

## **Laine Theatre Arts Audition Monologues Entry 2027**

- It is important to remember that a range of people audition, so not all speeches will be suitable to all.
- It is also important to know that you can choose any speech and shouldn't be restricted by gender.
- We suggest you research the material to achieve a context of the extracted monologue.

### **1. Many Moons**

**By Alice Birch**

**JUNIPER:**

I am Looking for Love. I am Actively, looking for Love. You know those traffic light parties where you wear red if you're not available, amber if you might be and green if you absolutely are? Well I'm on green. Constantly.

I sometimes think my Heart will fall Out of my ribcage and land at my feet, the pace at which it beats.

I like a lot of things – I *love* a lot of things. I get excited pretty easily about food and friends and parties and events and the weather and just hanging out.

I like Facebook a lot – I have it as an app on my iPhone which I sort of hate, because I like to think of myself as quite an arty kind of person – a bit of a free spirit, even, which is so cheesy but if you knew me you wouldn't think it was so bleugh, you know? I'm a bit cartwheely, a bit sort of out there, you know? I sometimes just get on a train to wherever without buying a ticket and just chat away to whoever I'm next to.

I'd say I was a feminist – but probably not in front of a boyfriend. I want to do a bit more, maybe volunteer – there's a shelter not far from me for women and I think I'd be good at that because I am very good at empathising with people. Really. I cry at everything. There was a single mum on *X Factor* with really low self esteem and she had a beautiful voice – a pretty good voice actually – she had a voice – and I just sobbed because I really *felt* for her, you know?

## 2. DANCE NATION

By Clare Barron

ASHLEE:

I think I might be frickin' gorgeous

I have a pretty face

I have a really nice face, I think I really like my face

So I feel really lucky

I feel really blessed or whatever Let's just admit it

I'm a frickin' catch

I walk down the street and I feel everybody looking at me, you know

I'm not trying to brag

I'm serious. I promise. I'm not

I'm just trying to figure this out

I'm just trying to be real for a moment

I think it's important to be real about things like this like sometimes people post pictures online

And all of their friends are like

Whoa. Gorgeous

Look at you girl. You could be a model. KaBOOM!!!! Why do people lie to people like that?

I'm serious

I don't get it

Just say: That's a great picture of you! You look great!

Not: "You're gorgeous"

Not: "KaBOOM"

It's like what exploded? Nothing exploded.

I don't see anything explosive about that picture.

### **3. THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHTTIME**

**By Simon Stephens**

CHRISTOPHER:

To be a good astronaut you have to be intelligent and I'm intelligent. You also have to understand how machines work and I'm good at understanding how machines work. You also have to be someone who would like being on their own in a tiny spacecraft thousands and thousands of miles away from the surface of the earth and not panic or get claustrophobia or homesick or insane. And I really like little spaces so long as there is no one else in them with me. Sometimes when I want to be on my own I get into the airing cupboard and slide in beside the boiler and pull the door closed behind me and sit there and think for hours and it makes me feel very calm. So I would have to be an astronaut on my own or have my own part of the spacecraft that no one else could come into. And also there are no yellow things or brown things in a spacecraft so that would be OK, too. And I would have to talk to other people from Mission Control, but we would do that through a radio link-up and a TV monitor so it wouldn't be like real people who are strangers but it would be like playing a computer game. Also I wouldn't be homesick at all because I'd be surrounded by lots of things I like, which are machines and computers and outer space. And I would be able to look out of a little window in the spacecraft and know that there was no one else near me for thousands and thousands of miles.

#### 4. Blue Stockings

By Jessica Swale

TESS:

There was a girl at home. Lived at the parsonage.

Annabel. She'd spend a whole afternoon sewing a ribbon onto a bonnet, and she'd be content. Why wasn't that enough for me, Celia? You know, I'd climb the roof of Will's classroom just to listen. Once I lost my footing and they found me hanging by my underskirt, but I wouldn't let go of my notebook. I should have fallen and cracked my skull right then and there, I'd have been better off.

But no. I was stubborn. Forfeit any hope of reputation, of a good match, wreck Mother's nerves with worry, all for this, to be here. And then I meet a boy. A poet. A poet! In a library. And I fall for him like a rock. And suddenly I can't think because my mind is full of him. I read Keats and hear his voice. I look at Vermeer and there he is, in oils. And I love him with every thought and bone and sinew. And then he buys a ring. But it's not for me. And now. What am I now? He's caved out my heart, Celia. What do I do?

