Audition Monologues 2023

Play name: *Finding My Root*

Author: Nanziwe Mzuzu

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Character: **Nobuhle**

Nobuhle

There was this best friend of mine, Funeka. She always wanted me to plait her hair. She would come every seven o'clock every evening, knowing very well we had our supper at that time...what?....who? she really didn't care. It made it difficult for me to avoid sharing my plate of food with her; made me even wonder if she came to plait her hair or score herself a plate of my grandmother's best beef stew. I am fond her though. She is the one friend I can really share my problems with. *(starts whispering*) I am not gossiping, but my friend is greedy; no wonder she is so fat. I mean, she scores a meal here at my home and will still have her supper at her home too afterwards. *(to a seated Funeka whom she was platting)* chomi before you eat can we at least pray....what do you mean pray for what....pray for the food that you are about to eat....really don't get how you are eating away with hair potentially falling on your food....(*Nobuhle prays*) Just close your eyes friend....God please bless this food that we are about to eat in Jesus' name, Amen. (*sits on chair to eat*) Well I have my father to thank for that, oh okay my grandfather because he was the one who taught me how to pray and anyway at last week's sermon at Church the pastor highly advised us to pray for or meals so that we could be filled up. (*to audience*) In my case, it was very important that Funeka prays just so she could fill up quicker before finishing our food at home.

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