

There will be copies available of each these 8 pieces at the auditions should you want to hold the script.

FEMALE AUDITION MONOLOGUES

***Single Black Female* by Lisa B. Thompson**

SBF2: A thirty-five-year-old African American woman. An attorney who sports a flowing perm or hair weave and wears high heels and sexy business suits, she is SBF1's best friend, confidante, and alter ego.

SBF 2: I really hate going to the doctor's office. No, not for the flu, but when I have to go to the... (*whispering*) gynecologist.

Women's health is a pain in the ass!

There is something so sterile, so impersonal about it. Just business as usual, especially when I was in college and all I could afford was Saint Vincent's. No, I'm not getting an abortion. The date wasn't that good. I'm here so I don't need to go there. I just have a yeast infection, AGAIN! I hate women who tell me they never had one. I find that just as annoying as those sistas who have never experienced cramps. Well, this particular yeast infection has no respect for that over-the-counter Monistat. I need some nuclear bomb stuff for this one.

***Fabulation, or the Re-Education of Undine* by Lynn Nottage**

Undine, thirty-seven, a smartly dressed African American woman

UNDINE:

...the day of my college graduation. Dartmouth. My family drove two hundred and sixty-seven miles in a rented minivan, loaded with friends and relatives eager to witness my ceremony. They were incredibly proud, and why not? I was the first person in the family to graduate from college. They came en masse, dressed in their bargain-basement finest. Loud, overly eager, lugging picnic baskets filled with fragrant ghetto food... let's just say their enthusiasm overwhelmed me. But I didn't mind. No, I didn't mind until I overheard a group of my friends making crass, unkind comments about my family. They wondered aloud who belonged to *those* people. It was me. I should have said so. I should have said that my mother took an extra shift so I could have a new coat every year. My father sent me ten dollars every week, his lotto money. But instead, I locked myself in my dorm room and refused to come out to greet them. And I decided on that day, that I was Undine Barnes, who bore no relation to those people. I told everyone my family died in a fire, and I came to accept it as true. It was true for years. Understand, Sharona had to die in a fire in order for Undine to live. At least that's what I thought. What I did was awful, and I'm so so sorry. And, Guy, you are such a good, decent man. And I wouldn't blame you if you walked away right now. But I don't want you to. I feel completely safe with you.

***Fen* by Caryl Churchill**

MARGARET - a Baptist

MARGARET:

It was after she died I started drinking, which has been my great sin and brought misery to myself and those who love me. But my loving sisters in Christ stood by me. I thought if God wants me, he'll give me a sign, because I couldn't believe he really would want someone as terrible as me. I thought if I hear two words today, one beginning with M for Margaret, my name, and one with J for Jesus, close together, then I'll know how close I am to him. And that very afternoon I was at Mavis's house and her little boy was having his tea, and he said, 'More jam, mum'. So that was how close Jesus was to me, right inside my heart. That was when I decided to be baptized. But I slid back and had a drink again and the next day I was in despair. I thought God can't want me; nobody can want me. And a thrush got into my kitchen. I thought if that bird can fly out, I can fly out of my pain. I stood there and watched, I didn't open another window, there was just the one window open. The poor bird beat and beat round the room, the tears were running down my face. And at last, at last it found the window and went straight through into the air. I cried tears of joy because I knew Jesus would save me. So, I went to Malcolm and said baptize me now because I'm ready. I want to give myself over completely to God so there's nothing else of me left, and then the pain will be gone and I'll be saved. Without the love of my sisters, I would never have got through.

***The Black Sequin Dress* by Jenny Kemp**

WOMAN 1:

I can see a beautiful nightclub.

Black shiny surfaces, all polished and clean, sparkling glasses full of champagne, gin and tonic, cocktails, liqueurs...Women melting into their partners' bodies, the men wrapped around them like blankets. The band, in a row laid back, handsome.

Snacks, cards, cigarettes, money, lipstick, watches, jewelry, high stools, dancing, wild dancing, bare bodies under not much.

They abandon themselves here. Get out of their day shoes and set off at a gallop, drinks whizzing down the gullet, talk gurgling up, hands wandering all over the place, anywhere will do, who cares. They have learned how not to care, how to let go the reins.

They want to show off, they want to fall in love with the moment and it to fall in love with them. Greedy are they?

No, not greedy. Hungry.

MALE AUDITION MONOLOGUES

The Colored Museum by George C. Wolf

A Soldier with a Secret

The Colored Museum is a series of exhibits in “a museum where the myths and madness of Black Americans are stored.” In this exhibit, Junie Robinson, a black combat soldier.

