AUDITIONS (Monologues)

**Side 1: Wallace**

**WALLACE**

I wish you never left. I have to beg everyone all the time for everything. To show up to rehearsal. To give us a bus. It’s so different without you. Sometimes I think about when I was a freshman and the worst part of my day was when you’d make me play that glockenspiel run over again in front of the seniors and I thought they were so much better than me and it was embarrassing. They were never better than me, were they? I don’t know. Maybe none of us were any good here. Maybe we were only good when you were here.

I’m not very good at jazz. But you never let me feel like that. I love it. I love how I feel when I hear it. I love watching Audrey play bass. This sounds awful, but Audrey can barely do anything. She can play bass, though. The band is just me and her now. Nico was in it too, if you remember him. We were actually kind of friends. But I just fucked that all up, because all I care about is this stupid fucking band. I think that’s the problem with me. I think my whole life I’ll just be destined to care so much more than everyone else. And I don’t know why, because we never even got to play in the Jazz Clinic. I just wanted to be a musician, you know? Not the fucking school asshole. I just wanted to be a musician. Not a revolutionary. Not an asshole. But I have to because no one else cares. I don’t even think you do.
Side 2: Nico

HATHE
Dude!

NICO
What?

HATHE
Oh you know what, man! Nico....gah! My prodigal son! My star pupil when we shield our eyes from your GPA! Why did you have to SNORT A COLORED PENCIL?

NICO
Dude! You know she’s just being a bitch! Fucking, first day teaching, she’s just- she’s just posturing, man! She’s totally fucking posturing.

HATHE
If it’s Lawley’s first day, why are you going out of your way to freak her out?

NICO
She’s weird, man. She started talking about menopause and how she hates herself.

HATHE
Well, Nico, you’re fucking with me. You’re not fucking with her.

NICO
She is completely unfuckable.

HATHE
You realize if you do bad things, I have to punish you, and then you can’t play basketball. You know this, right? I need you on my team, kid. You’re gonna apologize to Lawley and cut the shit. Do it for state.

NICO
What, I commit a victimless crime and Lawley gets to big dick me? And for what, to sit on a bus for six hours to a tournament we’re gonna lose? No way, man. I’m fine.
HATHE
So to you it’s worth it to just be a cock and get kicked off the team?

NICO
Sure. Whatever. I’m a cock and a bitchboy and I’m not on the team.

HATHE
You’re also a meathead.

NICO
Thanks.
HATHE

No, I know the whole thing was to resolve ‘long standing stadium issues’ or whatever, but I never bought into that malarkey. The Raiders wanted to go to Vegas because that’s where the money is. They wanted a legacy. They wanted the next generation of Raiders babies to say “Mommy! I went to Las Vegas with Daddy, and he got me a whole bunch of stuffed animals at Circus Circus, and we saw the fountain show at the Bellagio, and then the best part: we went to the Raiders game!” Actually, it won’t be the Raiders babies saying that. It’ll be kids who don’t even live in Vegas, never lived in Oakland, who are just shithead toddler spawn from ex-Marine tourist morons who are pit stopping in Vegas before taking their jet ski out to Lake Havasu. It’s all just going to shit for some kid breezing through town and his meathead family that needs a buffet ten steps from their bed. But you know, I get it. What’s anyone got to say about Oakland? I understand. It’s just the teams don’t give a rat’s ass about the communities anymore.
Oh. Right. So, um, we’d go to this thing called a Jazz Clinic, where a bunch of high schools meet and play and get critiqued, but it’s an hour away so we need a U–Haul for the instruments but we don’t have any money so I wanted to ask if we could get help with renting the U-Haul.

No. But you can take a bus if your club sponsor drives. Who’s your sponsor?

Ms. Lawley.

Okay, she’ll have to get a commercial driver’s license to drive the bus.

So what, she has to like, take a test again? I feel like it might just be easier to get a bus driver.

Have you heard of the ladder of inference?

No.

It’s how we distinguish a fact from an assumption, and how that helps us decide action. Let’s say you’re in a parking lot, and someone cuts you off. You would just assume they’re a jerk who doesn’t know how to drive. But what if they were actually driving someone who had a heart attack? And they’re trying to get out of the parking lot as soon as possible? You wouldn’t know that. How would you? That’s why it’s a ladder. You haven’t gone up enough rungs to observe everything going on, see what’s true. And you think the driver that cut you off is a jerk, when really they were just trying to help someone else. Did you know our district’s bus drivers have been on strike?