

Need a monologue for your audition? Feel free to choose one of the following. Pick one that speaks to you! If you have time to memorize it, we appreciate it, but otherwise you're welcome to read it for us during your audition.

***Pandora: A Tragicomic Greek Romp* by Ann Fraistat and Shawn Fraistat**

Pandora, it's not that I don't want to kiss you. Believe me, I want to kiss you. It's that I can't kiss you because I'm supposed to marry Eris. We're engaged. See, and that means that it would be – how should I put this? – somewhat frowned if I kissed anyone else. So even though you want to kiss me and I want to kiss you, we absolutely cannot, must not kiss. I agree that this is counter intuitive. Some might even call it an arbitrary, frustrating nonsense rule, but, hey, that's marriage. You have to understand that in our town, marriage isn't really something you agree to; it's more like something other people inflict on you. My parents were friends with Eris's parents, and they agreed that we would get married when we grew up. And I have to do what my parents would have wanted, so...that's happening...But look on the bright side! That doesn't mean you and I can't still be friends who don't kiss but secretly want to! Right? Friends?

***The Staggering Heartbreak of Jasmine Merriwether* by Don Zolidis**

Let me explain this to you in terms you can understand: I am in the middle of an emotional apocalypse. You do not want to be speaking to me. So, do you mind? I'm trying to zone out and wallow in grief. I mean, come on – for the last two days you've been hitting on me, right? No, you can at least admit it. Let's be adults here. You just think you're funny and charming. You just come over here and you're like "I'll just make a bunch of jokes and flirt with the girl who got just dumped 'cause I'm super nice and whatever" but in reality you're just thinking "I'm gonna see if I can make this girl fall in love with me so I CAN DESTROY HER HEART." I'm sorry. My stupid ex-boyfriend broke my heart. You ever been in love? Love is awesome for like six weeks, and then it's like – you ever see the movie Alien? You know when the alien like explodes out of the guys chest? That's what happens to you after six weeks. Blarrgh! And then you're left with this like hollow shell of a creature while he goes on with his perfectly normal life and says hey to whoever he wants. But all right fine. You can take me out.

***A Bright New Boise* by Samuel D. Hunter**

When I was little I used to have fantasies about my real dad coming to get me. Like he was a prisoner of war, or an FBI agent or something. He didn't work at the Hobby Lobby, that's for sure. So if you're really my father—again, if— why now? What do you want from me? You wanna get to know me? I have panic attacks. Sometimes more than once a week. Do you know what a panic attack is? No, you don't. You think that you might but you don't. You probably think it's just about me being stressed out, you think that I have a panic attack when I get a bad grade on a test or something. I get panic attacks over nothing. Absolutely nothing. I'll be at work, or at home, or at school, and suddenly I'll start shaking and I won't be able to breathe. School counselor says it might be a chemical imbalance. Or, she says it might have something to do with my past. So if you're my father, it's probably your fault. I want a blood test. Valley Medical Clinic on 17th street. I have an appointment for six, you have an appointment for seven. We're going separately, and you're paying for it. It's not cheap. And you need to know that if you turn out to be my biological father that it doesn't necessarily mean anything. It doesn't mean I have to talk to you or interact with you in any way. And don't talk about my mom unless I tell you to. If I ask you to quit and move out of Boise, would you? I gotta clock in.

***And Turning, Stay* by Kellie Powell**

Don't you dare walk away from me! And don't tell me you're sorry! And don't tell me to forget it, and don't you dare tell me to "let it go." God knows, I'd like to. I wish I could, but I can't! I can't forget that we had something, and you're running away. You're running away! Don't you see, Mark? You're running from what I've search for all my life! Why, because you're scared? We", I'm scared too, but you and I – we have something worth fighting for. We could make it work, I'm not saying it would be easy, but I care about you. And I know deep down, under this bravado, you care about me. And that's what it's all about, Mark, don't you get it? It's the human experience. You can pretend all you want, but you're only lying to yourself. You're denying the simple and wonderful fact that you are emotional, and vulnerable, and alive. Can you honestly stand there and tell me that I mean nothing to you? That everything that happened that night was a lie? That you feel nothing? I feel sorry for you, Mark. I'll move on. I'll find someone else. I'll be all right, because I will know that I tried. That I did everything I could. But someday you will look back, and you will realize what you threw away. And you will regret it always.

This is a Test by Stephen Gregg

It's true. My future is bleak. I'm a terrible student and everybody knows it. I'm not an athlete. I don't debate. Or play chess. I'm funny looking. All my library books are overdue. I don't have any friends. I'm an orphan. Well, I have parents but they probably don't like me very much. I wouldn't either. Wait a minute. Snap out of it. Quit feeling sorry for yourself. You have plenty of fine qualities. What about my singing? Just last week Mrs. Mandell said that my voice had great potential. "With a little training," she said, "you could have been a very fine tenor." Those were her exact words. "A very fine tenor." And that's something that makes me different. It's just one example of the many fine qualities that make me unique. I can always remember that no matter what happens, I have my music to make me just a little bit special.