

Three performers are shown in dramatic poses against a dark background. On the left, a man in a striped shirt strikes a pose with one arm raised. In the center, a man in a sequined vest looks upwards. On the right, a woman with long curly hair strikes a pose with one arm raised. A large, diagonal 'EXCERPT' watermark is overlaid across the middle of the image.

# AUDITIONATRIX

*by Pete Malicki*

Audition the unauditionable



# *Pete Malicki*

Pete is the world's leading monologue expert. His pieces have been performed well over 1,000 times internationally, including at Edinburgh Fringe and on the West End, and won more than 35 major awards. He is the founder of both [The Monologue Project](#) and global acting showcase [World Monologue Games](#). He lives in Sydney Australia where he runs [Undo Redo Entertainment](#) and works as a career development coach for artists.

## *About this book*

*Auditionatrix* is a book of completely new and original audition monologues. They are mostly suitable for everyone, no matter your age, gender or cultural background, with a mix of comedy, drama and subject matter.

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*Auditionatrix* is first published in Sydney Australia by The Monologue Project in 2020. All pieces are original and any similarity to characters real or fictional is purely coincidental.

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## Click to Kill

Duration: 90 seconds

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Distaste, Bemusement

Language: Dirty

He was one of those guys, you know, you probably wouldn't be friends with if you didn't grow up together. And by probably I mean "not in a million years". He was kind of an asshole actually. Kind of a total, complete asshole.

Bingo and I are walking down the street with some coffees. Yeah, "Bingo", right? Who even goes by "Bingo"? Bingo's bought me a coffee because Bingo knows that you buy someone a coffee, they have to politely listen to your bullshit for at least twenty minutes. Bingo's talking about how it ain't natural to be a dude who makes love to another dude, but of course he says, "Root" because he's a class act. "Dudes can't root other dudes," he says. "It's fucking unnatural. If nature wanted dudes to root dudes it wouldn't be so fucking terrifying to get it up your butt." I mean this raises so many questions, but I just ...

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## Cut

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Anger, Indignation, Desperation

Language: Dirty

My scene was cut. My fucking scene was cut.

I hate this industry. It's full of promises, lies and skeezy producers who want to fuck you but don't even have the decency to get you a part if you do it. Everybody expects you'll be happy to work for free. "We can't pay you upfront but we'll give you shares in the project. We're starting out too, you know." Do these idiots think I was born yesterday?

It dropped last night so I signed up for a trial so I could stream it straight away. They were going to give me a login but I couldn't wait for their hopeless admin person. It wasn't free, either. I paid five ninety-nine to not even see myself. Watched the whole dumb thing from credits to credits even after I'd figured out they left me on the cutting room floor.

All of the blood, sweat and tears... and I mean ...

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# Gay By Elimination

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Male

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Intenseness, Resignation, Frustration, Contentment

Language: Clean

Gay? Why would you assume that? Because my partner's a man? Why does everyone assume that makes me gay?

I like women. All sorts of women; I don't discriminate. I guess I have a loose age range preference but that's about it. Problem is, women aren't too fond of me. Why? Who knows. It's not like I'm shy. Reasonable confidence, yeah? I think it's because people can find me too intense. Do you find me intense? No, I'm *really* asking you if you find me intense.

*Intense moment, then the tension releases.*

Well, whatever it is, it is what it is, and what it is is women want what isn't whatever I am. I tried – believe me, I tried really hard. Social groups, online dating, the gym, the laundry aisle of the supermarket. Nothing. Nothing nothing nothing. I even joined the local ...

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## Guide pooch

Duration: 90 seconds

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Excitement, Happiness, Tension, Guilt

Language: Clean

I come here every day for the dogs. The coffee's rubbish – don't tell Marco and Sofia – but the dogs are ace.

There's something about dogs. Happy, energetic, curious. Loyal and friendly. Ooh, check out this little cutie.

*Leans forwards to pat a dog.*

Hey there little pupper. Who's a little cutie? *Youse* a little cutie. Good pupper. *Good* pupper. Bye pupper!

See? Screw the coffee, amiright? Look – here comes a floofer. What a massive mother! Hey floofer! Aren't you a big ol' doggo? Who's a giant woofers? *Youse* a giant woofers. Bye floofer!

It's Heaven here.

*Sips a coffee. Screws up face.*

Until it's not.

...

