Audition Monologue Options:

*Angels in America: Millennium Approaches*
by Tony Kushner
directed by Andy Head

**Prior – Act 1, Scene 7:**
I’m ready for my closeup, Mr. DeMille. One wants to move through life with elegance and grace, blossoming infrequently but with exquisite taste, and perfect timing, like a rare bloom, a zebra orchid... One wants... But one so seldom gets what one wants, does one? No. One does not. One gets fucked. Over. One...dies at thirty, robbed of...decades of majesty... Fuck this shit. Fuck this shit. I look like a corpse. A...*corpsette*! Oh my queen; you know you’ve hit rock-bottom when even drag is a drag.

**Harper – Act 1, Scene 7:**
I don’t understand this. If I didn’t ever see you before and I don’t think I did, then I don’t think you should be here, in this hallucination, because in my experience the mind, which is where hallucinations come from, shouldn’t be able to make up anything that wasn’t there to start with, that didn’t enter it from experience, from the real world. Imagination can’t create anything new, can it? It only recycles bits and pieces from the world and reassembles them into visions... Am I making sense right now?

**Joe – Act 1, Scene 8:**
Stop it. Stop it. I’m warning you. Does it make any difference? That I might be one thing deep within, no matter how wrong or ugly that thing is, so long as I have fought, with everything I have, to kill it. What do you want from me? What do you want from me, Harper? More than that? For God’s sake, there’s nothing left, I’m a shell. There’s nothing left to kill. As long as my behavior is what I know it has to be. Decent. Correct. That alone in the eyes of God.

**Louis – Act 2, Scene 3:**
Mathilde stitched while William the Conqueror was off to war. She was capable of...more than loyalty. Devotion. She waited for him, she stitched for years. And if he had come back broken and defeated from war, she would have loved him even more. And if he had returned mutilated, ugly, full of infection and horror, she would still have loved him; fed by pity, by a sharing of pain, she would love him even more... If he had died, she would have buried her heart with him. So what the fuck is the matter with me?

**Roy – Act 2, Scene 6:**
Boy, you are really something, what the fuck do you think this is, Sunday school? This is—this is gastric juices churning, this is enzymes and acids, this is intestinal is what this is, bowel movement and blood-red meat! This stinks, this is *politics*, Joe, the game of being alive. And you think you’re... What? Above that? Above alive is what? Dead! In the clouds! You’re on earth, goddamnit! Plant a foot, stay a while. I’m sick. They smell I’m weak. They want blood this time. I must have eyes in Justice. In Justice you will protect me.
Belize – Act 3, Scene 2:
“Real love isn’t ambivalent.” I’d swear that’s a line from my favorite bestselling paperback novel, *In Love with the Night Mysterious*, except I don’t think you’ve ever read it. It’s about this white woman whose daddy owns a plantation in the Deep South in the years before the Civil War—the American one—and her name is Margaret, and she’s in love with her daddy’s number-one slave, and his name is Thaddeus. Somewhere in there I recall Margaret and Thaddeus find the time to discuss the nature of love. I’ve thought about it for a very long time, and I still don’t understand what love is. Justice is simple. Democracy is simple. Those things are unambivalent. But love is very hard. And it goes bad for you if you violate the hard law of love.

Harper – Act 3, Scene 3:
Snow! Ice! Mountains of ice! Where am I? I…I feel better, I do, I…feel better. There are ice crystals in my lungs, wonderful and sharp. And the snow smells like cold, crushed peaches. And there’s something...some current of blood in the wind, how strange, it has that iron taste. Ozone! Wow! Where am I? Antarctica. This is Antarctica! Antarctica, Antarctica, oh boy oh boy, LOOK at this, I—Wow, I must’ve really snapped the tether, huh? That’s great. I want to stay here forever.

Hannah – Act 3, Scene 4:
*Shut up.* Please! Now I want you to stop jabbering for a minute and pull your wits together and tell me how to get to Brooklyn. Because you know! And you are going to tell me! Because there is no one else around to tell me and I am wet and cold and I am very angry! So I am sorry you’re psychotic but just make the effort. Thake a deep breath. DO IT! That’s good. Now exhale. Good. Now how do I get to Brooklyn?

Joe – Act 3, Scene 5:
I love you. Roy. There’s so much that I want, to be...what you see in me, I want to be a participant in the world, in your world, Roy, I want to be capable of that, I’ve tried, really I have but...I can’t do this. Not because I don’t believe in you, but because I believe in you so much, in what you stand for, at heart, the order, the decency. I would give anything to protect you, but... There are laws I can’t break. It’s too ingrained. It’s not me. There’s enough damage I’ve already done. Maybe you were right, maybe I’m dead.