

Hi, auditionees!

We are so excited you're here!! A few notes about the document below-

- Below is a list of monologues you may wish to perform for your audition. You may prepare as much or as little as you please. You certainly *do not have to memorize*, and we recommend using a paper regardless of preparation, even if you think you have fully memorized your piece.
- Please **choose one (1) monologue** to perform for your video. The choice is up to you-- we recommend you go with whichever piece will allow us to see your personality and range. No need to worry about genders, either. Just choose whichever monologue you like best:)
- Please don't stress too much about the videos! <3 We know it's tricky recording yourself, but please know that we are not expecting flawless performances or high quality videos. All we ask for is to see you in front of the camera, reading your piece just as you would if we were allowed to have an in-person show. :)
- Finally, none of these monologues are from any of the shows within SAST XVII. With that, you are not auditioning for a specific role with this video; you are just auditioning to be a part of SAST!

Any further questions about auditions can be emailed to the producers, Caroline Berger (caroberg@udel.edu) and Heidi Fliegelman (heidinfl@udel.edu)

Monologue #1: from *You're A Good Man Charlie Brown*

“I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her? [...] All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. [...] She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? [...] SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. [...] Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with...only 2,863 to go.”

Monologue #2: from *You're A Good Man Charlie Brown*

“Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I’m going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I’ll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I’ll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can’t be queen?”

Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It’s usually just a matter of knowing the right people.. ..well.... if I can’t be a queen, then I’ll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I’ll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen.”

Monologue #3: *Ferret Envy* monologue by Tara Meddaugh

I know you think I murdered your ferret, but—hey, stop crying. You're gonna make me cry too. And you (starts crying)—know—happens—when—we—both—start—oh! I'm doing it too now...Okay. Okay. What would Zena do? Julia, your ferret ran away. He did. I know you don't want to believe me, but I know this, because...well, I saw him. And I was wearing my glasses, so I had 20/20. Or 20/30. I need a new prescription. But I could still see it was Foozu, and he was wearing the yellow rain slicker, not the winter coat you tie dyed for him, so I think he was headed for Seattle. And, I don't think we should go after him, Julia. That Payless box wasn't big enough; you always forgot to feed him, and when you did, it was usually just pebbles and sticks—and I really don't think ferrets can live on that. Seattle has a lot more to offer Foozu. Food, drinks, warm shelter, intellectual stimulation, perpetual contentment. He deserves that, don't you think?

Monologue #4: from *Harvey* (for context, Harvey is an imaginary 6-foot rabbit that the speaker's younger brother believes is a real being)

[...] Doctor, everything I say to you is confidential, isn't it? Doctor, I want Elwood committed out here permanently because I can't stand another day of that Harvey. Myrtle and I have to set a place at the table for Harvey. We have to move over on the sofa and make a place for Harvey. We have to answer the telephone when Elwood calls and asks to speak to Harvey. Then, at the party this afternoon—(*overcome, she pauses for a moment.*) We didn't know about Harvey until we came back here. [...] Harvey is a rabbit, a big white rabbit, six feet high—or is it six feet and a half? Heaven knows that I ought to know. He's been around the house long enough. My brother's closest friend is this big white rabbit. He and Elwood go every place together. [...] As I told Myrtle May—if your uncle is so lonesome he had to bring something home—why couldn't he bring home something human? He has me, doesn't he? He has Myrtle Mae. (*Leans forward.*) Doctor, I'm going to tell you something I've never told anybody in the world before. (*Takes a deep breath.*) Every once in a while, I see that big white rabbit myself. Now isn't that terrible? I've never even told Myrtle Mae. And what's more, he's every bit as big as Elwood says he is. But don't tell anybody I told you so.

Monologue #5: *The Naming of Cats* by T. S. Eliot

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.
First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo, or James,
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey —
All of them sensible everyday names.
There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:
Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter —
But all of them sensible everyday names.
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,
Such as Munkstrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum —
Names that never belong to more than one cat.
But above and beyond there's still one name left over,
And that is the name that you never will guess;
The name that no human research can discover —

But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.