**Audition Monologues for “Yes, Virginia the Musical”**

Please choose one of the following monologues to perform for your audition. It must be memorized. Please have your audition form ready to hand to the directors, then introduce yourself and begin.

1. **Librarian: (Male or Female)**

My Word! I didn’t see you all sitting there. Happy Holidays! It is good to see a room full of book lovers. Oh, don’t try to deny it. A librarian can read faces. I was just composing a list of my favorite Christmas writers . . . it is that time of year! And then I was going to read. . . Well, re-read. . . Actually, re-re-re-re-re-read one of my very favorite Christmas stories. And it really happened! Yes, it did . . . way back in 1987 when a young New Yorker named Virginia O’Hanlon asked a question. . . “Is there a Santa Claus?” Oh, my word! Instead of me babbling on . . . why don’t we get right to it, shall we?

1. **Scraggly Santa: (Male)**

Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas! Anyone care to donate to a good cause? Because a nice hot meal would sure help someone in need. Yes, New York City, I’m talking to you. And in times like these, a penny or two always makes this town a bit better (As CITY DWELLERS pass by) You, madam? You, sir? Nice tie! (As a CITY DWELLER drops item in bucket) Thank you. Thank you, sir! (Holding up a dinner roll) Very funny, sir. I was hoping to earn a little bread. (He takes a bite) Guess I’m really on a roll now!

1. **Mr/Mrs. Church: (Male or Female)**

(to pigeons) Get away from here, you bunch of filthy birds! News is the same. Bad, worse, and awful. Take your pick. Puppies, kids and sunshine? Ha! They don’t sell papers. “Crime Up,” “Jobs down!” “Senator caught napping!” *That’s* what I’m talking about. That’s what sells papers. Cold. Hard. Facts! Give me a crisis, a scandal, a crime! Spare me the feel-good sob story. Cut to the Chase! Cold. Hard. Facts! That’s what people choose to read! A sensational headline!

1. **Charlotte : (Female)**

(to her cat) Did you hear that, Mrs. Whiskers? Virginia can’t believe this man works for Santa. Can she? He’s more like *Smelly Santa* if you ask me. But everyone knows Santa isn’t real. (to Virginia) Really, Virginia! You still believe that a man with a white beard brings you Christmas gifts and candy? Ha! That’s hysterical! It’s infantile! It’s baby stuff! Reindeer fly? Pu—lease! It’s Pathetic. Play time is over, Virginia! Think about it. Who could travel the world in just one night? Face it, Virginia. There is no Santa Claus! Isn’t that right, Mrs. Whiskers?

1. **Virginia: (Female)**

Proof. . . If only there was. . . (She sees a copy of THE SUN newspaper on a stand) The New York Sun! That’s it! Papa reads this paper every morning! And he always says “If you read it in The Sun, it’s so.” I’ll write a letter and ask the newspaper people if Santa is real. I know they’ll tell me the truth. (writing her letter) Dear Editor, I’m eight years old. Some of my little friends say that there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, “If you see it in the sun, it’s so.” Please tell me the truth; Is there a Santa Claus? Signed, Virginia O’Hanlon.