

NORTHLIGHT THEATRE

EPA Monologues for the 2019-2020 Season

Actors may select one of the following monologues from the 2019-2020 season plays to prepare for the Equity Principal Auditions on March 5th and 6th. Actors may alternatively prepare a two-minute or less monologue of their choosing.

MOTHER OF THE MAID by Jane Anderson

1. Joan Arc 1
2. Joan Arc 2
3. Pierre Arc
4. Jacques Arc
5. Father Gilbert

1. JOAN MONOLOGUE 1

pg. 6 (edited)

When Saint Catherine is about to appear to me, everything gets real sharp, vibrant-like, you understand? The sounds around me, they get loud—birds, cicadas, the bees in the clover, the sheep grinding their teeth. And the smells—dirt, water, wool. The taste of the turnip I had for lunch. It all gets very large, you see. And wondrous. Even the dung balls on the sheep’s arses are gorgeous to me. I see it as all part of God’s creation, you know? And then there’s a light that blocks it all out. And a hum. A tingle. That I feel here... and here. And she’s there. And we come together. She fills me. She slays me. She takes me apart.

2. JOAN MONOLOGUE 2

Pg. 66 (edited)

All right, I’m ready. (*JOAN dictates*) Oh soon-to-be-defeated son of Burgundy, your arrogance offends the Maid who summons you to make no more war on France. You will win no more battles against the Maid who has the support of God Almighty Himself. Hand over to my king all the towns you have taken and plundered. If you will not do so, beware! The Maid will come after you, to your great misfortune. God and the Maid will strike you down and your soldiers’ blood will soak the ground and water the lilies of France that will spring up in the path of your defeat! Heed my warning or accept God’s wrath. Yes, that should do it.

3. PIERRE MONOLOGUE

Pg. 70

Joan said she could take the town with just a hundred men. But when we got there, six thousand Englishers was waiting for us. So we all headed for this castle to make our retreat. But when we got there, we was all backed up at the bridge. The fuggin' guards in the tower -- they saw her banner, they knew she was out there -- but the bastard cowards started lowering the gates. I tried to get us through before they shut us out, I was screaming my bloody head off for her to keep moving, but she just sat on her horse with that look in her eyes. That bloody self-righteous look of hers. I should of poked her horse in the arse to make it bolt through the line. But we was all pressed together and my arm was pinned. And you can't see a fuggin' thing with your visor down --So then the Englishers caught up to us and they pulled us off our horses. She wasn't scared or nothin', just kind of pissed off, like what the hell, this wasn't part of the plan. You know?

4. JACQUES MONOLOGUE

pg. 77 (edited)

The Englishers won't let you near her. It was you and your goddamn piety, letting that priest make you think you'd birthed the second coming. You're ignorant, Izzie. You and your nonvenas -- won't do you a bit of good. It's words is all, arse-kissing words to a God who don't give two shites about us... (*ISABELLE crumbles*) Quit it now... that's enough... Don't fall apart on me Izzie. Buck up now. You're gonna calm yourself down and get your wits together. We're gonna talk our girl into saving herself. Come on now, bear up. Not gonna let those bastards beat us down, are we. We're gonna go out there together and bring our girl home.

5. FATHER GILBERT MONOLOGUE

pg. 22 (edited)

Joan has always struck me as having a special presence. I remember this one time—I was walking back through the square and there were some boys throwing rocks at a lame cat. And your Joan, who was just a little bit of a thing, she picked up that cat and faced off those boys and said “the next stone that's thrown, let it pass through me.” I hope you both know that you have an extraordinary daughter. I don't think God means for Joan to actually go into battle, of course not. Her role will be symbolic. We're a depressed country, there's no real leadership and I believe it's God's plan to use Joan to inspire the army to victory. It's a matter of faith, Jacques. But if you're having any conflicts about your trust in God, we should talk about that.

THE WICKHAMS by Lauren Gunderson and Margot Melcon

1. Mrs. Reynolds 1
2. Mrs. Reynolds 2
3. Brian
4. Cassie 1
5. Cassie 2
6. Mr. Darcy
7. Mrs. Elizabeth Darcy
8. George Wickham
9. Lydia Wickham

1. MRS. REYNOLDS MONOLOGUE 1

pg. 12 (edited)

Now now. This house has been in want of a crowd for a very long time. For so many years, Christmas was a quiet affair with just Mr. Darcy and Georgiana, and I don't mind saying that I prefer how much livelier you have made Pemberley these past two years. So much more like a home again. Speaking of which: For Christmas dinner I took the liberty of seating your mother, Mrs. Bennet, as far from your sister, Mrs. Wickham, as possible. Keeps the noise down I find. I would never say so to anyone but you. And just to be certain, we are not expecting... Mr. Wickham for the holiday?

