

Audition Sides for “The Dining Room”

“The Dining Room” opened on Broadway in the 80’s and was written by A.R. Gurney. The comedy calls for 3 men and 3 women who each play 7-8 different roles. For our production the cast will be expanded to 6 men and 6 women for a total cast of 12. However the hope is to double cast (2 performances per cast) for a grand total of 24 (12 men and 12 women).

There are several sides to choose from, some monologues, some scenes. You may download as many as you would like and please bring them to your audition. You should be familiar with the side/sides you have selected, but do not need to have them memorized, and can have them in hand when you audition. If you choose a scene that has more than one person, there will be someone in the audition room that can read the scene with you or you can bring in a fellow auditioner.

Monologues

Female:

Page 58 (Meg 20’s)

Page 21 (Grace 40’s)

Page 29 (Peggy 30’s)

Page 69 (Ruth 70’s)

Male:

Page 14 (Father)

Page 37 (Grandpa)

Page 64 (Harvey)

Page 55-57 (Jim)

Scenes

Pages 26-27 (Architect-male, 30’s and Psychiatrist- male 40’s)

Pages 46-48 (Helen and Sarah-both mid teens)

Pages 60-62 (Standish 40’s, Emily 30’s, Claire 13 and David 15)

Pages 67-69 (Ruth 70’s and Annie 40’s)

Monologues

1. **Meg** (in her 20's): I'm all mixed up, Dad. I'm all over the ballpark. I've been seeing a Crisis Counselor, and I've taken a part-time job, and I've been jogging two miles a day, and none of it is working, Dad. I want to come home. I want to take my children to the Zoo, and the Park Lake, and the Art Gallery, and do all those things you and Mother used to do with all of us. I want to start again, Dad. I want to start all over again.

2. **Grace** (in her 40's): But let me tell you a very short story before you do. About your dear Aunt Martha. Who also made a little decision when she was about your age. She decided--if you breathe a word of this, I'll strangle you--she decided she was in love with her riding master. And so she threw everything up, and ran off with him. To Taos, New Mexico. Where your father had to track her down and drag her back. But it was too late, Carolyn! She had been....overstimulated. And from then on in, she refused to join the workday world. Now there it is. In a nutshell. So think about it, while I'm ordering the groceries. And decide.

3. **Peggy** (in her 30's): All right, children. You win. Now Roberta is very busy in the kitchen because she also has a dinner party tonight. So who would like to help bring things out? All right. Tell you what. Billy, you get the ice cream, and Sandra, you bring out the cake! Careful, careful! Walk, don't run! And be polite to Roberta because she's working very hard. And Brewster and Winkie, you'll have other responsibilities! For instance, Brewster: when Billy and Sandra reappear through that door, what will you do?

4. **Ruth** (in her 70's-note this is spoken directly to the audience): Lately I've been having this recurrent dream. We're giving this perfect party. We have our dining room back, and Grandmother's silver, before it was stolen, and Charley's mother's royal blue dinner plates, before the movers dropped them, and even the finger bowls, if I knew where they were. And I've invited all our favorite people. Oh I don't mean just our old friends. I mean everyone we've ever known and liked. We'd have the man who fixes our Toyota, and that intelligent young couple who bought the Payton house, and the receptionist at the doctor's office, and the new teller at the bank. And our children would be invited, too. And they'd all come back from wherever they are. And we'd have two cocktails, and hot hors d'oeuvres, and a first-rate cook in the kitchen, and two maids to serve, and everyone would get along famously! My husband laughs when I tell him this dream. "Do you realize," he says, "what a party like that would cost? Do you realize

what we'd have to *pay* these days for a party like that?" Well, I know all that. But sometimes I think it might almost be worth it.

5. **Father:** Now you listen to me, Charlie. Miss Kelly may be an excellent teacher. Her factoring may be flawless, her geography beyond question. But Miss Kelly does not teach us politics. Nor does she teach us how to run our lives. She is not going to tell you, or me, to leave in the middle of a pleasant breakfast, and get caught in the bulk of the morning traffic, just so that you can arrive in time for a silly hymn. Long after you've forgotten that hymn, long after you've forgotten how to factor, long after you've forgotten Miss Kelly, you will remember these pleasant breakfasts around this dining room table. And here is your mother to prove it.

6. **Grandfather:** Finish your greens. They're good for your lower intestine. No. You go. You've got to go. I'll send you to Saint Whoozie's and Betsy to Miss Whatsie's and young Andy to whatever-it's-called. And Mary can go to Europe this summer, and Tony can have a car, and it's all fine and dandy. Go on. Enjoy yourselves, all of you. Leave town, travel, see the world. It's bound to happen. And you know who's going to be sitting here when you get back? I'll tell you who'll be sitting right in that chair. Some Irish fella, some Jewish gentleman is going to be sitting right at this table. Saying the same thing to *his* grandson. And your grandson will be back at the *plow!* And come to think of it, that won't be a bad thing either. Will it, Dora?

7. **Harvey:** I'll sit here. We can look out. There's a purple finch who comes to the feeder every evening. Brings his young. Now I want to go over my funeral with you. Now I want the funeral service announced at the end of the obituary, and to occur three days later. That will give people time to postpone their trips and adjust their appointments. And I want it at three-thirty in the afternoon. This gives people time to digest their lunch and doesn't obligate us to feed them dinner. Notice I've underlined the word *church*. Mr. Fayerweather might try to squeeze the service into the chapel, but don't let him. I've lived in this city all of my life, and know a great many people, and I want everyone to have a seat and feel comfortable. If you see people milling around the door, go right up to them and find them a place, even if you have to use folding chairs. Are we clear on that?

8. **Jim:** I'd like Scotch, sweetheart. Make it reasonably strong. You'll find the silver measuring gizmo in the drawer by the trays. I want two shots and a splash of water.

And I like to use that big glass with the pheasant on it. And not too much ice. I saw Mimi Mott the other day...can you hear me? There she was, being a very good sport with her third husband. Her third. Who's deaf as a post and extremely disagreeable. So I took her aside-can you hear me? I took her aside, and I said, "Now Mimi, tell me the truth. If you had made half as much effort with your first husband as you've made with the last two, don't you think you'd still be married to him?" I asked her that. Point blank. And you know what Mimi said? She said, "Maybe." That's exactly what she said. "Maybe." If she had made the effort.