**5. YOLO**

**By Matthew Bulgo**

LUCY:

I don't know what to say.

I don't know what you want me to say, Jack.

I can't believe - am I going red, I'm going red aren't I, I can feel it.

Well, are you going to say anything?

Jack - are you just going to sit there staring at your hands or what?

Couldn't you have even thought of a better place to meet?

Starbucks. I hate Starbucks. Their coffee's shit.

Nothing? Nothing you want to say?

Well, I think I can figure it out for myself - I go away for the weekend and when I get back you break up with me - doesn't exactly take a rocket scientist, does it? I mean, how dumb do you think I am?

It was Thursday night, wasn't it? Results night - it was, wasn't it?

Something happened at that party. I know it did because Johnno told me so what was it? Ha!

As soon as my back was turned. You are lower than a snake's arse, you really are, you know that?

Well, it wouldn't be Nat or Tash. They wouldn't touch you with a bargepole.

Can't be Lydia. Oh, my god. Who was it? Was it Molly?!

You know she's head over heels for Johnno!

## 6. PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS

By Duncan MacMillan

EMMA:

I find reality pretty difficult. I find the business of getting out of bed and getting on with the day really hard. I find picking up my phone to be a mammoth struggle. The number on my inbox. The friends who won't see me anymore. The food pictures, the moral ambivalence you have to have to just be able to carry on with your day. I find the knowledge that we're all just atoms and one day will just stop and be dirt in the ground, I find that overwhelmingly disappointing.

And I wish I could feel otherwise. I wish I could be like you. Or my mother. To feel that some things are predetermined and meaningful and that we're somewhere on a track between the start and finish lines.

But I can't because I care about what's true, what's actually verifiably true. You're able to forfeit rationality for a comforting untruth so how are you supposed to help me? You're looking at the world through such a tight filter you're barely living in it. You're barely alive.

## 7. BOYS

By Ella Hickson (UK)

SOPHIE:

Do you; have you ever actually felt any — guilt? Because it's come as a bit of a surprise that um, that - you, one. I don't, can't actually feel it. Like I can't get my body to do it, on its own, it's not something I can generate somehow, like, I - I find myself having to actually summon it, trying to encourage myself, to summon it and even then I can't do it, really, I can't feel it. I thought it might be shock at first and then - grief or but I think I might not feel it. I can't. I don't. All I can feel is total joy, total - peace. I look at you and I sometimes actually make myself think of him, I force him into my head and I don't feel guilty. What does that mean? What kind of person does that make me? (Pause.) Hm? Sometimes I think it's because - what we have is love, meant to be. (Laughs.) That we love each other, yes, Mack, that is what I sometimes think. Is that ridiculous? And sometimes I even think that that love is so important that it is bigger, or equal to - what he did. That they are just two feelings, one is love and the other is despair and both just have an action. And that those actions are different but that somehow they are equal - does that make me monster? I sat at his funeral looking at his parents and Benny but all I could think of, all I could feel - was you.

But then I look at you and I wonder if it's actually there. I wonder if I added up the amount of minutes, hours, days I have spent thinking about you, the amount of longing I have done - if I added that up and weighed it against anything you have ever actually said... and - (Pause.)

But then you do the smallest thing you make me a cup of tea when I don't ask, or you touch my hand really lightly in a room full of people and I think no, Sophie, don't laugh- don't laugh because it's real and it's so much more real because it's unsaid and unspoken and un - un - un — it's so much more real because I can't touch it, because we can't say it and I can't see it, it's so much more real because I don't know if it's there.

Please say something.

Please.

## 8. CHEWING GUM DREAMS

By Michaela Coel

TRACEY:

His lips are thin, and soft, and very pink and one time we kissed for eight minutes, I know coz we started kissing when Craig David's album was on, and it was like Walking Away, which is three minutes 27 seconds and then we kept kissing after that when Time to Party came on which is like four minutes and six seconds so all together that's like eight minutes. Eight minutes.

If I look at him for more than like six seconds he starts squinting – he's not going blind or anything coz they sort of get bigger at the same time, sort of like – I think it's coz he really likes the way my face is. He says I'm like a little firecracker and he's like... I dunno, someone smart.

He's not like those boys that take you cinema just so they can kiss you in the dark, we walk outside holding hands. And he likes the way my face is.

