

OXYGEN COLLEGE – Diploma of Musical Theatre – CUA50220

Audition Monologues for 2025 Intake.

**Please note the monologues within this document are suggestions only; applicants are welcome to source their own monologue of approx. 1min in duration. Applicants will not be assessed any differently should they choose to use one of the examples provided or source their own.*

Monologue Guidelines:

You must upload a video recorded performance of one monologue of your choice.

- The monologue can be sourced from musicals, plays or film and TV.
- A selection of monologues is available in this document for you to use should you not be able to source an appropriate one yourself.
- Pieces should be approximately 1 minute in length.
- Monologues **must** be presented from memory.

Provided examples

Female Identifying:

- Annie Jump And The Library Of Heaven – *by Reina Hardy*
- Assassins – *by Stephen Sondheim and John Weidman*

Male Identifying:

- The Glass Menagerie – *by Tennessee Williams*
- Laughing Wild – *by Christopher Durang*

Gender Neutral:

- Proof – *by David Auburn*
- Other Desert Cities – *by Jon Robin Baitz*

ANNIE JUMP AND THE LIBRARY OF HEAVEN

by Reina Hardy

ANNIE:

Shut up! Shut up! JUST PLEASE STOP TALKING.

First of all, stop screwing up the curve of binding energy. Second of all, why do you think your crappy explanation of nucleosynthesis is going to impress me? Why do you think you can use science I already know as a pickup line? And even if that did impress me, which it doesn't, and even if you were cute, which you're not, you are not a good person. You are being really, really, really mean... To my father. Not to some rando, but to my dad. And it wasn't even your idea. You're weak. You're a follower, and you've got no freakin' empathy.

And let me tell you something about Dr. Alien, OK? He might be crazy, but he's not a cynic. He's willing to believe in something bigger than himself. And that makes him closer to greatness than you.

You. Will. Never. Be. Anything. Kenneth Jerome Urbanik.

So, why don't you run to your little friends, and come up with more little schemes to make Peter Stockholm giggle. I have real work.

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ASSASSINS

by Stephen Sondheim and John Weidman

LYNETTE:

I was like you once. Lost. Confused. A piece of shit. Then I met Charlie...I was sitting on the beach in Venice. I'd just had a big fight with my daddy about, I don't know, my eye make-up or the bombing of Cambodia. He said I was a drug addict and a whore, and I should get out of his house forever.

I went down to the beach and sat down on the sand and cried. I felt like I was disappearing. Like the whole world was dividing into two parts. Me, and everybody else. And then this guy came down the beach, this dirty-looking little elf. He stopped in front of me and smiled this twinkly devil smile and said, "Your daddy kicked you out." He knew! "Your daddy kicked you out"! How could he know? My daddy didn't tell him, so who could've? God. God sent this dirty-looking little elf to save a little girl lost on a beach.

He smiled again and touched my hair and off he went. And for a minute I just watched him go. Then I ran and caught his hand, and until they arrested him for stabbing Sharon Tate, I never let it go.

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THE GLASS MENAGERIE

by Tennessee Williams

TOM:

What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that celotex interior? With fluorescent tubes? Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains than go back mornings.

But I go. For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self - self's all I ever think of. Why listen, if self is what I thought of Mother, I'd be where he is, GONE.

I'm going to the movies! I'm going to opium dens, yes, opium dens, Mother. I've joined the Hogan Gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun in a violin case. I run a string of cat houses in the Valley. They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield. I'm leading a double life: a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night, a dynamic czar of the underworld, Mother. On occasion they call me El Diablo.

Oh I could tell you many things to make you sleepless. My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky high some night. I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentleman callers. You ugly, babbling old witch....

LAUGHING WILD

by Christopher Durang

MAN:

The other night I dreamt my father was inside a baked potato. Isn't that strange? I was very startled to see him there, and I started to be afraid other people would see where my father was, and how small he was, so I kept trying to close the baked potato, but I guess the potato was hot, cause he'd start to cry when I'd shut the baked potato, so then I didn't know what to do.

I thought of sending the whole plate back to the kitchen -- tell the cook there's a person in my baked potato -- but then I felt such guilt at deserting my father that I just sat there at the table and cried. He cried too. Then the waiter brought dessert, which was devil's food cake with mocha icing, and I ate that. Then I woke up, very hungry.

I told my therapist about the dream, and he said that the baked potato represented either the womb or where I tried to put my father during the Oedipal conflict -- "what Oedipal conflict?", I always say to him, "I won, hands down." And then my therapist said my father cried because he was unhappy, and that I dreamt about the cake because I was hungry. I think my therapist is an idiot. Maybe I should just have gurus. Or find a nutritionist. But what I'm doing now isn't working.

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PROOF

by David Auburn

I lived with him. I spent my life with him. I fed him. Talked to him. Tried to listen when he talked. Talked to people who weren't there . . . Watched him shuffling around like a ghost. A very smelly ghost. He was filthy. I had to make sure he bathed. My own father.

After my mother died it was just me here. I tried to keep him happy no matter what idiotic project he was doing. He used to read all day. He kept demanding more and more books. I took them out of the library by the carload. We had hundreds upstairs. Then I realized he wasn't reading: he believed aliens were sending him messages through the Dewey decimal numbers on the library books. He was trying to work out the code.

Beautiful mathematics. The most elegant proofs, perfect proofs, proofs like music. Plus fashion tips, knock-knock jokes – I mean it was nuts, OK?

Later the writing phase: scribbling nineteen, twenty hours a day . . . I ordered him a case of notebooks and he used every one. I dropped out of school . . . I'm glad he's dead.

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OTHER DESERT CITIES

by Jon Robin Baitz

You know, let me just like preface this with – uh, I’ve lived most of my life in the shadow of a brother I barely knew – and I have about “this much” left – ok?

That said – the people in this book are not the same as the ones who brought me up. I’ve told Brooke this. They are different people than the ones I am looking at, totally.

But it’s the best thing she’s ever written.

I say that we all live with each other’s divergent truths and in spite of having deeply conflicting accounts, which don’t matter anyway anymore – (*growing rage, finally it all comes out and it is scary*) – Because it’s the past!

And we’re all getting older and if this is heading toward desolation, which I can see that it is, you will all regret it, so give your daughter a pass and your sister, too, both of you, stop fighting like weasels in a pit, because on your last day on this planet, you’ll be scared and it won’t matter as long as you take your last breath – all what will have mattered is how you loved.

And I’m out. I’m done. That’s all I got.

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