



Belvoir General Auditions 2023 Monologue Pack

Please prepare TWO monologues:

1. ONE monologue from this package of pieces. Please make your selection based on the material that feels most relevant to you and your artistry.
2. And ONE monologue of your own choice **no more than TWO MINUTES in length**. We advise that you select a monologue from theatre as opposed to screen. Please prepare one sentence that contextualises the piece for us.

HELENA – A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM by William Shakespeare

HELENA How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs dotting on Hermia's eyes
So I admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile holding no quantity
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt
So he dissolved and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain
To have his sight thither and back again.

ANTIGONE – ANTIGONE by Sophocles (Transl. Fitts and Fitzgerald.)

ANTIGONE Listen, Ismene:
 Creon buried our brother Eteocles
 With military honours, gave him a soldier's funeral,
 And it was right that he should; but Polyneices,
 Who fought as bravely and died as miserably --
 They say that Creon has sworn
 No one shall bury him, no one mourn for him,
 But this body must lie in the fields, a sweet treasure
 For carrion birds to find as they search for food.
 That is what they say, and our good Creon is coming here
 To announce it publicly; and the penalty —
 Stoning to death in the public square.
 There it is,
 And now you can prove what you are:
 A true sister, or a traitor to your family.

IRINA – THE THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov (Transl. R. Hingley.)

IRINA Tell me, why is it I'm so happy today? I feel as if I were sailing, with the wild, blue sky above me, and great white birds soaring about in the wind. Tell me why? Do you think--? This morning I woke up, got out of bed, washed – and suddenly I felt everything in this world was clear to me – I felt I knew how life had to be lived. Dearest Doctor, I know everything. We must toil, live by the sweat of the brow, whoever we are; that's the only way one can find the sense and purpose of life, happiness, joy. How wonderful to be a working man who rises at first light and breaks stones on the road, or a shepherd, or a teacher, or an engine driver on the railway... Lord, never mind being human even – better to be an ox, a simple horse, just so long as you can work – anything rather than a young lady who rises at noon, drinks her coffee in bed, then takes two hours to dress . . . oh that's so awful! You know how in the heat you long to drink the way I began longing to work. And if I don't start getting up early and working, then you must shut your heart to me, Dearest Doctor.

BERNADETTE – CURSED! by Kodie Bedford

BERNADETTE

I know what you'll say. Blame my childhood. Isn't that what they say? That the prime time for fast-tracking fuck-ups. But I can tell you right now it wasn't my childhood... I mean, sure, my earliest memories are visiting my mother in a mental institution but I can say with confidence that my childhood was completely normal.... Apart from the mental institution bit. There are many adult reasons why a person can be depressed. Mortgage stress for example. I don't have a mortgage but if I had one, particularly here in Sydney, I would be very depressed. And I don't have any prospects of buying a house because both of my parents live in public housing and I have no equity to borrow off. It's a relief really. So I guess my point is that I'm not depressed about mortgages and I really don't know why I had a breakdown at Louisa's Hawaiian themed thirtieth birthday in Surry Hills. It just came upon me. We could be talking about anything; all the pressures of modern day life. Climate change. Politics. Catholics. I'm not Catholic but I was raised as a Catholic and went to Catholic school. I wasn't molested or anything. Sorry, when you say to people you went to a Catholic school, you immediately have to assure them you weren't touched. And if you were, that's a conversation stopper. Not that there's anything wrong with that. I mean there IS something wrong with that. Shit. I'm sorry. Is that what I need to talk about in these sessions? Catholics? The non-touched variety of Catholics. Why Catholics? Well, Nan who raised us was as devout as they came. I'm talking rosary every night with my brother and sister. Praying for people - alcoholics, heathens, racists, Great Aunt Mildred who ticks all three boxes. But come to think of it, I don't think being a Catholic made me depressed. And it wasn't my childhood. Nan gave us a loving, sane, safe, somewhat Catholic (non-touched) childhood! Good country living.

