

FUCK THE GOAT Audition Monologues

Drew:

This friendship has cucked me. Do you know how pathetic it was? When I saw your name on the rush list and I like, felt happy? Even though you haven't like...answered my texts...or my calls...or anything for like, a year? I saw your stupid fucking name and it felt like we were friends again. It felt like...maybe the past year was just some sort of blip. And if I fucking joined this stupid fraternity, and so did you, we would just be friends again. Not even like, if we both joined. Even if I just saw you at a rush party. I would've said hi. I would've just forgot about everything and said hi, because, I don't know. Maybe you had a really fucking terrible year. But I didn't fucking see you at the rush parties, and you know, whatever. I'm stuck in a fucking basement and I have to fuck a goat. But you're here. And I thought, thank god. We'll be friends again. But then. Then you pretend to not know me. Like I'm just some random fuck from your soccer team. Awesome. I'm stuck in a fucking basement and I have to fuck a goat. Just to be your friend.

Toby:

I didn't want to go to dinner, and I didn't want to go to prom, and I didn't want to do any of the things she wanted to do. Because I didn't want to do it with her. I was just like, this emblem of someone in love with her. An emblem that she could be in love. I didn't want to be that anymore. And I was having fun. Being high and fucking around with these people. I was having fun doing everything I'd never done before. I felt...unwatched out there. It was just miles and miles of, like, prairie. Like literal prairie. And darkness. And I was so high. When we really packed up, I was carrying these tennis rackets back to the bus, and I just dropped them and kept walking. My coach was like "Toby, are you okay?" I didn't even realize I dropped the rackets. But I just picked them back up. And I laughed. And the team laughed. And that would've like...that would've crushed me if something like that happened at school. Or at my house. Or anywhere where someone was watching me, and expecting me to like, notice I dropped a racket. But it didn't matter there. And I think it was the weed and just the...nothingness that made me start thinking crazy shit but I was like...what if I could feel like this somewhere else no one was watching? No one that really knew me? What could I do then?

Errol:

Oh, and people that like, coparent? That shit is fake. Coparenting, is like, something you buy in a fucking Ikea catalog. Coparenting could be a fucking Swedish word as far as I care. That shit is not real. It's sickening to see like, a divorced kid sit at Chili's with their fucking coparents on a weekend. Like I get it. Maybe if you're graduating or getting like, married, everyone can sit at Chili's together and pretend they get along. But a random weekend? Get over yourself. It's nauseating that everyone pretends to like each other all the time. It's like, a uniquely American disease. Do you think all the divorced parents in like...Czechoslovakia try to hang out on the weekends with their ex-husbands and ex-wives? Fuck no. It's so putridly American that we're just ripping each other's hair out and screaming over the phone to each other and detesting having sex with each other but we're just so fine and so cool and so fucking kosher when we're just sitting around at Chili's. It's like, why even split then? If you like each other so much, just stay together. Just stay together so hard.