

LIST OF MONOLOGUES FOR CONSIDERATION FOR AUDITIONS

- 1) Character: Valerie, 18, female identifying, Any race
from *A Cosplay Monologue* by Asher Wyndham
- 2) Character: Bennett, 20's, male identifying, Any race
from *Best Laid Plan(t)s* by Donna Hoke
- 3) Character: Jose', 20's Central American male identifying
from *Where They're Going When They Leave?* by Kirt Shineman
- 4) Character: Beth, late teens-early 20's, female identifying, any race
from *Little Women...NOW* by Donna Hoke
- 5) Character: Quinn, 20's genderqueer, any race
from *Quinn: A Monologue for a Genderqueer Actor* by Asher Wyndham
- 6) Character: Daisy Bates, 20's, African American female
from *Hour of Decision* by Larissa Brewington
- 7) Character: Robbie, 20's, any gender, any race
from *Loss Garden* by Angelica Howland
- 8) Character: Sam, 20's, Korean-American, any gender
from *Eulogy*, a stand-alone monologue by Erin Kong.
- 9) Character: Seban, college-aged female, in a black hijab (Sunni)
From *Germes and Viruses* by Kirt Shineman

ALTERNATES:

- 1) Character: Kristiana, 20's, Mexican female
from *Where They're Going When They Leave?* by Kirt Shineman
- 2) Character: James, Artist. Male identifying, any race.
From *Brilliant Works of Art* by Donna Hoke
- 3) Character: Rayce, female identifying, any race
from *Lottery House* by Angelica Howland

VALERIE

Excerpt from the 12-minute play **VALERIE: A COSPLAY MONOLOGUE**

Contact the playwright Asher Wyndham at asherwyndham@yahoo.com for the full play.

Character

VALERIE, 18, female-identifying, dressed in a new costume, confronts toxic masculinity at Cosplay. Any race, any size.

In this excerpt, the protagonist is trying to persuade her cosplay sisters to stand up against creepy guys at the convention.

Hey, what about you, Sailor Moon? Is your body off limits? What about you, Maleficent? And Batgirl? Scarlet Witch? Borg Queen? Tinkerbell? Lady Liberty? What about all the fangirls!? Off limits!? C'mon, girls, hands off them nachos 'n cheese, drop your chilli dogs, stop texting, and raise those ray-guns and daggers, raise those magic wands and bows 'n arrows! C'mon! We're here for fun, right? Right!? I can't hear you. Are we here for fun?! Some geeky girl fun?! Right? Yeah! And if we don't get to have some geeky girl fun because some guys decide to paw at us like at some petting zoo at a food market, then I say, feel free to bust a few smartphones, battle-axes, Infinity Stones, whatever—**KRUUNNCHH!**

**From BEST LAID PLAN(t)S by Donna Hoke
Bennett's actual break up speech:**

I didn't make the choice the first time, Nina. You did. You chose to walk out. You made every choice. You chose the food and the wine and the position and the location and the reasons I should forgive you and when I tried to choose something, I chose one thing. I chose this couch and I think-- I think this couch, this choice, might be-- is-- the best choice I ever made in my life. You chose to walk out and now you think you can choose to walk back in. It's not a choice, Nina, but if it were, I don't choose you. I choose my friend. I choose myself. I choose my life. Most of all I choose this fucking couch. Again. And if you burn it down, AND IF YOU BURN IT DOWN AGAIN, I will choose it again and again and again and again and again. Forever. I love this couch!

Where They're Going When They Leave? – Josè (M)

(¿Adónde Van Los que se Van?)

by Kirt Shineman

JOSÈ late 20's Central American man with tattoos who worked in both Nebraska and Mexico

JOSÈ

Don't run! Look! I'm not la migra. I am Josè. Please. Come out. Don't worry. I won't hurt you. I've got nothing. But you've got something, don't you? Can I have some water, please? Just a bit? I've been walking for days out here, prayin' for water, and I was thinkin' out here God can't hear the Rosary. That even the Lord won't come here. But there's water. Where are you from? *(She doesn't reply.)* I'm from Guatemala. You ever been there? It's nice, but no work. And té gangs.... I'm not gang. I wouldn't join. My older brothers did. I saw what happened. And what the gangs did to my sisters. I saw. Mamma wanted me to do school. Be the first to finish. But... Believe me. I'm a nice guy. My tia says so. You can share with me. I won't drink it all. Please. Just a bit.

