

FEMALE AUDITION MONOLOGUES 2024-2025

Please select one of the following monologues to prepare for your audition. All pieces are roughly 1 to 2 minutes in length, so you need not worry about timing them. We've offered some unique characters at varying ages, so make sure you choose the character that is most appropriate for your *type* and *age range*. Read the descriptions provided to help you choose, or ask for advice from your teachers, parents or mentors who are familiar with these works. All of these monologues have been pulled from published, highly acclaimed works, so you should have no problem finding copies of the plays online, in local bookstores or in your local or school libraries. Please refer to our [audition guidelines](#) for further assistance in preparing your piece.

1. THE CRUCIBLE, by Arthur Miller The Crucible is based on the Salem Witch Trials and the hearings that took place *to prosecute a great many innocent women accused of witchcraft. Set in colonial Massachusetts between February 1692 and May 1693, the town's inhabitants begin to turn against each other for their own manipulative reasons and in some cases to save themselves. In this moment, Mary is sharing a fictional account of her interactions with another woman, whom she hopes will be tried for witchcraft as a result of her story.*

MARY WARREN: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think-- she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

2. A RAISIN IN THE SUN, by Lorraine Hansberry

This play focuses on the Youngers, an African-American family living on the South Side of Chicago in the 1950s. When the play begins, the family is about to receive an insurance check for \$10,000 from their deceased father's life insurance policy. Each member of the family has an idea as to what this money should be used for. Beneatha tries to convince her brother and mother to use the money for her medical school tuition.

BENEATHA: When I was small... we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day... and it was very dangerous, you know..., far too steep... and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and sewed it all up... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face.... I never got over that... What one person could do for another, fix him up - sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know - and make them whole again. This was truly being God... It used to be so important to me. It used to matter. I used to care. Yes - I think [I stopped). Because it doesn't seem deep enough, close enough to what ails mankind! It was a child's way of seeing things - or an idealist's. You are still where I left off. You with all of your talk and dreams about Africa! You still think you can patch up the world. Cure the Great Sore of Colonialism - (loftily, mocking it) with the Penicillin of Independence - ! Independence and then what? What about the crooks and thieves and just plain idiots who will come into power and steal and plunder the same as before-only now they will be black and do it in the name of the new independence WHAT ABOUT THEM?

3. SHE KILLS MONSTERS (Young Adventurers Edition), by Qui Nguyen

A dramatic comedy about the world of fantasy role-playing games, SHE KILLS MONSTERS tells the story of Agnes Evans as she comes to terms with the death of her teenage sister, Tilly. When she finds Tilly's Dungeons & Dragons notebook, she embarks on an adventure in the imaginary world that was Tilly's refuge.

Agnes: My memories? Right. Do you want to know what my memories of Tilly are? They're of this little nerdy girl who I never talked to, who I ignored, who I didn't understand because she didn't live in the same world as I did. Her world was filled with evil jello molds, and demon queens, and slacker god, while mine...has Dave Matthews and cute haircuts. I didn't get her. I assumed I would one day - that she'd grow out of all this - that I'd be able to sit around and ask her about normal things like clothes and TV Shows and boys...and as it turns out, no one even knows if she was even into boys or not. I didn't know her, Vera. I remember her as a baby, I remember her as this little toddler I loved picking up and holding, but I don't remember her as a teen at all. I'll never get a chance to get to know her as an adult. And now all I have left is this stupid piece of paper and this stupid made - up adventure about killing a stupid made-up dragon.