ADELE – BROTHERS WRECK by Jada Alberts

ADELE There's this spot the boys used to fish at. Jarrod, Rue and Joe.

Couple of years back they rescued this tinny from the dump. It sat on the front lawn busted and full of holes so long, they nicknamed it 'The Front Yard Challenge.' Eventually they patched the holes. Joey found an old motor, Jarrod fixed it. Ruben would watch the moon and tides and they'd fish all the time, the 3 of them. All night and all day if they could.

They found this spot on the harbour with 3 sunken ships all in a clump. Brothers Wreck they named it, best spot on the harbour. Place is teeming with fish, get the salmon schools coming in on a high, couple of barra if you're lucky.

Beat.

Since Joey's gone it's like... I can't help but think we'll all end up down there, sunk. At the bottom of the ocean, clumped together.

Pause.

Maybe you can't talk about it, patient confidentiality or whatever, that's ok, I just. I just want to know if he's moving, not sinking.

DEIRDRE – NEVER CLOSER by Grace Chapple

DEIRDRE Alright, I've got one. When I was little, I sometimes used to see people that others couldn't see. Usually I'd just see them briefly, like an old farmer walking past the front gate, or a wee girl splashing in puddles as we drive by. But there was this one figure I'd see again and again; a woman, standing perfectly still by the river, right over there. She'd stand and just... stare, out across the way. I'd see her down here every now and then from inside the house, you know, through that bay window at the top of the stairs? But the weird part is, if ever I came outside to look for her, she'd be gone.

I told myself she was just one of the mad McGintys or something, playing tricks like? I tried pointing her out to mammy once or twice, but I swear, she couldn't see her. Honestly you can ask. Said I was making up stories.

Christ, shut UP, I'm getting there! So then, one day Manus and I are playing down by the burn over there, catching tadpoles or something... did I never tell you this?

I fell in. Manus says I lost my footing, but if I know the bastard, he pushed me. There'd been a storm the day before, so the current was fierce strong – no, I'm not exaggerating! I can't swim anyway so I was like, you know, well fucked. The currents pulling me down and I am, swear to God, a hair's breadth from dying, when all of a sudden, I'm being dragged out again. So then I'm lying there, waiting for Manus to start laughing at me, but when I look up, he's not there. He'd run back to the house for help. Nearly shat his pants apparently. Fact is, there was nobody there at all. But you wanna know where I was laying? The exactly spot where I've been seeing her stand for years. The ghost.

A – SCENES FROM THE CLIMATE ERA by David Finnigan

The sound of a croaking frog.

A He started calling out this morning. I didn't know what it was, to begin with. It's been more than a decade and he hasn't made a sound. And then this morning he just... called out.

This shipping container has been converted into a little frog habitat. And just one frog lives here. One silver fringe-limbed tree frog. And there's me, every day, keeping vigil.

When an animal species goes extinct, we call the last survivor an endling. The silver fringe-limbed tree frog, we barely knew it existed before it went extinct in the wild. The species had just been given a scientific name in 2014. And then, a fungal infection wiped out the entire population in Central America. We managed to save seven individuals and brought them back here. One by one, they all passed away.

Now there's only one left. My nephew named him Smiley. And now I sit with him and keep him clean and fed. And there's not much else I can do. Except wait.

These creatures, they're not coming back. They've been on the planet for millions of years, and soon they'll be gone forever. Whatever else we do, we can't undo that.

Sometimes I feel like we've turned the whole earth into a hospice. It's too late to save these creatures. The best we can do is make them as comfortable as possible on their way out of the world.

So maybe caring is like a final act of contrition?

I've been looking after Smiley for more than a decade. And in that entire time, he's never made a sound. Until now.

He's calling for a mate. And on this entire planet, there isn't a mate for him.

