

STROLL HAUNTED YARMOUTH

2022 AUDITION MONOLOGUES

ACTORS: Please select one of the following monologues to perform. Memorization is encouraged.

TOUR GUIDES: Please prepare and perform Monologue 1. It does not have to be memorized.

MONOLOGUE 1

Good Evening and welcome to the fourth annual production of Stroll Haunted Yarmouth, presented by Royal River Community Players in partnership with the Yarmouth Historical Society and the Village Improvement Society.

My name is _____, and I will be your guide this evening.

Tonight you will meet a group of individuals who lived and worked in Yarmouth long ago: a craftsman, a public servant, a soldier...as well as a few other folks from Yarmouth's past with a story to tell. Each will offer a glimpse of who they were and what they did during their lifetime.

Is everything you are going to hear tonight true, you may ask? I will say this—nothing is knowingly false. All of the spirits and stories tonight are rooted very much in real facts, real happenings, and even historical first-person anecdotes and recollections, graciously provided and meticulously researched by the Yarmouth History Center. From there, we have sometimes had to fill in the blanks as to what may—but certainly could—have happened.

MONOLOGUE 2

I was born in 1838, grew up in Yarmouth, though it was called North Yarmouth at the time, and became a Civil War veteran, but I am more widely known around here as part of the Brooks Pottery business.

Even before our family business was begun, pottery manufacturing was a thriving industry in Maine. And Yarmouth was at the very center. Now the area of town called Yarmouthville right down the hill where West and East Elm cross, was home to a whole enclave of thriving potters who produced red earthenware.

Why did so many pottery businesses flourish here you may ask? Well, it was the abundance of marine clay found nearby—It was dense, yet supple and oh so plentiful. We often pulled this very clay from the area that we called Brickyard Hollow—right down the hill from here.

MONOLOGUE 3

On June 23rd, a Friday, Parker Barstow entered this world. And to my tremendous relief, Mary was fine! The midwife said she'd never seen such a perfect birth. I cried from the joy of it, and Parker cried too! And then it seemed he never stopped! The little lamb screamed day and night, and hardly slept! My poor sister. I tried to give her some relief. Every night I'd take him out walking. Something about the cooler night air, perhaps, or maybe he just liked to walk—but he'd finally whimper instead of scream, and eventually he'd even sleep. I sang to him, and talked to him, told him all about Boston and how I'd take him to visit someday.

But it wasn't to be. That August, the town fell prey to a bout of measles. Half the pews were empty one Sunday, and by the next everyone stayed home. We thought we'd been lucky, and that Providence had spared us—but then we saw the spots, and he ran a fever. He was gone six days later, on August 19, 1809. Then I, too, fell ill. And on September 19th, exactly one month later, I also was gone from this world.