4. ELEEMOSYNARY, by Lee Blessing *This play examines the delicate relationship of three women: a grandmother, Dorothea, who has sought to exert her independence through strong willed eccentric behavior, Artie, her daughter, who has run from her overpowering mother, and Echo, Artie's daughter, who is incredibly smart and equally sensitive. After Dorothea (who has raised Echo into her teens) suffers a stroke, Echo is forced to reestablish contact with her mother through extended phone conversations, during which real issues are skirted and the talk is mostly about the precocious Echo's unparalleled success in a national spelling bee. In the end, Artie and Echo come to accept their mutual need and summon the courage to build a life together, despite their fears after so many years of estrangement.*

Echo: Uncle Bill hardly remembers you, you know that? I asked him what you were like as a little girl, and he couldn't even say. He remembers Grandma even less. He didn't have one interesting thing to say about her – about *Grandma*. To them, she's just a woman who lived a big, embarrassing life. They all think they've saved me just in time. Not just from Grandma – from you, too. (A beat.) So I started wondering if they weren't right. Maybe the smartest thing would be to forget you completely. And Grandma. After all, what did I ever get from the two of you, except a good education? You especially - what were you ever to me, except a voice on the phone now and then? And I looked around the new room where I was staying, and it was real nice and... blank, the way a thing is before you put any time into it. I thought, I could live a whole new life here. I could invent a whole new me. I could be Barbara if I wanted to, not Echo. I could fit in. I could live without the one thing I wanted. But I kept hearing your voice. That voice on the other end of the phone, hiding behind spelling words, making excuses - or so energetic sometimes, so... Wishing. I don't even remember what you said, just the sound of it. Just a sound that said, "I love you, and I failed you." I hate that sound. And I will never settle for it, because no one failed me. No one ever failed me. Not Grandma and not you. I am a prize among women. I'm your daughter. That's what I choose to be.

5. PROOF by David Auburn

Proof is the story of an enigmatic young woman, Catherine, her manipulative sister, their brilliant father, and an unexpected suitor. They are all pieces of the puzzle in the search for the truth behind a mysterious mathematical proof. Catherine - A 25 year old woman who inherited much of her father's mathematical genius, and, she fears, his "instability" as well.

CATHERINE: I lived with him. I spent my life with him. I fed him. Talked to him. Tried to listen when he talked. Talked to people who weren't there . . . Watched him shuffling around like a ghost. A very smelly ghost. He was filthy. I had to make sure he bathed. My own father . . . After my mother died it was just me here. I tried to keep him happy no matter what idiotic project he was doing. He used to read all day. He kept demanding more and more books. I took them out of the library by the carload. We had hundreds upstairs. Then I realized he wasn't reading: he believed aliens were sending him messages through the Dewey decimal numbers on the library books. He was trying to work out the code . . . Beautiful mathematics. The most elegant proofs, perfect proofs, proofs like music . . . Plus fashion tips, knock-knock jokes – I mean it was nuts, OK? Later the writing phase: scribbling nineteen, twenty hours a day . . . I ordered him a case of notebooks and he used every one. I dropped out of school . . . I'm glad he's dead.

6. OUR TOWN, by Thornton Wilder

The play focuses on the fictional town of Grover's Corners and its inhabitants. Emily and George are now teenagers and realizing their interest in each other is changing. In this moment, Emily is angry with George because he's not been paying much attention to her. But when he apologizes and explains he never meant to upset her, she's the one left feeling guilty. .

Emily: I'm not mad at you. But, since you ask me, I might as well say it right out, George. (to the teacher) Oh goodbye, Mrs. Corcoran. (back to George) I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings; but I've just got to - tell the truth and shame the devil. Well up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while you did everything - because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. And you never stopped to speak to anyone anymore - not to really speak - not even to your own family, you didn't. And George, it's a fact - ever since you've been elected captain, you've got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. And it hurts me to hear 'em say it; but I got to agree with 'em a little, because it's true. I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be. Well, my father is. And as far as I can see, your father is, There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be too. But you might as well know right now that I'm not perfect - It's not easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because, well, we girls are inore - nervous. Now, I'm sorry I said all that about you. I don't know what made me say it. Now I can see it's not true at all. And I suddenly feel that it's not important, anyway,

7. INDIAN SUMMER by Gregory S Moss*

Abandoned by his wayward mom, Daniel is consigned to spend the summer with his widower granddad in a Rhode Island beach town, where the locals don't look kindly on city kids. But his hapless vacation turns around when he meets Izzy: tough-acting, back-sassing, beguiling, and taken. This feisty romantic comedy follows a passing fling that could last a lifetime—as impossible and charmed as an Indian summer.

