

## AUDITION MONOLOGUES

*Pick 1 to present – memorization not required - posting early just to allow prep time.*

*Auditions will include cold readings from the script as well.*

Please choose one of the following monologues – feel free to change any gender references – anybody can do any one of these monologues, simply adjust the gender words. If you choose a monologue from *The Game's Afoot*, that does NOT mean you are auditioning solely for THAT character. All the characters have a similar delivery – there just aren't many monologues in this play – it's mostly "banter." Note the style is heightened and similar to Noel Coward type productions. These characters are part of stylish, mannered, high-art society – they are well-read, accomplished NYC actors who have "pizazz" and work off each other very well. Please remember this is a Comedy, which means TENSION – both physically and vocally with hysterical intent. And even if a character is genuinely angry, there must be something in their frustration that makes the audience 'connect' & laugh or "get it." Show me what you got! Big is Better. Accents welcomed and will be preferred with Trans-Atlantic tone and the Inspector IS required to be British.

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**1) William Gillette** (from *The Game's Afoot*) (cut version) (*In response to Aggie's line: "You treat everything as a joke! Even that horrible attempt on your life!"*)

Look, we have chosen this mad life of ours, and we'd be insane not to accept it for what it is. We're actors. We wear silly costumes. We put on noses made of putty for God's sake. I don't treat life as a joke- I treat it as the most glorious game ever invented. Love and heartbreak? Game. Life and death? The greatest game, the biggest adventure. Shakespeare got it right on the nose. Henry the Fifth charging into battle against overwhelming odds and what does he cry? "It's all a game and if I die, I die!" So let them praise me, hate me or shoot me – but at the end of the battle, I will have lived, even for a moment. And if you think you need Simon in order to live like that, then take him, by all means! Cling to him! Don't hesitate for a second!...I will, however, miss you unutterably. (*change into Sherlock Holmes voice here*) As they say love, the crime must go on.

**2) Lloyd** (from *Noises Off* by Michael Frayn) (*context...this former director has come back from his current production of Richard III to try and mend fences w/ unhappy actress*).

Let me tell you something about my life. I have the Duke of Buckingham on the phone to me for an hour after rehearsal every evening complaining that the Duke of Gloucester is sucking boiled sweets through his speeches. Richard himself – would you believe? -Richard III? Has now gone down with a back problem. I keep getting messages from here about how unhappy Brooke is and now she's got herself a doctor's certificate for nervous exhaustion – she's going to walk! I have no time to find or rehearse another Vicki. I have just one afternoon, while Richard is fitted for a surgical corset, to cure Brooke of nervous exhaustion. So I haven't come to the theatre to hear about other people's problems. I've come to be taken out of myself and preferably not be put back in again.

**3) Daria Chase** (from *The Game's Afoot*) (*This is her entrance. She enters and poses.*)

Merry Christmas! Oh William! My dear, sweet, vulnerable man! How is your arm? Your heart? Your soul? Ah! After that ghastly shooting I thought I'd never see you again! I simply grabbed whatever was hanging in my sad, little closet as I bounded out of New York City for the countryside on Christmas Eve and oh my God just smell the air out here! I haven't smelled air like this since I was a little girl growing up in Kansas or wherever it was with all those divine little cows and things. How lucky you are to have all this....nature to comfort you.

(*in response to "We'd rather you wrote about the play and not us."*)

Oh, nonsense. Of course you wouldn't. Everyone wants publicity. It's magic, and it's changing the world. Look at me, I'm a sorceress. A wave of the pen and I can make you a star. Poof. Publicity equals fame equals money. It's like a drug, but it never stops. And I must say, you've all been hogging the limelight beautifully, haven't you. First the shooting, which in itself must have doubled my readership, then the inheritance and now the murder...(they look at her blankly)...the murder this morning....don't tell me you don't....(she realizes she's let the cat out of the bag)....Oops.

4) **Madame Arcati** (from *Blithe Spirit* by Noel Coward):

I did was requested to do, which was to give a séance and establish contact with the Other Side. I had no idea that there was any ulterior motive mixed up with it. Am I to understand that I was only invited in a spirit of mockery...? (incensed) Tricks of the trade!? Insufferable! I've never been so insulted in my life. I feel we have nothing more to say to one another, Mrs. Condomine. Your attitude from the outset has been most unpleasant, Mrs. Condomine. Some of your remarks have been discourteous in the extreme and I should like to say, without umbrage, that if you and your husband were foolish enough to tamper with the unseen for paltry motives and in a spirit of ribaldry, whatever has happened to you is your own fault, and, to coin a phrase, as far as I'm concerned you can stew in your own juice! (*storm out exit*)

5) **Ruth** (*Blithe Spirit* by Noel Coward)

*(Expressing her frustration over the return of the ghost of Elvira, her husband's first wife.)*

Charles, I've been making polite conversation all through dinner last night and breakfast and lunch today—and it's been a nightmare—and I'm not going to do it anymore. I don't like Elvira any more than she likes me, and what's more, I'm certain that I never could have, alive or dead. If, since her untimely arrival here the other evening, she had shown the slightest sign of good manners, the slightest sign of good breeding, I might have felt differently towards her, but all she has done is try to make mischief between us and have private jokes with you against me. I am now going up to my room and I shall have my dinner on a tray. You and she can have the house to yourselves and joke and gossip with each other to your heart's content. The first thing in the morning I'm going to London to interview the Psychical Research Society, and if they fail me I shall go straight to the Archbishop of Canterbury!

6) **Barbara** (from *Reverse English*)

Well I am angry, Billy. I am...incensed. I am...this makes me crazy. Really frosts my pajamas. This makes me...this drives me...this gets me wild, do you understand me? I am not some trophy that can be won over by a bunch of sweaty, dirty guys with a vote in the shower room. It is bad enough that I'm a freshman and got talked into being a JV cheerleader. This isn't the old west, Billy Bob, and I am not your mail order bride, or everybody's locker room fantasy, or some bimbo to be passed around from split end to quarterback. How dare you think you have any rights to even talk to me unless I say so, much less decide what I'll do or who I'll go out with for even one night, let alone an entire football season? It gets me astronomically furious!