

Farce Audition monologues:

PAIL OF WATER by Douglas Parker

(Your character is either Jack or Jill [adapt the dialogue to match your choice] from the well-known nursery rhyme.)

You make one mistake, and people never forget it. Seriously. I mean, yeah, Jack/Jill and I went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. And, yes, one of us fell down and broke his crown, and yeah, yeah, the other one came tumbling after. And no – we did not bring back any water. We did not succeed in our mission. And, if I was to be totally honest, we also lost the bucket. But come on. It wasn't like we went up the hill to save the planet from an alien invasion. There wasn't a baby up there about to be eaten by a bear. It was water. We fell down. We didn't come back with a pail of water. Someone else got up out of their chair, got a bucket, climbed up the hill, and fetched a pail of water. Big deal. Life will go on. And just to set the record straight, I am perfectly capable of fetching water. I personally have fetched hundreds of pails of water, both before that incident and after. So has Jack/Jill. It was one time. Sheesh. Maybe it's time we all moved on.

FLYING by Douglas Parker

There's a scene in Peter Pan where Peter teaches the kids to fly. And the way he does it is, he tells them to think their happiest thoughts. And they do it, and they just start flying. I mean, it tells you right in the book how to do it! So I thought – if they can fly, I bet I can too. So I just started thinking about all the things that made me the happiest. Like the day we picked up my new dog, Rex, from the kennel. And the day I beat my dad at chess – which is also known in my house as the day my dad let me beat him at chess. Or the time my sister gave me a birthday present when it wasn't even my birthday. Or when my mom says she loves me. And by the time I was finished, even though I was still lying in my bed, I was flying so high I thought I'd never touch the ground again. And I could look down and see everyone and everything in my life, and they were all looking up and smiling and waving back at me . . . I don't know if there really is a Peter Pan or an island filled with lost boys and pirates and Indians, but it doesn't matter. Because I know one thing for sure... I know how to fly.

ONE DAY by Douglas Parker

The less there is of something, the more precious it is. Olive trees can live for two thousand years. Giant tortoises for a hundred and fifty. And we—mayflies? Twenty-four hours. How amazing is that? A whole life in a single day. You're born at five in the morning, just as the sun starts to color the sky. You get one sunrise, but it's a moment that lasts almost forever, casting a golden light across your entire childhood. You leave home at 6 a.m., then spend hours just exploring the world. And you can fly! Think of it – unlimited freedom in a world where every moment is a day and every perfect minute lasts a month. Years of morning light and summer breezes in a single hour. By eight or nine, you've made friendships that will last a lifetime. A passing cloud changes the face of the world. And always, there's more to see, more to do, more to live as you fly high above the water. By three, you've fallen in love, and by four, you have a family. Soon the sun, which has been with you always, begins to set. That soft, half-forgotten golden light of your childhood returns. Your own children fly away, and newer, smaller suns appear as the night surrounds you. And always, so much left to see. So much left to do. For the first time in your life, the air goes still. The moon rises and explodes with a cool, white light. And still, so many hours – so much life – is left. Who knows what strange, new things could happen next? With so much time. So much life. So many possibilities. All in a single day.