

## AUDITION MONOLOGUES:

Please prepare all monologues for the Character which you are auditioning.

**Mrs. Clackett** (*flustered*). It's no good you going on. I can't open sardines and answer the phone. I've only got one pair of feet. Hello.... Yes, but there's no one here, love.... No, Mr. Brent's not here...He lives here, yes, but he don't live here now because he lives in Spain... Mr. Philip Brent, that's right.... The one who writes the plays, that's him, only now he writes them in Spain... No, she's in Spain, too, they're all in Spain, there's no one here... Am I in Spain? No, I'm not in Spain, dear. I look after the house for him, but I go home at one o'clock on Wednesday, only I've got a nice plate of sardines to put my feet up with, because it's the royal what's-it's called on the telly -- the royal you know -- where's the paper, then? And if it's to do with letting the house then you'll have to ring the house-agents, because they're the agents for the house.... Squire, Squire, Hackham and who's the other one...? No, they're not in Spain, they're next to the phone in the study. Squire, Squire, Hackham, and hold on, I'll go and look. Always the same, isn't it. Soon as you take the weight off your feet, down it all comes on your head.

**Lloyd Dallas 01** (*unhappy*). Let me tell you something about my life. I have the Duke of Buckingham on the phone to me for an hour after rehearsal every evening complaining that the Duke of Gloucester is sucking boiled sweets through his speeches. The Duke of Clarence is off for the entire week doing a commercial for Madeira. Richard himself -- would you believe? Richard III? Has now gone down with a back problem. I keep getting messages from Brooke about how unhappy she is here, and now she's got herself a doctor's certificate for nervous exhaustion -- she's going to walk! I have no time to find or rehearse another Vicki. I have just one afternoon, while Richard is fitted for a surgical corset, to cure Brooke of nervous exhaustion, with no medical aids except a little whisky -- you've got the whisky? -- a few flowers -- you've got the money for the flowers? -- and a certain faded charm. So I haven't come to the theatre to hear about other people's problems. I've come to be taken out of myself, and preferably not put back again.

**Lloyd Dallas 02** (*mad*). Poppy! Bring the book! Is that the line, Poppy? "I don't understand why the Sheikh looks like Philip?" Can we consult the author's text, and make absolutely sure? (*Finds the line.*) "What's that, Dad?" Right. That's the line, Brooke, love. We all know you've worked in very classy places up in London where they let you make the play up as you go along, but we don't want that kind of thing here, do we. Not when the author has provided us with such a considered and polished line of his own. Not at one o'clock in the morning. Not two lines away from the end of Act One. Not when we're just about to get a tea break before we all drop dead of exhaustion. We merely want to hear the line. (*Suddenly puts his mouth next to her ear and shouts*) "What's that, Dad?" (*All patience and politeness again.*) That's all. Nothing else. I'm not being unreasonable, am I? (*Vicki runs off stage*) Exit? Does it say "exit"? Oh dear, now she's going to wash her lenses away.

**Tim Allgood** (*Over house mic*). Act one beginners, please. Your calls, Miss Otley, Miss Ashton, Mr. Lejeune, Mr. Fellowes, Miss Blair. Act one beginners, please. (*steps away from mic*) And maybe Act One beginners is what we'll get. Oh I hope, Dotty'll pull herself together now we've called Beginners. Now she knows she's got to be on stage in five minutes. Will she? Won't she? I don't know. We've only been on the road for a month! We've only got to Ashton-under-Lyne! What's it going to be like by the time we've got to Stockton-on-Tees? If only she'd speak! If only she'd unlock her dressing room door! (*has a scary thought*) But what if she won't go on? Of course, she will, won't she, I'm sure she will... but what if she doesn't. she will, she will... but if she didn't... I'd have five minutes to change. (*looks at watch*) Four Minutes! I'll have another go. Takes your mind off your own problems, anyway. (*running to dressing rooms*) Dotty!

**Selsdon Mowbray** (*Opening the front window*) No bars, no burglar alarms. They ought to be prosecuted for incitement. (*He climbs in.*) No, but sometimes it makes me want to sit down and weep. When I think I used to do banks! When I remember I used to do bullion vaults! What am I doing now? I'm breaking into paper bags! So what are they offering? (*He peers at the television.*) One microwave oven. (*He unplugs it and puts it on the sofa.*) What? Fifty quid? Hardly worth lifting it. (*He inspects the paintings and ornaments.*) Junk ... Junk ... If you insist. (*He pockets some small item.*) Where's his desk? No, they all say the same thing ... They all say the same thing 'It's hard to adjust to retirement.' No, I miss the violence. I miss having other human beings around to terrify ... It's nice to hear a bit of shouting and screaming around you. All this silence gets you down ... I'm going to end up talking to myself ... right, that's downstairs tidied up a bit. (*He starts upstairs.*) Just give the upstairs a quick going-over then.

**Poppy Norton-Taylor** (*worried and out of breath from running around the theatre*).

Selsdon is missing, I can't find him anywhere. You don't think he's been (*mimes chugging a bottle*) do you? But it's the technical, he wouldn't, would he? Not at a technical. It's my fault, he shouldn't have been out of my sight! I was told, he must never be out of sight! But he's been as good as gold all the way through rehearsals. He's not in the dressing room, the lavatories, the scenery dock, the prop room or paint stores. Then the police called, they've found an old man. He was lying unconscious in a doorway just across the street. They say he's very dirty and rather smelly, and I thought oh my God, because... because when you get close to Selsdon. What I mean is that if you stand anywhere near Selsdon you can't help noticing this very distinctive.... (*Suddenly she stops, and sniffs the air*) ... he is standing right behind me isn't he.

**Brooke Ashton** (*doing her lines as though someone gave her every little gesture*).

This is great. And this is all yours? It must have cost a bomb. If someone is coming at four o'clock we better hurry I've got to get those files to our Basingstoke office by four. We'll only just manage to fit it in. This place is so big, look at all these doors, so which one is.... You know. Fantastic, we won't bother to chill the champagne. We'll just take it up with us. (*opens door*) This isn't the bedroom, it's a closet with all black sheets and things. (*Moving on*) in here, it's another bathroom, you're always trying to get me into bathrooms. In there... wait, I hear voices. But there's no one here. You hear all sorts of funny things about these old houses. You don't think there's something creepy going on? I can feel goose-pimples all over I'm going to get into bed and put my head under the covers.