

## Male Audition Monologue

My resume. Oh, first I should mention that I could play any of the parts in this play. Any. I could play an ant, I could play Little Red Riding Hood, I could play Hamlet. I've never heard of this play, as a matter of fact. It doesn't matter. I can do opera, I can do commercials, I can sing soprano, I can do my own stunts – I'm that versatile. Leading man, leading lady, gay, ingenue – you name it, I can do it. That's how great I am. I see you looking over my resume. Noticing I've never had a part. It's a real comment on this sick business we're in, isn't it? An actor this good and he's blackballed! Why? For refusing to show up at auditions! Auditions are beneath me. I wipe my feet on them. People should be begging me to grace their theatres – producers should be asking me to audition them! But those egomaniacs who should bow and scrape before me – they have forced me to betray my principles and come to this audition. So no, no, don't blame me for demeaning myself in this grotesque position! I've waited ten years for them to come crawling, but suffice it to say they were too wrapped up in their own insane trivium to get the hint. But enough of them. Let's get to the situation at hand. You're sitting there typecasting me as a leading man aren't you? You're thinking that because of my matinee idol glorious good looks, and rich, sensuous, sexy seductive, fetching, effervescent, tingly and charming voice, I could only play a male lead. No, I tell you, no! Observe! An ant! (He crawls along the floor in a normal way.) What do you mean my time's up? I haven't done my monologue yet! (Beat) What do you mean, next? Where do you get off saying next?! I memorized this thing! I took the subway here! I elbowed my way ahead of dozens of pushy actors and still had to wait a half hour to get in here! I wanna do my audition!