GARY – SLAVE PLAY by Jeremy O. Harris

GARY She said speak from aggression.
 And I've expelled
 All of it.
 I'm done.
 To speak to you from aggression would mean to speak to you like I care.
 And I don't.
 I don't give a fuck anymore.
 I don't even know if I like you.
 I just know that whatever love I have for you is the only reason I'm even talking to
 you right now.
 Because I just want to crawl into myself and disappear for a good little while.
 I feel stupid.
 "I refuse to dignify that."
 How dare you?
 "I refuse to dignify that."
 I'm so fucking stupid.
 So fucking
 Stupid.
 For almost a decade I've given myself over to someone who doesn't dignify me who
 acts like he's the prize and I'm the lucky recipient.
 No motherfucker I'm the prize.
 Always have been, always will be.
 Somehow I forgot that.
 Or I never knew that.
 How could I?
 Got so wrapped in you
 That I forgot myself because when someone presents themselves as a prize you
 receive them as one.
 And when we met nobody but my mama had ever told me I was a prize.
 And nobody had ever thought I deserved to receive one.
 But then one day there you were on the train.
 Your little beige belly poking out and your eyes staring at me from behind a script
 like you were saying:
 "This is a gift just for you if you're willing to take it."
 And I did.
 And I loved it.
 Because we were babies
 And receiving your gift felt like a type of reciprocation like you were receiving me as
 a gift too.
 But you weren't.
 You never did.

RUBEN – RUBEN GUTHRIE by Brendan Cowell

Ruben

School school school school school.

Fuck, um – well my parents sent me to a boarding school. I mean how hard is it to have one kid asleep at night in your house how hard is it but no . . . boarding *school!*

Look, I gotta say I wasn't like 'this' at boarding school, I didn't like getting smashed on rocket fuel and talking about vaginas, honestly I had no interest in Alcohol at all.

I spent my money on magazines and electronics – fashion mostly. By the time I reached Year Eight I had fifteen pairs of jeans.

So of course the rugby guys and the rowing guys and the wrestling guys would come in at night and they'd pin me down and get it out of their system – the rage.

'Nice shoes faggot – you got mousse in your hair let's put mousse in his anus!'

I'd be flipping through MAD magazine and just put the thing down and take it.

Fine.

But then this guy called Corey joined our school, and suddenly all that stopped.

Corey was older than me, bigger than me and a whole lot cooler than me. He drove a black Suzuki Vitara had five earrings and the word 'Fuck' tattooed inside his lip. My

mum was always saying 'bring Corey with you on the weekend' and she'd go all flushed and wear low-cut tops in the kitchen.

To this day I don't know why he chose me but he did.

FREDDY - CROOKED PARTS by Azure D. Osbourne-Lee

FREDDY I had an idea before then, I guess. But on this trip ... something shifted for me. We were on the BART, Terrence and me, after this long-ass flight from New York to San Francisco. I get on the train, and it's like I'm in shock. Like I can't trust my senses. There's trees and mountains and this super-fresh air, and my body just can't take it all in. Spending too long in New York City will do that to you, I guess. So we were there on that train and I -finally start to relax. I have a vision. I see two paths open up before me, two possibilities of the future. One is Winifred and the other is Freddy. I see her, Winifred, twenty years in the future, working hard as ever and making a real difference healing her community. But she looks so serious, so full of responsibility. There's no joy in her face or in her body, at least not that I can see. She is in her home all alone. After all her clients left at the end of the day, there is nobody there with her. No lovers. No children. Nobody. Just her sitting in silence. Then I see him. Freddy. I see him twenty years in the future, wearing vibrant colors and smiling brightly. He's laughing! And I know that he, too, has community. And he's doing the work. Of course he is! But he's joyful. He's at ease. And he's having great sex. I can just tell from the way he holds his shoulders. He has opened up and he has somebody waiting for him. So I decided that's what I wanted for myself. I decided it was worth the risk. I guess ... that's when I knew for sure.

