

### **Background:**

It's 2022, and notoriously controversial billionaire Avery Bancroft is boarding the Australian Mid-Riverina Express (MRE). His fellow MRE passengers are, by coincidence or not, from the same place Avery is from—Midlands, USA—and they all have a personal connection to him. Some of those passengers include:

- **Taylor Hopson**
- **Hillary Edmund**
- **Alex Silva**
- **Kirby Doolittle**

On the last day of the trip, Avery Bancroft is found dead in his cabin under the suspicion of murder. Avery left a will before he died that gave all of his belongings to his second child, Taylor Hopson. Avery's first child, Shannon, is now claiming that Taylor, along with others, had a hand in murdering Avery and that Taylor should not get Avery's money.

### **Instructions:**

Read through each of the four excerpts carefully, then **choose two to memorize and perform as monologues** in your audition. **The monologues should be 1 minute and 30 seconds at most.** We encourage creative freedom and interpretation of the characters; don't be afraid to think outside the box!

## Excerpts:

### **Taylor Hopson:**

My name is Taylor Hopson. I'm in the hot seat right now because of this whole lawsuit from my sibling, Shannon. Let me be clear: I didn't kill Avery Bancroft. I only got in touch with him more when my mom passed away because if he wasn't going to be a dad, the least he could do was support me financially.

He used to send me \$50,000 a month, and I spent it on meaningful non-profit work. And cars...and food, and wine, and trips with my partner (my partner's an influencer). I was on the train with him when he died and we weren't quiet about our fights, which is why everyone thinks I killed him. It doesn't help that his will says I get 95% of his estate according to his shoddy will. And for the record, I'm not donating the money.

### **Hillary Edmund:**

My name is Hillary Edmund. I am a board-certified physician in pulmonary medicine, and I've treated countless patients for cardiac or renal issues. Despite my history with Avery Bancroft, which in a normal situation would cause me to recuse myself from this case, I was asked to report my medical findings by the Plaintiff.

Mr. Bancroft had something called Chronic Kidney Disease, or CKD for short. The purpose of our kidneys is to clean our blood in a process called glomerular filtration, but for patients with CKD, that filtration rate is dangerously low. A patient like Mr. Bancroft was likely to have an extremely high amount of potassium in his system, or hyperkalemia, which makes ingesting any potassium potentially fatal. I was able to treat Mr. Bancroft immediately before his death and found he was going through cardiac arrest. I suspected it had to do with his CKD, and after analyzing the autopsy report, I confirmed my suspicions.

**Alex Silva:**

My name is Alex Silva. I'm proud to say I used to be a firefighter for Midlands Fire and Rescue until the Black Bear Casino fire in 2022. I quit entirely after that. I lost so many good friends in that fire.

That night, I was supposed to be on duty. I had plans (I don't even remember what), but my buddy Archie said he'd cover for me. Archie died that night. He died and it should have been me. I rushed over when I'd heard but by the time I got to the casino, the blaze was contained. I later learned that Alex Bancroft, the owner of the casino, burned it down for some insurance payout.

I ended up tending to Bancroft right before he died. As a trained EMT, it was my job to help save him, no matter what had happened, no matter what I thought of him. He ended up passing away.

**Kirby Doolittle:**

I'm Kirby Doolittle, and I have bad luck. I used to work for TBD magazine, but it shut down over some wrongful termination lawsuit. No biggie, so I hopped over to Peony Estates, a local winery, but they got shut down too for poisoning someone. I worked for Chuggies Bar, that burned down. And don't get me started on that security job at the gala that got robbed. Anyway, at this point, I think I must be cursed.

That was until I met Avery Bancroft and became his personal assistant. And boy, that was a job. If Avery needed lunch, I grabbed it. If he wanted a new car, I picked it out. If he had to post (another) public apology online, I drafted it. It was going great! Until we went to Australia.

Avery ended up passing away out of nowhere while we were there. Was he the nicest guy in the world? No. But I still looked up to him, you know? He took a chance on me, so I want to honor his name.