER JEREMIAH: You dare defy me, daughter of Eve?!? You bid me grant you leave so you could pray forgiveness in church, and instead you slither off here? You will tempt my daughter no more. She will be locked in the church tower, and there she will stay until her exile to our brethren in Scotland. I am warning you, boy! Leave her be – or you will pay... dearly.

NICK: Nigel, this is good! I'm starting to believe this is gonna be the Bottom Brothers' first hit. Lord Clapham. What do you mean – shut it down? Well, Shakespeare can't do Richard the 2nd because we're doing Richard the 2nd! The "bard." Why is he the Bard? He's uh bard. Just like I'm a bard, you're a bard. HE'S JUST ONE OF THE BARDS!

SHAKESPEARE: "Shall I compare thee to... a horse?" No. A really nice building? No! It has to be wonderful and poetic, something everyone loves. Oh, I know! "Shall I compare thee – to me?" Ha-ha-ha-ha. No, that's terrible. Uggh! It's hard to be the Bard! I know writing made me famous – but being famous is just so much more fun! What!? What do you want!? Why are you here?!

BEA: What are you doing? No! We've been through this, we do not touch the money box! We all deserve better, and that's what we're saving for. A simple cottage in the country, for all of us. You, me, a couple of kids... a room for Nigel and maybe his wife one day?... That's why I was thinking – I should get a job. This is the nineties! We've got a woman on the throne, and by the year 1600, women will be completely equal to men. Ooh! I just thought of the perfect job for me. I could be in your play!

NOSTRADAMUS: Did I hear a need for future seeing? If seeing is what you need, then I can help you. If help is what you need, then I can see you. If neither is what you need, then I can foresee you leaving very shortly. I – am Nostradamus. Not THE Nostradamus... No. I'm his niece – Nancy. But I share the same gifts as my esteemed uncle. And for half a crown, I'll share those gifts with you. Now – what is it you would like the future to tell?

PORTIA: I accidentally took this after our first encounter. Your sonnet. It's – perfection. It... spoke to my soul. Forgive me. Poetry is forbidden in my house, especially poems of earthly love. OH, IS THERE NO PITY IN THE CLOUDS THAT SEES INTO THE BOTTOM OF MY GRIEF?! I adore Shakespeare. I've got "Sonnet Number 1." Signed! I think you're his equal – if not better. Oh yes. Your sonnet has Shakespearean sophistication mixed with the complexity of Daniel Webster and the sensitivity of Samuel Daniel.

SHYLOCK: Nicholas Bottom. Your debt is due. Too late. Shakespeare already promised to name a character after me. I can see it now. “Shylock. A really nice guy.” Hey! Here’s a better idea. Cut me in as an investor in your play and I’ll cancel your debt. I know I’m a moneylender, cause that’s the only job the queen will let me do! And I hate it. I-hate-it, I-hate-it, I-hate-it! But what I love – is the theater. I love the sights, the smells, the roar of the crowd, the smell of the fruits as it hits the actors! I LOVE IT, I TELL YA! I-love-it I-love-it I-love-it!

MARTY: Yaaaaaaaaaaghhh! Excuse me. You’re biting! What the heck is wrong with you? Why’d you bite me?! This is ridiculous. Do I look like steak to you?! See, I told you I don’t look like— Wait, wait. What’d you say? Alex? It’s me! Don’t you know me?

KING JULIEN: Come, come, Maurice. What is a simple bite among friends? Here. Give me a nibble. Okee dokee, Maurice. I admit it. The plan failed and all is lost. The Foosas will come back and gobble us with their mouths because we are all steak. By the power invested in me by the Law of the Jungle, blah blah blah... Be gone!

ALEX: Great, let’s find out who’s in charge around here. Hi! Hey, how ya doin’? Listen, we just got in from New York. Are there any zoo officials anywhere? I’m Alex. You know, Alex the Lion? Perhaps you’ve heard of me? King of New York City? (*ALEX does his final pose from the opening number.*) Roar!!! ...What happened?

SKIPPER: Penguin Travel Diary. I’ve just come ashore on a strange and intoxicatingly exotic island. Signal Kowalski and Rico and tell them to drop the anchor. Where are the people? Oh, we killed them and ate their livers. (*Skipper laughs*) Just kidding, doll; the people are fine. They’re on a slow lifeboat to China. Hey! I know you two. Where’s that psychotic lion and our monochromatic friend?

ADELAIDE: What? I don’t understand. Sky, Nathan has to come here tonight. We’re eloping to get married. Is it the crap game again? He promised to change... What about you men? Why can’t you marry people like other people do and live normal like people? Have a home, with –wallpaper, and book ends. Oh, will you see Nathan before you go? Tell him I never want to talk to him again and have him call me here.

NATHAN: Adelaide, did Nicely explain to you about tonight? I hope you ain’t sore about it? Sweetheart! Baby! How can you carry on like this over one lousy elopement? Adelaide, please! Adelaide, baby! Don’t ever do that to me again! I can’t stand it. We’ll get married. We’ll have a home, a little white house with a green fence – just like the Whitney colors.

SARAH: Brothers and Sisters, resist the Devil and he will flee from you. That is what the Bible tells us. Hear me, you gamblers! ...with your dice, your cards, your horses. Just around the corner is our little Mission where you are always welcome to seek refuge from this jungle of sin. Join me, Brothers and Sisters, in resisting the Devil, and we can put... the Devil... (*SARAH*

looks at ARVIDE hopelessly) Remember, friends, the Save-a-Soul Mission located at 409 West 49th Street, open all day and all night... Oh, never mind.

SKY: Allow me to introduce myself: Sky Masterson. I hope you will not think I am getting out of line, but I think it is wonderful to see a pretty doll – uh – a nice-looking lady like you – sacrificing herself for the sake of others. Thank you... Of course I will need a lot of personal help from you. I need private lessons. Why don't we have dinner or something? I told you, I'm here because I'm a sinner. Look, I'm a big sinner. If you get me, it's eight to five the others'll follow. Why don't you let me help you? I'll bet I can fill this place with sinners.

VIOLA:

Viola has disguised herself as the servant Cesario and the Lady Olivia has fallen in love with him – but Viola is in love with the Duke Orsino, who is still in love with Olivia!

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed 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; I am the man, 'tis so;
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness!
What will become of this? As I am a man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am a woman – 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 to untie.

MALVOLIO:

The ambitious and narcissistic servant Malvolio finds a forged letter from his mistress and deludes himself into thinking that she loves him and that he will become a lord.

Every reason excites to this: That my lady

Loves me! she did commend my yellow
Stockings of late, she did praise my my leg
Being cross-gartered, and in this she
Drives me to these habits of her liking.
I thank my stars that I am happy.
I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings
And cross-gartered; Jove and my stars be praised!
I will smile. I will do everything that thou
Wilt have me do!

DUKE ORSINO:

Orsino is sick with love for Lady Olivia, when he learns from his messenger that she is grieving the loss of her brother and refuses to be seen for seven years. This monologue is full of melodrama and melancholy.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor! Enough, no more.
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

