

BLAIR SCHOOL OF MUSIC
MONOLOGUES FOR INCOMING VOICE AUDITIONS
FALL 2022 Entry

Monologue; memorized (prescreening & audition.) Please select one that speaks to you from the following options. None are gender-specific.

BLINKERS - By Glen Alterman

[20s, in human years. Blinkers is aching to be adopted]

What, what are you looking at? Why are you staring? What, you want to know something about me, some *back-ground information*? Don't you have anything better to do than just stand there and judge me? I go through this all day. Make up your mind? (*A beat.*) Hey, you want me to look cute for you, that what you want, cute? Well, let me tell ya, I do cute very well. (*Makes a cute face.*) I do cute better than anyone, anyone here! Want me to roll on my back, huh? (*Looks lovingly.*) How's that, you like that? SO MAKE UP YOUR MIND! You have any idea how many times a day I go through this every day? It's exhausting! How can you resist me? I'm housebroken for heavensake! C'mon, c'mon, take me home. I'm great with kids, can fetch on cue. All right. All right, I'm no puppy, who is? That puppy trap is overrated. I've got experience, learned life lessons — Hey, hey, where you going? Where you going?! You want cute? I can . . . ! I can roll over, retrieve! (*A beat, bitterly.*) Hope you get a puppy with worms. This torn newspaper here is just fine. This cage here is perfect. Who needs you? WHO NEEDS YOU?!

'TIS BETTER - by Clinton A. Johnston

[A newly-engaged person has just been handed a small gift by their fiancé.]

You don't do that! You don't just give people gifts! It's not Chanukah. It's not Christmas. It's not Kwanzaa. It's not our anniversary. It's not my birthday. *Then*, you give gifts. Those are "Gift Giving Days"!

Fine, you give me a gift. What am I supposed to do now, huh? Do I get you a gift? Do I get you a gift now just because you got me a gift? Do I get you the same type of gift? What if your gift is more expensive than mine? Does that mean I love you less? How do we keep track? How do we budget? All these worries are spared us,

why? Because we are a civilized society! Because we have rules and tradition and ritual to make sure the the *fabric* of our interactions remains strong and sturdy! But that doesn't work for you, does it? No, you're too good for the bonds and ties that keep us together, you with your over-romanticized views of individualism and your warped confusion of nonconformity with sincerity. You would just go your own way and everyone else be damned! Well, I will not have you bring your culture-smashing chaos into our relationship! [*thrusts the package back into their fiancé's hands*]

[*beat, recovering from the rant*]

Also. I can tell it's socks. Who gives their fiancé socks?

THE AUDITION - by Glen Alterman

[*An actor is trying to open up emotionally for an audition.*]

I am trying. I'm standing here desperately trying to show you my emotions, my feelings, but I can't. I'm trapped; I'm in my head. The words, they're coming out, yeah, but there's nothing underneath, I know. I'm emotionally dead up here. Crap, this annoys me!! I feel like stopping right now and saying, "I'm better than this, I am! Just a few hours ago, you should have seen, I was all loosey-goosey with feelings at home. I was emotionally FULL! Laughter, tears, I was — connected!" But when I walked in here, introduced myself, it was like this giant gate came crashing down. My mouth suddenly went dry, my arms got heavy. You must be thinking, "Send this one back to acting school." But I am better than this, really! You should have seen my rehearsal at home . . . I'm wonderful - at home. Do you make house calls? Man, I'm really bombing up here. I'm better than this. Really. Really, I . . . what? Oh. Sure. Sorry. Thank you for your time.

NORMALCY - by Don Nigro

[*A college student presents a report on their favorite president.*]

[*Ed. note: this monologue contains very little punctuation intentionally.*]

Ok, so my report is on my favorite president which was Warren G. Harding who was a very great president from Ohio which is called the Mother of Presidents or some kind of Mother or wait maybe that's Virginia, I'll have to look that up. But anyway Warren G. Harding was from Marion, Ohio, where he edited a newspaper and had a very nice haircut and there was a rumor he was secretly half octoroon or something obscurely ethnic which I think would be really cool if it was true but was probably frowned on at the time by respectable people who let's face it are generally a bunch of ignorant sheep-faced bigots even the best of them a little bit although I have a hard time believing it was true because then why would he get down on his knees in the White House late one night and swear allegiance to the Ku Klux Klan which apparently he did although in all fairness to the president he was probably drunk at the time because President Harding although a very great man and a wonderful president used to drink like the world was coming to an end next Tuesday and once showed up at this important dinner with disgruntled labor leaders rip-roaring dead skunk drunk, sat down on the cake and announced that Susan B. Anthony had a really nice butt.

SANTA CLAUS - by Glen Alterman

[Seeing Santa Claus for the first time is a terrifying experience for some.]

I was so excited, gonna see Santa Claus! I was just four years old, and my parents were taking me to Macy's in the City to see . . . well I didn't know who he was, but everybody kept telling me how wonderful he was so . . . let's go! All the way in to the city we sang carols in the car. We got to Macy's, big store, lots of people. Dad was holding my hand, Mom was pushing me along. Smiles, laughs. When we got there, there was warm snow everywhere and colored lights and cardboard reindeer that didn't move. I was being pushed along by little people no larger than me. And then I saw him, this big man all in red! He had all this white hair, and he smiled real big, and held out his arms to me and . . . and I started to scream! He was terrifying! All that white and red and he shouted "HO! HO! HO!" It was overwhelming! I ended up on his lap, looked up at his huge face, and then . . . I peed all over him. Yup. Peed on Santa Claus! Mom apologized, whisked me away and down the elevator. I cried the whole way. When we got back in the car, no one said a word. No carol singing now. I had nightmares about him for weeks. And for years, I mean years, whenever I heard the words "Santa Claus," I'd pee. Just a little, but, still.