Yvan Audition Monologue

*Context: Yvan is getting married to a woman he really shouldn’t. He, Marc and Serge are going out for the evening in an attempt to smooth everything over and the following monologue is the start of his fumbling, panicked excuse for being an hour late.*

So, a crisis, insoluble problem, major crisis, both stepmothers want their names on the wedding invitation. Catherine adores her step-mother, who more or less brought her up, she wants her name on the invitation, she wants it and her step-mother is not anticipating, which is understandable, since the mother is dead, not appearing next to Catherine’s father, whereas my step-mother, whom I detest, it’s out of the question her name should appear on the invitation, but my father won’t have his name on it if hers isn’t, unless Catherine’s step-mother’s is left off, which is completely unacceptable, I suggest none of the parents’ names should be on it, after all we’re not adolescents, we can announce our wedding and invite people ourselves, so Catherine screamed her head off, arguing that would be a slap in the face for her parents who were paying through the nose for the reception and particularly for her step-mother, who’s gone to so much trouble when she isn’t even her daughter and I finally let myself be persuaded, totally against my better judgement, because she wore me down, I finally agreed that my step-mother, whom I detest, who’s a complete bitch, will have her name on the invitation, so I telephone my mother to warn her, mother I said, I’ve done everything I can to avoid this, but we have absolutely no choice, Yvonne’s name has to be on the invitation, she said if Yvonne’s name is on the invitation, take mine off it, mother, I said, please, I beg you, don’t make things even more difficult, and she said, how dare you suggest my name is left to float around the card on its own, as if I was some abandoned woman, below Yvonne, who’ll be clamped on to your father’s surname, like a limpet, I said to her, mother, I have friends waiting for me, I’m going to hang up and we’ll discuss all this tomorrow after a good night’s sleep, she said, why is it I’m always an afterthought…