



# Chillicothe Civic Theatre Audition Sides

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Book & Lyrics by Tom Jones, Music by Harvey Schmidt  
Directed by Tess Snyder

## EL GALLO MONOLOGUE #1

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Let me tell you a few things you may want to  
know  
Before we begin the play.  
First of all, the characters:  
A Boy.  
A Girl.  
Two Fathers.  
And – a Wall.  
Anything else that's needed  
We can get from out this box.

It was hard to know which is more important,  
Or how it all began.  
The Boy was born.  
The Girl was born.  
They grew up, quickly,  
Went to school.

Became shy,  
In their own ways and for different reasons.  
Read Romances,  
Studied cloud formations in the lazy afternoon,  
And instead of reading textbooks,  
Tried to memorize the moon.  
And when the girl was fifteen –  
(She was younger than the boy)  
She began to notice something strange.  
Her ugly ducklin features  
Had undergone a change.  
In short, she was growing pretty.  
For the first time in her whole life – pretty.  
And the shock so stunned and thrilled her  
That she became  
Almost immediately  
Incurably insane.

## EL GALLO MONOLOGUE #2

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You may wonder how these things begin.  
Well, this begins with a glen.  
It begins with a season which,  
For want of a better word,  
We might as well call – September.

It begins with a forest where the woodchucks  
woo,  
And leaves wax green,  
And vines entwine like lovers; try to see it.  
Not with your eyes, for they are wise,  
But see it with your ears:  
The cool green breathing of the leaves.  
And hear it with the inside of you hand:  
The soundless sound of shadows flickering light.

Celebrate sensation.  
Recall that secret place.  
You've been there, you remember:  
That special place where once –  
Just once – in your crowded sunlit lifetime,  
You hid away in shadows from the tyranny of  
time.  
That spot beside the clover  
Where someone's hand held your hand.  
And love was sweeter than the berries,  
Or the honey,  
Or the stinging taste of mint.

It is September –  
Before a rainfall –  
A perfect time to be in love.

## LUISA MONOLOGUE

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This morning a bird woke me up.  
It was a lark or a peacock  
Or something like that.  
Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard.  
And I said "hello"  
And it vanished: flew away.  
The very minute that I said "hello."  
It was mysterious.

So do you know what I did?  
I went over to my mirror  
And brushed my hair two hundred times  
without stopping.  
And as I was brushing it,  
My hair turned mauve.

No, honestly! Mauve!  
And then red.  
And then sort of a deep blue when the sun hit  
it.

I'm sixteen years old,  
And everyday something happens to me.  
I don't know what to make of it.  
When I get up in the morning to get dressed,  
I can tell:  
Something's different.  
I like to touch me eyelids  
Because they're never quite the same.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

I hug myself till my arms turn blue,  
Then I close my eyes and I cry and cry  
Till the tears come down  
And I taste them. Ah!  
I love to taste my tears!  
I am special!  
I am special!

Please God, please!  
Don't – let – me – be – normal!

## MATT MONOLOGUE

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There is this girl.

I'm nearly twenty years old.  
I've studied Biology.  
I've had an education.  
I've been inside a lab:  
Dissected violets.  
I know the way things are.

I'm grown-up, stable,  
Willing to conform.  
I'm beyond such foolish notions.  
And yet – in spite of my knowledge –  
There is this girl.

She makes me young again!  
And foolish.  
And with her I perform the impossible:  
I defy Biology!  
And achieve Ignorance!

There are no other ears but hers to hear the  
explosion of my soul! There are no other eyes  
but hers to make me wise, and despite what  
they say of species, there is not one plant or  
animal or any growing thing that is made quite  
the same as she is. It's stupid, of course, I know  
it. And immensely undignified. But I do love her!

## EL GALLO & LUISA DIALOGUE

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LUISA            You're my bandit!

EL GALLO        Your bandit, yes.

LUISA            What are you doing up in that tree?

EL GALLO        Growing ripe.

LUISA            What do you see from up there?

EL GALLO        Everything.

LUISA            Really?

EL GALLO        Nearly.

LUISA            Do you see Matt?

EL GALLO        Do you care?

LUISA            No, I just wondered.  
Can I climb up there beside you?