Right now I am looking at the sea for the first time in my life. He blindfolded me and took me all the way to a beach.

I've never seen so much water before, and it's not the water it's just, I've never seen anything like this in the whole course of my life.

"Where are we?"

"Margate"

"Mah... Gate..."

I don't actually know where Margate is but I'm guessing it must be like... past Enfield coz we ain't got anything like this in my borough or in any of the neighbouring boroughs I'm sure.

"Gosh, it goes back for ages. It goes so far, it joins with the sky."

I feel like crying, but not from sadness. "Thank you."

## 9. LUNGS

**By Duncan MacMillan**

W:

Look. Alright. Listen, you have to understand, alright, I'm thinking out loud here so please just let me talk, just let me think it through out loud. Please, alright, don't just jump in if I say something wrong or stupid, just let me think, okay. Because I've always wanted – alright – and I'm talking in the abstract, I've always wanted, I've always had a sense or an idea of myself, always defined myself, okay, as a person who would. That my purpose in life, that my function on this planet would be to. And not that I ever thought about it like that. It's only now because you're asking – or not asking but mentioning. Starting the conversation. Only because of that, that I'm now even thinking about it. But it's always been sort of a given for me, an assumption ever since I was a little girl playing with dolls. I mean long, long before I met you. It's never been what I guess it should be which is an extension of, an expression of, you know, love or whatever. A coming together of two people. It's always been this, alright – and this will sound stupid and naive. But it's always been an image, I guess, of myself with a bump and glowing in that motherly – or pushing a pram or a cot, or a mobile above it or singing to it. Reading Beatrix Potter or Dr Seuss. I don't care, never cared about it being a boy or a girl. Just small and soft and adorable and with that milky head smell and the tiny socks and giggles and, yes, vomit even. It's all part of it. Looking after it. Caring for it. That's, I think, the impulse. And there's always been a father in the picture but sort of a blurring background generic man. I'm sorry, it's just this picture of my life I've always had since I was able to think and I've never questioned it. Never.

## 10. BULL

By Mike Bartlett

ISOBEL:

When she hears you're out of work, her low estimation of you will drop even further. It will. I promise. She won't be surprised. She won't be like "oh my god he lost his job!" – she'll be like "of course he lost his job, the idiot. Good job I got out when I could. Wouldn't want Harry to see too much of him though. Better not let Harry grow up into this distorted image of his drip of a father." I expect that's what she'll think.

It's tough isn't it? Life. Is it a lot more difficult than what you'd thought it would be? I mean, I'm sure you thought it was going to be difficult but that through sheer hard work and practice and training and inspiration – and in your case perspiration – that you would come through and in the end succeed. Because you thought, y'know, in this country at least, it was, at the end of the day, a meritocracy. And that fair play and honest, transparent work behaviour would be rewarded in the end. That bad people like me would fall by the wayside. And good people like you would triumph. Is that what you thought? Oops.

## 11. JUMPERS FOR GOALPOSTS

By Tom Wells

LUKE:

Sorry this has thrown me a bit. I mean I was already, got my top and I was like: oh my god I'm actually on a team. With a nickname. That's like appropriate. Cos it's. Not really had one before, normally just, people in the past just went for sort of, Bender, whatever. But: a snog! That is, even better. Honestly. And it's, yeah.

First one, actually. I know: pathetic, like I'm all, but. I'm from Patrington, work in a library it's. Slim pickings, if I'm honest. Cos, can't snog a book, can you? My Mum said that. Well she said you can but, they don't snog back. Which is actually just, you know. The truth. Thing is: you know what it's, like you grow up, wait all these years and, I dunno, feel like I've watched everyone else just, people, other people, doing all the sort of proper rank squelchy teenage stuff. Not - I didn't watch watch but, they weren't sort of, you couldn't miss it. Always someone getting, getting pregnant.

Year Nine: everyone got glandular fever. Not me. Felt like a right leper.

But then you can't really join in can you? Can't really... Cos at the same time they're all going: that's gay, everything's gay and. Teachers even, ones who try and be bloody, whatever, cool they're all like: algebra, how gay is that? And what they mean is: that's a piece of shit, that's.

So I never really wanted to go sort of: oh I'm that too. Thought, best just, hang on a bit. But then you sort of, you've hung on a bit long and now it's weird, missed the boat, I dunno. Sort of, given.

