Audition Monologues:

THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

Please be familiar with a monologue selection. It does not have to be memorized and you will be provided a paper copy at auditions or you may bring a copy with you.
No specific accent is required.

“Where You Can't Follow” by Adam Szymkowicz

I guess I haven't done as well as I wanted. In life. My time is ending. And I didn't mean to be an asshole. It just sort of happened. But I don't want to die an asshole.
So I want to apologize. I'm sorry for living such a stupid wasteful useless life. I'm sorry for being selfish and for the all the times I didn't care about other people. I'm sorry for not appreciating the good things in front of me. I'm sorry I didn't go after what I wanted. There were no good reasons. I was just afraid and it's stupid to live your life afraid. I'm sorry for the times I was mean and petty. I'm sorry for lying for so long to myself and to other people. I wasted my life by not ever really being alive. She made me live finally. And I should have told her right away. Of course I should have. It was cowardly. It was selfish. I just wanted her. And I didn't think she felt how I felt. But I guess she did, didn't she? And now, it's too late.

“Food For Fish” by Adam Szymkowicz

Did you even read my masterpiece? If you had, you would not be sending me this form letter of rejection. Not unless you are indeed a complete and worthless moron. I do not accept you as an arbiter of real talent. I have more talent than all of you put together if it comes to that! You with your hackneyed conventions, have usurped the foremost places in art and consider nothing genuine and legitimate except what you yourselves do. Everything else you stifle and suppress. I do not accept you. I do not. It was optimistic of me to think that you were not an undiscerning fool. Are you all conspiring against me, you with your form letters on separate letterheads that converge into one voice? As punishment for this, your highest crime, know that you have pushed me to eschew publication altogether. Know that you and the others and the world at large will miss out on the rest of my work which I shall never again let you touch with your dirty and destructive hands. My work belongs to eternity now. To the universe of ephemera. But never to you. May you find your just punishment knowing you have kept another genius from the hungry world who aches to hear him. Sincerely, The Author Who Would Have Made You Famous.

“Death of a Salesman” by Arthur Miller (Biff)

You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was jailed. I stole myself out of every good job since high school. And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That’s whose fault it is! It’s goddamn time you heard that! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? I stopped in the middle of that office building and I saw – the sky. I saw the things that I love in the world. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don’t want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can’t I say that? I’m a dime a dozen, and so are you! I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash-can like all the rest of them! I’m one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn’t raise it! A buck an hour! I’m not bringing home any prizes any more, and you’re going to stop waiting for me to bring them home!

“Death of a Salesman” by Arthur Miller (Willy)

When I was a boy, eighteen, nineteen, I was already on the road. And there was a question in my mind as to whether selling had a future for me. Because in those days I had a yearning to go to Alaska. See, there were three gold strikes in one month in Alaska, and I felt like going out. Just for the ride, you might say. Oh, yeah, my father lived many years in Alaska. He was an adventurous man. I thought I’d go out with my older brother and try to locate him, and maybe settle in the North with the old man. And I almost decided to go, when I met a salesman in the Parker House. His name was Dave Singleman. And he was eighty-four years old, and he’d drummed merchandise in thirty-one states. And old Dave, he’d go up to his room, you understand, put on his green velvet slippers, I’ll never forget, and pick up his phone and call the buyers, and without ever leaving his room, at the age of eighty-four, he made his living. And when I say that, I realized that selling was the greatest career a man could want. ‘Cause what could be more satisfying than to be able to go, at the age of eight-four, into twenty or thirty different cities, and pick up a phone, and be remembered and loved and helped by so many different people?

“Buried Child” by Sam Shepard

I was gonna run last night. I was gonna run and keep right on running. Clear to the Iowa border. I drove all night with the windows open. The old man’s two bucks flapping right on the seat beside me. It never stopped raining the whole time. Never stopped once. I could see myself in the windshield. My face. My eyes. I studied my face. Studied everything about it as though I was looking at another man. I saw him dead and alive at the same time. In the same breath. In the

windshield I watched him breathe as though he was frozen in time and every breath marked him. And then his face changed. His face became his father's face. Same bones. Same eyes. Same nose. Same breath. And his father's face changed to his grandfather's face. And it went on like that. Changing. Clear on back to faces I'd never seen before but still recognized. Still recognized the bones underneath. Same eyes. Same mouth. Same breath. I followed my family clear into Iowa. Every last one. Straight into the corn belt and further. Straight back as far as they'd take me. Then it all dissolved. Everything dissolved. Just like that. And that two bucks kept right on flapping on the seat beside me.

"Fool For Love" by Sam Shepard

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. 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. We walked right up to the front porch and he rang the bell and I remember getting real nervous because I wasn't expecting to visit anybody.. And then this woman comes to the door. And she throws herself into his arms. And he starts crying. He just breaks down right there in front of me. And then through the doorway, behind them both, I see this girl. 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.

"True West" by Sam Shepard

Yeah, he lost his real teeth one at a time. Woke up every morning with another tooth lying on the mattress. Finally, he decides he's gotta' get 'em all pulled out but he doesn't have any money. Middle of Arizona with no money and no insurance and every morning another tooth is lying on the mattress. So what does he do? He begs the government. G.I. Bill or some damn thing. Some pension plan he remembers in the back of his head. And they send him out the money. They send him the money but it's not enough money. Costs a lot to have all yer teeth yanked. They charge by the individual tooth, ya' know. I mean one tooth isn't equal to another tooth. Some are more expensive. Like the big ones in the back– …So he locates a Mexican dentist in Juarez who'll do the whole thing for a song. And he takes off hitchhiking to the border. Eight days it takes him. Eight days in the rain and the sun and every day he's droppin' teeth on the blacktop and nobody'll pick him up 'cause his mouth's full a' blood. So finally he stumbles into the dentist. Dentist takes all his money and all his teeth. And there he is, in Mexico, with his gums sewed up and his pockets empty.