

## AUDITION MONOLOGUES:

Please prepare all monologues for the Character you are auditioning for.

**ANDREW** (*jovial*). A decent bit, I think. A few chairs on their backs, some china ornaments put to the sword. You know-convincing but not Carthaginian. (MILO *carefully turns a chair over.*) You call that convincing? Let the encyclopedia fly like autumn leaves. (*Throws books out of bookcase.*) Let the contents of the drawers be strewn to the four winds. (*Pulls out the bottom right desk drawer and dumps its contents on the floor.*) Over with the table with a crash! (*Overturns the table that the Senat was on.*) Hey, that's my manuscript. (MILO *has thrown ANDREW's manuscript in the air.*) I think we'll leave that for my secretary to sort out. I never liked this horrible little figurine. I can't think why Marguerite is so devoted to it. (*Takes figurine from mantel and throws it against the pool table, smashing it.*) Now Jet's see what accident lends to artifice. Seconds out of the ring!

**ANDREW** (*deadly*). I'm amazed you have to ask. But since you do, it's perfectly simple. I hate you. I hate your smarmy, good-looking Latin face and your easy manner. I'll bet you're easy in a ski lodge, and easy on a yacht, and easy on a beach. I'll bet you a pound to a penny that you wear a gold charm around your neck, and that in summer your hairy chest is matted with sun oil. I hate you because you are a mock humble, jeweled, shot cuff-link sponger, a world is my oyster-er, a seducer of silly women, and a king among marshmallow snakes. I hate you because you are a creeping ponce. A wop. A Yid. A not one of me. Come, little man, did you really think I was going to give up my wife and jewels to you? That I would make myself that ridiculous?

**MILO** (*jovial, at ease*) I'm in the travel business. I have my own agency in South London. I rent the whole house and I live above the office. It's attractive and it's convenient. It's Georgian.

Marguerite adores old houses. She can't wait to live there. I'm renting the cottage down the lane to be near the woman I love. It is a great pain for us to be apart. You wouldn't understand. (*Gesturing to the room*) She won't need all this when we're married. It'll be a different life—a life of love and simplicity. (*ANDREW sneers.*) Alright, sneer at that. It's almost a national sport in this country — sneering at love. Well, I'm not a millionaire, but I've got the lease on the house and some capital equipment, and the turnover in the business this year has been increasing every month.

**MILO** (*angry but calm*) No. Most people want someone to live with. But you have no life to give anyone — only tricks and the shadows of long ago. Take a look at yourself, Andrew, and ask yourself a few simple questions about your attachment to the English detective story. Perhaps you might come to realize that the only world you can inhabit is a dead world—a country house world where peers and colonels die in their studies; where butlers steal the port, and pert parlour maids cringe, weeping, behind green baize doors. It's a world of coldness and class hatred, and two-dimensional characters who are not expected to communicate; it's a world where only the amateurs ever win, and where to be a foreigner is to be automatically a figure of fun. To be puzzled is all. Forgive me for taking Marguerite to a life where people try to understand. To put it shortly, your detective stories are the normal recreation of a snobbish, outdated, life-hating, ignoble mind. I'll get that fur coat now. I presume it is Marguerite's, unless, of course, you've taken to transvestism as a substitute for non-performance.

**Milo doubles as DOPPLER in the second act. Must have a different English accent.**

**As DOPPLER.** Over there, by the far wall, in the shadow of that yew tree. Would you say it had been freshly dug, sir? A flower bed right underneath a yew tree, sir. Funny, sir. I've always found that gardeners make excellent witnesses. They're slow, they're methodical, they're positive. You weren't expecting us, sir, yes. In a couple of weeks, with some bulbs or a little grass seed, it would be difficult to tell it had ever been disturbed. We in the police force know just how fond murderers are of their back gardens, sir.