

CHOOSE AND PREPARE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING MONOLOGUES. FOR THE AUDITIONS FOR OAP, I AM NOT EXPECTING MEMORIZATION. FOR AUDITIONS FOR OVATION, YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS MEMORIZED.

MALE MONOLOGUE CHOICE 1:

WAYNE: Alright so then my FATHER, well - well, nobody taught him how to make hats, so after high school he starts apprenticing as an Air Conditioner Tech, installing and repairing air conditioning units. And he meets my mom and marries my mom then I was born, and then moves the family out to Kenner, brah, to a house on West Esplanade — which is not NEARLY as exotic as it sounds — and my sister is born, and she had a mild case of MS, like medium case of MS -- and so mostly I just ran the streets... I mean, my Dad never talked, he just sat in his chair and watched Garland and Angela till the day he keeled over died – but I mean, there was nothing *traumatic*, like divorces or a terrible car accident – we were just – regular. And the next thing I knew my grandma sold Murphy’s Hats to pay off Pa Paw’s gambling debts. And I don’t think I quite realized what was happening that day, watching my grandmother lock the doors on Murphy’s Hats for the last time. It was just me and her, Im not sure why, maybe I gave her a ride, and when she turned that key I remember sighing inside and thinking, well, I guess I’ll just be an Air Conditioner Repair Tech, like my dad. I mean that’s noble enough work, right? Keeping people comfortable in their own homes...

MALE MONOLOGUE CHOICE 2:

SISSY NA NA: When I was in high school, when I was in JUNIOR high my stepdad kicked me out when I got caught wearing my sister's bra and panties. I got my clavicle broken HERE and then HERE. You wanna know how it got broke? No you don’t want to know how it got broke. That was also the year my Uncle who was an alcoholic moved in with us, so I slept on the couch while he tried to detox in my room but decided to slit his wrists instead. And he didn't die, no he didn't die, he just roamed around our house with those nasty bandages around his wrists for a month. And then my sister, the smart one - she was so smart- takes a bad mix of pills at a house party and gets herself hit by a car trying to walk home and winds up in a wheelchair, and she basically knows who we are now, but that's about all she knows. All that when I'm in Junior High. JUNIOR High. And Katrina didn't hit till I was grown. So now I wire money to Houston instead of bringing it down to the empty lot in the 7thWard where my family house once stood. You can't get the whole picture. It's not yours to get.

FEMALE MONOLOGUE CHOICE 1:

TANYA: That's right baby you are at the HUMMING BIRD and we may be a little rough around the edges but if there is one thing we know how to do, it is throw down a party. That's right it's Jazz Fest and our dear friend is sunseting and needs to be celebrated. Because people don't celebrate enough in this life — they let things roll by unnoticed, which is why it's good you are doing your little paper sweetie - Don't let Sissy Na Na scare you, you are a good little student we're glad you decided to come out here and notice us. I mean how would this city SURVIVE without us?

Who's gonna serve those belligerent frat boys drinks?

Who's gonna make sure the whole slutty bachelorette party gets up on stage for the booty dance?

Who's gonna serve the half-drunk housewife from Charlotte "Sex on the Beach" out of a test tube you are holding in your cleavage?

(To Zoe)

Celebrate, you hear me?

(She points to Krista and then Wayne)

'Cause we had to go down a long strange road to be who we are, a road filled with construction and roadkill and booby traps and scam artists and bad decisions masquerading as good decisions and bad luck masquerading as good luck and bad friends masquerading as good friends and treachery lurking around every corner, and you just stay on the road -

Looking for an exit, and when you realize there is no exit you get out and start walking -

You start walking and you keep walking, along the edge of the highway, with no idea of where you're going or where you belong, Until one morning the sun rises and you find yourself here. And there is no one else like us in the whole world.

FEMALE MONOLOGUE CHOICE 2:

MISS RUBY: Well, here I am, in the last 10 hours of my life. And it looks like YOU are going to have to change.

My club is gone. You can romanticize what we had, or you can make something new. How do you revel in this moment while letting go of what once was? How do you own who you are without destroying who you are? How do you defend your right to be YOU? To be AUTHENTIC? To be HERE?

Oh my little duckies. How I wish I had the answers.

Did I live my life right? Did I not realize what my life had become until I was in the middle of it? Did I regret that I did not have enough money to send my son to a good college, which led to him serving in the military and serving for 19 years before getting shot through the head by a sniper in Iraq?

We are who we are.

You are the most gorgeous group of screw ups I have ever seen. And you carry the ecstatic experience inside you.

Tanya approaches Miss Ruby's bed. This is an out of time moment, not exactly happening now.

Tanya puts Miss Ruby's hands underneath the blankets. Then, Tanya's hands emerge. Tanya holds a bottle of pain pills.

MISS RUBY: Those are mine.

Tanya opens the bottle of pills.

Tanya

DON'T.

Tanya shakes a pill out on to her hand.

Don't run from your ragged self. Be WITH it. Be WITH each other. Be WITH this moment that is slipping through our fingers as I speak....

Tanya takes the pill.

