

For your *Lightning Thief* audition please prepare one of the provided monologues below!

Choosing the right monologue is an important part of your audition preparation. A polished monologue gives you a chance to show off your acting skills and demonstrate your connection to the production. Here are some suggestions on how to get started!

- 1) Familiarize yourself with the show! Read the script, listen to the music, watch samples of performances on YouTube, and thoroughly read all of the audition information, including the character descriptions, that has been provided.
- 2) Ask yourself: Which role(s) do I see myself in? Which role(s) do I think the directors will see me in? Consider all of the possibilities!
- 3) Choose a monologue that captures the essence of the characters that you would like to be considered for, but read through all of the options. Be open to the discovery that this exercise may lead you to!
- 4) Rehearse, rehearse, rehearse. Perform your monologue in front of your loved ones and ask for feedback to help you improve your audition and increase your comfort.
- 5) Memorization is a plus, but is not required.

Have fun! We are excited to see your performance!

Aimee, Hillary, Amanda, & The *Lightning Thief* creative team

The Lightning Thief Monologues

All excerpted from *Mythos: The Greek Myths Reimagined* by Stephen Fry, published by Chronicle Books in 2019 and *Heroes: Mortals and Monsters, Quests and Adventures* by Stephen Fry, published by Michael Joseph in 2018.

KRONOS

Midnight.

Kronos had grown into the most foul-tempered and discontented Titan of all. His mood and digestion, neither good at the best of times, had worsened. The last of the babies he had swallowed seemed to have provoked a sharp acid reflux that the previous five had not.

His heart lifted to a state approaching something like happiness, however, when he heard, unexpectedly, the sound of Rhea's low sweet voice humming gently to herself.

"Rhea?"

"Kronos! I have brought you a present."

From the recess stepped Zeus, a radiant smile lighting up his handsome face. He bowed and proffered Kronos a jeweled goblet which the Titan snatched greedily and drank down the contents of the goblet in one draft.

"Rhea, it is you that I love."

"You love me?" she hissed. "You, who ate all but one of my darling children?"

Kronos gave an unhappy hiccup.

"What do you mean," he asked in a voice thick with confusion and nausea, "I ate *all* of them. I distinctly remember."

A strong young voice cracked through the night air like a whip. "Not quite all, Father!"

"Who ... who ... whoooooooooooooooo!" Kronos's question turned into a sudden uprush of uncontrollable vomiting. From his gut, in one heaving spasm, erupted a large stone. Kronos gazed at it stupidly, his eyes swimming and his face white. But before he could understand what he was seeing he was assailed by that horrible and unmistakable feeling that tells a vomiter there is more to come. Far more.

One by one he spewed up the five children he had swallowed. First out was Hera. Then came Poseidon, Demeter, Hades, and finally Hestia, before the tormented Titan collapsed.

THE LOTTERY

Zeus turned to his dark and troublesome brothers, Hades and Poseidon. He thought it only fair that they should draw lots for the two most important unassigned provinces - the sea and the underworld.

Hades and Poseidon had no love for each other, and when Zeus put his hands behind his back and brought them out before him in closed fists, they hesitated. In cases of fraternal dislike, each brother will usually want what the other wants.

Poseidon wondered, "If Hades wanted the underworld then I want that too, just to infuriate him."

Hades thought along the same lines. "Whichever I choose," he said to himself, "I will shout in triumph, just to annoy that jerk Poseidon."

In each of Zeus's outstretched fists lay concealed a precious stone: a sapphire as blue as the sea in one and a piece of jet as black as night in the other.

Poseidon did a jig of delight when he touched the back of Zeus's right hand and saw it open to reveal the winking blue sapphire. "The oceans are mine!" he roared.

"That means - yes!" cried Hades with a mighty fist-pump. "That means I have the underworld. Ha ha!"

Secretly, inside, he was sickened.

Gods are such children.

THE MOTHER OF ALL MIGRAINES

The King of the Gods had a headache. And what an ache. Each day the pain grew until Zeus was in the most acute, searing, blinding, pounding agony that had ever been suffered in the history of anything. Zeus's brothers, sisters, and other family members clustered concernedly about him. Everyone racked their brains trying to think of a solution while poor Zeus stamped and yelled in torment, squeezing his head in his hands as if trying to crush it.