EL GALLO        You can if you can.

LUISA            *(climbs up beside him)*  
There! I don't see everything.

EL GALLO        It takes a little while.

LUISA            All I see is my own house. And Matt's. And the wall.

EL GALLO        And that's all?

LUISA            All. Is it fun to be a bandit?

EL GALLO        It has its moments.

LUISA            I think it must be fun. Tell me, do you ride on a great white horse?

EL GALLO        I used to.

LUISA            But no longer?

EL GALLO        I developed a saddle rash. Very painful.

LUISA            How unglamorous. I never heard of a hero who had a saddle rash.

EL GALLO        Oh, it happens. Occupational hazard.

LUISA            Tell me: What is your favorite plunder?

EL GALLO        Plunder? I think that's pirates.

LUISA            Well then, booty.

EL GALLO        You've been reading too many books.

LUISA            Well, you must steal something!

EL GALLO        Oh, yes. I steal fancies. I steal whatever is treasured most.

LUISA           That's more like it.  
Precious rubies!

EL GALLO       Precious rhinestones.

LUISA           Rhinestones?

EL GALLO       Can be precious.  
It depends on the point of view.

LUISA           Well, it doesn't sound very sound.  
Economically, I mean.

## LUISA & MATT DIALOGUE

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MATT           God, I'm a fool!

LUISA           Always bragging.

MATT:           Don't be sarcastic.

LUISA           I shall be sarcastic whenever I choose.

MATT           You think I couldn't do it?

LUISA           I think you'd better grow up.

MATT           Grow up! Grow up!  
*(To the audience:)* And this from a girl who is sixteen!

LUISA           Girls mature faster.

MATT           No. This can't be happening  
If I'm not mad,  
If I'm not gloriously insane,  
Then I'm just me again.  
And if I'm me –  
Then I can see.

LUISA           What?

MATT           Everything. All the flaws.  
You're childish.

LUISA           Child-like.

MATT           Silly

LUISA           Soulful.

MATT           And you have freckles!

LUISA           (Suddenly outraged:) That's a lie!

MATT           You see: self deception. It's a sign of immaturity to wear lavender perfume before  
you're forty.

LUISA You're a poseur. I've heard you talking in the garden, walking around reciting romantic poems about yourself. He – the bold hero!

MATT You're adolescent!

LUISA Ahhhh! *(She slaps him. There is a pause.)*

MATT Beyond that road lies adventure!

LUISA I'm going to take my hair down to go swimming in a stream.

MATT You'll never hear of me again, my dear. I've decided to be bad.

LUISA I'll sit up all night and sing songs to the moon!

MATT I'll drink and gamble! I'll grow a moustache! I'll find my madness – somewhere; out there!

LUISA I'll find mine, too. I'll have an affair!

MATT Good-bye forever!

LUISA See if I care!

### BELLOMY MONOLOGUE

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BELLOMY *(Watering his plants)* That's right, drink away. Open up your thirsty little mouths. I'm her father. And believe me, it isn't easy. Perhaps that's why I love vegetables. So dependable. I mean, you plan a radish, and you know what you're about. You don't get a turnip or a cabbage, no. Plant a turnip, get a turnip; plant a cabbage, get a cabbage. While with children – I thought I had planted a turnip or at worst perhaps and avocado: something remotely useful. I'm a merchant. I sell buttons. What need do I have for a rose? – There she is. Missy, you must go inside.

You're a button-maker's daughter. Now, go inside as you're told. Our enemy is beyond that wall. Up to something: I can feel it!

*(Shouts over the wall.)*

Him and his no-good son!

*(To Luisa)* Look out, you've stepped on my peppers! That settles it. I'll but a fence here by this wall. A high fence, with barbed stickers! An arsenal of wire!

*(Changes tone)* Is she gone? – Ah, yes, she's gone.

### HUCKLEBEE MONOLOGUE

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HUCKLEBEE *(Pruning his plants.)* Too much moisture!

*(To audience.)* There are a great many things I could tell you about myself. I was once in the Navy; that's where I learned Horticulture. Yes, I have been the world over. I've seen it all: mountain cactus, the century plan, Japanese ively. And exotic ports, where bogwort was sold in the open market! I'm a man of experience and there is one thing that I've learned: Too much moisture is worse than none at all. Prune a plant. Avoid water. And go easy on manure. Moderation. That's the moral. *(Looks and sees something.)* That's my son's foot.