BETH

from LITTLE WOMEN...NOW

by Donna Hoke

Everybody just talks. Nobody does anything. I sign thirty petitions a day, I write letters. I don't march, and I should march but the crowds-- Oh my god, I can't with the crowds. And I feel guilty for not marching. So I write more letters, and I force myself out of the house to the soup kitchen because those people need food, and it makes them happy, for a minute at least, just to eat! There are people there, whole families, they don't have anything, and they still smile all the time. They know how to find joy in... in a bowl of soup. Don't you admire that? Don't you want to be like that? To find joy in a bowl of soup. In such a small thing? I don't know how to do that, but I can do it for them.

BETH starts to have a panic attack--trembling, short of breath, dizzy.

I can make people happy for a minute. But it's never enough, because then I put on the TV and--

BETH grabs a chair and sits down, tries to calm her breathing.

But what can one person really do?

QUINN: A MONOLOGUE FOR A GENDERQUEER ACTOR

Contact Asher Wyndham at asherwyndham@yahoo.com if you have questions.

QUINN, 20s-30s, genderqueer. They can identify as genderqueer or genderfluid or even non-binary. Any race, any size.

In this excerpt, QUINN waits for their grandpa at the old-age home but first has to deal with some hate and ignorance.

Yeah, it's me, I'm back. Not waiting anymore in my car. I've eaten I don't-know-how-many tangerines. Let me see my grandpa. It's been almost an hour and I know he doesn't take this long to get ready in the morning. Have you sponge-bathed him? Is he dressed in his purple suit? Is he ready or not?! Why are you giving me the silent treatment, pretending that you're on the phone... Today is our day, you know that. The one day of the month he gets to see the sailboats and eat a BBQ-pork sandwich. Buzz me in. Stop buffin' with that emery board and press that button. Ahh! It's like Fort Knox here! Why are you looking at me like that? Yeah, I got an attitude. You and everyone here at this Senior Citizen Home, you're...not pleasant. I know what you're up to. Yeah, yeah, I'm a bit different from the last time you saw me. But I'm still his grandkid. He's seen me like this before. My mother showed him photos on his phone. He's from another generation, but he can handle it, unlike some people... For a Christian place, you lack hospitality! Ask yourself this, would Jesus buzz that buzzer? He would. He would get off that cross right above you, and he'd carry me like a baby to my grandpa's room. Ahh! I'm helping my mom pay for his residence! So buzz the buzzer! Nowww!

Daisy Bates

“Hour of Decision”, by Larissa Brewington

2person, 1act

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DAISY

While my step father lay dying, he reached out to me. I took his hand. He said he loved me and that I had been a wonderful daughter. But... he said that as I'd grown older, I had *not* become wiser. He begged me to stop hating. He said that man was *not* every white man. What he'd done was vile, but it was because he was a vile individual. He told me that there were, are good white people. (Beat) “You're filled with hatred, Daisy. Hate destroys. Hate the insults hurled at us. Hate the humiliation of living in the South. Hate the bigotry that breeds in the South. Hate the unfairness that eats away at the soul of every black man and woman you know and love. Then try to do something about it! If you're gonna hate... make it count for something” —Then... the guilt flooded me! I felt horrible for the man at the store! I felt terrible that he had died, never knowing what was good, what was right about this world! He'd died knowing nothing but pain, without peace. Not knowing that he could be forgiven. My father would be proud. I am wiser. I have built a life. And now, I'm going to make sure that others have the same opportunity.

An Excerpt from the short play,
LOSS GARDEN
By Angelica Howland

ROBBIE (Gender fluid, age fluid) In mourning... maybe.

AT RISE:

ROBBIE, in elegant black garb, hat and shoes, sits on a garden bench. They just sit. Occasionally they screw up their face as if they might cry. Hurriedly they pull a handkerchief out to catch the tears. Which do not fall. This frustrates them each time it happens. Suddenly..