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# Hangry

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Happiness, Irritation, Anger, Sadness

Language: Dirty

*(happy)* It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining, birds are chirping and I got laid last night. It was nice. Very nice. Doesn't happen too often these days. I stroll through the sunshine with a nice big contented smile on my face.

This is where my thing comes in. My wiring problem. It might be some weird form of emotional synesthesia but whatever it is, this is what it does: whenever I feel happy, this thing makes me feel angry. That's right – being happy makes me angry.

*(irritated)* So here I am, basking in the glow of the morning sun and the afterglow of sexual bliss and all of a sudden I'm feeling kind of annoyed. "Seriously?" I say to no one. "Again?!"

*(angry)* The fact that my happiness is ruined by this feeling of irritation makes me angry. Before you know it I'm kicking a park bench over and over and over: "Fuck you. You shit. I fucking hate you!"

...

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# I hope she suffered

Duration: 75 seconds

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Drama

Emotion: Spite, Hatred, Dominance

Language: Dirty

*Character is facing forwards in an elevator. Someone else is in there too.*

I hope she suffered.

*Looks over at other person.*

Your wife. She died, right? Cancer?

To be clear, what I said was “I hope she suffered.” Not that I hoped she *didn't* suffer. I hope you came home every day to see agony painted across the face of the person you love the most.

Sorry, love-*d*, right? Because you nodded when said she's died so we know to refer to her in the past test.

No, shut up! You're not going to say a word. I'm going to say what I'm going to say and you're going to stand there and fucking take it like the little bitch you are or help me God.

I never met your wife. The only thing I know about her is ...

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## Knowing a Name

Duration: 2 and a half minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Earnestness, Confusion, Satisfaction

Language: Clean

Never underestimate the power of knowing a name. “You must be Megan,” I say. Megan jumps, puts her hand on her chest. “I thought you and Darnell weren’t due until next week. My bad – welcome.”

I get the exact reaction I was hoping for: confusion. Not shouting or police calling. “I, I’m sorry but, but who are you?” she says.

“I’m Bruno. Your housie.” Blank look as I stick my hand out. “Your housemate.”

She stammers out a sentence along the lines of: “What do you mean by ‘housemate’?”

I go on to explain that William and Susan knew I was available for house-renting services and asked, nay *begged* me to consider. They were of course skint after all the expenses relating to William’s prostate cancer and needed the cash ...

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# One Hour

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Drama

Emotion: Grief, Bitterness, Regret, Love

Language: Clean

“See you sweetie. Back in an hour.”

It’s been two thousand, three hundred and eighty-two hours and that “see you” is nowhere to be seen. You lied to me. Two thousand, three hundred and eighty-two times you lied to me.

I don’t count what I saw of you as “seeing you”. I didn’t recognise those *bits*. I refuse to understand them as being you, being all that’s left. No, I think you’re still lying to me. Every passing hour is another lie.

They said the police could only speculate, right before ...

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## Pro Protest

Duration: 90 seconds

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Bemusement, Excitement, Passion

Language: Clean

It's a little complicated so let me take you all the way back to 2019. We – that's my darling husband and I – were on our Sunday stroll when we heard a ruckus up ahead. A protest. We're not going to take the enormous detour back home so we walk through. "No more mines. No more mines," they cry. Fair enough. Horrible things, land mines.

We smile politely as we manoeuvre through the crowd, then an arm appears out of nowhere and hands me a placard. I'm too embarrassed to refuse so I take it. I get a pat on the back. Then a high five. Then a fist bump! A scruffy young woman says, "Come on – no more mines! ..."

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# Trashed Apartment

Duration: 2 and a half minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Shock, Desperation, Anger, Guilt

Language: Dirty

My favourite chair's on the pavement. It belongs in my living room one hundred feet above. "What the hell?"

I run into the lobby and press the elevator call button ten thousand times. Did you know the more you press it, the faster it comes? Step into the carriage and press the twelfth floor button twenty thousand times. One of the gnomes who lives in the basement and pulls the elevator up by a rope must be on break 'cause it's extra slow.

Ding! I step out and my door is wide open. "No no no no no."

The place is trashed. Armchair on its side. Clothes everywhere. Twenty of my twenty-one bottles of wine on the floor. Paintings both have tears right through them. Kitchen: my cutlery swimming in a sea of broken crockery. Bedroom: NO! No, the PlayStation. My save games. My fucking save games! I was going to upload them to the cloud ...

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EXCERPT