But, apparently not. Apparently you can just, get a job in the library, wait three years, suddenly there's like this, yeah, this bloody, fit lad.

Borrowing a book. And at first you're thinking no way but then, I dunno.

Keeps coming back and. Working and. Cos that's the thing about libraries isn't it? They're sort of, people forget but, they're sort of for lonely people. So, yeah, just the thought you were in there made me a bit like: maybe. But I was. To be honest I was sort of hoping when, if the time came I'd play it, play it cool but. But I wasn't expecting, so. Tonight so. So I suppose I haven't. In the end.

## 12. ME AS A PENGUIN

By Tom Wells

STITCH:

I had a good think last night. While I was projectile vomiting. And I decided, perhaps the gay scene of Hull isn't for me. It's the vodka, I think. Among other things. Honestly.

I looked deep inside myself. And I just found: wool. I'm not a great one for nightclubs, not a party animal. Can't imagine I ever will be. I don't even like sex that much, to be honest.

Rather have a good yoghurt. I think the best thing I can hope to do with my life is. Knitting.

I like hanging round with old ladies in experimental cardigans. They're nice. Kind. I fit in. Think they've even twigged about, you know. Always speak very highly of Dale Winton when I'm around, so. Perhaps I'd better just. Do that. For a bit.

Took myself down to the beach one afternoon. Sat in the shingle, looking for fossils. Didn't find much. Half a devil's toenail. Bit off an ammonite's shell. A tampon. Then I watched the waves for a bit. They've got a rhythm, you know. Sort of: inviting. I thought: I could just keep sitting

here, let it wash round me, like arms. No one'd know. Then I thought: actually. Looks a bit cold.

Went home and watched Countdown. It's not the same without Carol Vorderman but still.

Better than. You know.

### 13. CHATROOM

By Enda Walsh

JIM:

Me and my dad are sat at the kitchen table looking at each other. Like we're looking at each other for the first time, you know.

He asks me what I want to do and straight away I say I want to go and see the penguins in the zoo. When I was six I was going through some mad penguin obsession. I used to dress up as a penguin at dinner times and always ask for fish fingers, stuff like that. If it wasn't penguins it was cowboys. Cowboys were cool. A penguin costumed as a cowboy was always a step too far, funnily enough.

So we go to the zoo and I wear my cowboy outfit, get my gun and holster, my hat and all that. We get the bus and it's sort of funny to see my dad on a bus and away from the house. We start to have this chat about when I was born and what a really fat baby I was, but how after a week or so I stopped eating any food and everyone was very worried. That he was very worried. That he was so happy when I got better and they could take me home.

We're in the zoo and I go straight to the penguins. Standing in my cowboy gear... looking at the penguins... having such a great chat to my dad on the bus... it was a perfect childhood day. He lets go of my hand and says he'll be back with my choc-ice. And he goes. He's gone. I'm happy looking at the penguins but it's an hour since he's left and I go to look for him. I'm walking about the zoo and I'm not worried yet. And I don't talk to anyone.

I leave the zoo and I go to the bus stop we got off at earlier. I get on the bus. I tell the driver my address. He asks where my parents are and I say they're at home waiting for me.

I get the key from under the mat and open the door and go inside the house. And I'm alone there. I take off my cowboy clothes and hang up my hat and holster. It being Saturday night I have a bath and get into my pyjamas because my dad would have liked that. I have a glass of milk and some biscuits and watch Stars in Their Eyes 'cause that was his favourite programme on the telly. It's getting dark outside and I start to worry. The house is feeling too big so I get my quilt and take it into the bathroom and lock the bathroom door and it feels safer with the door locked so I stay in there.

And he's not coming back. He's never coming back.

#### 14. KISS ME LIKE YOU MEAN IT

By Chris Chibnall

TONY:

Listen... I need to... Um... say... I mean... I know we only met earlier... And I know I nearly set you on fire... And we're both going out with other people. Obviously that's quite tricky.

But... Well... You are the most beautiful woman I have ever laid eyes on in my entire life. I saw you and my heart leapt. You make me want to change my life. To... participate.

I know it's not possible and that you have a boyfriend and we're not compatible or whatever but... I just... I know it's stupid... But maybe just hear me out for a second and then you can tell me I'm an idiot and we'll both go back in and pretend this never happened but...

