

MAD Summer Season Audition Monologues

- Choose one of these monologues
- Don't worry about gender or age - just choose the one you want to perform
- You can memorise it or read it
- Say your name before you begin performing

A Police Officer

Matthew was tied to the fence so tight – I finally got the knife through there – we rolled him over to his left side, and when we did that he quit breathing. Immediately, I put him back on his back – and that was just enough of an adjustment, it gave me enough room to cut him free there. It was just such an overwhelming amount of blood ... and we try to wear protective gloves, but we had a really cheap Sheriff at the time, and he bought us shit gloves, you know, you put 'em on and they kept breaking, so finally you just ran out of gloves, you know. So, you figure, well you know, “Don't hesitate,” and so you just keep moving and you try to help Matthew and find an airway and you know, that's what you do, you know. Probably a day and a half later, the hospital called me and told me Matthew had HIV. And the doctor said, “You've been exposed, you've had a bad exposure,” because you see, I'd been – been building a, uh, lean-to for my llamas and my hands had a bunch of open cuts on 'em, so I was kinda screwed, (*laugh.*) you know, and you think, “Oh, shoot,” you know.

A Thug

My brother Frank. He had it off with you after seeing The Sound of Music. I waited downstairs. He was as pissed as a fart. He would never have had a prostitute and seen The Sound of Music otherwise.

You're like most women. Here today and gone tomorrow. My brother's fiancée resembled you in many ways. Fickle in her emotions. She was trying on her wedding-gown when we got news of Frank's death. Now she's had it dyed ice-blue and wears it to dinner dances. My only consolation is that she looks hideous in it. But it shows what kind of woman she is, doesn't it ? I knew the type by the way she moved her knees up against my thighs at the funeral. I felt like throttling her. A whole hour she was at it.

All our family seem to be some kind of idiot. If anybody so much as mentions the British Legion to my dad he goes into a trance. On armistice day he takes part in all the rituals. He eats poppies for a week beforehand. I haven't seen him since the funeral. I expect he's in a home by now.

A pompous holiday park owner talking to his Chief Redcoat

Open my drawer. Take out my personal file.

(Erpingham flicks open the file.) I shall be a millionaire by the 'seventies. Make a note if you like.

Lights a cigar, blows a cloud of smoke into the air, smiles, and gives an expansive wave.

Rows of Entertainment Centres down lovely, unspoiled bits of the coast, across deserted moorland and barren mountainside. The Earthly Paradise. Ah ...

I can hear it. I can touch it. And the sight of it is hauntingly beautiful, Riley.

There'll be dancing. And music. Colourful scenes. Official pageantry. Trained drum Majorettes will march hourly across the greensward. The shapeliest girls in Britain – picked from thousands of disappointed applicants. There'll be no shortage of horses. And heated pools. The accom-modation will be lavish. Slot-machines will be employed for all tasks. They'll come from far and wide to stay at my entertainment centres. The great ones of this world and, if Fame's trumpet blows long and hard enough, of the next.