

*The following monologues would work well for anyone auditioning for Mamma Mia. Choose one. Or you may perform a different monologue of your own choosing. These monologues are meant to give you an opportunity to show your comedic side! In Mamma Mia the personalities are all so specific and different. So show us your personality!
(Both monologues are gender neutral)*

MONOLOGUE ONE:

A few weeks ago, I was having a GREAT day. I was drinking a smoothie, the SUN was out, my MOONROOF was down, I was listening to “SUSSUDIOOO” on the radio. And then I got a voicemail from a distant relative who I don’t talk to that much – my mom – saying “I’m afraid I have some bad news, call me.”

Do you believe that WOMAN. I. JUST. GOT. A. SMOOTHIE.

So yeah, *mom*, I’ll get right on that. I’ll just turn down “Sussudio”, finish my text, take the next exit, and call you back so I can hurry up and get your bad news. ‘Cause you know they never just leave bad news in the message. No if it’s bad news, they want you to GUESS.

No, I GET why people can’t just leave bad news on the voicemail. I mean you can’t just blurt out “dad’s dead, call me back”. ‘Cause that would be insensitive. I JUST...It’s fine.

MONOLOGUE TWO:

You either got it or you don’t. If you don’t, you won’t ever. So don’t even bother. Don’t strain. Oh, there’s things you can learn, sure. The fine points. The stance. “Heat that up for you?” “Toasted?” But -scratch that, a truly great server is born. You get what I mean? It’s a feel thing. Deep under the bones of your bones. In your cells. Some reporter once asked Louis Armstrong what “swing” meant. Louis looked at the guy straight in the eyeball and said, “If you gotta ask, you’ll never know.” He would’ve made a great server.

My very first diner, we had one. Flo Kelly. A goddess. Flo was all waitress. She could fill two dozen shakers one handed and never spill one grain of salt. She could carry eight Hungry Man specials lined up on her arm like a charm bracelet. Flo could serve pie a la mode so it looked like Mount Everest topping the clouds. She poured gravy like tropical rain. In Flo’s maraschino-nailed fingers, the short order carousel spun like the Wheel of Fortune, and never, not once, did a customer’s coffee get cold. Well, I mean to tell you, that diner was hers. If Jesus Himself - Amen - came in and sat down to supper, he would’ve tipped double. Then one Blue-Plate Special, right after the lunch rush, Flo hung up her hairnet, cashed in her checks, and went sunny-side up.

And that’s when the Lord took my order. I knew what I was. I was called. Look in my eyes. I know mysteries way beyond menus. I have felt the Lord’s love pierce my heart like a skewer through gyros. I have seen Jesus weep ice cold milk with a K.

Heat that up for you Hon?