Hephaestus, Zeus's son, stepped forward carrying a huge axe and persuaded Zeus that the only way to alleviate his agony was to take his hands away from his temples, kneel down, and have faith. Zeus muttered something about the trouble with being the King of the Gods was that there was no one higher to pray to, but he dropped obediently to his knees and awaited his fate. Hephaestus spat cheerfully and confidently on his hands, gripped the thick wooden haft and brought it down in one swift movement clean through the very center of Zeus's skull, splitting it in two.

There was a terrible silence as everyone stared in stunned horror. The horror turned to wild disbelief and the wild disbelief to bewildered amazement as they now witnessed, rising up from the inside of Zeus's opened head, the tip of a spear. The onlookers held their breaths as slowly there arose into view a female figure dressed in full armor. Zeus lowered his head and the glorious being stepped calmly on to the land and turned to face him.

Equipped with plated armor, shield, spear, and plumed helmet, she gazed at Zeus with eyes of a matchless and wonderful grey. A grey that seemed to radiate infinite wisdom.

With a slightly unpleasant slurping sound Zeus's head closed up its wound and healed itself. Zeus gazed at the being who had caused him so much pain and smiled a warm smile.

"Athena!"

"Father!" she said, smiling gently in return.

ARTEMIS

Zeus loved Artemis almost as much as he loved Athena. One afternoon, when Artemis was still a very young girl, Zeus found her playing at the base of Mount Olympus. He sat on a rock beside her and hoisted her onto his knee.

She asked, "Father, do you love me?"

"Artemis, what a question! You know I love you with all of my heart."

"Do you love me enough to grant me a wish?"

"Of course, my dear."

"Would you grant me *several* wishes?"

"Several wishes? Goodness! Surely you have everything a girl would want? You are immortal and once you reach your moment of greatest beauty you will never age."

"They aren't difficult wishes, Daddy. Just the smallest of things."

"Very well, let's hear them."

"I never want to have a boyfriend or a husband."

"Yes, yes ..."

"Also, I want a bow. I notice my brother Apollo has a whole collection of bows, but I don't because I'm a girl which is totally unfair. Hephaestus can make me a really special one with silver arrows. And I want a knee-length tunic for hunting in, because long dresses are stupid and impractical. I don't want dominion over towns or cities, but I do want to rule mountainsides and forests. And stags. I like stags. And dogs, hunting dogs anyway, not lap dogs which are useless. And if you'd be very kind, I'd like a choir of young girls to sing my praises in temples and a group of nymphs to walk the dogs and help protect me from men."

"Is that it?" Zeus was almost giddy at this recitation.

"I think so. Oh, and I'd like the power to make childbirth easier for women."

"Goodness me. You don't ask for the moon, do you?"

"Oh, what a good idea! The moon. Yes, I'd love the moon please. That will be all."

Zeus granted every wish. How could he not?

THE INFANT PRODIGY

Hermes proved himself to be the most extraordinarily pert and precocious baby that ever drew breath. Within a quarter hour of his birth he had crawled from one side of the cave to the other, throwing out comments to his startled mother as he did so. Five minutes later he requested a light so that he might better examine the cave's walls. Being offered none he struck two stones together and kindled a flame. This had never been done before.

Now standing upright (and still not half an hour old), this remarkable infant announced that he was going for a walk.

"The close confines of this cramped cavern are occasioning me uncomfortably acute claustrophobia," he said, inventing both alliteration and the family of "-phobia" words as he spoke. "I shall see you presently. Get on with spinning or knitting or whatever it is, there's a good mother."

WHEN IT'S A JAR

Epimetheus and Pandora were very much in love.

But one little itch tickled her, one little fly buzzed around her, one little worm burrowed inside.

That jar.

When Epimetheus had asked about it she laughed. "Just a silly thing. It's of no value."

One afternoon when Epimetheus was away practicing discus with his friends, Pandora approached the jar. Why had Zeus even mentioned that there was nothing interesting inside it? She pieced the logic of it together in her mind.

There could be only one explanation. There was something of great interest inside.

But, no - she had sworn never to open it.

She believed it her duty to resist the spell of the jar which now, really, seemed almost to be singing out to her in the most alluring way.

Before she had time to tell herself this was the wrong thing to do, she twisted at the lid and pulled the seal free. There was a fast fluttering, a furious flapping of wings, and a wild wheeling and whirling in her ears.

Oh! Glorious flying creatures!

