

AMÉLIE AUDITION MATERIALS

PLEASE PREPARE ONE MONOLOGUE FROM THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS. MEMORIZATION IS ENCOURAGED. IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE FULL MUSICAL SCRIPT, EMAIL JTYLER@PSDSCHOOLS.ORG AND HE'LL HOOK YOU UP.

AMÉLIE: On September 3, 1975, at 6:28 p.m. and thirty-two seconds, a bluebottle fly capable of 14,670 wing beats a minute landed on Rue St. Vincent, Montmartre. At the same moment, a sperm with one X chromosome, belonging to Raphael Poulain, made a dash for an egg in his wife Amandine. Nine months later...Moi.

AMANDINE: We begin with Geometry. Zeno's Paradox. In Ancient Greece the philosopher Zeno posited that no two objects could ever touch... Amélie! Pay attention. Zeno's Paradox: To reach a point one must always reach a halfway point, and from there the next halfway point. There will always be another halfway point. Two objects can never meet. Amélie. Did you hear me?

DUFAYEL: Psst. Bretodeau. Not Bredoteau. T. Not D. Breto. Bretodeau. I'd shake your hand but mine would break. That's why I wear these gloves. I rarely leave the apartment and even so everything is padded, see? Well, you can see my apartment from yours, can't you? Padded...padded...padded. I suffer from a rare bone disease, they call me the Glass Man. Julien Dufayel.

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ANCHORPERSON: Her intuitive gift for empathy will be deeply missed by millions of people all around the world, and indeed in Westminster Abbey today, where her friend, Elton John, has prepared a special tribute, for a princess who confessed to “deep feelings of unworthiness,” this Godmother of the Unloved, Amélie Poulain.

AMÉLIE: You know what the girl with the glass sees when she looks at you? She sees Renoir, because that's who is painting her, not you. The girl with the glass is not looking at you, she'd looking at Renoir, so mind your own business and paint your own damn painting, okay?

DUFAYEL: Look out your window, Miss Poulain. So, little Amélie, I have made you a painting: a new one. Not the Boating Party. Not a Renoir: a Dufayel! I painted it myself. It is a woman who is not made of glass, whose bones will not shatter. If she risks nothing, she will freeze, her gaze never meeting another's, there will be no love in her world...