

## Audition Monologue

The following are two monologues. Please pick one for audition. They do not have to be memorized, but a good knowledge of these monologues is necessary for the director(s) to determine speaking/character.

Thank you.

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### MONOLOGUE #1

Barbara's afraid we shall go and fall in love with each other. Day after day she never leaves us alone. With her narrow mind she cannot understand that we are above love. To avoid everything petty, everything illusory, everything that prevents one from being free and happy, that is the whole meaning and purpose of our life. Forward! We march on irresistibly towards that bright star which burns far, far before us! Forward! Don't tarry, comrades! All Russia is our garden. The earth is great and beautiful; it is full of wonderful places. *[A pause]* Think, Anya, your grandfather, your great-grandfather and all your ancestors were serf-owners, owners of living souls. Do not human spirits look out at you from every tree in the orchard, from every leaf and every stem? Do you not hear human voices? . . . Oh! it is terrible. Your orchard frightens me. When I walk through it in the evening or at night, the rugged bark on the trees glows with a dim light, and the cherry-trees seem to see all that happened a hundred and two hundred years ago in painful and oppressive dreams. Well, well, we have fallen at least two hundred years behind the times. We have achieved nothing at all as yet; we have not made up our minds how we stand with the past; we only philosophize, complain of boredom, or drink vodka. It is so plain that, before we can live in the present, we must first redeem the past, and have done with it; and it is only by suffering that we can redeem it, only by strenuous, unremitting toil. If you have the household keys, throw them in the well and go away. Be free, be free as the wind. Believe what I say, Anya; believe what I say. I'm not thirty yet; I am still young, still a student; but what I have been through! I am hungry as the winter; I am sick, anxious, poor as a beggar. Fate has tossed me hither and thither; I have been everywhere, everywhere. But wherever I have been, every minute, day and night, my soul has been full of mysterious anticipations. I feel the approach of happiness, Anya; I see it coming. . . .

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### MONOLOGUE #2

You know what I'd do—if I had my own place? Don't get mad. *[Pause.]* I'd have three or four guys. To keep me happy. 'Cause no one guy is enough, I think. It's like they've all got parts, you know ... and if you could put all the parts together in one guy it would be enough ... but they don't come that way. They're all mixed up. They got scrambled somehow. *[Pause.]* Besides, every guy I've ever been with has had other women. You think I don't know? I know what's going on. I just pretend like I don't so ... I don't know why. I just pretend. That's what I do. Well, maybe it's my turn, you know. Maybe it's their turn to come to me. Maybe it's my turn to use them and tell them to get out when I'm done with them and make them clean up after me. Maybe I'll have as many guys as I want, and they can only come when I call them. When I ring my little bell! What do you think of that?