ROBBIE

My sister is dead, and I can't cry. Laughter is not an acceptable reaction! Everyone who attended the funeral this morning must think I'm the biggest freak. All this sniffing mixed with the sounds of the organ and I'm sitting in the front row like I'm at a comedy show. All I could do was giggle and think about how much I wanted a bowl of buttered spaghetti. With fresh grated Parmigiano Reggiano. This is supposed to be tragic! I am the only one in my family left. My parents are gone. I have no partner, no children. My sister's husband hates me. Who cares if I haven't seen Star Wars? Dickhead! (They begin to laugh) Dick. Head. What a funny word. A head on a dick. His head on his own dick!

(ROBBIE laughs themselves out. Then sits quietly.)

ROBBIE

I have no one left. And I can't cry.

Eulogy - Audition Cut by Erin Kong

Languages used: English and Korean

Time period: The Korean war started in 1950, splitting northern and southern Korea by an arbitrary line, known to most in the west as the 38th parallel. The u.s. dropped 635,000 tons of bombs and 32,000 tons of napalm on northern Korea, and killed an estimated 15-20% of northern Korea's population. In 1953, an armistice was signed by the Korean People's Army of northern Korea, Chinese People's Volunteer Army of China, and the u.s. The Korean War continues today. The time period of this monologue is circa 2000.*

엄마 / eo-mma: means "mom"

잘 했어 / chal-haess-uh: means "good job"

*text that informed this monologue: *Haunting the Korean Diaspora by Grace M. Cho*

Hey, eomma. It's me. Your first-born child. Sam. I guess I can be honest now. Since you can't see, or hear, or lecture me or anything. Because you know. You're dead.

Anyway, Kevin is engaged to the white boy, Cole, you know Cole. They're getting married next June, and it's weird to think, you know, that you won't be there. Not that Kevin would have invited you anyway, because last time you saw him he called you an "ignorant third-world bitch," um, but you know. Nothing we can do about it now. What are you gonna do? Slap him with your maggot-infested skeleton hand?

I was with Miguel--you know Miguel, you called him ugly and poor. Well, Miguel and I were watching a documentary the other night about the Korean war. You never talked about it, and I guess I never asked. I think I would have understood you sooner, or better, or at all.

Like when I was growing up, and I would see how my white friends and their moms would treat them. Like, give them hugs and tell them they loved them and stuff. And I thought something was wrong with me, because you never did that. And I know now that's probably because of, uh, imperialism, so maybe this is selfish, but just tell me I did a good job. Chalhaessuh. I did everything you asked--I got good grades, I got into a good college, I dated Catholic for years, I followed this stupid career, all for you--

What did you dream about when you were my age? What did you want? Can you love someone you don't know?

Chalhaessuh, eomma. You did great.

Germes and Viruses- Seban (F)

By Kirt Shineman

SEBAN A college aged "woman" in a black hijab (Sunni)

SEBAN

Dama and I stood with the crowd. We chanted outside the Mosque. Another crowd stood on the opposite side of the square. They yelled. (*Chanting*) "Our blood for our President!" Rumor says that *they* were bussed in. The two crowds met. We shouted at each other. "Our souls, for our President!" "Freedom for democracy!" "Our blood, our souls, for our President!" The security forces over-reacted and used live ammunition on peaceful demonstrations. They claim they didn't mean to. Mean to? Tell that to the dead. Then out of nowhere! They shot tear gas at us. We were already on edge, and they fired at us! They started swinging and hitting. Batons and guns. And right next to me. She was right next to me. (*Silence.*) Oh, so young. So beautiful... such a promising future as a doctor. You would've made a great doctor, Dama. I am so proud of being your friend. But Dama, you're my first. Really. To see you die like that. You know, I never told you. First time. And it's so... It doesn't make sense. This. You dying. Dama. And when you fell, I thought, "No. You fell." No problem, but when I looked. And you ... you twitched, and your eyes. You looked at me. I couldn't, but I knew... you were... And I couldn't leave you. Your... I mean, not there. And that's why I dragged you. I tried to lift you, but ... I got you back home. And. Your father was... We tried a proper burial, but they wouldn't let us. Your father, he tried. You deserve better, but they said "No". Allah demands bury be proper! But no. Every sun must set. They will not let us mourn! They won't allow us to mourn our dead! We must demonstrate in Aleppo. Tomorrow join the protests in the street. We remain peaceful. We will not fight back until it is clearly our only choice.

