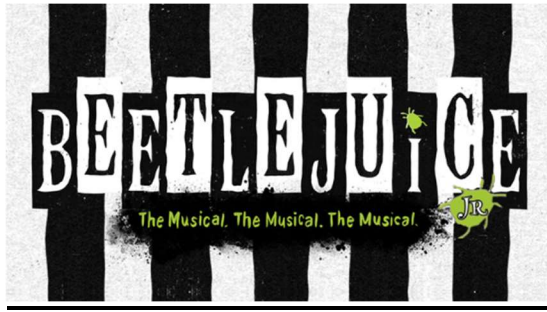




Characters

Lydia Deetz
Charles Deetz
Beetlejuice
Adam Maitland
Barbara Maitland
Delia Schlimmer
Maxie Dean
Sky
Miss Argentina
Maxine Dean
Otho
Juno

Ensemble Roles:

Includes the Priest, Parachute Jumper, Death by Toaster, Dead Cheerleader, Death by Fireworks, Cigar Mobster, Dead Jockey, Machete Groom, Dead Drill Team, and Hunter with a Shrunken Head), Mourners, Mover #1, Mover #2, Lawyers, Girl Scouts, Caite-Waiter, Beetlejuice Clones Cheerleaders, Studio Audience, Sandworm

Audition Monologues

Pick one of these monologues for your audition. If there is not a monologue for your top character, pick your favorite one to perform.

LYDIA:

People tell me that grief fades, that one day I'll wake up and feel... normal. But what if I don't want normal? What if normal means forgetting? *(Pauses, holding up the photo.)* She was my mother. She was my best friend. And now—she's just gone. And Dad... Dad acts like if we just change everything, paint over the past, pretend we're a happy little family again, it'll all be fine. But I don't want fine. I want her. *(Beat.)* No one gets it. No one even tries. But maybe... maybe the dead do. Maybe they know what it's like to be stuck in

between, lost in the silence. *(Looks up, determined.)* If they can hear me, I want to listen.

CHARLES:

Lydia, I know you think I don't understand. That I don't miss her, that I'm just trying to move on. But that's not true. *(Sighs, shaking his head.)* Losing your mom... it broke me too. I just—I don't know how to fix things. You think I have all the answers, but I don't. So, I try to keep things together, keep the business running, keep you from drowning in all this sadness. I thought maybe if we had a fresh start, a new home, a new... everything, you'd start to heal. But I can see now—you don't need a fresh start. You just need to feel like she's still with you. And maybe I do too.

BEETLEJUICE:

Well, well, well! If it isn't my new favorite sad little human! *(Mock sympathy.)* Boo-hoo, life's unfair, people don't understand you, blah blah blah! Kid, let me tell ya, the living have no idea how good they have it! You think your life is bad? Try being stuck in the Netherworld for centuries with nothing but screaming souls for company! But hey, I get it. You don't belong with them. You belong with me. And lucky for you, I've got a killer idea. Just say my name three times, and boom! We scare your problems away, have a little fun, maybe unleash some chaos... What do ya say, partner? Life's overrated anyway!

ADAM:

Okay, okay, so we're dead. I'm still processing that. But get this—there's a handbook! A handbook for being dead! Why didn't they just give us a pamphlet at the pearly gates? "Welcome to the afterlife, here's your rulebook, good luck!" *(Flips pages.)* I mean, listen to this: "Haunting Basics, Chapter Three: How to Properly Rattle Chains." We don't even have chains, Barbara! What are we supposed to do? Ooooh, float menacingly? Yeah, that'll keep the new owners out. *(Slams the book shut, sighs.)* I just wanted to fix up the house, maybe start a family... and now we can't even leave it? This is the worst DIY project ever.

BARBARA:

Okay, okay, let's not panic. I mean, sure, we're dead. And yes, we might be stuck here forever. But... silver lining? We don't have to do taxes anymore. *(Weak laugh, then groans.)* Oh, Adam, this is bad. I mean, what if someone else moves in? I love this house. I

picked the wallpaper! No. No way. If we're ghosts now, we have ghostly responsibilities. This is our home, and we are not letting some strangers waltz in and redecorate. But... what if we're bad at haunting? What if we just end up being polite, quiet ghosts who just... stand awkwardly in the corner? I don't think I was cut out for the afterlife.

DELIA:

Lydia, darling, energy is everything. If you just open your chakras, cleanse your aura, and let the universe flow through you, you'll see what I mean! Okay, okay, you're giving me that look. Fine. You win, I'll drop the spiritual babble. Look, I know I'm not your mother. And I know I'm not who you want me to be. But I'm trying, Lydia. I really am. Do you think it's easy, falling in love with someone who's lost so much? I see how much Charles worries about you. And I worry too. Not because I have to, but because... I care. I really do. You don't have to like me, but at least believe that.

Song Lyrics

Pick one of these songs for your audition. Practice tracks are available on our website. You will not sing the entire song, just a small section as outlined below.

Dead Mom

Every day Dad's staring at me
Like all "hurry up get happy
Move along
Forget about your mom"
Cause Daddy's in denial
Daddy doesn't wanna feel
He wants me to smile
And clap like a performing seal
Ignored it for a while
But Daddy's lost his mind for real
Mamma won't you send a sign?
I'm running out of hope and time
A plague of mice, a lightning strike
Or drop a nuclear bomb
No more playing Daddy's game
I'll go insane if things don't change
Whatever it takes to make him say your name
Dead Mom

The Whole Being Dead Thing

Hey, folks! Begging your pardon!
'Scuse me! Sorry to barge in
Let's skip the tears and start on the whole
Y'know

Being dead thing
You're doomed! Enjoy the singing
The sword of Damocles is swinging
And if I hear your cell-phone ringing
I'll kill you myself
The whole being dead thing!
Death can get a person stressed
"We should have carpe'd way more diems
Now we're never gonna see 'em!"
I can show you what comes next
So don't be freaked
Stay in your seats
We've been rehearsing this nonsense for weeks
So just relax, you'll be fine
There's no refunds
Read the sign!
Welcome to a show about death!

Ready Set not Yet

ADAM

Look at this crib
I know to the untrained eye it's boring
But nothing's a chore when you're restoring
Apart from frustration, pain, and financial drain
It's fun!
Folks say "Adam Why do you polish your crib when you don't have a kid? And even if you did have a kid, This crib is too precious for placing a baby inside it So it simply exists to remind you Your sense of perfection is just a reflection that you are not mentally prepared to make room for a kid Adam, why don't you live? Adam, just make a start"
Are you willing to take the next step?
Ready, set-
Ready, set-

BARBARA

Look at these pots!
Amazingly glazed and terracotta-ery
I took some clay and made you pottery
The world will never wreck you
I'll protect you in a mother's embrace
Folks say, "Barbara Why can't you see that ceramics is simply a manifestation of motherly panic By making a baby that's breakable Aren't you creating a way of translating the terror of making maternal mistakes into clay Hiding away so you don't have to face being a bad mom Barbara That's what you've done, Barbara Just make a start" Are you willing to take the next step? Ready Set-