

**Applicants must perform two monologues in their audition, one self-written monologue and the one attached.**

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**The Qualities of Zero**

By Jacob Richmond

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*The recounting of a doctor's history describing the formative event by which his life became painfully absurd to him*

**Roland**

Dad was a quiet, lanky fella' who spoke ever so...gently. He met mom at church. They prayed together, fell in love and married. Dad and mom moved to a small town called Bigger. He had a small congregation. They were so happy. And anytime we asked little kid questions like: "Why is the sky blue?", dad says: "Because that's how God made it." Fair enough. We had the most incredible CHRISTMAS' you've ever seen. Dad wasn't all that wild about Christmas. Lutherans are not into all that pageantry. But mom couldn't resist it...it was the "Church of England gene" my father said. (He laughs) So CHRISTMAS was fantastic every year- Until the one where...Dad swallowed his tongue. It started, one day in a sermon, he walked up to the lectern and fell down right here, you see. (Touching his forehead) He got up. No big deal. Just a little bump on his head...But soon after that, it became perfectly clear. He was going nuts. The night it happened, this constant stream of perpetual swearwords came out of his mouth. This incredible terror of everything, no actually, this incredible terror of nothing. We moved to a little private Cabin, Dad needed a "rest". Mom drove us to school everyday. Dad rested. Well...after a while, dad's rest became longer and longer. He ate in bed. He cried, sometimes. Child tears. Not a father's tears at all. And...he muttered the poem, He muttered. Mom began to drink. She sat in her room and drank twenty ounces of scotch and stared out the window There we were in the Cabin. Mom drinking. Dad sleeping, getting up sometimes to recite his two poems. And sometimes he would cry child tears . Until, he swallowed his tongue. I was looking out the window the moment it happened. The bone faced moon. All glowing and stunned. Dad said, "My God". Then his tongue rolled back peacefully. Rideau, completely still, muttered to me: "He's dead." (like tisk-tisk) Death, death, death, death.

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*Available from the Playwright or Automic Vaudeville as a copyscript*