

Hello everyone! This document includes the monologues we would like to see performed at the audition. You are welcome to do a cold read but we encourage you to memorize as much as possible. These monologues are specifically for you showing us what you can do. Please do the best you can to differentiate yourselves from the actors who have made these monologues famous and allow these pieces to become your own. With the exception for James, you will have the option of doing either monologue. Thank you.

Anne

Maggie: You ever own a dog? My daddy had a German Sheppard, Axel. Axel's hindquarters were so bad he had to drag himself room to room by his front legs. Me and Mardell'd bust up watchin' him scoot cross the kitchen floor. Daddy was so sick by then, he could hardly stand himself, but one morning he got up, carried Axel to his rig and the two of them went off into the woods, singing and howling. Wasn't till he got home alone that night that I saw the shovel in the truck. Sure miss watchin' the two of them together.

- Or -

Anne

Tootsie

written by Larry Gelbart & Murray Schisgal

(Dorothy climbs into bed next to Julie.)

Julie: Daddy's a little out of touch, isn't he?

Julie: He says things pretty simply. You're either happy or unhappy; married or not married. There's nothing in between. (Pause) I tried to get him to take out other women after Mama died, but...

Julie: I don't remember her very well. I remember her helping me pick out this wallpaper. I'd chosen one with great big purple flowers on it, and she said to me, "Just remember that once you choose it, it's going to cover the walls of your room for a long, long time." So I tried to imagine what those big purple flowers were going to look like on all the walls of my room, every night when I was falling asleep and every morning when I was getting dressed. So I said to her, "Which one would you choose, Mama?" And she said, "The one with the daisies and the little rosebuds, because daisies are such homey flowers, and rosebuds are so cheerful and always waiting to bloom.

Julie: I made a million plans looking at these wallpaper. I was always waiting for these rosebuds to open.

Ryan

Before Sunrise

written by Richard Linklater & Kim Krizan

Jesse: Alright, I have an admittedly insane idea, but if I don't ask you this, it's just, uh, you know, its going to haunt me the rest of my life. I want to keep talking to you, y'know. I have no idea what your situation is, but, uh, but I feel like we have some kind of, uh, connection. Right? Yeah, right, well, great. So listen, so here's the deal. This is what we should do. You should get off the train with me here in Vienna, and come check out the town. Come on. It'll be fun. Come on. All I know is I have to catch an Austrian Airlines flight tomorrow morning at 9:30, and I don't really have enough money for a hotel, so I was just going to walk around, and it would be a lot more fun if you came with me. And if I turn out to be some kind of psycho, you know, you just get on the next train. Alright, alright. Think of it like this. Um, uh, jump ahead, ten, twenty years, okay, and you're married. Only your marriage doesn't have that same energy that it used to have, y'know. You start to blame your husband. You start to think about all those guys you've met in your life, and what might have happened if you'd picked up with one of them, right? Well, I'm one of those guys. That's me, y'know, so think of this as time travel, from then to now, uh, to find out what you're missing out on. See, what this really could be is a gigantic favor to both you and your future husband, to find out that you're not missing out on anything. I'm just as big a loser as he is, totally unmotivated, totally boring, and, uh, you made the right choice, and you're really happy.

-or-

Ryan

Blow

written by David McKenna and Nick Cassavetes, from the book by Bruce Porter

George Jung: Hello, Dad. Y'know, I remember a lifetime ago I was about three and a half feet tall, weighing only sixty pounds, but every inch your son. Those Saturday mornings, going to work with my dad and we'd pile into that big, green truck. I thought that truck was the... was the biggest truck in the universe, Pop. I remember how important the job we did was. How, if it weren't for us, people would freeze to death. I thought you were the strongest man in the world. Remember those home movies, when Mom would dress up like Loretta Young? Ice creams, football games, playing hook the tuna, the day I left for California only to come home with the FBI chasing me, that FBI Agent Trout... When he had to get on his knees to put my boots on, you said, "That's where you belong, you sonofabitch, puttin on Georgie's boots." That was a good one, Dad. That was really something. You remember that? And that time you told me that money wasn't real? Well, old man, I'm 42 years old and I've finally realized what you were trying to tell me too many years ago. I finally understand. You're the best, Dad. I just wish I could've done more for you. Wish we had more time. Anyway, may the wind always be at your back, and the sun always upon your face, and the winds of destiny to carry you aloft, to dance with the stars. I love you, Dad. Love, George.

Kirin

Medic Wade: Well actually the trick to falling asleep is to trying to stay awake. See when my mother was an intern she use to work late through the night, sleep through the day. So the only time we ever got to talk about anything was when she'd get home. So what'd I'd, I used to do, I used to lie in my bed and try to stay awake as long as I could. But it never worked. 'Cause, cause the harder I tried, the faster I'd fall asleep. (pause) Funny thing is sometimes she'd come home early. I'd pretend to be asleep. She'd stand in the doorway looking at me, and I'd keep my eyes shut. And I knew she just wanted to find out about my day. So she came home early, just to talk to me. I still wouldn't move I'd still pretend to just be asleep. I don't know why I did that...

-or-

Kirin

Jack :Well, fear's sort of an odd thing. When I was in residency my first solo procedure was a spinal surgery on a 16 year old kid, a girl. And at the end, after 13 hours, I was closing her up and I, I accidentally ripped her dural sac, shredded the base of the spine where all the nerves come together, membrane as thin as tissue. And so it ripped open and the nerves just spilled out of her like angel hair pasta, spinal fluid flowing out of her and I: and the terror was just so crazy. So real. And I knew I had to deal with it. (He's crying). So I just made a choice. I'd let the fear in, let it take over, let it do its thing, but only for 5 seconds, that's all I was going to give it. So I started to count, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Then it was gone. I went back to work, sewed her up and she was fine.

Ellen

Collateral
written by Stuart Beattie

Max: But you didn't answer my question. You like what you do?

Annie: (pause) Yeah.

Max: But not today?

Annie: No, I do. Like I can't wait. I love standing in that courtroom. At the same time I get this clenched up thing the night before the first days.

Max: Clenched up? How?

Annie: I think I'm gonna loose. I think the case sucks. My exhibits aren't in order. I'm not prepared enough. People are going to find out that I don't know what I'm doing and I've been running some charade all these years. I represent the Department of Justice, and my opening statement is gonna fall flat at the most important point and the jury is going to laugh at me. And then I cry. I don't throw up, a lot of people throw up, I have a strong stomache. And then I pull myself together, I rewrite my opening statement, work my exhibits. And that's what I do for the rest of the night. That's my routine. In the morning it starts and I'm fine.

Max: You need a vacation.

Annie: I just had a vacation on the Harbor Freeway.

-or-

Ellen

Stepmom

written by Gigi Levangie, Jessie Nelson, Steven Rogers, Karen Leigh Hopkins, & Ron Bass

Isabel: I never wanted to be a mom. Well, sharing it with you is one thing, but caring alone the rest of my life, always being compared to you. You're perfect. They worship you. I just don't want to be looking over my shoulder everyday, for twenty years, knowing that someone would have done it right, done it better, the way that I can't. You're mother-earth incarnate, you ride with Anna, you know every story, every wound, every memory Their whole life's happiness is wrapped up in you. Every single moment. Don't you get it? Look down the road to her wedding. I'm in a room alone with her Fitting her veil, fluffing her dress. Telling her, no woman has ever looked that beautiful. And my fear is that (pause) she'll be thinking "I wish my mom was here".

James

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