

# STAGE DOOR

## Female Monologues

Choose a reading that best fits your personality or is most like the character for which you would like to audition.

**Holly:** Look, I know what you think. And I don't blame you, I've always thrown out such a jazzy line. But really...except for Doc...and you...Jose is my first non-rat romance. Oh, not that he's my ideal of the absolute finito. He tells little lies and worries about what people think and he wants to be the President of Brazil. I mean it's such a useless thing for a grown man to want to be and takes about fifty baths a day. I think a man should smell...at least a little bit. No, he's too prim and cautious to be my absolute ideal. If I were free to choose from anybody alive...just snap my fingers and say "Come here, you!"...I wouldn't pick Jose. Nehru maybe...or Adlai Stevenson or Sidney Poiter or Leonard Bernstein...but I do love Jose. I honestly think I'd give up smoking if he asked me to!

**Hana/Katharine:** My darling. I'm waiting for you. How long is the day in the dark? Or a week? The fire is gone. And I'm cold, horribly cold. I really want to drag myself outside but then there'd be the sun. I'm afraid I'll waste the light on the paintings, not writing these words. We die. We die, we die rich with lovers and triumphs, tastes we have swallowed, bodies we have...entered and swum up like rivers. Fears we have hidden in--like this wretched cave. I want all this marked on my body. Where the real country is. Not boundaries drawn on maps, names of powerful men. I know you'll come carry me out to the Palace of Winds. That's what I've wanted: to walk in such a place with you. With friends and an earth without maps. The lamp has gone out and I'm writing in the darkness.

**Saunders:** Your friend Mr. Lincoln had his Taylors and Paines. So did every other man whoever tried to lift his thought up off the ground. You can't quit now. Not you! They aren't all Taylors and Paines in Washington. You didn't just have faith in Paine or any other living man. You had faith in something bigger than that. You had plain, decent, every day, common rightness. And this country could use some of that. Remember the first day you got here? Remember what you said about Mr. Lincoln? You said he was sitting up there waiting for someone to come along. You were right! He was waiting for a man who could see his job and sail into it. That's what he was waiting for. A man who could tear into the Taylors and root 'em out into the open. I think he was waiting for you Jeff. He knows you can do it. So do I.

**Girl:** Last night, I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter for the way was barred to me. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden, the supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done. But as I advanced, I was aware that a change had come upon it. Nature had come into her own again, and little by little had encroached upon the drive with long tenacious fingers, on and on while the poor thread that had once been our drive. And finally, there was Manderley. Manderley, secretive and silent. Time could not mar the perfect symmetry of those walls.

**Sugar Kane:** Yeah, you better keep a look out. I'm not very bright I guess. No, just dumb, if I had any brains I wouldn't be on this crummy train with this crummy girls band. Anything to get away from those bums. You don't know what they're like! You fall for 'em. You really love 'em, you think "This is going to be the biggest thing since the Graf Zeppelin." The next thing you know, they're borrowing money from you, they're spending it on other dames, and betting on horses. Then one morning, you wake up -- the guy's gone, the saxophone's gone. All that's left behind is a pair of old socks and a tube of toothpaste all squeezed out. So you pull yourself together, you go on to the next job, the next saxophone player...it's the same thing all over again! See what I mean not very bright...I can tell you one thing, it's not going to happen to me again. Ever. I'm tired of getting the fuzzy end of the lollipop!

**Marilyn:** David, it can't work. I panicked when I met you. I thought you were my last chance so I got you under false pretenses. I pretended to be perfect because I thought you wanted that. David, I'm not perfect. When you were going through your difficulties in making a commitment to me, I know you thought I was "understanding," but, David, I'm not understanding. Everything you do bothers me. You want too much. Let me put it this way, WHO ARE YOU!? At least tell me, who am I? Where am I? It doesn't seem real. Alright, here's the bottom line. I lied when I said you're exciting, you're romantic, you're brilliant, and you're handsome. Here's the truth that no one will ever tell you about yourself. You're just an ordinary guy. This is just a place. I'm just ordinary. It is enough. It's the best thing in the world to be a person. I have everything. I do deserve it.

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**Paul Varjak:** You know what's wrong with you, Miss Whoever-you-are? You're chicken, you've got no guts. You're afraid to stick out your chin and say, "Okay, life's a fact, people do fall in love, people do belong to each other, because that's the only chance anybody's got for real happiness." You call yourself a free spirit, a "wild thing," and you're terrified somebody's gonna stick you in a cage. Well baby, you're already in that cage. You built it yourself. And it's not bounded in the west by Tulip, Texas, or in the east by Somali-land. It's wherever you go. Because no matter where you run, you just end up running into yourself.

**Captain Spaulding:** Friends, I'm going to tell you of the great mysterious wonderful continent known as Africa. Africa, God's country. And he can have it...Well, sir, after fifteen days on the water and six on the boat we finally arrived on the shores of Africa. We at once proceeded 300 miles into the heart of the jungle where I shot a polar bear. This bear was 6 foot 7 in his stocking feet and had shoes on. This bear was anemic and couldn't stand the cold climate. He was a rich bear and could afford to go away in the winter. From the day of our arrival we led an active life. The first morning saw us up at six, breakfasted, then back in bed at seven. This was our routine for the first three months. We finally got so we were back in bed at six-thirty.

**Victor Laszlo:** I know a good deal more about you than you suspect. I know, for instance, that you're in love with a woman. It is perhaps a strange circumstance that we both should be in love with the same woman. The first evening I came to this cafe, I knew there was something between you and Ilsa. Since no one is to blame, I-- I demand no explanation. I ask only one thing. You won't give me the letters of transit: all right, but I want my wife to be safe. I ask you as a favor, to use the letters to take her away from Casablanca. Apparently you think of me only as the leader of a cause. Well, I'm also a human being. And, Yes, I love her that much.