



Audition Essentials

2017 MALE MONOLOGUES



'Strive for Excellence'

1. PUCK - 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' by William Shakespeare

PUCK

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

Note: This monologue is aimed at younger auditionees – applying for Year 6, 7 or 8

2. BOTTOM - 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' by William Shakespeare

BOTTOM

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince? Flute the bellows-mender? Snout the tinker? Starveling? God's my life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream.

3. BOY - 'Henry V' by William Shakespeare

BOY

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

4. LYSANDER - 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' by William Shakespeare

LYSANDER

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee..

Note: This monologue is for the younger auditionees- applying for Years 6, 7 or 8.

5. ROMEO - 'Romeo and Juliet' by William Shakespeare

ROMEO

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

6. CHARLIE - 'You're A Good Man Charlie Brown' by Clark Gesner

CHARLIE

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She'd probably laugh right in my face...it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment?...SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunchbag over his head.) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I

can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. (he removes his sack) Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with...only 2,863 to go. (BEAT)

Now remember what I said.

7. FRANCIS - 'One Man, Two Guvnors' by Richard Bean

FRANCIS

I've got two jobs, how did that happen? You got to concentrate ain't ya, with two jobs. Kaw! I can do it, long as I don't get confused. But I get confused easily. I don't get confused that easily. Yes I do. I'm my own worst enemy. Stop being negative. I'm not being negative. I'm being realistic. I'll screw it up. I always do. Who screws it up? You, you're the role model for village idiots everywhere. Me?! You're nothing without me. You're the cock up! Don't call me a cock up, you cock up! (*He slaps himself.*) You slapped me!? Yeah, I did. And I'm glad I did. (*He punches himself back.*) That hurt. Good. You started it. (*A fight breaks out, where he ends up on the floor.*)

8. GILBERT - 'Too Young For Ghosts' by Janis Balodis

GILBERT

We merely see things differently and place different importance on what we see. You charge from one thing to another and because you cover a lot of ground you think you have seen a lot. Consequently, you make no sense of what you see or how one thing is related to another. You want to see it all and yet see nothing. Others will come afterwards and be astounded at the things we missed. But still a moment. Notice this tree grows in the soil, that this beetle is found on this tree and the birds feed on its berries. Look deeper still. Open up the bird, split the tree, dig the soil. That way you can steal nature's secrets. You can learn so much just sitting here. Move fifty yards in any direction and everything is different. My world is what is within my field of vision. If I go to see what is there, I miss what is here. I build a picture of this clearing by putting together the little things that make it up. I build a picture of Australia by putting together the clearings. I am happy, but for the knowledge that I won't see it all. I can't cover the ground fast enough.

9. ROSENCRANTZ - 'Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead' by Tom Stoppard

ROSENCRANTZ

Do you ever think of yourself as actually dead, laying in a box with a lid on it? Nor do I really. Seems silly to be depressed by it. I mean, one thinks of it like being alive in a box. One keeps forgetting to take into account that fact that one is dead. Which should make all the difference. Shouldn't it? I mean, you'd never know you were in a box would you? It would be just like you're asleep in a box. Not that I'd like to sleep in a box mind you. Not without any air. You'd wake up dead for a start and then where would you be? In a box. That's the bit I don't like frankly. That's why I don't think of it. Because you'd be helpless wouldn't you? Stuffed in a box like that. I mean you'd be in there forever. Even taking into account that fact that you're dead, it isn't a pleasant thought. Especially if you're dead really. Ask yourself: if I asked you straight off I'm going to stuff you in this box right now- would you rather be alive or dead?

Naturally you'd prefer to be alive. Life in a box is better than no life at all. I expect. You'd have a chance at least. You could lay there thinking well, at least I'm not dead. In a minute somebody's going to bang on the lid and tell me to come out.

(makes knocking sound)

Hey you! Whatsyername! Come out of there!