



2015

ABFF STAR PROJECT
MONOLOGUE CHOICES

Hard Deadline: MARCH 20, 2015

SELF-TAPE INSTRUCTION TIPS

Submission period: February 2 - March 20, 2015

The application will not be go live until February 2.

The **Star Project** is sponsored by NBCUniversal, and is designed to discover outstanding on-camera talent. Each year, six finalists are flown to New York City for the **American Black Film Festival**, where they will take their first steps toward a chance to audition for a walk on role on NBC's award winning daytime drama, *Days of Our Lives*.

Actors must submit self-taped monologues and fill out online form. Submissions must be in by March 20, 2015 at 11:59PM.

SELF-TAPE INSTRUCTIONS

1. You must submit **two monologues**. Please select two (and no more than two) from the seven we have provided here. Unless indicated, each monologue is unisex, and can be performed by any gender.

2. Before you hit record:

- Clear your background of any distracting images or items.
- Test your lighting. (We need to be able to see you clearly.)
- Test your sound quality. (We need to be able to hear you clearly.)
- Frame yourself from the chest or shoulders up.

3. Recording your monologue:

- Perform directly to camera or just off camera.
- Clearly slate your FULL NAME before you begin each monologue.

4. Uploading your self-taped monologues:

- Upload your video to a publicly accessible site such as YouTube.com or Vimeo.com.
- Please record and upload each monologue SEPARATELY.
- Include your FULL NAME in the title of each video you upload.
- If your video is Private, be sure to give us a way to access it (i.e. if your video requires a passcode, make sure you include it on your application).

Please note:

- We will accept **online submissions** only; no mail-in submissions will be accepted.
- Late submissions will not be accepted for any reason.

Monologue #1

REALTOR:

I wanted to give you a bit of background information about the space. This is a prime location in Manhattan featured in many major magazines. The adjoining tower is a full service hotel where you can utilize the multitude of the five star services, twenty four hours a day. Tennis courts, lap pool, and a spa on the roof level. Before we enter, there is just one thing I want to mention which probably needs to be explained. Last year I think it was last year. Well almost a year ago there was a slight mishap sort of a “Alusus nature” ... Nothing that hasn’t happened before in a city of this size. Just an accident of sorts. Well actually not an accident in the true sense of the word more accurately a murder. Now, don’t be alarmed. It didn’t involve illegal drugs or fire arms. Nothing like that, what happened here was a crime of passion where one party in a moment of pure rage took the life of another. This was not really a criminal act, but an act made in the absence of reason. And as I said earlier no actual weapons were used nor was there any premeditation involved. This was just what I can say a simple disagreement between a husband and wife that took a bad turn. There was a third party involved. However, the lover in question was mere standby and the fact that he died of multiple stab wounds had no direct correlation to the anger and physical harm inflicted by each spouse upon one another. The Murder suicide aspect of this event was never clearly established. Such stories have a way of titillating the public and once it is known that you are the new occupants, you might be sought out by a member of the press, a parapsychologist or perhaps a satanic cultist. Inquiring minds will want to know how it is to live such a space knowing what had occurred here? But in reality... a space is just a space... air and four walls. Personally, I don’t think the whole karma theory holds any water. Well, I did want to just mention it in passing before we go in.

Monologue #2

LITERARY AGENT:

(Chuckles)

Will your book be remembered for generations to come? Let me put it to you this way ... "No". Hypothetically, the novel makes the top ten list, the Pulitzer, maybe. It's good, very good. Minimum, your book makes the high school reading list for the next ten years before being replaced by the voice of the new era. The fact is, one hundred years from now, very few people are going to be reading any of your novels. I don't care how good they are. Who still reads "Black like Me", or "Siddhartha? Seminal works, for their time, but ask anyone under thirty and you have your answer. I'm not saying what you write isn't important it is, but it will not be remembered for generations to come. If you were born in the Czech Republic, In Prague, where they have statues of poets and novelist, then you would one day be a statue on Pertrin Hill: Jan Neruda, Karel Macha, and you. Your statue would be right besides theirs, reminding people of your work for centuries. But in America, we have Washington, Jefferson, and Grant. What I'm saying is, in the end, you're a footnote, at best. If you need more time than that, move to Prague, marry yourself a young Czech girl, get a new agent- because I'm doing everything I can!

