

**Choose one monologue for your *Mamma Mia!* audition and please prepare and tape.**

### **Monologue 1**

If there's one thing I can't stand in theater, it's walking out along on stage at the beginning of the evening to open a show cold. (Grins) But it's better than waiting tables. I'm Charlie (ironic)...your waiter for the evening. I'd rather be on stage tonight. Waiting tables is a toy job. You probably don't know what a toy job is. I'll explain. A toy job is a job that you don't really care about, that you do to make a living, while you wait for the chance to do the job you want to do. (Beat. He measures the audience) But maybe you know already. Being a waiter is sort of a standard job for an actor, it's expected. I mean, if you're a dentist or an insurance salesman and someone says "where're ya' working' nowadays?", and you say, "I'm a waiter at this little French place on fifty-sixth street," they think you're a failure. But if you're an actor, they understand.

### **Monologue 2**

I don't need this advice. Not from old "Clint the Splint," strikeout king of Eisenhower High. The only place you ever made time was in study hall! (pause, a slowly dawning realization) The real reason you want to break up the act is so you can have her all to yourself. I did spot her first, in case you're wondering. I'm keeping you in my sights at all times from now on. If you're planning on sneaking out and asking her to go for a drink or something, you can just forget it, because I'll be right on your heels. I don't know how you could do that to your best buddy. I haven't even introduced you to this girl, and now you're practically planning to marry her. And don't tell me I'm paranoid, because you've changed, buster! You've changed from high school, and I know how your little brain is working.

### **Monologue 3**

Don't get her upset? I'm hanging seven stories from a gargoyle in a pouring rain and you want me to worry about her? . . . You know what she's doing in there? She's playing with her false eyelashes. . . (crossing back to Norma.) I already made up my mind. The minute I get my hands on her, I'm gonna kill her. (Moves back to door.) once I show them the wedding bills, no jury on earth would convict me. . . And if by some miracle she survives, let there be no talk of weddings. . . She can go into a convent. (Slowly moving back to Norma below bed.) Let her become a librarian with thick glasses and a pencil in her hair, I'm not paying for anymore cancelled weddings. . . (Working himself up into a frenzy, he rushes to the table by the armchair and grabs up some newspapers.) Now get her out of there or I start to burn these newspapers and smoke her out.

#### **Monologue 4**

So, the casting agent says to me, "You're not right for it; you're a character woman." I die. My blood congeals. Fissures appear. It's the actresses' death knell. I go through menopause in five seconds. All fluids dry. I become the Mojave Desert. Character woman! I, who have screwed every leading man on the East Coast, become their mother. Vertigo. I scream out in a silent, unattending universe: "I'm too young to be a character woman!" and the echo replies, rolling out of infinite space: "They want to see you for the funny aunt at the wedding!" (She ritually disembowels herself) Bad day. I once believed I could be very good. I wanted to be so concentrated, so compressed, so vivid and present and skillful and heartfelt that any- one watching me would literally burst into flame. Combust. I never did it. It never happened.

#### **Monologue 5**

I hope I'm not bothering you . . . what do you have for an anxiety attack? I need a tranquilizer. I have a throbbing in the pit of my stomach. My stomach feels jumpy. I'm finding it hard to breathe. I feel frightened, and I don't know over what. Oh . . . I always get this way when Dick goes on a business trip. He had to fly to Cleveland for the day. I got up, helped him pack, drove him to the airport, and threw up in the United Airlines terminal. I don't know what it is that upsets me so. My analyst would say I'm feeling guilty because I really want him to go. I know you don't understand me. . . You think I've got everything going for me. I'm bright . . . people photograph me for magazines. I read, play Bach on the recorder. I'm happily married. Do you really think I've got a lot going for me?

#### **Monologue 6**

It's funny. I never thought you liked me very much. You know, when I married Dick. You thought I thought you were an oddball? I never really knew you. I mean we never spent any time together. Dick described you as the first guy who sat through "The Maltese Falcon" twelve times in two weeks. Then when the four of us went out together you acted differently than now. I feel I've really gotten to know you in the past few weeks and I've come to a very interesting conclusion. You definitely are an oddball... but you're one of the best people I've ever known. I'm glad we're just friends. I like a Platonic relationship.