

LASALLE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS

MUSICAL THEATRE

AUDITION MONOLOGUES

MALE

You need to prepare two monologues - one modern and one Shakespeare. These may be of your own choosing but you are encouraged to select your monologues from the respective booklets available on the web site.

You need to learn and rehearse the monologue and be able to answer any questions in regard to where, why and how the monologue is delivered by the respective character in the context of the play.

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE – CHOOSE ONE

ANTONY – JULIUS CAESAR by William Shakespeare

**ANTONY O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit, raging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.**

[Act 3 Sc.1 Ins. 254-275]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

BENEDICK – MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING by William Shakespeare

BENEDICK This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me? Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I never did think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair – 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me – by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no argument of her folly for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No – the world must be peopled! When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

[Act 2 Sc. 3 Ins. 209-232]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

HENRY – HENRY V by William Shakespeare

HENRY This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian'.
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispian's Day'.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. The shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd;
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's Day.

[Act 4 Sc. 3 Ins. 40-67]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

EDMUND – KING LEAR by William Shakespeare

EDMUND **Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? With baseness? Bastardy? Base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th' legitimate. Fine word 'legitimate'!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top th' legitimate. I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards.**

[Act 1 Sc. 2 Ins. 1-21]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

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 sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art 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 the 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!
She speaks!
O, speak again, bright angel! – for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy, puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.**

[Act 2 Sc. 2 Ins. 2-32]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

BOTTOM – A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM by William Shakespeare

BOTTOM

When my cue come, call me, and I will answer. My next is, ‘Most fair Pyramus’. Heigh-ho! Peter Quince? Flute, the bellows-mender? Stout, the tinker? Starveling? God’s my life! Stolen 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 more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[Act 4 Sc. 1 Ins. 199-217]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

LAUNCE – THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA by William Shakespeare

LAUNCE

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the Prodigious Son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest natured dog that lives. My mother weeping; my father wailing; my sister crying; our maid howling; our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandma, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is my father. No, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't, there 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister; for look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: Father your blessing. Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now should I kiss my father: well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O, that she could speak now like an old woman. Well, I kiss her. Why, there 'tis, here's my mother's breathe up and down. Now come I to my sister. Mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while shed not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

[Act 2 Sc. 3 lns 1-35]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

VALENTINE – THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA by William Shakespeare

VALENTINE

**And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banished from myself,
And Silvia is myself. Banished from her,
Is self from self. A deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia is not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illuminated, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.**

[Act 3 Sc. 1 Ins. 170-187]

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE – CHOOSE ONE

TREPLEV – THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

TREPLEV

***[Pulling off the petals off a flower]* She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. You see – Mother doesn't love me! She likes excitement, romantic affairs, gay clothes – but I'm twenty-five years old and a constant reminder that she's not young anymore. When I'm not around she's only thirty-two, but when I'm with her she's forty-three, and she can't hates me for it. Moreover, she knows that I have no use for the theatre. She loves the theatre, imagining she is serving humanity in the scared cause of art, whereas in my opinion the theatre these days is in a rut, full of prejudices and conventions. When I see the curtain go up on a room with three walls, when I watch these great and talented people, these high priests of the sacred art, depicting the way people eat, drink, make love, walk about and wear their clothes in the artificial light of the stage; when I hear them trying to squeeze a moral out of the tritest words an emptiest scenes – some petty little moral that's easy to understand and suitable for use in the home, when I'm presented with the same old thing, the same thing again and again and again – well, I just have to run, as Maupassant ran away from the Eiffel Tower which so oppressed him with its vulgarity....What we need is a new kind of theatre, new art forms, and we can't have them we may has well have nothing at all.**

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

LOPAKHIN – THE CHERRY ORCHARD by Anton Chekhov [adapted]