I want to travel the world with you. I want to bring the ice cold Amstel to your Greek shore. And sit in silence and sip with you.

I want to go to Tesco's with you on a Sunday. Watch you sleep, scrub your back, suck your toes. I want to write crap poetry about you, lay my coat over puddles for you. I want to get drunk and bore my friends about you, I want them to phone up and moan about how little they see me because I'm spending so much time with you.

I want to feel the tingle of our lips meeting, the lock of our eyes joining, the fizz of our fingertips touching. I want to touch your fat tummy and tell you you look gorgeous in maternity dresses, I want to stand next to you wide-eyed and hold my nose as we open that first used nappy, I want to watch you grow old and love you more and more each day.

I want to fall in love with you. I think I could. And I think it would be good. And I want you to say yes. You might feel the same. Could you? Maybe?

## 15. BRITANNIA WAVES THE RULES

By Gareth Farr

SOLDIER:

Do you know why I joined the Army sir? I.../ I joined the Army because I couldn't get a job on civy street, couldn't get one, didn't want one. I didn't want to get stuck in a down, brown, empty old town, I didn't want to be working for the weekend and wasting the week. I wanted more.

More for me please sir, more. So I signed up. You said I'd do well, you said I'd see the world.

Who were you talking to sir? You didn't have a clue did you? Just a face, a nameless no one,

with fire in his eyes and two strong legs. I bit your hand off didn't I sir? Because I'd 'do well,' I'd

'see the world.' All you needed to do then was chuck in a bit of national pride and I'd be the

perfect clockwork soldier. Rule Britannia, Cruel Britannia, show me how to fool Britannia. I've

seen it all sir, Kenya, Germany, Afghanistan sir. Yes sir! It's true sir. You did show me the world

sir. I saw a gay bloke get kicked to death in Hamburg. I saw a soldier walk away from a dying

child and I've seen grenades and bullets blow the arse out of men, more than men. Join up,

keep up, put and shut up! No more sir! It's not tanks and ranks and firing blanks! It's live rounds

and paid in pounds. Sterling. Rule Britannia? It's bull. Britannia waives the rules and I think you

know it sir.

**16. CONSENSUAL**

**By Evan Placey**

FREDDIE:

My dad died.

A week ago. Finally drank himself to death.

You see he says, swear to god, I love you, son. I know I was never very good at sayin' it. Maybe cos my dad never said it to me, so was too scared to.

But I love you.

Jake. I love you, Jake. Not like that brother of yours. I tried, god knows I tried. But the thing with Freddie is he wants it too much. You can smell it when he walks into a room. He just so desperately wants to be loved that I couldn't stand to look at him. Like one of them manky wet foxes you'd find by the bins, staring up at you, longing in their eyes. Just makes you want to kick the wind out of them.

(Pause.)

Dad was right. People can smell it on me. The fellas at work always taking the mick cos they know I'll take it. My last girlfriend who told me I was too needy.

So how did you know?

How did you, why did you choose me?

## 17. DEPOSIT

By Matt Hartley

BEN:

Why am I acting like such an idiot?! This is not being an idiot, this is about expressing a massive amount of resentment about how you've intruded, broken our privacy with a –Yes, yes with a clothes horse. And yes, a clothes horse probably shouldn't get on my nerves but it does. I mean, it really does.

I've just, well, I've found the last few days rather depressing. Stevenage. Bloody Stevenage. Well, it's not Stevenage per se. Places like that, Aldershot, Crawley, you know those places you normally go by on a high-speed train and don't understand why anyone would want to get off there?

Oh god, the look of them. Flat. Spawning identikit houses for miles. Culturally bereft. Geographically insipid. It's like, come on, take the hint, even God hates you!

And the people who live there become zombies. That's what my brother has become. And my brother, I can't say it really in any other way, is, was kind of my hero. He played drums in a band and, and years ago when I was sixteen, I visited him when he first moved here and he took me out and sneaked me into clubs and I got really drunk.

And this sounds really crap, I know, but I held him up on such a pedestal and now, now he desperately wants to but can't afford a house with space for his two kids anywhere close to what we'd call London.

So he moved out to Stevenage and he lives in a house that looks like a piece of Lego. And he just looks so sad. And he knows he does. And he can't do anything to change that. So he's become cruel and decided to take it out on me by saying that the same thing will happen to me.

And the truth is beyond all that cruelty he is a hundred per cent right. One hundred percent.