

The Wolves Audition Monologues

Flowers in the Desert by D.M. Larson

Before you punch me there is something you should know. This woman we're fighting over is no ordinary woman... I want the world to know how great she is...She is amazing ... She is so very good... She has made me happier than I thought was possible. Before her, it was like I was living in black and white and suddenly she brought color to my world. And by some miracles she chose me. I thought she was wonderful of course but I never thought in a million years she'd want me. She was the princess to my pauper. The Batman to my Robin. The Picard to my Wesley Crusher. She was so much better and I was so unworthy yet she wants me. By some incredible stroke of luck, she wants me. And her kisses will last me until death... Which might not be very far off. Yes, we're talking about the same woman, you idiot. (Takes off glasses) And now you can punch me.

Forgotten by Joseph Arnone

It's always about you, you know. I just—why does the world have to revolve around YOU? I mean, I know you care about me and my life and what I'm going through and the things that I want in my life and stuff but it's always about you, you, YOU. It's all you ever do, talk about what you're doing and what YOU have going on and it's like you get so wrapped up in your cocoon, that I feel left out and forgotten.

And even when you ask me, when you talk about me, like when you actually stop a moment and talk to me about what matters to me, it's like you are forcing yourself to do it. You need to be there for me more, I feel neglected and forgotten and I REALLY wanted, I really didn't want to have to tell you all this...I was hoping you would do it on your own and I've waited but, I can't wait anymore.

Buried Child by Sam Shepard

Don't come near me! Don't anyone come near me. I don't need any words from you. I'm not threatening anybody. I don't even know what I'm doing here. You all say you don't remember Vince, okay, maybe you don't. Maybe it's Vince that's crazy. Maybe he's made this whole family thing up. I don't even care anymore. I was just coming along for the ride. I thought it'd be a nice gesture. Besides, I was curious. He made all of you sound familiar to me. Every one of you. For every name, I had an image. Every time he'd tell me a name, I'd see the person. In fact, each of you was so clear in my mind that I actually believed it was you. I really believed that when I walked through that door that the people who lived here would turn out to be the same people in my imagination. Real people. People with faces. But I don't recognize any of you. Not one. Not even the slightest resemblance.

Middletown by Will Eno

You originally asked, what do I do? So I'll answer that. I do paperwork, lawn work, plumbing, sometimes some house painting. I've worked graveyards hours, regular hours, happy hours. Sure, sometimes I'll just stare out a window; let a year go by, two years. For instance, right now, I'm kinda between things. I am between two crappy jobs and I'm sure, I just don't know what the second one is yet. Give a call! I'm also trying to catch up on some reading. You might say I'm bent on self-improvement, although I'm sure there's a better phrase. What do you do? Wait. Let me guess...Yeah, I give up. No idea.

Reverse English Author Unknown

Well I am angry, Billy. I am not some trophy that can be won over by a bunch of sweaty, dirty guys with a vote in the shower room. It is bad enough that I'm a freshman and got talked into being a JV cheerleader. This isn't the old west, Billy Bob, and I am not your mail order bride, or everybody's locker room fantasy, or some bimbo to be passed around from split end to quarterback. How dare you think you have any rights to even talk to me unless I say so, much less decide what I'll do or who I'll go out with for even one night, let alone an entire football season? It gets me astronomically furious!

The Worker by Walter Wykes

All right, look ... I didn't want to tell you, but I've fallen behind. At work. I can't keep up. Recently, they've ... ahh ... they've let a few people go. They have me running the accounting department entirely by myself! I do everything! The whole department! And that's not all! I'm also expected to take incoming calls because there's no receptionist, and fix the computers because there's no tech department! Last week, human resources was let go, the whole department, and I received a memo—which I'd actually typed myself because there's no secretary—instructing me to familiarize myself with all applicable state and federal guidelines! Tomorrow, I'm supposed to start mediating all employee disputes! I have no idea what I'm doing!