But no ... they were not glorious at all. More and more flying shapes buzzed from the mouth of the jar - a great cloud of them chattering, screaming, and howling in her ears. With a great cry Pandora summoned up the courage and strength to close the lid and seal the jar. Like a cloud of locusts, the shrieking, wailing creatures clawed the air and circled in a great vortex before flying up and away and around the world, settling like a pestilence wherever man had habitation.

And what were these shapes?

Illness, Violence, Deceit, Misery, and Want had arrived. They would never leave the earth.

What Pandora did not know was that, when she shut the lid of the jar so hastily, she forever imprisoned one last little creature, left behind to beat its wings in the jar forever. Its name was Hope.

THESEUS & THE MINOTAUR

Having been taken prisoner upon arrival in Crete, Theseus in his cell was jerked awake by a sound. Someone was coming along the passageway. He saw to his unnamable joy the face of Ariadne, princess of Crete.

“Why are you here?”

“We must hurry. Come with me, Theseus. We’ll leave the island together.”

“I have come not to be spirited away, but to kill the Minotaur and free my people.”

She gazed deep into his eyes again. “Yes, I thought you might say that. Alright then. Once you are inside the Labyrinth you will never find your way out. The corridors take you inevitably to the center, but to escape you will need this ball of thread. From the point where the guard leaves you, attach the end to the doorway and unroll it as you go further in. That way, you will always be able to follow it out. When you kill the Minotaur, kill him quickly and mercifully. He is a monstrous mistake, but he is my brother.”

It was dark within the Labyrinth, with just a little moonlight shining in through gratings in the roof. Theseus crept through the maze, playing out the thread behind him as he went. He became aware of distant sounds that grew in volume: snuffling and stamping, baying, grunting and growling. Something crunched under his feet - a human rib bone. Finally, he approached the central room.

A shuffling, growling, and stamping came from up ahead, and now a new noise, a scraping of horn against stone. A form arose in the corner and emerged from the shadows. Red eyes burned as they looked toward the mortal man who had dared approach. The Minotaur let loose a mighty bellow. He stamped his hoofs, shook his head, and lunged at Theseus. Theseus stepped left and then right, goading the Minotaur to come at him. It shook its head one way and the other in confusion.

“Come on now!” shouted Theseus, backing toward a wall.

It made up its mind, lowered its horns, and charged. Theseus leapt aside at the last moment and the Minotaur crashed headfirst into the stone wall. The left-hand horn snapped with a great crack and hung down loose. Theseus rolled forward in a somersault, wrenched the horn free, and before the dazed creature had time to know what was happening, he thrust the sharp point deep into the folds of the throat and pulled viciously across, severing the windpipe.

PERSEUS & MEDUSA

“Mother, what’s a Medusa?”

“Why do you want to know?”

“I heard the name and wondered, that’s all.”

“Medusa, so they say, was a beautiful young woman who was stolen and ravished by the sea god Poseidon. Unfortunately for her this took place in a temple sacred to the goddess Athena. She was so angry at the sacrilege that she punished Medusa.”

“She didn’t punish Poseidon?”

“The gods don’t punish each other, they punish us.”

“And how did Athena punish Medusa?”

“She transformed her into a Gorgon, a dreadful creature with boar’s tusks instead of teeth, razor sharp claws of brass, and venomous snakes for hair. One glance from her will turn you into stone.”

Perseus scratched his chin. “Oh. So *that’s* Medusa? I’d rather hoped she might turn out to be some sort of giant chicken.”

“Why do you want to know?”

“Well, I sort of promised the king I’d go and fetch him her head.”

Perseus’ mother protested, but he insisted that he was of an age to have adventures. And so he did, collecting on the way from Athena a shield polished to a high shine.

After some searching, he flew to the island of the Gorgons. Now he could see the Gorgon lying fast asleep in the moonlight. Suddenly he understood why Athena had charged him to keep the shield polished. He could not look directly into the eyes of Medusa, but her reflection... that was another thing.

Perseus adjusted the mirror so that he could see himself swing his sword backward and forward. Without knowing it, he had dropped a little lower. The swishing of the blade awoke the vipers on Medusa’s head, and they began to spit and rear. He closed in on Medusa’s sleeping form, weapon at the ready. In the shield he saw her stir and her eyelids flutter.

Her eyes opened.

Medusa’s eyes, for all their blaze and fury, had a quality that made him want to turn from the reflected image and look deep into them for real. He pushed the feeling down. The sword swept through the air, and he felt the blade slice through the flesh of her neck. He lunged down

to snatch away the head and pushed it into his satchel before the thrashing dying snakes could fix their fangs into him.