

The Violet Hour

Audition Side- John

Setting: Spring 1919, WWI has just ended. NYC, an office in a high rise. The office is not yet set up. A desk or table, some chairs. Stacks of manuscripts. Loose paper. Clutter.

John Pace Seaverling (M, mid-twenties): Recent college graduate, trying to start his own publishing company without his father's money. He has just enough money to publish one book and set his company on the right path. He wants to do good in the world.

JOHN

It wasn't much of a conversation.

But he transcribed every word.

Why did he take it all down? Why are we all such recordists?

Don't we know that...?

Everyone's taking everything down as if it's historical, as if it's *historic*.

As if it's witty or sums up the Times.

All of us confident, all of us aquiver with self-importance. I've read things I said three weeks ago, and things I said three years ago, and things that were said back to me. And things that were not said quite that way, and things that were said back but not quite so well.

Gidger?

We all sound alike.

I thought we were each unique.

I held our distinctions in such high regard.

I thought our nuances were essential.

I can't hear them anymore.

When I read them... I don't hear them.

We all sound the same.

(He crosses to the window.)

On the street there's a woman standing in front of a shop window. Her chin is propped on her finger.

She's trying to decide whether to buy a dress.

Across the street from her- she doesn't see this- a man is taking her photograph.

I know what the photograph will look like. All shades of gray and light bunching behind her, that ghost look.

This all happened *ages* ago.

Look at us, Gidger- we're *period*.

These aren't clothes we're wearing- they're costumes.

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