

Hello, auditioner! Below are three initial monologues to choose from. Something to note: two of the options are spoken by characters we've already cast. So, which you choose will have no bearing on which roles we will consider you for; instead, choose with your heart! Prepare for us the side that you believe will show us your range and depth as an actor. And have fun! We can't wait to see you in the room :)

~ Will

BARUSKA (pgs. 34-35)

(Context: Girl's mother, speaking to Guy in a language he does not understand right before he interviews for a bank loan.)

Once upon a time there was a little man who lived in a little house in a little city and he had a little job in a little office-and nothing ever happened to this little man. In truth he was a miserable little man. And one night he lay awake in his bed and for the first time in his life he imagined great adventures. He imagined other countries and fantastic encounters with unstable individuals. He imagined love affairs of various varieties. He slept deeply and what great dreams he had! The morning came and he dressed—but not in the clothes he would usually wear—this morning he would be brand new! But then . . . as he faced his front door to the world outside he closed his eyes and that same mind began to imagine the most terrible things. Instead where before he only saw life and success-now he only saw death and failure. The world outside was there to torture and crush him! Love was there to tease and break him! FUCK IT! He stripped out of his new clothes, returned to his bed and promised never to dream of anything ever again. He remained in that bed for eternity, emaciated and rotting, lying in his own shit, his one expression he gave to the world crawled from his mouth. . .

(Baruska does the tortured choking sound of "the emaciated failure." She stops.)

(To the Guy) "Those who live in fear ... die miserably in their graves."

GUY (pgs. 50-51)

(Context: he's taken Girl to a cliff overlooking the city. It's beautiful, and he loves her, but he can't say that, can he?)

My ma brought me with two of my friends once. And we were walkin' the cliff walk way down there. And, ya know, like boys we were messin' about, gettin' a little bit too close to the edge. And I think we must have wandered off the path, gone a bit lower and onto a smaller, narrower path—and there's this big rock juttin' out blockin' us and beyond the rock the path is much wider and safer definitely. We're all only about seven years old and my ma can easily lift us over the rock and back onto the path, and one by one she does that. *(Slight pause)* So I'm on the safe side and watching her climb over the rock on her own. She's holding on to it and her little flat shoes are finding a grip. *(Slight pause)* I look down, and way below is a terrible fall and sharp rocks and ocean. And I start crying *(Slight pause)* And of course she makes it to the other side and the rest of the day is all fish and chips and ice cream at the harbor and lots of laughs—but I can't really shit what I felt. I knew now what it was to be scared. That's a terrible lesson ya have to learn, isn't it? Wastin' life 'cause you're afraid of it. *(Slight pause)* Terrible. *(Slight pause)* I wish I could have the same spirit my ma had. Even half of it be good.

GIRL (pgs. 32-33)

(Context: she's got a plan.)

Hey. I listen to all your songs and I have made a big decision.

You write these songs for your girl and now she is gone these songs have made you depressed. But they have heart and soul and you have heart and soul. These songs they need to be sung for you, for me, for anyone who has lost a love. Don't be sad—you must sing.

So we are going to make a demonstration tape of these songs—me and you—with good musicians—and we send this tape around the world and a fat man with a fat cigar will pick you up for his record company and you will go to New York and you make something of yourself, okay?!

So I speak to a man today in a recording studio and I bash him down in price and we can have his studio for twenty-four hours. One day—two grand!