

**BLAIR SCHOOL OF MUSIC**  
**MONOLOGUES FOR INCOMING VOICE AUDITIONS**  
**FALL 2019**

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

THE FEAST OF LOVE - by Charles Baxter

*[An employee at Jitters, a coffee shop in a mall, considers things carefully.]*

I can be *so* unmotivated. For example. You know the dust that can, like, float in the air? Me, I am totally capable of sitting in a chair for *hours*, watching the dust-fuzz hanging in front of me. If there is sunlight in the room, just the particles of visible molecules or whatever, I am excellent and enthralled. I'm not saying that I'm deep, I'm just saying I watch the dust. Just... observant. I'm concentrating on it, figuring out its mystery, its purpose for being here in the same universe with us. When I tried to get Oscar to study the dust he went: you're so, like, Looney Tunes. Jeez, dust. He *was* smiling when he said that, criticizing my dust interest. But you could tell that he didn't get the profundity of dust at all. Poor guy. Well, some people can't sing, either.

THE AUDITION - by Glen Alterman

*[An actor freaks out when they learn they have only one minute to do a monologue for an audition.]*

One?! One minute?! You're kidding. What can you . . . ? ONE MINUTE?! By the time I say, "Hello, my name is... My monologue's from..." One minute's not enough! I'm an actor. I've worked hard, studied for years. Can't you give me at least two, c'mon, two minutes, please? Two minutes! — All right, all right, how about a minute and a half. Minute and a half, that's just a half minute more! A half a minute! Look, I know you're busy, got a lot of actors to see. I totally respect your time, but one minute is just . . . It's *disrespectful!* I'm an actor. I . . . (*Stops.*) What? My time's up? But I didn't do . . . I mean, I haven't done my monologue yet. (*Then, softly, sadly, turning to leave.*) Sure. Sorry. Thank you.

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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.

THE WRITER - by Glen Alterman

*[A novelist is upset about being interrupted while trying to write.]*

What? What do you want? Can't you see I'm busy? I'm writing! God, you annoy me! You do this all the time, you do. It's like you just wait for me to build up my momentum. Just when I get things going, when I have an idea that's . . . Don't look at me like that! That won't work! That will not work! I'm writing here, busy! You have to wait! *(Looks away and then back, slowly caving in.)* You hate the snow, it's snowing out! Look! Snow . . . ! *(Giving up.)* Crap. Get your leash. Go ahead. Get your leash! I'm warning you though, you better go as soon as we get out there. I don't want to be standing . . . *(softening.)* All right. All right. *(smiling.)* All right. You win. Let's go.

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'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?