

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

Female Audition Monologue for
CURSES, FOILED AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN

SUZANNA

I've turned over a new leaf! I will no longer be a damsel in distress. It's the 1860's for cryin' out loud! I am a strong, independent woman. I realize that the damsel in distress is the basis for lots of good entertainment. I mean, John Wayne wouldn't have a reason to exit without the damsel in distress. And then there's damsels like the princess who is kidnapped by three lost circus performers, or Lois Lane, Mary Jane Watson, Princess Leah, or Ann Darrow in King Kong. Oops, I keep for getting that it's the 1860's. Who I meant to say is... uh... Maiden Marion. But that's not me anymore. I'm sick of it! I've been captured and tied up more than I can remember. I've been blown up, sawed in half, thrown off a cliff, run over by a train, etc. etc. It's like I let myself be captured all because I'm Sweet Suzanna, profession damsel in distress. Well, no more! I will not be taken advantage of again. The next time that Villain, Dastardly Dan, comes around, POW! Right in the kisser! That means I'm gonna sock him in the mouth. Kisser. Ha! That's a funny name for mouth. Makes sense though. Kisser. Hmm. Of course, every time Dastardly Dan captures me and sets me in the middle of a trap designed for my ultimate doom, Dudley Do-Goooder always saves me. And you know what happens after the hero saves the damsel, there's always supposed to be a kiss. Sigh. A kiss from Dudley Do-Goooder. Sigh...! Where is that villain?! Dastardly Dan!?! Where are you?! Come and get me!!!

TO BE A HERO

Male Audition Monologue for
CURSES, FOILED AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN
by
Kamron Klitgaard

DUDLEY

(Heroic)

I am a hero. You can tell by my muscular build, neatly trimmed hair, perfectly chiseled chin, light colored clothes, knee-buckling smile, and of course, my confident masculinity. I tell you this because you look like the type of person who would be confused on who to call if you ever needed to bring about the rescue of a damsel in distress. Now, most of the time, I'm just a stranger passing through. Sure, sometimes I get weird looks from the townspeople in the bar when I order a warm milk, or when the frills on my shirt flap in the wind, but the way I see it, what a person drinks or how a person dresses is nobody's business but his or her own. Besides, as soon as people get to know me they realize that I'm dressed appropriately, and that warm milk is a suitable drink for a hero. If you're planning to become a hero yourself, let me offer one bit of advice: Always leave a little bit of milk in the bottom of the glass, that way you don't drink the cow hairs. Oh, and remember, a true hero must always let the villain attack first. This means that if you're using six-shooters, you have to let the villain draw first. If you're using swords, you have to let the villain take the first stab, and if you're just using your fists, you have to let the villain take the first swing. And lastly, and most important, you can't kill the villain, or do anything to him that would make anyone cringe, like disfigure or mutilate. You're probably wondering, if you're a hero, with these rules, how could you ever win? Well, that's where confident masculinity comes in. On the other hand, in order to be a hero, you have to have good table manners. So, try not to let that conflict with the confident masculinity. Sometimes, it's impossible.