HENRY - HENRY IV by William Shakespeare

PRINCE HENRY

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

BREYTHE - CITY OF GOLD by Meyne Wyatt

BREYTHE That ain't gonna fly ... Because the out-of-Africa theory, which is highly regarded and respected in western culture, ain't so much in the blackfulla community. We believe we come from this land and this land only. Just because you believe it, don't mean we do. You boat people. Not us. I get we're here to change the hearts and minds on the asylum seeker issue, I love and respect that. And I get it's an ad, we're s'posed to have a laugh, and the lamb is the star of the show but the symbolism here's so outta touch with reality. So, seeing we're making changes to the script on the fly, I've got some suggestions of my own ... No canoe. I'm already here. And when everyone else arrives as their dignified selves, I say 'You're welcome'. Because I'm not about to throw my people under the bus for some plate of fucking lamb ... I don't care if you're running out of time! That's not my problem!

I'm cleaning this mess. If I let this ad go up like this, I'm gonna be selling my soul ... None of this was in the script. Now I have to be some cultural consultant! Where's my fee for that? All fine and dandy for this mob to sit there and write it, but it's my head in the ad, not theirs. I'm the one who's gonna get slaughtered for it. It's just some bullshit spin to push their bullshit agenda ... And no other blackfulla is standing up to do it! So I have to speak up. You should too.

BIFF - DEATH OF A SALESMAN by Arthur Miller

BIFF

Now hear this, Willy, this is me. You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was jailed. I stole myself out of every good job since high school. And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! It's goddamn time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! 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 the world. The work and the food and the 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. Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phoney dream and burn it before something happens

LORENZO - LOVE by Patricia Cornelius

LORENZO The moment I saw you I thought, you are beautiful, really beautiful, so beautiful, and small. Beautiful and small. I loved you. I saw you and I couldn't keep my hands off you. Wanted to touch you, pick you up, feel your beautiful little body in my hands. Something about how little you were, how I could hold you, how I could lift you right off the ground, made me feel a big man. And a good man, a really good man. I wanted to look after you. Never wanted that before.

He looks at Annie.

Now look at you. Fuck. Look at you, you're 19 and you look like an old crow. Fuck. Look at you. You used to have some pride in the way you looked, dressed up you look beautiful. It felt good to be seen with you. Like, feast your eyes on this, and she's mine. Now who wants you, looking the way you look, who'd come near you? You're a slag, an old rag. Get up. Fucking get up would you, you fucking useless scrag. Get up! I'm sick of you, you fucking lazy bitch. I said get up . . . What did you say to me?

CHRIS – SWEAT by Lynn Nottage

CHRIS

He had tats on his face. Big fucking tats. He looked ridiculous. I had to deal with that bullshit inside. You know, Aryan Brotherhood. But, Jason...that shit surprised me. He looked old, like a man. Like his dad used to, before he died. It kinda freaked me out... I dunno. A couple minutes, and your whole life changes, that's it. It's gone. Every day I think about what if I hadn't...You know...I run it and run it, a tape over and over again. What if. What if. What if. All night. In my head. I can't turn it off. Reverend Duckett said, "Lean on God for forgiveness. Lean on God to find your way through the terrible storm." I'm leaning into the wind, I'm fuckin' leaning...And.

(A moment)

And then there's Jason. Crossing Penn, you know, and I'm just chilling, looking in the window of Sneaker Villa, not thinking about anything. He sees me. I see him. Neither of us could...um, move for a second. We...it was...I've been thinking about what I would do in that moment. How I would react, what I would say. I mean...fuck it. What we did was unforgivable...Next thing I know I'm walking fast toward him, I don't know what I'm gonna do. But the emotions are right there in my chest. A fist pressing right there. Pressing. And I keep walking. And I'm expecting him to walk away, do something, but he just stands there like he's been waiting on me all these years. And...we come face to face. Like right there. I can smell his breath, that's how close we are. I can see the fucking veins in his eyes. And my fists clench. My fingernails dig into the palms of my hands and then it just happens...weird...We're hugging. Hugging. I don't know why. And for the first time in eight years, I feel like I could go home.