

The Robots Next Door Audition Monologues

Monologue #1: Sam, a paranoid local.

I think I saw one of 'em. Down there at the Wal-Mart. I was just there to get me some windshield wiper fluid -- my windshield wipers, they were out of fluid, you understand -- and he was standin' there in the self checkout line. Looked like a normal enough fella' to me. Shirt and pants and shoes, and all. Some hair. Normal fella' stuff. But I took a peek into his basket, and you coulda' knocked me over with a feather when I saw what was in there. Batteries. Double As, to be specific. And sittin' right there next to said batteries was a can of WD-40 spray lubricant. I thought that was awful funny. And by awful funny, I mean awful suspicious. I figured if I was one of them robots, I would have at least thrown some fruit or shampoo in there, to cover my tracks. That's the thing about robots, though. They don't think about things like we do.

Monologue #2: Pat, a elementary school-aged kid.

Yes, you heard me correctly, Daily Reporter. I am staunchly pro-robot. My position on this issue has evolved over a number of years, beginning with when my mommy, Debra, told me I can't have a baby brother or sister. Neither! Not a one! Did you write that down? She was adamant. I thought this to be unfair. All of my friends have younger siblings! Always somebody to play with! Somebody to boss around! I should be entitled to these same luxuries! Do you see where I'm going, here? Are you following me? An only child. And a robot. Perfect combination. Good for all! I can say that again, if you think it would make a good sound bite. No? That's fine. I'll leave you with this: Have you ever tried to play Mario Kart by yourself, Melissa from the Daily Reporter? I'll tell you what -- it isn't the same. It just isn't the same.

Monologue #3: Terry, a devoted father.

I'm just not sure what to make of the whole thing. What I am sure of, however, is that this is absolutely terrible. I called the other dads right away, as soon as I saw the article posted in a local moms group on Facebook. And before you comment on that, yes, you heard me correctly, and it's because the dad Facebook groups don't have nearly as good of gossip. Actually, don't publish that. That's not on the record. Let me start over. I called up the other dads after seeing an article posted by Gentleman's Quarterly... or.... uh.... No, make it.... TIME? TIME magazine. And my first concern was my boys. I nearly moved them to another little league in another town. I mean, how are they supposed to compete against robots? With their little machine arms, and whatnot. Is nobody thinking about that? No, sir. My boys deserve to be baseball superstars, and I deserve to live vicariously through them. And to think that our children are going to be up against robots in athletics, and academics, and... and... chess decathlons, or whatever? I think a lot of people are going to have some things to say at our next PTA meeting.