

Male Monologues for Teen Traveling Acting Group (TAG) Auditions

Children's Theatre of Annapolis

A Midsummer Night's Dream

GENRE: Comedic

BOTTOM: Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
[Stabs himself]
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon take thy flight:
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Romeo & Juliet

GENRE: Dramatic

LORED CAPULET: God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

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Adventures of Huckleberry Finn GENRE: Dramatic

HUCK: Miss Watson told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. By and by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way. I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Why can't Miss Watson fat up? No, says I to my self, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was "spiritual gifts." This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant--I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it--except for the other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it any more, but just let it go.

Ratatouille

GENRE: Comedic

LINGUINI: Don't look at me like that. You're not the only one who's trapped. They expect me to cook it again! I mean, I'm not ambitious. I wasn't trying to cook. I was just trying to stay out of trouble. You're the one who was getting fancy with the spices! What did you throw in there? Oregano? No? What? Rosemary? That's a spice, isn't it? Rosemary? You didn't throw rosemary in there? Then what was all the flipping and all the throwing the...(he sits down) I need this job. I've lost so many. I don't know how to cook and now I'm actually talking to a rat as if you....hahaha! Did you nod? Have you been nodding? Ha! You understand me?.....