



Melbourne High School

Monologues for Theatre Studies

Please choose **ONE** of the following five monologues to learn and perform at your audition.

Option 1.

The Most Frightening Wonderful Thing

by Gabriel Davis

(Monologist enters a restaurant. He is wearing climbing gear - looks like he came directly from a mountain. The woman he is speaking to, Barbara, is in the middle of a date)

I'm sorry to interrupt your date, Barbara. (to Date) Hi buddy, how's your date with my girlfriend going so far? Good? (In response to Barbara) I asked Trish. She told me you were here. (to Date) You don't mind if I sit down, do you? Thanks. (to Barb) Listen, honey...I can explain my absence for the last three months, really. I can. See. You're the most beautiful woman I have ever known. And that can be a little...scary. Look at this guy, he looks petrified. You know how three months ago, I kinda ran out on you at dinner? Of course you do. I wasn't being rude, I was being scared shitless. See, I wanted to, kinda tell you something extremely important. But I choked. Big time.

(beat)

I went home and, I cried, I wept uncontrollably, Barbara. Now that's not like me, I'm not a weeper. But there I am, reduced to whimpers, because I don't have the guts to tell you that I want you to ... so I turn on the TV, it happens there's this documentary about these guys who climbed Mount Everest. (to Date) Oh, you've seen it, buddy? (Back to Barb) So, I start thinking how brave these guys are, and why can't I be more like them.

(beat)

I mean those mountain men have stared death in the face, no way they would have been so anxious to ask if you ... See, then it occurred to me: I should climb Everest. If I climb Everest, little things like this, they'll be a cake walk. I know, I shoulda told you. But I just...went.

(beat)

The next thing I know, I'm trapped in a nylon tent at 25,000 ft. with a mountaineer named Gus. Winds over 100 mph are tossing grapefruit sized rocks and sheets of ice bigger than manhole covers though the air. All I can think about is you. I keep rehearsing this moment in my head, over and over...

(beat)

Every hour, Gus or I have to bundle up in our summit gear, crawl from the tent and shovel the snow into the screaming wind. If we don't, the snow will bury us, seal off the last bit of fresh air and slowly

asphyxiate us. I keep thinking of this moment, with you. And in my head, this moment, it's not getting any easier. Somehow Gus and I manage to survive. Four days and the storm passes. We continue to the summit. The highest point on earth.

(beat)

At the top, it's breathtaking. You can see what seems endlessly in every direction, and there's this sense of being a God. I even made Gus call me Zeus. Then, staring out over my kingdom, I had this incredible, life altering revelation: There is nothing on earth more frightening, than a beautiful woman.

(beat)

I have looked death in the face Barb. Just like those guys in the documentary. And I have to say. Looking you in the face. Asking you what I'm about to... It's still harder. Barb, Barbara my dear, my love. (takes a breath in) Here we go.

(beat)

Will you marry me?

Option 2.

The Fact Checker

by Gabriel Davis

I'm not the kind of guy who spends hundreds on a last minute flight back to New York, tears across town, then runs up six flights of stairs and knocks on my best friend's girlfriend's door in order to run off and elope with her based on one crazy, thoughtless, inexplicably romantic night.

So what am I doing here, Audrey? I'm not passionate. I'm a fact checker for Christ's sake. And the fact of me – being here – doesn't check out. It's nuts! Soul-mates? I don't believe in them. Never have. So how can I be yours? The fact is, you hardly know me! And I hardly know you!

Now, your boyfriend, I've known since kindergarten. Am I really willing to throw all those years of friendship away based on...what? Some feeling? Some intense, aching, gnawing, burning, torturing feeling that's telling me I must be with you or I'll die a slow and horrible death as my heart slowly breaks into a thousand pieces? No!

I mean, this is the kind of thing that only happens in the movies – and we're not in the movies. We're on McDougal Street, two blocks south of Bleecker – that's where we are. That is an indisputable geographical fact. A solid, rational, clear, black and white fact. And all the facts are pointing to one thing: we can't do this. All the facts say I shouldn't be here.

Because the fact is you are in a relationship. Because the fact is we just met yesterday. Because the fact is I'm not the kind of guy who falls in love. That's a fact. A cold hard fact. And facts are supposed to be true.

But the problem is...see...the problem is...despite every fact I can muster, there's something that still doesn't check out. Because the truth is despite all facts to the contrary...I still love you madly. And it just defies all reason. All morality. All sense. But I do. I love you madly. And it's not like me. And I don't want to. But I can't help it.

I'm yours, Audrey. Completely, totally, hopelessly, and utterly...yours..

Option 3.

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Act IV scene i)

By W Shakespeare

BOTTOM

(waking) 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.

It shall be called "Bottom's Dream" because it hath no bottom. And I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Option 4.

Death of a Salesman (Act i)

By A Miller

BIFF

No! Nobody's hanging himself, Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw — the sky. I saw the things that I love in this world.

The work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for?

Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be?

What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am!

Why can't I say that, Willy?

Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you!

I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you.

You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash can like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour, Willy I tried seven states and couldn't raise it. A buck an hour!

Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing home any prizes any more, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home!

Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop.

Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more.

I'm just what I am, that's all.

Option 5.

The Glass Menagerie.

By T Williams

TOM

What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother?

You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers?

You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that celotex interior?

With fluorescent tubes?

Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains than go back mornings.

But I go. For sixty five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever!

And you say self- self's all I ever think of. Why listen, if self is what I thought of Mother, I'd be where he is, GONE!

I'm going to the movies! I'm going to opium dens, yes, opium dens, Mother. I've joined the Hogan Gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun in a violin case.

I run a string of cat houses in the Valley.

They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield. I'm leading a double life: a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night, a dynamic czar of the underworld, Mother.

On occasion they call me El Diablo.

Oh I could tell you many things to make you sleepless.

My enemies plan to dynamite this place.

They're going to blow us all sky high some night.

I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you!

You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentleman callers.

You ugly, babbling old witch....