LOPAKHIN The Cherry Orchard is sold – and I bought it. I bought it! One moment...my head is going round and round, I can't speak. [*Laughs*] We got to the sale, and there was Dyeriganov – I told you he was going to be there. All your brother had was fifteen thousand, and Dyeriganov straightway bid the mortgage plus thirty. I thought, all right, of that's the way things are, and I got to grips with him – I bid forty. Him – forty-five. Me – fifty-five. So he's going up in fives, I'm going up in tens. Well, that was that. I bid the mortgage plus ninety, and there it stayed. So now the Cherry Orchard is mine! Mine! [*He gives a shout of laughter*] Great God in heaven – the Cherry Orchard is mine! Tell me I'm drunk – I'm out of my mind – tell me it's all an illusion. Don't laugh at me! If my father and grandfather could rise from their graves and see it all happening – if they could see me, their Yemolay, their beaten, half-literate Yermolay, who ran barefoot in winter – if they could see this same Yermolay buying the estate...The most beautiful thing in the entire world! I have bought the estate where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't allowed into the kitchens. I'm asleep – this is all just inside my head – a figment of the imagination. Hey, you in the band! Play away! I want to hear you! Everyone come and watch Yermolay Lopakhin set about the Cherry Orchard with his axe! Watch the trees come down! Weekend houses, we'll build weekend houses, and our grandchildren and our great grandchildren will see a new life here. Let's have everything the way I want it! Here comes the new landlord, the owner of the Cherry Orchard!

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

CORNELIUS – THE MATCHMAKER by Thornton Wilder (adapted)

[See also HELLO, DOLLY]

CORNELIUS

Isn't the world full of wonderful things. There we sit cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs Molloy are walking around in New York and we don't know them at all! I don't know whether – from where you are sitting – you can see – well, for instance, the way her eye and forehead and cheek come together, up here. Can you? And the kind of fireworks that shoot out of her eyes all the time. I tell you right now – a fine woman is the greatest work of God. You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids; they aren't in it at all! Of course, up there in Yonkers they came into the store all the time, and bought this and that, and I said, "Yes, ma'am", and "That'll be seventy-five cents, ma'am"; and I watched them. But today I talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal – and to the finest one in that ever existed in my opinion. They're so different from men! Everything you say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. Golly, they're different from men. And they're awfully mysterious too. You can never be really sure what's going on in their heads. They have a kind of wall around them all the time – of pride and a sort of play-acting. I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without ever being sure whether they liked you or not. This minute I'm in danger. I'm in danger of losing my job and my future and everything that people think is important; but I don't care. Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch-digger who once had a wonderful day.

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

BIFF – DEATH OF A SALESMAN by Arthur Miller (adapted)

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 anyone! That's who fault it is! It's god-damn 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 this 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?

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

TOM – THE GLASS MENAGERIE by Tennessee Williams

TOM

I didn't go to the moon. I went much further – for time is the longest distance between two places. Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoebox. I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire escape for last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space. I travelled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly coloured but torn away from the branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something. It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass. Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of coloured glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colours, like bits of a shattered rainbow. Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes. Oh, Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be! I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into the movies or a bar, I buy a drink. I speak to the nearest stranger – anything that can blow your candles out! For nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blow out your candles, Laura – and so goodbye.

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

JIMMY – LOOK BACK IN ANGER by John Osborne

JIMMY **Anyone who's never watched somebody die is suffering from a pretty bad case of virginity. For twelve months, I watched my father dying – when I was ten years old. He'd come back from the war in Spain, you see. And certain god-fearing gentlemen there had made such a mess of him, he didn't have long left to live. Everyone knew it – even I knew it. But, you see, I was the only one who cared. His family were embarrassed by the whole business. Embarrassed and irritated. As for my mother, all she could think about was the fact that she had allied herself to a man who seemed to be on the wrong side in all things. My mother was all for being associated with minorities, provided they were the smart, fashionable ones. We all of us waited for him to die. The family sent him a cheque every month, and hoped he'd get on with it quietly, without too much vulgar fuss. My mother looked after him without complaining, and that was about all. Perhaps she pitied him. I suppose she was capable of that. But I was the only one who cared! Every time I sat on the edge of his bed, to listen to him talking or reading to me, I had to fight back my tears. At the end of twelve months, I was a veteran. All that feverish failure of a man had to listen to him was a small, frightened boy. I spent hour upon hour in that tiny bedroom. He would talk to me for hours, pouring out all that was left of his life to one, lonely, bewildered little boy, who could barely understand half of what he said. All he could feel was the despair and bitterness, the sweet, sickly smell of a dying man. You see, I learnt at an early age what it is to be angry – angry and helpless. And I can never forget it. I knew more about – love, betrayal, and death, when I was ten years old than you will probably ever know all your life.**