Monologue #3

SPOUSE:

Think about it and see what I come up with. We're talking about a child and you make it sound like we're debating the purchase of a new car. This issue was settled, Davion- What about my career? I'm not-- Are you willing to give up your practice for five years? Are you ready to live your life with the constant fear that something terrible will happen to them one day? Are you ready for feedings at one and four a.m., and diapers, spitting up, and living with someone who will only eat hot dogs for an entire year? Not to mention our free time or vacations- You can't send a child off to a kennel. And the school system- and puberty, and then they're out all night, and the yards not mowed, and they drop out of medical school because they don't want to pay the man. They want to be an actor, an artist, doing bad community theater and despising you for selling out to the system, while they live in the basement with their "friend" and seventeen illegitimate children who call me grand--! I'm not sure I want to wake up one morning wondering where my life went, and feel guilty because I'm no longer worrying that something terrible might have happened to them ... But for now, I'll just think about it, and see what I come up with.

Monologue #4

ENGAGED:

Let me get this straight. You asked me, if you and I and my friends and my mother were all on a ship that was sinking and I could only save one of you? Who would I save? And I said I'd rather save my mother- and that's the wrong answer? How can that be the wrong answer? You can swim. My mother can't swim. She can't even doggy paddle. And they wonder why people don't do pre-marital counseling anymore. That's a pretty good reason. You'd leave there seeing the dead bodies of your family and friends floating around you. Bye Jimmy, Vince, Ma. Sorry I can't save you, but I'm married now. But don't worry mom, s/he's a lot like you. OK, I didn't mean that. I know you are nothing like my mother, and at times you can't even stand to be around her, but the poor woman is dead for Pete's sake. She's bloated and decaying on the bottom of the ocean floor! But to answer your question- I would save you. Even if my mother were screaming my name at the top of her old, tired, and soon to be decaying lungs, I would save you. Are you happy now?

Monologue #5 (*Female monologue*)

BELINDA:

You love me? Am I supposed to call the paper now? Put in one of those corny want ads where there's a picture of us smiling like we were just hit over the head with a two by four? "Hey y'all, Jerrod loves Belinda". Don't you ever say that to me. People in love do crazy things. People steal for love, and kill for love, and shave places they shouldn't. Then they buy things they can't afford, and expect sex all the time because they spray painted something stupid on an I-10 over pass. I am not washing your dishes, listening to your basketball rankings, or holding you when you're old and drooling all over your Kanye West t-shirt. Wipe it from your mind Jerrod, 'cause it will be a cold day in Tallahassee before I tell anyone I love 'em. I love this okra, this slab of beef, and the fact that I'm not wearing a bra in this heat. That's about all I'm lovin', you understand? ... Is that spray paint on your hands?

Monologue #6

LOBBYIST:

Yes, I understand your position, Senator. Thank you for taking the time to talk with-at-me, and-no, please don't get up, Sir. I can find my own way out. But before I go, I would like to ask you one last question. What did you mean when you said "The best laid plans of mice and men"? Do you really believe lower-income students receiving grants will be unable to gain financial independence with an education, or they are too ignorant to learn? Or are you talking about a pack of mice sitting in a field somewhere debating Hegel and Nietzsche and planning our demise until the inevitable farm plow upturns their nest? It must be the mice, because I'm sure that even you, Sir, with your tired eyes, pickled kidney, and triple bypass would never want to squelch a program that could help keep the nation strong well into the future, simply because you didn't see any political gain in it for you. Let me be forthright, Senator. I will make certain your constituents know your position on the issue, and I will continue to fight for funding until either the masses rise to silence you, or your little nest here is upturned. Because you may hold me off, you may even put a bullet in the back of my head, but this mouse is only one of many mice and our best-laid plans are not shattered dreams along a California creek. Enjoy your lunch, Senator.

Monologue #7

PREY:

I read about this guy that got up one morning walked down his driveway to pick up a newspaper... and before he could stoop down to read the front page headline, a car sped by and pumped three shots into his chest. I wonder if he even knew what hit him... just bent down to pick up the paper.... And BAM BAM BAM... BLACKOUT... or maybe did he think to himself I shoulda stayed in bed a little bit later this morning. We'll never know the answer to those questions because he's dead and the ass hole that shot him is living the life now somewhere or maybe by now... he's dead too... we'll never know the answer to that question either because he was never caught. Just another statistic. I'm not saying that in the old days killing was better because people were more civil and only killed with a specific purpose... that would be bullshit. What I am saying is the life of a human being has evolved into a cheap commodity... a random entity used for marketing, consumerism, war, or entertainment. A jungle... that's the world we live in ya' know what I mean... where predators hunt prey... and if you haven't figured it out yet, we are prey.