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Monologue

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Monologue

Richard Scott

“To be or not to be. That is the question.” (Pause) Hold it please. This is not working. Could you turn up the work light please? I’m sorry to be wasting your time like this. I appreciate the offer to audition, but I don’t think this is going to work out. It’s not you; it’s not the play; it’s not the part; it’s not the fact that it is community theatre. I love the theatre, and have played any part, anywhere. The only way I can tell my age is by counting the grease pencil stubs in my makeup case. I have been doing theatre since I was six years old when I became the lead in our class play. The entire play was rewritten to make my part bigger. I was hooked. I played every part you could imagine throughout school. When school ended, I became bigger and more important. Auditioning became a thing of the past. Then, I got to the point where they were writing the parts just for me. Do you know what it is like to have 1,200 people hanging on your every word? It is fan-friggin’-tastic. And let’s not forget the life that goes along with that. Wow. Waking up at two in the afternoon for the evening show. Staying thin because the most nutritious thing in your diet is the wedge of lime in your rum & coke. But it is hard to keep that life going. Sooner or later, the weight doesn’t stay off by itself. The wrinkles are harder to cover up. And there is always someone younger, better looking, and yes, more talented, ready to take your spot. You go from lead, to brother, to uncle, to father, to interesting walk on. You finally realize that what is, was, and what was, is nevermore. So, don’t get me wrong, theatre’s fine if that’s where you choose to be. Right now, I choose not “to be.”