

Audition Monologues

Inspector Hound

It was a grey evening in the city. The rain pattered down in a lazy downpour that couldn't decide if it wanted to be sleet or sunshine. They say the city never sleeps, but I say this is Victoria and everything is shut down by 9:30. My name is Hound, Inspector Hound, and I'm a Private Eye. But on this gloomy night I wasn't headed out for a slug of whiskey or a slug in a gunfight. No, tonight I was headed to the theatre. Theatre al Dente, to be precise. They say there was a musical, and rumor had it there was a lot of drama around this production. I have a source on every street corner, and I knew for a fact this show was full of characters. The leading lady had enough baggage to costume Les Mis, and the understudy was as sweet as Orphan Annie on the good ship lollipop. The stage managers drinks are as spiked as the set changes, and everyone hates the director. It was a recipe for disaster, and, well, I love a trainwreck. Besides, I had gotten comp tickets and heard they have two dollar popcorn.

Sarah Brown

It was a dark and stormy night in a city that never sleeps. Except when it does. But mostly it doesn't! But we do have to respect the quiet hours. Those are important! Oh gosh, I think I broke the mood. The Inspector is always getting on my case for that. Pull it together Sarah!

Okay, take two. It was a dark and stormy night, and I was trying to solve a case where everyone's acting, no one hits their marks, and every finale is followed by one last reprise. Was that good Inspector? Did I get the ambiance right? Hello? Inspector? Oh shoot, he's run off again. Inspector, hey Inspector, come back!

Norma Desmond

Excuse you! Do you know who you are talking to? I am Norma Desmond! My name used to mean something in this town! When I went in for a close up the whole world watched! I'm still as big as I always was, it's the theatre that got small. Look at this stage, disgraceful! You call this a set? It's nothing but cardboard cut outs held together with spirit gum and desperation. My co-stars are blithering idiots, sycophantic toadies, or nut cases who think ordering kibble for lunch makes them a better actor! And then you come in with your wild accusations, besmirching my beautiful character in front of all these people! My fans! How dare you sir! I will be calling my agent, and he will make a rope of words that will strangle you! Yes, strangle you to death! Good luck with your case then!

Eve Harrington

Oh no Ms. Desmond, you're wrong. The theatre is always worth it! The lights, the curtains, the smell of the grease paint the roar of the crowd! There's nothing like it, nothing in the whole wide world. I remember when I was a little girl deep in the backwoods of East Sooke. Listening to the burble of the babbling brook and pretending it was hoards of fans cheering my name. Eve, Eve, we love you! Can you hear them? Just listen. Listen, there they are! Just out of reach. Just around the riverbend. (*slightly unhinged laugh*) I'll get those crowds, Ms. Desmond. I don't care what it takes. I'll have my moment in the spotlight. I will have my applause!

Freddie Hill

(Just walked into a door)

Dude, who put that door there? Gnarly. I'm gonna have a wicked bruise. Okay, focus Freddie. Gotta learn these lines or Zach is gonna be hella mad at me. Rubber baby buggy bumpers red leather yellow leather I slit the sheet the sheet I slit.

(He does some weird stretches)

Dude! What light through yonder window break! It's the east and Juliet is totally the wicked awesome sun!

Nailed it. Freddie, you're the best! You earned a kombucha break.

Joanne

Shut it down! Shut it all down! What does a girl have to do to get a dry martini around here? You, get me a drink! I don't care who you are, just do it! I've had it with this whole thing. Who decided that theatre was a viable career choice? I blame my drama teacher. She kept telling me to follow my dreams. Follow my dreams, what a crock of bull-hoey! There's no such thing as dreams kid. Just nightmares wearing gilded costumes and fairy wings. But those wings are made of paper mache and as soon as it rains they just melt away. Like cotton candy in a fancy cocktail. Where the heck is my cocktail! You can put a hat on a pig, but it's still a pig at the end of the day. Does anyone even still wear a hat? Aw, who cares, I'm heading to the bar, who's with me?

Amos Hart

Places. Places everyone! Hello? Places? Is anyone even listening? Can you hear me? Gee, sometimes it seems like I'm made of cellophane. Can someone move this door? Who put a door here? Brian? Anyone? Fine, I'll move it myself. I end up doing everything around here anyway.

(Norma walks by)

Ms. Desmond! Hello! Can I get you some water? A fisherman's friend? A dream home in the bahamas?

(She exits. He sighs wistfully)

Oh Norma, if only you could see yourself through my eyes, you wouldn't waste another second on that good for nothing Zach. He doesn't know what he's missing! How could anyone look at your perfect, beautiful, incredible, close up worthy face and still choose someone like Lily St. Regis? It's a crime against humanity!

Max Biallistock

(on the phone)

Yes, no, yes, yes, but, well, no, only, if you could just, I mean, I have, only, WILL YOU JUST LISTEN! Thank you. I have a plan, alright? I'll get you all the money, plus interest. You just need to give me twenty four hours. Alright? In twenty four hours I will give you everything we owe and then this who shady business will be over. Do you hear me? After this I'm out. I won't be a part of this anymore. This is the theatre dammit! The drama is supposed to stay on the stage!

Lily St. Regis

Zacchy, where are you? Zacchy, I'm bored. This play is boring! Give me your credit card, I'm going for some retail therapy.

(Sees something shiny)

Ooh! Shiny!

(She can't reach it)

Gimme! I want it! Gimme gimme gimme! ZACHHY! HELP!

(She runs around like a dog chasing it's tail)

GIMME! SHINY SHINY SHINY! AARGH!

(She storms off)

Zacccccchhhyy!

Mary Sunshine

Zach Modine's latest piece of so-called theatre was dreck on a level never seen before. The insane idea to mash up Romeo and Juliet with Cats left the audience confused, befuddled, and angry as they left halfway through the first act. With uninspired performances from washed up hack Norma Desmond and her limp noodle co-star, Freddie Hill, your time would be better spent watching paint dry. Zach Modine is quite possibly the worst director working in Victoria today and any production with his name on it should be avoided at all costs!