JUNIE:

Pst. Pst. Guess what? I know the secret. The secret to your pain. ‘Course, I didn’t always know. First I had to die, then come back to life, ‘fore I had the gift. Ya see, the Cappin sent me off up ahead to scout.

I’m off lookin’, when all of a sudden I find myself caught smack dead in the middle of this explosion. This blindin’, burnin’, scaldin’ explosion. Musta been a booby trap or something, ‘cause all around me is fire. Hell, I’m on fire. Like a piece of chicken dropped in a skillet of cracklin’ grease. Why, my flesh was justa peelin’ off of my bones.

But then I says to myself, “Junie, if yo’ flesh is on fire, how come you don’t feel no pain!” And I didn’t. I swear as I’m standin’ here, I felt nuthin’. That’s when I sort of put two and two together and realized I didn’t feel no whole lot of hurtin’ cause I done died.

Well, I just picked myself up and walked right on out of that explosion. Hell, once you know you dead, why keep on dyin’, ya know?

Blue Door by Tanya Barfield

Lewis, an African American male, is a tenured professor of mathematics at a well-regarded university. Underneath his veneer of success, lies a soul troubled by questions of personal and cultural identity.

LEWIS:

It all started when we lived in Greenwich Village, married two years, and my wife says she wants to take a vacation in the country.

Vacation in the country. Why?

We could go on hikes, we could read old books, she says, we could tell stories, analyze our dreams. She says my life is all about success, achievement, and it’s great to strive, “But, Lewis, we need to be in nature.”

Now, let’s be clear: There are no delis in the country. She says you don’t need delis. Because you have trees instead and that’s all you need, the trees.

People lurk behind the trees. Crazy people. Mass murderers. Red-necks.

She doesn’t miss a beat. “I think you’re experiencing “Tree Anxiety.”

Tree anxiety?

Look, I worry, a realistic worry, that there are people in the woods that wish to do harm to others. And, may I clarify, the country is filled with a bunch of racists and I believe the concern I have for racists is a realistic concern-

“Okay, so we won’t go.”

We can go.

I want to say: I can't go, I can't take a trip to the country, I can't be a part of the trees- I say nothing.
I can't *not* be black.

***Savage* by Patricia Cornelius**

Runt is soon turning forty and bears his nickname for being of moderate to short in stature.

RUNT:

It's true. I repel them. I take a step toward them and they reel back.

I disgust them. I can tell that. They hate my guts.

I get so far like once when I managed to convince a girl, a really nice girl who I met on the net, to come and meet me and have a drink because we'd been to-ing and fro-ing for weeks and got to know one another a bit and I liked her and she liked me I thought.

I waited for her in a bar, a nice bar, cost ten bucks for a beer, and I saw her and I stood up to show her I was there. She scanned the room searching for me and I could see how she looked gorgeous really but not too gorgeous, not out of my reach, someone who could quite possibly like me. She had a lovely smile and she was excited to meet me I guessed. And then she saw me and the smile went and so did the excitement and I could see that it wasn't me or anything like me that she'd imagined. She pretended that she was looking for someone else. She turned quickly and walked out. I didn't bother going after her. I thought, no; she's just like all the rest.

***Fool for Love* by Sam Shepard**

EDDIE:

And we walked right through town. Past the donut shop, past the miniature golf course, past the Chevron station. And he opened the bottle up and offered it to me. Before he even took a drink, he offered it to me first. And I took it and drank it and handed it back to him. And we just kept passing it back and forth like that as we walked until we drank the whole thing dry. And we never said a word the whole time. Then, finally, we reached this little white house with a red awning, on the far side of town. I'll never forget the red awning because it flapped in the night breeze and the porch light made it glow. It was a hot, desert breeze and the air smelled like new cut alfalfa. We walked right up to the front porch and he rang the bell and I remember getting real nervous because I wasn't out for a visit to anybody. I thought we were just out for a walk. And then this woman comes to the door. This real pretty woman with red hair. And she throws herself into his arms. And he starts crying. He just breaks down right there in front of me. And she's kissing him all over the face and holding him real tight and he's just crying like a baby. And then through the doorway, behind them both. I see this girl. She just appears. She's just standing there, staring at me and I'm staring back at her and we can't take our eyes off each other. It was like we knew each other from somewhere but we couldn't place where. But the second we saw each other, that very second, we knew we'd never stop being in love.