

Hello Assassins Auditionees!

We are so excited to get this audition process started! Before you take a look at the monologues below, we just wanted to let you know that these monologues **will be available and printed at the actual audition**, so there is no need to print them out. There is also **no need to memorize!** We've posted these monologues so that you can be more prepared, more comfortable, and get a better idea of how the auditions will go. There's no need to rehearse this to excess, it is just here for you as an optional resource. You can **choose** which monologue you feel most comfortable reading, and again, we will have a copy at the auditions for you. Also remember to prepare 1-2 minutes of a song of your choice in addition to your reading! We are so excited to see you! Break a leg!

With any questions or concerns, contact directors Rachel Milberg (rmilberg@udel.edu) or Olivia Whitaker (oliviaw@udel.edu)

Monologue 1 (Suggested for those seeking a female role)

What does a man do when before his eyes he sees a vision of a new hope dawning for his toiling, agonizing brothers? What does a man do when at last he realizes that his suffering is caused not by the cruelty of his fate, but by the injustice of his fellow human beings? What does a man do when he sees those dear to him starving when he himself is starved? What does he do? What does he do? I'll tell you what you have done. Since you were a little boy, no more than a child, you have permitted yourself to be brutalized and beaten down, brought to the brink of madness by despair and desperation, so that other men, men no worthier than you, might live their lives in ease and comfort. This is what you have done. This is what they have done to you...am I right?

Monologue 2 (Suggested for those seeking a female role)

I went down to the beach and sat down on the sand and cried. I felt like I was disappearing. Like the whole world was dividing into two parts. Me, and everybody else. And then this guy came down the beach, this dirty-looking little elf. He stopped in front of me and smiled this twinkly devil smile and said, "Your daddy kicked you out." He knew! "Your daddy kicked you out!" How could he know? My daddy didn't tell him, so who could've? God. God sent this dirty-looking little elf to save a girl lost on a beach. He smiled again and touched my hair and off he went. And for a minute I just watched him go. Then I ran and caught his hand, and till they arrested him for stabbing Sharon Tate, I never let it go.

Monologue 3 (Suggested for those seeking a male role)

We read, we guess, we argue, but deep down we know that we don't know. How can we? Oil embargos, megatons, holes in the ozone. Who can understand this crap? We need to believe to trust like little kids, that someone wants what's best of us, that someone's looking out for us, that someone loves us. Do they? No, they lie to us. They lie about what's right, they lie about what's wrong, they lie about the fuckin' hamburgers! And when we realize they're lying, really realize it in our gut, then we get scared. Then we get terrified, like children waking in the dark, we don't know where we are. "I had a bad dream. Mommy, Daddy, I had a nightmare." And then Daddy comes and takes me in his arms and says, "It's okay, Daddy's here. I love you kid. Your Mommy doesn't, but I do." And then Mommy comes and holds me tight and says, "I've got you Bubala" I'm here for you. Your daddy isn't, but I am." And then where are we? Who do we believe? Who do we trust? What do we do? We do the only thing we can do. We kill the President.

Monologue 4 (Suggested for those seeking a male role)

You know what this is? That's America. The Land Where Any Kid Can Grow Up to Be President. The Shining City, Lee. It shines so bright you have to shade your eyes...but here, this is America, too. "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." An American said that. And he was right. But let me tell you something. There are no lives of quiet desperation here. Desperation, yes. But quiet? I don't think so. Not today. Today, we are going to make a joyful noise. This is the big one. You're the big one. You're the one that's going to sum it all up and blow it all wide open.

Monologue 5 (Suggested for those seeking a male OR female role)

That was President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, ladies and gentlemen, speaking to a crowd of supporters here in Miami's beautiful Bayfront Park. A group of notables are pressing in around the President-elect's car. There's Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago and— (*gunshot*)
—There has been a shot! I can't see—wait! Mr. Roosevelt is waving! He's all right! But Mayor Cermak has been hit! The police have somebody in custody. An immigrant. Giuseppe Zangara. We take you now to a group of eyewitnesses who will tell us what they saw!