

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASK:

- Learn **one** of the 6 monologues below (by heart) to be delivered to an audience/audition panel.

Tip: Whichever monologue you choose to perform - we strongly recommend you research, watch & read around the piece, character, play, or playwright to ensure you are fully confident in your role.

Monologue 1 (F - Angela from "Like a Virgin" by Gordon Steele)

Context: Angela is a young woman dying of Leukemia. She is speaking to her "friend" Maxine, but is fed up of being treated differently now she is ill.

Angela: You just thought. That's your bloody problem, you don't think. You put that mouth of yours into mega-dive and off you go. I'm dying and I wish I wasn't. I wish it wasn't me. I wish it was you. That's shocked you, hasn't it? You're gonna die. Oh yeah, everyone's gonna die. But the difference is I'm gonna die a lot sooner. Why aren't I normal? Why does nothing normal ever happen to me? (Pause) Do you know something? (Pause) I've never had sex. I'm a virgin. Yeah I know what I said, what we said, but... well, they were just stories full of me, us trying to be grown-up. But I'm not gonna grow up. I'll never grow up and be a woman and have children. Why me? Why the fucking hell does it have to be me? It's not fair. How would you feel if someone told you that you were gonna die? Come on, it's not easy is it? YOU ARE GOING TO DIE. You have got four weeks to live. What are you going to do? (Pause) It's not easy, is it, and people are so full of understanding... so full of shit. 'I'd go on holiday, I'd travel.' What is the point in spending your time in strange lands with strange people? So you'll have lots of happy memories and photographs to look back on. When? I haven't got the time, I'm dying. What's the point in laying on a beach getting a tan? So I'll look good in my coffin? So people will be able to gork into my coffin with...with...tear stained eyes and say...'She looks really good'...'She's the best suntanned corpse I've ever seen'...Well, they can all fuck off. Sometimes I feel as though I should have dignity and write poems and raise money for charity an' all that... Be a symbol for other people to look up to. But why should I? What has anybody ever done for me? Look at you, you're pathetic stood there not wanting to say anything in case you hurt my feelings. Making excuses for me. 'It's her condition... It's understandable...

She's just a bit down.' Well don't patronise me. Tell me to fuck off. Slap me. Go on. (she pushes Maxine) Go on. (she pushes her again) Go on, do something.

Monologue 2 (M - Richard Hannay from "The 39 Steps" Alfred Hitchcock/John Buchan adpt. by Patrick Barlow)

Context: This monologue is the opening of the play in which posh colonial brit Richard Hannay explains his depressing life to the audience and how he yearns once again for adventure.

Hannay: London. 1935. August. I'd been back three months in the old country and frankly wondering why. The weather made me liverish, no exercise to speak of and the talk of the ordinary Englishman made me sick. I'd had enough to restaurants and parties and race meetings. No pay to go about with – which probably explains things. Hoppy Byng lost in the Canadian Treasury, Tommy Deloraine married off to a blonde heiress in Chicago, Chips Carruthers eaten by crocodiles in the Limpopo. Leave me. Richard Hannay. Thirty-seven years old, sound in wind and limb. Back home. Which was no home at all if you want to know. Just a dull little rented flat in West One. Portland Place actually. And I was bored. No more than bored. Tired. Tired of the world and tired of-life, to be honest. So I called my broker. He wasn't in. Dropped into my club. Full of old colonial buffers. Had a scotch and soda, picked up an evening paper, put it back. Full of elections and wars and rumours of wars. And I thought – who the bloody hell cares frankly? What does it all matter? What happens to anyone? What happens to me? No-one'd miss me. I wouldn't miss me. I could quite easily just – *(He takes a slug of scotch. Knocks it back)* And then I thought – wait a minute! Come on Hannay! Pull yourself together man! Find something to do, you bloody fool! Something mindless and trivial. Something utterly pointless. Something-*(he has a brainwave)* – I know! A West End show! That should do to trick!