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

SALIERI – AMADEUS by Peter Shaffer

SALIERI ***[Addressing God]*** Capisco! I know my fate. Now for the first time I feel my emptiness as Adam felt his nakedness. Tonight at an inn somewhere in this city stands a giggling child who can get on paper, without actually setting down his billiard cue, casual notes which turn my most considered ones into lifeless scratches. Grazie Signore! You gave me the desire to serve you – which most men do not have – then saw to it the service was shameful in the ears of the server. Grazie! You gave me the desire to praise you – which most men do not feel – then made me mute. Grazie Tante! You put into me perception of the Incomparable – which most men never know! – then ensured that I would know myself forever mediocre. Why? What is my fault? Until this day I have pursued virtue with rigour. I have labored long hours to relieve my fellow men. I have worked and worked the talent you allowed me. You know how hard I've worked! – solely that in the end, in the practice of the art which alone makes the world comprehensible to me, I might hear Your Voice! And now I do hear it – and it says only one name: MOZART! Spiteful, sniggering, conceited, infantine Mozart! Who has never worked one minute to help another man! Shit-talking Mozart with his botty-smacking wife! Him you have chosen to be your sole conduct! And my only reward – my sublime privilege – is to be the sole man alive in this time who shall clearly recognize your Incarnation! Grazie e grazie ancora! So be it! From this time we are enemies, You and I! I'll not accept if from You – Do you hear? They say God is not mocked! I tell you, Man is not mocked! I am not mocked! They say the spirit bloweth where it listeth: I tell you NO! It must list to virtue or not blow at all! Dio Ingiusto! And this I swear. To my last breath I shall block you on earth, as far as I am able! *[to Audience]* What use, after all, is Man, if not to teach God his Lessons?

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE

CHUCKIE – GOOD WILL HUNTING by Matt Damon & Ben Affleck

CHUCKIE Look, you're my best friend, so don't take this the wrong way, but in twenty years, if you're livin' next door to me, comin' over, watchin' the f##kin' Patriots' game and still workin' construction, I'll f##kin' kill you. And that's not a threat: that's a fact. I'll f##kin' kill you...Listen, you've got somethin' that none of us have. F##k you. You owe it to me. Tomorrow I'm gonna wake up and I'll be fifty and I'll still be doin' this. And that's all right 'cause I'm gonna make a run at it. But you, you're sittin' on a winning lottery ticket and you're too much of a pussy to cash it in. And that's bullshit 'cause I'd do anything to have what you got! And so would any of these guys. It'd be a f##kin' insult to us if you're still here in twenty years. Let me tell you what I know. Every day I come by to pick you up, and we go out drinkin' or whatever and we have a few laughs. But you know what the best part of my day is? The ten seconds before I knock on the door, 'cause I let myself think I might get there, and you'd be gone. I'd knock on the door and you wouldn't be there. You just left. Now, I don't know much. But I do know that.

