

Audition Sides (pick one to perform at auditions)

Monologue 1

Well, just tell the Pope that Gary Panko called. He'll know what it's about.

(Walking to the podium and setting the phone down. To the STUDENTS)

I do apologize! You see, I just launched a new crowdfunding campaign, and it's already generating so much buzz that I got a call from the legal department at the Vatican--yes, that Vatican! Imagine, those Roman rascallions are trying to get me to cease and desist. Here, let me give you a sneak preview--

(He moves to the laptop and presses a key. A KICKSTARTER PAGE appears on the projection screen showing a picture of a POPE DOLL.)

The Pope Dummy! A user-friendly doll that absolves your sins at the touch of a button in just seconds, in any language you choose. The Pope Dummy is your solution to absolution! And what does the Catholic Church tell me? "Any likeness of the Pope for reasons of profit is strictly forbidden." Oh, pleeease! Who are they kidding! They're just sorry they didn't come up with the idea--since, as you can see--

(Referring to a presentation screen.)

I've already made thirteen percent of my goal of \$100,000!

Thank you, thank you. But this class isn't about *moi*, it's about you and how successful you're going to be once you've completed Gary Panko's Patented Crowdfunding Success Weekend. If you haven't guessed, I'm Gary Panko—dot com—slash-crowdfunding-slash-success-slash- bling—and for the next three days we're going to be covering every aspect of a crowdfunding campaign, from pitch to perks to profit. But first, let's make sure everybody's here, shall we? All future billionaires, raise your hands when I call your name.

(Tapping his phone and reading from the screen.)

Ruben Delarosa. Frances Ulrich. Frank Pincus. Good! Now, before we get to your ideas, a few words about yours truly. As you might have read, I hold the world record for successful crowdfunding campaigns. I can tell you all about them, but I'd rather do what I love to do more than anything in the world—Google myself!

Monologue 2

I'm thinking of moving to Florida.

I've always wanted to live there. Ever since I went there on spring break. It was to see a boy I met in high school. Charlie Pfeiffer. A swim team all-star—with an all-star body! After we started dating, his father got transferred and they moved to Miami. It was a wild week I'll never forget. Surfing, bonfires on the beach. Our last night there, after tossing back several Mai Tais, Charlie got down on one knee and proposed. Then he threw up on his shoes.

I was crazy about Charlie. But...I was dating Patrick. The complete opposite of Charlie. Straight-laced, an econ major. My heart said Charlie, but my practical side said Patrick. The thing was, Charlie didn't have plans. His biggest goal in life was to make the world's best lanyard. So, I told him I was in love with Patrick. Ever since then, Florida's always been in my dreams.

Monologue 3

After Abraham came home after a day of selling tchotchkes in the marketplace, his wife Sara asked, "Abe, what gives mit the red schmutz on your collar?" Abraham casually answered, "I had goat for lunch." Sarah, no nudnik, knew it was lipstick. From Bathsheba. The temp at his tchotchkes store. Sara asked him why and Abraham sheepishly replied: "I have communication issues." "When you stop communicating with your wife," advised Sara, "you stop communicating with God." Then she smote him across the forehead with a soup ladle. Abraham never came home with red schmutz on his collar again.

...it's a scene from my play. Pretty lousy, huh?

Monologue 4

(Enters from right wearing a “Java Vest”, which looks like a life preserver with a plastic tube protruding from the bottom. Puts the tube in mouth and draws on it several times, quickly.) *all can be mimicked by actor*

Almost back to normal. Please stand by.

(takes another pull from the tube.)

Of course, you’ve heard of my wildly successful Java Vest: Crowdfunding campaign number seven. Ten gallons of coffee stylishly strapped to your chest and effortlessly accessed via my patented suck tube, allowing you to go five full days before refilling at Starbucks.

(takes another pull.)

In this case, Ethiopian Fair-Trade Organic Sumatra Dark Roast to help me wake up after an all- night work session. All through the wee hours I was plotting my defense against those Vatican vultures scheming to put the Catholic kibosh on the Pope Dummy.

(Sipping again, blissfully.) Full-bodied, with top notes of jasmine and papaya.

(Unstrapping the vest and flinging it away.)

Good morning, everyone, and welcome to day two of Gary Panko’s Patented Crowdfunding Success Weekend! Last night I gave you an assignment: figure out your unique selling proposition.