

# Monologues for KYMTC's Something Rotten Auditions

*For those auditioning for KYMTC's production of Something Rotten, you have the option to choose any of the monologues provided below to perform at your audition. It's important to note that you are free to choose the monologue you prefer and there is no good or bad choice- all these monologues are appropriate, regardless of your gender or your preferred role. The decision of which monologue to perform should be based on what you feel most comfortable and confident in performing.*

## **Sally- You're a Good Man Charlie Brown**

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry-cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'? [teachers voice is heard] Thank you, Miss Othmar. (to audience) The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

## **Something Rotten - Bea**

Do you know the poem "Love is a shit-load of work?" No? That's because the poets never write about what love is really like. Try being married for ten years. It's not all summer days and sweet-smelling roses. It's more like "Shall I compare thee to a horse's ass?"

Look, I'll admit I've never seen him like this. He's under a lot of pressure and doing some really stupid things; keeping stuff to himself, saying hurtful things, taking all our savings from the money box. Oh yeah. Still trying to figure out how that love poem is going to end. But what stops us from walking out on him? I think it's because you know, like I know, if you ever got in trouble, he would be there to bail you out.

**(more monologues on the next page)**

### **Drowsy Chaperone – Man In Chair**

I hate theatre. Well, it's so disappointing, isn't it? You know what I do when I'm sitting in a darkened theatre waiting for the show to begin? I pray. Oh, dear God, please let it be a good show. And let it be short, oh Lord in heaven, please. Two hours is fine, three hours is too much. And keep the actors out of the audience...God. I didn't pay good money to have the fourth wall come crashing down around my ears. I just want a story, and a few good songs that will take me away. I just want to be entertained. I mean, isn't that the point? Amen.

You know, there was a time when people sat in darkened theatres and thought to themselves, "what have George and Ira Gershwin got for us tonight?" or "Can Cole porter pull it off again?" Can you imagine? now it's, "please, Elton John, must we continue this charade?" It used to be, sitting there in the dark, you knew that when the show began you would be taken to another world, a world full of color and music and glamour. and you thought to yourself, "My god. when are they going to bring up the lights?"

### **Laughing Wild (Seeking Wild - Man)**

I used to be a very negative person. But then I took this personality workshop that totally turned my life around. Now when something bad or negative happens, I can see the positive. Now when I have a really bad day, or when someone I thought was a really good friend betrays me, or maybe when I've been hit by one of those damn people riding bicycles the opposite way on a one-way street, so, of course, one hadn't looked in that direction and there they are bearing down on you, about to kill or maim you — anyway, I look at any of these things and I say to myself: this glass is not half full, it's half empty.

No — I said it backwards, force of habit. This glass is not half empty, it is half full. Of course, if they hit you with the stupid bicycle your glass won't be half full or half empty, it will be shattered to pieces, and you'll be dead or in the hospital.

But really I'm trying to be positive, that's what I'm doing with my life these days. I was tired of not being joyful and happy, I was sick of my personality, and I had to change it.

Half full, not half empty. I had to say to myself: you do not have cancer—at least not today. You are not blind. You are not one of the starving children in India or China or in Africa. Look at the sunset, look at the sunrise, why don't you enjoy them, for God's sake? And now I do. Except if it's cloudy, of course, and you can't see the sun. Or if it's cold. Or if it's too hot.

I probably need to take a few more personality workshops to complete the process. It's still not quite within my grasp, this being positive business.

***(more monologues on the next page)***

## **Sparks in the Park - Barry**

All right.. give me a break. I really think I'm going insane. Do you want to know why I'm going insane? Well, I'll tell you anyway. It's all because of this. Can you read it? It says, "Write a play and see it produced by two professionals in New York City in America's Annual Young Playwrights Festival". Pretty neat. My English teacher gave it to me just before school was out for the summer. Just the kind of thing an English teacher would give you right before summer. This thing has been like a curse. It's killing me. Don't get me wrong. It's not like I have to do this or anything. It's just become like a quest. I always thought... hey, I could write a play. I mean... listen. I have been to so many bad plays in my life. Stupid, idiotic plays... plays that make you say, My God, what kind of madman wrote this?" And do you know why there are so many bad plays? BECAUSE THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO WRITE! I have been sitting in this stupid room all month. It's not that I don't have anything to say. That's just it. I have too much to say. I'm too incredibly smart. Write a play... write a play. Have you ever gone to a play and sat through about the first ten minutes, maybe even up to intermission, without having any idea what was going on? People are sitting around you, laughing, or crying their brains out, and you're just sitting there thinking, "God, my tongue hurts". What's worse is when you have to go to a play, one you really like, and they give it this completely moronic ending. I hate them. I have decided that I hate plays more than anything in the world. That's it. I give up. No more plays for me.

## **You're A Good Man Charlie Brown – Schroeder**

I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you'll take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything.

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