

Audition Monologues for *A Play Within a Play Within a Play Within...*

DR. LENNIN (M/F)

(Speaking like at an AA meeting)

Hi, I'm Doctor Lennin, and just like all of you, I'm a college professor. I never thought it would come to this. I started out as a middle school teacher. I guess that's the "gateway" profession. Middle school gave me that rush that made me feel so good. When I'd see that light turn on in a student's mind and I knew they'd had an "ah-ha" moment, a warm tingle would fill my whole body. But, it wasn't enough; I needed more, so I moved onto high school. That worked for a bit but there were too many disinterested students and that real teaching rush occurred less and less frequently. I figured that in college, students were excited to learn and there would be that intellectual rush every day. So, I got my doctorate. My first day teaching, I was assigned to a small lecture hall. It was going to be like drinking from a continual fountain of knowledge. The students arrived and just as I was ready to start my lecture and feel that tingling sensation; young man walked in looking like he'd been up all night. He tried to sit in a desk but missed, fell on the floor and then vomited. He then went to the window, opened it, and climbed out. My class was on the third floor. It only got worse from there. After assigning the class to read *Romeo and Juliet*, we had a 45-minute test on the play. With five minutes left, a student came in wearing a taco costume and as she picked up a blank test, remarked that she was surprised to learn that they had color film back in Shakespeare's day. That's when I knew I had a problem. I decided to join College Professors Anonymous.

LAURETTA (F)

(Crazy confused)

No! Stop saying, "Hold it," or "Cut!" or "That's not right, let's take it back!" I can't take it. Just let it play out! I can't tell where one play ends and the other begins! I go home from play rehearsal and my mom says, "Wait a minute..." I scream and jump! Whaaa! What?! What?! It's my real life but I think she's stopping another play and wanting me to take it back a few pages. Then she says, "Take it easy, I was just gonna say, 'Wait a minute, I forgot to put the salt on the table.'" I'm all, "Phew! I'm sorry, mom. This play within a play thing has me so confused, I'm just not myself right now." Then my dad says, "Hold it!" Whaaa! What?! What?! My dad says, "The salt's already on the table." Shakespeare was right!!! All the world's a stage!!! But does there have to be a stage within a stage? It's just too weird! Then my dad says, "You can't have the salt on the table before you say, 'I forgot to put the salt on the table.'" Then he pulls out a script called *Dinner Within Dinner* and says, "Go back to page 12." Whaaa!

(Composing herself)

What? I'm sorry, can I try it again? I can do it different. Listen, I've been waiting for hours for this audition. I'm really versatile. I can do it just the way you want it.

(Tearing up)

Alright. Thank you.

(Starting to leave but turning back, now excited)

What do you think? Am I ready for this audition or what?! Thanks for helping me practice.

(Turning to someone else, angrily)

What! Don't tell me to stop and try it again! That's the way you said you wanted me to do it!

(Turning to someone else, sweetly)

So, do I get the part?