

AUDITION MONOLOGUES:

These monologues are taken from the script and are meant to give an indication of the particular character. Choose the monologue for the character for which you are auditioning.

Amanda:

I went to the typing instructor and introduced myself as your mother. She didn't know who you were. 'Wingfield?', she said. 'We don't have any such student enrolled at the school!' I assured her she did, I said my daughter Laura has been coming to classes since early in January. 'Well, I don't know,' she said, 'unless you mean that terribly shy little girl who dropped out of school after only a few days' attendance?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't mean that one. I mean my daughter Laura who has been going to school every single day for the past six weeks!' 'Excuse me,' she said. And she took down the attendance book and there was your name, unmistakable, printed, and all the dates you were absent. 'No,' I said, 'there must have been some mistake. There must have been some mix-up in the records!' 'No,' she said. 'I remember her perfectly now. Her hands shook so that she couldn't hit the right keys! When we gave a speed-test, she broke down completely - was sick at the stomach and had to be carried into the wash-room! After that she never came back. We telephoned phoned the house but never got any answer.' That's while I was working all day long down at that department store, I suppose, demonstrating those ---- Oh! I felt so weak I couldn't stand up! I had to sit down while they got me a glass of water! Fifty dollars' tuition. I don't care about the money so much, but all my hopes for any kind of future for you – gone up the spout, just gone up the spout like that!

Laura:

I don't do anything -much. Oh, please don't think I sit around doing nothing. My glass collection takes up a good deal of time. Glass is something you have to take good care of. Well I do -as I said -have my glass collection. Little articles of it, ornaments mostly! Most of them are little animals made out of glass, the tiniest little animals in the world. Mother calls them the glass menagerie! Here's an example of one, if you'd like to see it! This one is one of the oldest. It's nearly thirteen. Oh, be careful -if you breathe, it breaks. Go on, I trust you with him! There now –you're holding him gently! Hold him over the light, he loves the light! You see how the light shines through him? I shouldn't be partial, but he is my favorite one. Have you noticed the single horn on his forehead head? He's a unicorn, they're extinct in the modern world. If he's lonesome he doesn't complain about it. He stays on a shelf with some horses that don't have horns and all of them seem to get along nicely together.

Tom: (Note: this is the play's opening monologue)

I have tricks in my pocket - I have things up my sleeve - but I am the opposite of a stage magician. He gives you illusion that has the appearance of truth. I give you truth in the pleasant disguise of illusion. I take you back to an alley in St. Louis. The time that quaint period when the huge middle class of America was matriculating in a school for the blind. Their eyes had failed them or they had failed their eyes, and so they were having their fingers pressed forcibly down on the fiery Braille alphabet of a dissolving economy. In Spain there was revolution. Here there was only shouting and confusion. In Spain there was Guernica. Here there was only shouting and confusion and labor disturbances, sometimes violent, in otherwise peaceful cities such as Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit. . . . This is the social background of the play. The play is memory. Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic. In memory everything seems to happen to music. That explains the fiddle in the wings. I am the narrator of the play, and also a character in it. The other characters are my mother Amanda, my sister Laura and a gentleman caller who appears in the final scenes. He is the most realistic character in the play, being an emissary from a world of reality that we were somehow set apart from. But having a poet's weakness for symbols, I am using this character also as a symbol; as the long-delayed but always expected something that we live for. There is a fifth character in the play who doesn't appear except in a photograph hanging on the wall. When you see the picture of this grinning gentleman, please remember this is our father who left us a long time ago. He was a telephone man who fell in love with long distances; he gave up his job with the telephone company and skipped the light fantastic out of town. . . . The last we heard of him was a picture postcard from the Pacific coast of Mexico, containing a message of two words - 'Hello - Good-bye!' and no address.

Jim:

Say, you know what I judge to be the trouble with you? Inferiority complex! You know what that is? That's what they call it when a fellow low-rates himself! Oh, I understand it because I had it, too. Although my case was not so aggravated as yours seems to be. I had it until I took up public speaking, developed my voice, and learned that I had an aptitude for science. Do you know that until that time I never thought of myself as being outstanding in any way whatsoever! Now I've never made a regular study of it, mind you, but I have a friend who says I can analyze people better than doctors that make a profession of it. I don't claim that to be necessarily true, but I can sure guess a person's psychology, Laura. [*Takes out his gum*] Excuse me, Laura. I always take it out when the flavor is gone. I'll use this scrap of paper to wrap it in. I know how it is when you get it stuck on a shoe. Yep - that's what I judge to be your principal trouble. A lack of confidence in yourself as a person. Now, I'm basing that fact on a number of your remarks and also on certain observations I've made. For instance that clumping you thought was so awful in high school. You say that you even dreaded to walk into class. You see what you did? You dropped out of school, you gave up an education because of a little clump, which as far as I can see is practically non-existent! A little physical defect is all you have. Hardly noticeable even! Magnified thousands of times by your imagination! You know what my strong advice to you is? You've got to think of yourself as superior in some way!