

These monologues available for Purdue Department of Theatre Majors, Theatre Minors, Theatre Design and Production Majors and Non-Theatre Majors to audition for *SWEAT*. You only need to choose (1) monologue and it does not need to be memorized. Thank you for auditioning!

THE RECKLESS SEASON Lauren Ferebee

Dramatic

Simon, 22

Simon is speaking to his younger brother Terry, 19. Simon has just returned home from a four-year stint in the army where he served two tours in Iraq. He's discovered his mother is dead and Terry is obsessed with a video game about ancient warfare. Just prior to this scene he has overheard the town drug dealer, Flynn, warning Terry about how many Iraq war veterans come back mentally disturbed.

SIMON

Let's say you just saw your best friend get blown up by an IED planted in a pile of trash on the side of the road. And someone gives you a tip there's a kid at the end of the road that gets paid to set them out. And so you find out where this kid lives, and so you raid their house at midnight and everyone is screaming and crying and you've got that kid and you've got his dad and you've got his mom and you've everybody up against a fucking wall and you look in this kid's eyes and he's shitting himself he's so scared. What's the big vision there? What's the plan? What's the strategy? You're *mother-fucking* right that's not what the game is about because if that was the game, no one would play it. No one in their right mind would play a game like that. The game is a fairytale. The game is fiction. And you just eat it up, hour after hour, how noble that shit is, because it's got a fucking story and it makes sense, it all fits in a little fucking box. But you wanna play a war game man? Play Russian roulette with a twelve-year-old and let me know how you sleep after that.

Fedra by J. Nicole Brooks

Fedra: Who would have thought it, nurse! All this time I had a rival. The chastity belt has been loosened! While I couldn't tame him, Aricia did. Oh, yeah, pick up your jaw, nurse. This whole time that I have suffered ecstasies of passion, the horrors of remorse- she had his heart. I was out of my skull for him and the whole time those two were fucking! How? How could this be? When? When did it begin? You never told me about their stolen hours. Have they been seen together? Of course they have. Oh, gods. What do you think they do together? I bet he plays his stupid guitar to her on the beach. Do they sip milkshakes from the same glass? Ride bikes in tandem? Play Yahtzee? Is that it, nurse? You seem to have had answers for everything else! Oh, now you're quiet? Ain't that a bitch?

Fabulation, or the Re-Education of Undine by Lynn Nottage

(Undine, thirty-seven, a smartly dressed African American woman, sits behind a large teak desk sporting a sleek telephone headset.)

Undine: Can I be honest with you? I admire your expectations, but they're unrealistic, love. Yes, I can deliver something within your range. But your ambition outpaces your budget. But, but, listen to me, it's going to be a total waste of our energy. I've been doing this for a very long time. People give more when they get more. They want a seat next to a celebrity and a five-pound gift bag. It's the truth. Five years ago you could get away with half glasses of chardonnay and a musical theatre star, but not today. Generosity doesn't come cheaply. You're competing with heifers and amputees, rare palms and tuberculosis. What about the cause? Love, people don't want to think about a cause. That's why they give. Yes, I want to hear your thoughts. I am listening. Listen, I'm at the outer limits of my time and so I'm going to ask you to speak more quickly. I will. Yes. We'll talk tomorrow about the new budget. Bye-bye.

THE LACY PROJECT Alena Smith

Seriocomic

Charlotte, 22

Charlotte has just come home from work at her boring, exhausting day job to find that her roommate, Lacy, who lives off a trust fund and doesn't have to work, has eaten a bowl of cherries that Charlotte was saving for herself as a special treat.

CHARLOTTE

You always do this! You steal the food I buy and then you promise you'll replace it but the fact is you haven't gone grocery shopping once in the entire nine months we've lived in this apartment. Do you even know how to go grocery shopping? So suddenly it's up to me to stock the fridge for both of us. No, Lacy, it doesn't work that way. I'm not your mother. I'm your roommate. Roommates share responsibilities. Maybe you should try buying some snacks yourself instead of stealing mine! I don't understand what you do all day. Whenever I come home the sink is full of dirty dishes, the floor is never swept and the bathroom is filthy. Is there some kind of deal here I don't know about? Am I supposed to be your babysitter? Your maid? I already have a job, and it's killing me. All day long I sit there, numb, with nothing to puncture the empty sac of time but Microsoft solitaire. And when I win, those fifty-two digital cards go spilling and bouncing all over the screen, like fifty-two slices of my life that have bounced by the present and died, spilled into the past. And then I Google myself, and all I find are swim-team statistics and date of death that refer to other Charlottes. And then I think, I'm not even special. There are other girls like me, other Charlottes, in boring offices all over the planet, Googling themselves and getting the same random array of tragic little factoids. And then I hear the Xerox machine humping itself down the hall and I realize - I am a copy. I am a copy in a world of copies, a Xerox world!

THE RECKLESS SEASON Lauren Ferebee

Dramatic

Flynn, 22

Flynn is speaking to Lisa, 23. She and her husband are both army veterans who served in Afghanistan, and her husband has gotten addicted to meth, which Flynn sells to him. One night, high on meth, Flynn comes to the truck stop where Lisa works to absolve himself of the guilt he feels.

FLYNN

It is all a part of this pattern, I mean, your husband left you because you didn't love you anymore, and Terry's mom died because nobody loved her, and she wanted to die because of that, Lisa, the thing that connects them is that they were not loved enough, that you did not love your husband when he was hurting. You couldn't save him from those fire-breathers whose eyes bled sand, and you couldn't save him from his nightmares - but I did, Lisa, I helped him, and I helped their mom, and it's me, I help, I fill them up with what feels like love, or even better than love, actually. I did that. It's like a superpower I have, like, I can give them the chemical compound for the love that you can't give them, so ... but I feel bad now, Lisa. I feel bad because now I look at you, and now you have that, there is a cavity inside you, the absence of love, and I am here, I am here, I am here to help you, to give you the thing that you need. Do you know how he loves you, Lisa? I mean, he knows what pure love is, why can't you just figure out how to love someone? I'll tell you why, your heart is deficient, it's too human, you know? You don't love enough.