*(Looking up at his son)* What are you going up in that tree? *(Listens for a moment.)*

Curses. I offer a father's curses to the kind of education that makes our children fools. I sent this boy to school – to college. And I hope you know what that costs. Did he learn to dig a cesspool? No. He's up there now "writing verses." Why do I always find you standing beside that wall?

Son, you are an ass. There you stand every day, writing verses, while who knows what our neighbor is up to on the other side of that wall. He's a villain! I'll not have it!

I'll strip down those branches where an enemy could climb! I'll lime that wall with bottles! I'll jag it up with glass!

## BELLOMY AND HUCKLEBEE DIALOGUE

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HUCK           *(Calling over the Wall)* Oh, lady le di le da loo . . .

BELL           Hucklebee!

HUCK           Bellomy!

BELL           Neighbor!

HUCK           Friend!

BELL           How's the gout?

HUCK           I barely notice. And your asthma?

BELL           A Trifle. *(Coughs)* I endure it.

HUCK           Well, it's nearly settled.

BELL           *(Clueless.)* What is?

HUCK           The marriage! They're nearly ready. I hid in the bushes to listen.  
Oh, it's something! They're out of their minds with love!

BELL           Hurray!

HUCK:         *(To audience)* My son – he is fantastic!

BELL           *(To audience)* My daughter is fantastic, too. They're both of them mad.

HUCK           They are geese!

BELL           It was a clever plan we had: To build this wall.

HUCK           Yes. And pretend to feud.

BELL           Just think if they knew that we wanted them wed.

HUCK           A prearranged marriage –

BELL           They'd rather be dead!

HUCK           Children!

BELL           Lovers!

HUCK           Fantasticks!

BELL            Geese!  
HUCK            How clever we are.  
BELL            How crafty to know.  
HUCK            To manipulate children  
BELL            You merely say –  
BOTH            No !

## HENRY'S MONOLOGUE

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HENRY            Sir, the players have arrived!

Don't look at us like we are, sir. Please. Remove ten pounds of dust from these 40-year-old wrinkled cheeks. See make-up, caked, in glowing powder pink! Imagine a beard, full blown and blowing, like the whiskers of a bear! And hair! Imagine hair. In a box I've got all colors, so I beg you – imagine hair! And not these clothes. Oh, no, no, no. Dear God, not rags like any beggar has. But see me in a doublet!

Mortimer, fetch the doublet. *(He puts it on.)*

There – Imagine! It's torn; I know – forget it. It vanishes under light. That's it! That's the whole trick; try to see me under light! I recite! Say a cue. You'll see. I'll know it. Go on. Say one. Try me.

EL GALLO        "Friends, Romans, Countrymen."

HENRY            It's what?

EL GALLO        "Friends, Romans, Countrymen."

HENRY            -- Don't tell me, I can get it. Let's see. "Friends, Romans? Countrymen."

Why Yes! Of course! That's easy. Why didn't you pick something hard?

Watch this.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen –"  
Screw your courage to the sticking place!  
And be not sick and pale with grief  
That thou – her handmaidens –  
Should be far more fair  
than she . . .

How's that?

## MORTIMER AND HENRY DIALOGUE

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MORT            Psst. Psst. *(Speaks with a thick Cockney accent.)*  
                  'Enry.

HENRY            *(Trying to locate him through his myopic eyes.)* Hmm?

MORT            Where do you want me?

HENRY            Oh! Off left, Mortimer. Off left.

*(To audience)* Indians are always Off Left!

MORT 'Enry.

HENRY Hmm?

MORT What's me cue?

HENRY I'll tell you when it's time.

MORT Righto.

HENRY Oh. And Mortimer. Don't forget: dress the stage, dress the stage! Dear friend, don't cluster up when you die!

He's not really Indian, you know.

### **MORTIMER'S "MONOLOGUE"**

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(Be prepared to fantastically act out a Shakespearean death scene. No lines – just histrionics!)

### **THE WALL'S "MONOLOGUE"**

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Be prepared to improvise – wordlessly!