Izzy: Why am I not punching you right now? Under normal circumstances, if someone talked to me like you just did, my first reaction would be pow, pow pow pow. No, seriously I'm not known for my self-control when it comes to punching, and my parents are like enough, enough already with the punching. We can't keep coming to the principal's office and we don't wanna hear what you did to that galoopa girl's eyes. We can't hear from Zack Scheifers parents about how you smashed his hand into the sewer grate, and I'm like, sorry, dude that's just the way I express myself, I express myself physically. Words don't cut it and yet here I am not punching you right now so what is that all about? (pause) I guess I just feel bad yea uh i- I would feel bad for hurting a crazy person because you're obviously crazy and I guess I would just feel bad hurting a mental deficient. And and I got a boyfriend you know, yea he is gonna break your face when he heard what you just said to me, he is gonna paralyze you- and what are you doing? That's pretty shitty for a sandcastle, it actually looks like a bird or or like a fish.

8. THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, dramatized by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett (Based upon the book, Anne Frank: Diary of a Young Girl)

The top floors of a warehouse in Amsterdam, Holland, spanning from 1942 to 1945. Concentration camp victim Otto Frank returns to his former hiding place after the war where he is given his daughter's diary. Anne Frank kept a record of how she, her parents and sister, along with three members of the van Daan family and a dentist named Albert Dussel, hid in an attic from the Nazis for two years. The story is told in flashback sequences, showing growing tensions between the families, their food shortages, and Anne's falling in love with Peter van Daan. In this moment, a 15 year old Anne is speaking hopefully to Peter. Only seconds after she finishes this speech, the building is raided by the Nazis and all of its occupants, except Otto Frank, are sent to their deaths in concentration camps,

Anne: *(Looking up through the skylight)* Look, Peter, the sky. What a lovely day. Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? *I think myself out?* I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the daffodils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful thing about *thinking* yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time... It's funny... I used to take it all for granted... and now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you? I wish you had religion, Peter. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there... the trees... and flowers... and seagulls... when I think of the dearness of you, Peter... and the goodness of the people we know... Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us every day... When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid anymore... I find myself, and God, and I... I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith... when people are doing such horrible... but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but some day... I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

9. WHAT THE WELL DRESSED GIRL IS WEARING, by Arthur M Jolly

Best friends or worst enemies? Jennifer asks Sandra for help choosing the perfect outfit for a date...unfortunately, Jennifer doesn't know it's with the guy Sandra has a huge crush on! As the outfits gets stranger and stranger, their friendship gets more and more strained. Will they make up in time, or will Jennifer turn up for her date wearing a pope's hat and fishing waders?

Sandra: Why would I be mad? Just 'cause it's a double date and my guy isn't going to be there 'cause I made him up, so it's just me and you and your date...Jimmy. Perfect, perfect Jimmy. And his dimples. (Beat.)

I mean—it's Jimmy. He doesn't want to go out with me, he wants to go out with you. And he doesn't like me, even though—you know. I've been completely and utterly in love with him since second grade...and I left all those little presents on his desk, and hung around by his locker every day, and I put a tent in his backyard and slept there with that big Valentine's day sign I made.

(Beat.)

I was there a week. He was at his uncle's.

(Beat.)

Then when the sign didn't work, I thought—you know. Bigger. Maybe he just couldn't read my writing, so I spent everything I had on a huge billboard that said—Jimmy, I love you, ask me to the spring formal...but I spent all my money on the billboard so I couldn't afford a ticket... I just watched through the window. It was raining. I stood there, in the rain, and watched you and Jimmy dancing. Together. You were staring into his eyes the whole time. Those beautiful, sparkling eyes—full of mystery, full of promise. Eyes you could lose yourself in.

(Beat.)

Then I got bit by a raccoon.