Where They're Going When They Leave? – Kristiana (F)

(¿Adónde Van Los que se Van?)

by Kirt Shineman

KRISTIANA late 20's, Mexican female with a great voice

KRISTIANA

It's stupid. (*Code-switching*¹) I imagined... Well, on the walk, or to be honest, the whole week before I left, I would sit in my room and think about it. What it would be like. I would've rather stayed home. But you see the images, and you hear the stories. They're nothing like this. I imagined walking into town, walking on sidewalks, past green yards of grass, perfectly mowed. And trees! Green trees with flowers all around the trunks. And there's my sister's house. With a driveway, and a garage. And curtains! (*She scoffs.*) Lace. Yeah, how stereotypical. I like lace. I walk up to the door. I always picture a nice red door, with a doorbell, which I press. And some noise in the house, and this little girl answers the door. "I am looking for my sister." But before I can introduce myself, the little girl leaps into my arms squealing, "Auntie's here! Auntie's here!" I squeeze my niece and we twirl. And I see the neighbor across the street, a white man, in yellow shorts and a football jersey, throw down his rake, and huff into his house. (*She scoffs.*) I'm with my family, and he's pissed. Makes me laugh every time. Mostly I laugh because it is so Disney. So Hollywood. Might as well have Pit Bull carry me over the threshold.

She laughs.

¹ Switching between English and Spanish. You decide what words she speaks in Spanish and English.

**JAMES, 25, handsome artist, on how he discovered his place in his family, from
Brilliant Works of Art
By Donna Hoke**

Okay. So summer sophomore year. My parents decide they need a vacation. My brother is at some sports camp, so they also decide that I don't need to accompany them. I don't entertain the idea that they need alone time, but they also know that there is no risk in leaving me. Orgiastic beer blasts aren't on my resume. My father still expects me to come out any minute. For the first time, I'm alone. Uninterrupted alone. No sweaty brother bounding through the door after practice. No father asking what I'm doing with my life. I draw. Sometimes until the sun dips, the night gets black, the sun comes up again. One afternoon, I decide to play with some still life. I notice this basket of flowers on the mantle. They're silk, but they look real. They bloom eternally in shades of russet, wee bits of orange, gold. I notice how the wallpaper has the thinnest of gold stripes. Suddenly I see those two golds melding. When I look at them together, the stripes stand out, emerging when before they were almost invisible. The more I look around the room, the more I notice things like this. I'm frickin' --excuse me-- I'm frickin' gobsmacked. My mother had designed this room. With very little money. But clearly with an enormous amount of color sense and artistic acumen. I... I lit up from within. I was no longer alone in this family. No longer the freak. Not even an accident. My father might never understand me, but I belonged to my mother.

An Excerpt from

LOTTERY HOUSE

by Angelica Howland

RAYCE

When I was little my dad called me, 'Ray Ray'. He still liked me back then. We hung out sometimes. We'd walk this trail by our house and sometimes he'd take his rifle and shoot a rabbit or a bird something. I hated that. Hated eating something that had just been going about its own business before Dad decided to blow a hole in it. Skin it. Gut it. Cook it. But I never said anything. Not eating dinner got you a broken wrist. Or worse. One time he made me do it. He really wanted me to like something he liked. And I tried but... anyway, there was this doe. Dad put the rifle in my hands and showed me how to aim. That gun was so heavy. I still feel it in my hands sometimes... anyway, I hit her, and she dropped to the ground. Made the most awful sounds. I dropped the gun and Dad got mad. He left me crying and went over to the deer. I thought he'd put her out of her misery. But he just stood over her and watched her bleed. Watched her die. I heard her in my dreams for months after. Years. And then... Nothing. Like she just ran out of my memories. I haven't thought about her in forever but last night she... my dreams... I... I haven't thought about that in forever. Today I can't stop thinking about her. That poor little deer.