

***Our Town* Audition Monologues**

Please select one of the following monologues and prepare it for your audition. All audition monologues must be memorized.

Please direct any questions to actingdirector@firstactkc.org.

STAGE MANAGER

There are a lot of things to be said about a wedding. There are a lot of thoughts that go on during a wedding. We can't get them all into one wedding, naturally, - especially not into a wedding at Grover's Corners, where weddings are mighty short and plain. In this play I take the part of the minister. That gives me the right to say a few things more. Yes, for a while now the play gets pretty serious. Y'see some churches say that marriage is a sacrament. I don't quite know what that means, but I can guess. This is a good wedding. The people here are pretty young, but they come from a good State, and they chose right. The real hero of this scene isn't on stage at all. And you all know who that is. And don't forget the other witnesses at this wedding: the ancestors. Millions of them. Most of them set out to live two-by-two. Millions of them. Well, that's all my sermon. 'Twan't very long anyway.

EMILY WEBB

Oh, Mama, just look at me one minute as though you really saw me. Mama! Fourteen years have gone by! - I'm dead! - You're a grandmother, Mama - I married George Gibbs, Mama! - Wally's dead too. - Mama! His appendix burst on a camping trip to Crawford Notch. We felt just terrible about it, don't you remember? - But, just for a moment now we're all together - Mama, just for a moment let's be happy - Let's look at one another! I can't! I can't go on! It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize. So all that was going on and we never noticed! Take me back - up the hill - to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look! Oh, earth you're too wonderful for anyone to realize you! Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it - every, every minute?

GEORGE GIBBS

I'm celebrating because I've got a friend who tells me all the things that ought to be told me. I'm glad you spoke to me like you did. But you'll see. I'm going to change. And Emily, I want to ask you a favor. Emily, if I go away to State Agricultural College next year, will you write me a letter? The day wouldn't come when I wouldn't want to know everything about our town. Y' know, Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it's important to go to Agricultural School to be a good farmer. And some of them say it's even a waste of time. And like you say, being gone all that time – in other places, and meeting other people. I guess new people probably aren't any better than old ones. Emily – I feel that you're as good a friend as I've got. I don't need to go and meet the people in other towns. Emily, I'm going to make up my mind right now – I won't go. I'll tell Pa about it tonight.

MRS. GIBBS

Myrtle, did one of those second-hand furniture men from Boston come to see you last Friday? Well, he called on me. First I thought he was a patient wantin' to see Doctor Gibbs. 'N he wormed his way into my parlor, and, Myrtle Webb, he offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for Grandmother Wentworth's highboy, as I'm sitting here! He did! That old thing! Why it was so big I didn't know where to put it and I almost gave it to Cousin Hester Wilcox. If I could get the Doctor to take the money and go away some place on a trip I'd sell it like that. Y'know, Myrtle, it's been the dream of my life to see Paris, France. It seems to me that once in your life before you die, you ought to see a country where they don't talk in English and don't even want to.