Monologue 3 (M/F - Cosmo from "The Pitchfork Disney" by Philip Ridley)

Context: Cosmo is speaking to a stranger, Presley (who they call Mr. Chocolate) inside his flat. Cosmo is extremely confident and seeks to share their more shocking views with an unnerved Presley.

Cosmo: It's a ghost train, Mr Chocolate. People love it. Sitting there in the dark. Having the living daylight's scared out of them. Tell someone there's a photograph of a car crash in the newspaper and what's the first thing they do? Buy the fucking newspaper. They all say, 'Oh, I don't want to see it.' But you know what that means? 'I *do* want to see it.' You know what we should do? Televisé public executions. A Saturday-night fry-up of all the murderers, rapists, child-molester and homosexuals. What a show that would be. Have the biggest audience in the history of entertainment. And why? Because mankind has loved to watch stuff like that since mankind began. Public flogging, the Roman Coliseum, bear-baiting, torture, crucifixion, Bedlam, bull-fighting, hunting, snuff movies, the atom bomb. They're all part of the same thing. Man's need for the shivers. Afraid of blood, wanting blood. We all need our daily dose of disgust. That's all. Nothing incredible...You know what *is* incredible? How easy it is to stop living. Not to die, but to stop being alive. There's nothing incredible apart from that. No mystery. No magic. No dreams. No miracles. Nothing. Just freak accidents and freaks. Darwin got it all wrong, you see. Fitness has got nothing to do with it. It's survival of the sickest. That's all. You know why the ghost train is so popular? Because there are no ghosts. Once you've learnt that you can make a fortune.

Monologue 4 (F - Leah from "DNA" by Dennis Kelly)

Context: Leah is sitting in a field with her boyfriend Phil - who refuses to speak. Leah attempts to fill the awkward silence with small talk.

Leah: Apparently bonobos are our nearest relative. For years people thought they were chimpanzees, but they're not, they are completely different. Chimps are evil. They murder each other, did you know that? They kill and sometimes torture each other to find a better position within the social structure. A chimp'll just find itself on the outside of a group and before he knows what's happening it's being hounded to death by the others, sometimes for months. For years we've thought that chimps were our closest living relative, but now they saying it's the bonobos. Bonobos are the complete opposite of chimps. When a stranger bonobo approaches the pack, the other bonobos all come out and go 'Hello, mate. What you doing round here? Come and meet the family, we can eat some ants.' And if a bonobo damages its hand, whereas the chimps'll probably cast it out or bite its hand off, the bonobos will come over and look after it, and they'll all look sad because there's a bonobo feeling pain. I saw it on a program. Such sadness in those intelligent eyes. Empathy. That's what bonobos have. Amazing really, I mean they're exactly like chimps, but the tiniest change in their DNA ... The woman was

saying that if we'd discovered bonobos before chimps our understanding of ourselves would be very different.

Pause.

PHIL pulls out a bag of crisps.

You don't care, do you. I could be talking Chinese for all you care. How do you do if? You're amazing. You're unreal. I sometimes think you're not human. I sometimes think I wonder what you would do if I killed myself, right here in front of you. What would you do? What would you do, Phil?

No answer.

Phil, what would you do? Phil?

Monologue 5 (M/F - Viola from "Twelfth Night" by William Shakespeare)

Context: Viola has just been thrown a ring she doesn't recognise. This monologue shows her realising the love triangle she is caught up in.

Viola

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Monologue 6 (M - Edgar from "King Lear" by William Shakespeare)

Context: King Lear has just proclaimed Edgar banished from the realm. Edgar is on the run for his life and hatches a plan to keep himself alive.

Edgar

I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,

Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins: elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

- Ensure you have plain black clothing that allows you to move freely for practical lessons. Please note that shoes are not to be worn in practical spaces (unless they are specific indoor-only shoes), socks or bare feet are acceptable

- You will require a A4 Ring-binder folder. Pen & Lined A4 Paper/Notebook. Highlighter (for scripts).