

Mamma Mia Audition Sides

Please select an audition side below. Memorizing your selection is recommended. You may be asked to cold read another side so please be familiar with all of them. Have fun! We are looking for the development of relationships, expression, and humor onstage.

Tanya

All right, let's see what you're wearing for the wedding.

(Rosie holds up a pair of battered, baggy shorts.)

You're joking right? Right ... you are you cow!

Well really girl, you could have been making some sort of statement on the tyranny of wedlock.

After all these years ... nothing huh? Dried up? Washed up in the sea of lonely hearts club ladies who never found Mr. Right ... Oh darling, you'll meet your Mr. Right. I have. I did ... and all they wanted was to settle down and have babies. No thanks.

No ... children can become such subversive little buggers! I mean, who'd have thought that Donna, the icon of female independence, would have a daughter committing matrimony at twenty.

Rosie

Alright Lady Tanya you can be all down on love ... but white weddings are trendy! However I do remember those t- shirts we used to wear ... "Marriage is an institution for people who ... *(together with Tanya)* ... belong in an institution!"

Girls seem to think that a woman's greatest achievement is getting a man ... and look at you! You've had three husbands! I wish I could shake it a bit more and get at least one and a half men ... yea ... a half! You can do a lot with THAT half!

Sophie

SOPHIE:

Alright girls, I have something to tell you ... I've invited my Dad to my wedding.

LISA:

You mean you've found him at last?

SOPHIE:

Not exactly. *(She produces the diary.)* Look, I found this in Mom's desk. 1979. It's the one she kept the year she got pregnant with me. You know how she won't talk about my dad ... she says she can't remember, but listen ...

(She reads from the diary.)

"July 17th. What a night! After the show, Sam rowed me over to the little island. We danced on the beach and kissed on the beach, and dot, dot, dot ..."

Dot, dot, dot – that's what they did in the olden days.

"Sam's the one. I know he is. I've never felt like this before ..."

So, after reading this ... I decided to invite him.

Sky

Well, I'm off Sophie. The guys haven't told me where, but I'm sure it's something crazy knowing them! Lap-dancers at the Orpheus Bar, mud-wrestling at Medusa's ... Pepper's bringing his hand-cuffs ...

Not missing out on my last night of freedom! I mean ... the last night before the biggest adventure of my life darling!

You mean the world to me Sophie ... You've turned my world upside down! I love you.

Donna

DONNA:

Where's Sophie?

ROSIE:

Haven't seen her. Why?

DONNA:

I must find her. Now.

(They show her a poster of the Dynamos.)

What the hell is that about? Was it in the trunk?

ROSIE:

You should hang this in the bar. Show Sophie what a funky mom she's got ...

DONNA:

(Cuts in.)

No! Get rid of it! Burn it! I never want to see it again ...

ROSIE:

What's wrong? What's happened?

DONNA:

I thought it was over ... past. I'd almost forgotten ... but it isn't! I knew this would happen. All my life it's been tapping at my shoulder. Of course, it had to come out now! It had to ... God, why was I such a stupid little idiot!

(Pause) It's her Dad ... Sophie's. You know how I always said it was Sam, the architect who went home to get married? Well, I'm not really sure if it was him. Y'see, there were a couple of others ... like 2 others ... and I certainly didn't see all three of them sitting in my bar the day before my daughter's wedding!

It's Sam, Bill Austin and Harry 'Head-Banger'. *(Makes head-banger gesture.)*

Sam

SAM:

I bet you blokes are glad to get off that boat ... you looked a little queasy if ya know what I mean! Do you two want to hear something interesting? You see this Taverna...

BILL:

(Interrupting.) I'm rather impressed. I remember an old hut here ... I was dreading bedding down with the goats. Give me goats before camels. There was this time in the Kalahari ... the sun was beating down...

SAM:

Sorry to interrupt "Indiana", but the point is this is my Taverna ... I built it! Well, I designed it ... drew up the plans ... what ... twenty-one years ago? I can't believe she's actually gone and built the damn thing. This is something I scribbled on the back of a menu. I had no idea. And ya know how I know? Buildings are like babies. You always know your own. Twenty-one years? Wow!

You know, this is beginning to feel like a setup. Hey Bill! Here's a story for you ... three men ... strangers ... receive an invitation to a wedding. They are invited to a place they haven't seen for twenty-one years, by a woman they haven't seen for twenty-one years ... why are they here?

Bill

BILL:

(Arriving off the boat.)

Come on boys ... Looking a little green Prince Charles? *(to Harry)* That was nothing. You should try a kayak in the Okavango Swamps. You can read all about it in a book I published once called "A Bloke and A Boat in Botswana". I heard I'd sold a copy somewhere.

I hope this island inspires some new prose. When I got the wedding invite I sold my editor a piece on "Childhood Haunts Revisited". I wasn't born here, but my mother's Greek. The only time I came to Greece was to visit my Great-Auntie on the mainland ... and that was twenty-one years ago.

Ha! That was great tussle ... oh the times we had ... the swims we took ... the love we made ... she was a right Shelia! *(Makes animal noises and gestures.)*

Pepper/Eddie

PEPPER:

(To Tanya. Serving her a drink.)

Madame ... This should tickle your taste buds.

TANYA:

Yes, but will it cure my hangover?

PEPPER:

You should look in the mirror baby ... You've just cured mine.

TANYA:

Down boy. I'm old enough to be your Mother.

PEPPER:

Well, you can call me Oedipus then. Tanya, why don't we catch up from last night? *(Growls at her.)* You do remember last night ... the moonlight, the water, the wine, the water, the wine, the moonlight, the wine ... and then there was...

(From offstage.)

Pepper! Back to the bar! You've got customers!!!

PEPPER:

(Shouting back.)

Serve yourselves! Now where were we?

TANYA:

Ok sweetie. I got a little work to do on my face ... a little renovation.

PEPPER:

Please ... do not mess with a masterpiece darling. *(She walks away.)* Tanya! Don't ignore the chemistry between us!

Harry

HARRY:

I'm Bright. Harry Bright. Charming little town ... But I hope I get the chance to get my tongue around a little Greek. I haven't spoken it for twenty-one years.

BILL:

What's pulled you away from the Bank of England old chap?

HARRY:

Is this an interview? Alright, well for me, Donna's invitation brought back many happy memories ... (*Spotting the guitar hanging on the wall.*) Bloody Norah! I know this guitar! (*Indicating a carving.*) HB – 'Head-Banger', that's what they used to call me in those days ... and DS ... Donna Sheridan ... I bought this for her! Ten quid and my Johnny Rotten t-shirt. So, now who says I'm an unadventurous old stick-in-the-mud?

(*Changing tone.*) My other half. A big house, a fast car and a season ticket to Chelsea Football Club isn't enough for some people, is it? They want The Great White Hunter, too. Well, I can do spontaneity. That's why I'm here.

Donna knew my wild side. I was an exchange student in Paris when we met, and I just followed her to Greece ... spontaneously ...