2. MRS. REYNOLDS MONOLOGUE 2

Pg. 26 (edited)

Practical is appropriate for the staff: dress cloth for the maids, tools for the men, and boxes with food to take home to families. Very generous. Although... It's not really my place to say, but... Your father would sometimes offer more. There are some gifts that only someone in a position such as yourself can provide. The gift of opportunity. There is Brian, for example. And his inventions. Yes. They drive me mad but even I know he has a mind, Mr. Darcy. When he came to us after his parents passed, we did not know the fine young man he would become. And with some guidance, who knows what more he could do.

3. BRIAN MONOLOGUE

pg. 93 (edited)

It is what you wanted. I think. I listened. I tried. Before I leave you to enjoy your holiday, I wanted to let you know that Mr. Darcy offered me a position in London, when we were in the library last night. His London house. He thought I'd like to be closer to all the new inventions and innovations happening there. And I would. I will. So many great minds doing great things. All this isn't just tinkering: it is my future. He's giving me a gift.

4. CASSIE MONOLOGUE 1

pg. 32 (edited)

Are you mad! Do not praise me in front of Mrs. Reynolds. What have you done? She'll think I asked you to. She'll think I need your help. And I don't! I wish to earn my place here on my own. I'm not here for charity. I did not come here looking for someone to take care of me. I don't need that and I don't want it. [I want] A life that's mine! I want books and tea and a time to enjoy them. I want my own room and my own bed. I want to live without worry, for once in my life, with a security that lasts beyond an odd job for a week. I want to start every day knowing I have tasks ahead and end every day knowing I did a good job. I've just got the job I've always dreamed of and a chance to take care of myself and I won't give that up, not for a husband or anyone else. If you can't understand that, you either do not listen to me, or you do not care.

5. CASSIE MONOLOGUE 2

pg. 81

My mother died because she would never believe the truth about a man who said he loved her. Over and over he said it and over and over she believed him. But when he decided we were of no more use to him he abandoned us with nothing. I always wonder what her life might have been had she realized not every word he said was honest, that she had a truth in herself as well. You are young and beautiful, you have a family that cares for you, and now you have the truth. What will you choose to do with it?

6. MR. FITZWILLIAM DARCY MONOLOGUE

pg. 68 (edited)

You will leave this instant, Wickham. I have told you, repeatedly and in no uncertain terms, that you are not welcome in this house. Because you never change! You would have abandoned poor Lydia with nothing but a ruined reputation until I paid you to marry. I all but walked you down the aisle myself. To legitimize you both. I gave you decency and here you come to take further advantage. She will never spend a moment in the same room as you ever again. If you are not gone before she arrives, I will add to your list of injuries and it will be my pleasure.

7. MRS. ELIZABETH DARCY MONOLOGUE

pg. 74 (edited)

No. No, he will not take her. Again. I have information that may make you reconsider the strength of her case. This letter was found in Wickham's pocket. (*She hands it to him, he reads.*) Yes! I'm not sure why this is a shock to anyone. This is what brought me to the village, to meet this Charles Worthing, who was at the inn the other night and caused Wickham's injuries. This woman, his sister, will swear the child is Wickham's, that he made her promises. Wickham can be proved to be a scoundrel! A letter I received just this morning confirms he has been seen with this woman and has boasted of his conquest. Don't you see? All of this means Lydia can be free. We all can.

8. GEORGE WICKHAM MONOLOGUE

pg. 69 (edited)

Of course I have to *take* advantage! When was I ever given advantage in this world? How dare you speak of earning anything? You had everything handed to you. You watched me wither in your shadow and did nothing. I loved your father. I trusted him. But in the end, I ended up no better off than I would have as any other son of a steward. Educated well but always just out of reach from the finest society, the most beautiful women, the wealth and riches that I would never attain. Your father's generosity brought me nothing but disappointment. All my life, I have lived under your scrutiny. All my life you have been there, impeding me, waiting for me to fail. But now, I plan to go where the influence of Fitzwilliam Darcy means nothing and I will live free of you.

9. LYDIA WICKHAM MONOLOGUE

pg. 80 (edited)

Oh! Please do not remind me by calling me by that man's name. If only the institution of marriage never existed. LOVE IS WRETCHED. Unless you're Lizzy and Darcy. Or Jane and Bingley. And now Mary and Arthur! But who can live up to them?! Their love makes the rest of us look like fools! I blindly trusted that man and he was deceiving me. They all were! Darcy, Lizzy, father. All thinking they knew what was best for me, all scheming to make me appear a decent person and not a wanton wretch with a miserable husband. And here I sit. A foolish girl who married the first man who proposed, thinking it was romantic. And oh, it was romantic! But I did not see beyond the moment to what our lives would be.

HOW A BOY FALLS by Steven Dietz

1. Chelle
2. Sam
3. Paul
4. Miranda
5. Joey

1. CHELLE MONOLOGUE

pg. 57 (edited)

I tell everyone my father left when I was young. That's not true. He didn't leave. He stayed. He stayed and we were trapped. It was awful. You have no idea. And so one night when I was nine years old, my mom rushed me out to the car - in my pajamas, half asleep, middle of the night - and we were gone. On the run. For years. Never looking back. New names. New schools. Lots of towns. No friends. My mom was not shy about a fight. She was smart and mean and tough as nails. But she could never get anyone to believe what he was doing to her in our house. We slept in our car. She did odd jobs. She stole when

she had to. Books especially. She stole a lot of books. She'd throw a hamburger and five books into the backseat of our old Chevy Nova and say "Here - get smarter. Don't end up like me."

