

Audition Monologues
WHAT IF...

WHITNEY

Did you ever see that cartoon, I think it was on Sesame Street, where the little girl wonders what would happen if she pops a balloon with a pin? She's gripping this balloon on a string, and in the other hand she holds a pin, and she says something like, "I wonder what would happen if I stuck this balloon with this pin." So, she does, and it pops. Bam! Then you realize it's all in her mind and she's still holding the balloon and the pin. Then she says it again and her imagination shows us that when the balloon pops, "Bam!" it scares her little sister. She does it again and her little sister drops a vase. She does it again and when her little sister drops the vase it shatters, and she cries. She does it again and her mom comes in and scolds her. "Sally!" In the end, she decides that she won't pop the balloon and avoids getting in trouble. At least I think that's what she decided, I didn't actually see it. I never liked Sesame Street. But someone told me about it. So, I thought, what if I had seen it? What if I had watch that cartoon as a kid and I got all hung up on what ifs? Like what if I throw an egg at Tina Farkus's house? Or what if throw a rock through Matt Housner's window? Or what if I set fire to some great public building? Or what if I just don't make my bed?! Of course, those are all just what if's, you know, something that I just make up in my mind, imaginary. But what if they weren't?

BOOK GUY

(Holding a book)

I don't usually read books. I mean, you can't get anything from a book that you can't get from the internet faster. But the other day, I was sitting in Starbucks having a Blue Mountain Decaf Cappuccino with three one-third pumps of caramel, when this guy walks by on the way to the restroom and drops a book on the ground right in front of my table. I pick it up but before I can tell him, the restroom door shuts behind him. So, I put the book on the table and wait for him to come out. While I'm waiting, this girl approaches me. She says, "You read Douglas Adams?!" I say, "No." Then I notice she's cute. "Yes, I meant yes. Yes, I do. I read... (Looking down at book) Douglas Adams." So, she starts going on and on about this book. And I'm doing my best to fake it, like I know what she's talking about. Then she says, "So, what's the secret of life?" And I'm like, "Duh." And she says, "From the book, silly." And I'm like, "Oh, from the book, well, that's... kind of... it's uh..." I can't think of anything! I mean, how can I fake the meaning of life as written by Douglas whatever his name is? I completely freeze. And then I look down at my receipt for my Blue Mountain Decaf Cappuccino with three one-third pumps of caramel, and I see my change was 56 cents and blurt out, "Fifty-six?" She looks at me like I'm an idiot and then she says, "No, no, you're way off. It's seventy-two." Then she gives me her phone number and tells me to call her. Since then, I always carry a book with me. They're chick magnets! Oh, and educational. I mean, who woulda thought that the secret of life was seventy-two?