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE – SINGAPOREAN PLAYS

VINOD - OFF CENTRE by Haresh Sharma

VINOD **Yes, you are right. I don't pray. Pray to who? What God? When I was young, I prayed to all the gods. I read books. I know all the stories. Like Ganesh. Ganesh was asked by his mother, Parvathi, to guard the house because she was going to bathe. She told him not to let anyone in. And as he stood outside the house, his father, Shiva, came home. But Ganesh refused to let him in. You know why? Because his mother told him so. And you know what Shiva did? He was so angry he chopped off his son's head. His own son. Of course Parvathi came out and became hysterical. Then Shiva had to go to the jungle to take the first head he saw to replace his son's head. And he got an elephant's head. Which is why Ganesh has the head of an elephant. And the elephant has one tusk broken. So whose fault is it? Poor Ganesh has to round with an elephant's head with one tusk broken and it's because he listened to his mother. His father is to blame. His mother is to blame. And look at Sita. The poor woman was kidnapped, lived through an ordeal, was finally rescued by Hanuman and her husband expects her to stand trial to test her faithfulness to him when they separated. He should be shot! He wasn't even man enough to rescue her himself. And she sacrificed herself. The ground opened up and swallowed her up. And look at Jesus Christ. He was crucified. For what? For a bunch of ungrateful people! It does not make sense Saloma. Religion just doesn't make sense.**

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE – SINGAPOREAN PLAYS

MAN - THE CAR by Verena Tay

MAN He showed me Morris Minors, he showed me Renaults, he then showed me a few Fords, and then...It wasn't love at first sight, I can tell you. Such a small *futt*, squat, ugly like hell. My god, you even had a running board, like the 30s. No, I told myself, get a British car, maybe American – more modern-looking, guaranteed quality, more reliable, easy to get spare parts, good resale value. These Continental ones – you never know. Then I took you for a test drive...I opened the door – very heavy; when I closed it, it clanked like a train door. But I felt safe, very safe inside – who can crash through half a ton of steel? I turned the ignition – you kicked to life like a baby rushing to be born; your revs like big breaths, your engine like a heart beating. When you started to move – steady, very steady. 30 miles per hour – not too fast, not too slow. Just right. The top was down and the wind blowing in my face – so cool. And then I horned at another car trying to cut into my lane. Wah, for a small *futt*, you had such a big voice! The other car jumped out of my way. That's when I knew you were special, you had ...Magic.

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE – SINGAPOREAN PLAYS

MANOG - HOMESICK By Alfian Sa'at

MANOG I'm not talking about the States. I'm talking about Singapore. You English educated sorts are always so bus squaring off with Chinese educated folks you don't see how racist the both you can be. Job ads keep asking for those who can speak Mandarin. The English educated Chinese close one eye, they don't speak up, because they feel, oh, if I say something, then I'll be accused of denying my Chineseness. The Chinese educated think it's perfectly fine for these ads to even exist. They think, oh, the government has taken away so many things from us, our university, our language, syllabus, the lease they can do is recognize that Mandarin is still important. It's guilt on one hand, and entitlement on the other, but it both means the same damned racist thing. Where does that leave someone like me? I don't speak Chinese...But I don't want to learn. I'm sorry, but it's not even a National Language...Why should it be? Your mother is Peranakan convent schoolgirl. That's not her language. Your father speaks Hokkien better than Mandarin. You think Herbert is wrapping this false identity around himself. But how are you being true to yourself, to your real non-Mandarin speaking ancestors? That's why I'm saying your both the same. One looks to England. The other looks to China. Neither of you dares to look at me. Despite the fact that I am not your sister's imaginary husband, that I am all flesh and blood. And why? Because I am someone who is as Singaporean as you can ever hope to be.

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – MALE – SINGAPOREAN PLAYS

JOHN - QUARTER TO MIDNIGHT By Eng Wee Ling

JOHN Well, like the time I was covering the war in Lebanon. Nearly had my brains blown out. Of course, there were colleagues who thought I didn't have any brains in the first place accepting the assignment. Anyway, what happened was this. I was in the building where the press office was, minding my own business when suddenly I had the most horrendous stomach ache. I was in the look when the buggers dropped a bomb on the building. Quite miraculously, the toilet door saved me from having my head blown off but my pants were ripped off by the blast. Funny isn't it? I didn't think it was so damn funny then. Anyway, picture if you will: one dazed man, half-naked, waist down. Not a pretty picture. Fortunately, everyone else was either dead or in too much of a panic to notice. A while later, I stole the pants off a dead man. He was a real sorry sight and I felt like a grave robber, but I figured he wouldn't mind. Besides, better a sorry sight of a dead man than that of a lie one. Oh, I am sorry, am I making you sick?