2. SAM MONOLOGUE

pg. 84 (edited)

I wanted to be the one to do it - to wait beside the road with that transmitter - but Joe insisted on going up there - it should have been me this happened to --- They found Joey in his car. Still parked in that turnout, hidden by the trees. He was lying across the backseat. Unconscious. Beaten with clubs. His face kicked in. Blood everywhere. A detective told me all this. I can't see him yet. Your husband's security guys must have seen him there, waiting. They got to him before he could do what we planned. I'm a fake. But I know this much: You can't go home. He knows now. He knows that someone is trying to kill him. You can't be in that house tonight.

3. PAUL MONOLOGUE

pg. 12 (edited)

People try to tell you how it will feel - when you have a child of your own. Someone will hand you their baby and say "isn't it amazing?" - and it is, of course. But holding someone else's child is nothing at all like holding your own. When I look at Alex ... when I see the joy in his eyes ... kiss his sweet, sweaty head while he sleeps ... when I imagine him in danger ... imagine any harm coming to him ... the feeling I get, Michelle, is unlike anything else. It is feral. It is fierce and irrational. And I know I would do anything - anything at all in this world - to insure his safety. I will expect you to do the same.

4. MIRANDA MONOLOGUE

pg. 13 (edited)

They all love the view.
But all I see is the fall. The far balcony - facing west - just off the main room - that balcony is cantilevered well out over the ocean. Paul assures me it's all to code. The height of the railing, the vertical slats beneath. Nothing could get between those slats, Paul always tells me. "It's all to code." But of course I checked anyway. Measured it myself. He was right, but still - the drop from that far balcony to the rocks ... to that deep cove ... no way to access it ... no rescue boats for miles - believe me, I'm a mother, I've researched it. He laughed at me when I called the sheriff in the closest town and asked him the response time - in case of emergency. Yes, I'm exactly that kind of mother and I don't care what anyone thinks. That drop - my fear of that - that is what I see when you and all the others see "the view."

5. JOEY MONOLOGUE

pg. 30 (edited)

She thinks you are a what?! That is one delusional woman! Thank god you found out right away. Lotta guys are already in too deep. Some woman gives them the time of the day - and right away they chalk this up to their blistering magnetism! - and by the time it dawns on them that - WHOA - there is a VERY GOOD reason why this fantastic woman is still SINGLE AND ALL ALONE in this world - it's too late. But

you took the dare, Sammy. I'll give you that. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. What are you doing tonight? Want to head down to Trevino's?

INTIMATE APPAREL by Lynn Nottage

1. Esther 1
2. Esther 2
3. Mrs. Dickson
4. Mrs. Van Buren
5. Mr. Marks
6. Mayme
7. George

1. ESTHER MONOLOGUE 1

pg. 37 (edited)

Don't really feel much different. I guess I expected somethin' to be different. It was a nice ceremony. Didn't you think? I wish my family coulda witnessed it all. My mother in particular. When the minister said man and wife I nearly fainted, I did. I been waiting to hear those words, since... they nearly took my breath away. Man and wife, and the truth is we barely know each other. I've written you near everything there is to know about me, and here we is and I fear I ain't got no more to say.

2. ESTHER MONOLOGUE 2

pg. 49 (edited)

And what about his wife? How you know she ain't a good person? And he just saying what you want to hear. That his words are a smooth tonic to make you give out what ain't free. How you know his wife ain't good? You ever think about where they go after they leave here? Who washes their britches after they been soiled in your bed? Cause there's some poor woman out there waiting, getting up every five minutes, each time a carriage pass the window or a dog bark. Who thinks a great deal of her husband, thinks so much of him that she don't bother to ask questions, she just know that there are places that he go that gentlewomen don't belong. She thinks he's playing cards or simply restless. But still when the door opens and he lies down next to her, that poor stupid woman don't feel angry, because his body is warm and she ain't alone. I pity your heart. You are the worst kind of scavenger.

3. MRS. DICKSON MONOLOGUE

pg. 32 (edited)

Trust me, your man'll have needs, and it's your duty to keep his member firmly at home. I shan't repeat it. But there ain't no greater disappointment than a husband without much... vigor. Believe me, I know. And sometime he gotta be pleased to ensure your own satisfaction. You understand. I ain't no expert but I do have some experience. And I'll tell you, give and take make for the best of partnerships. Never mind what the minister tells you about decency, what go on between a man and wife be their own

business. He will test you and he will try you, but don't let him beat on you, don't take no shit from him, understand. I thought we should have this conversation before you go off. I don't mean to scare you, but I know you come as an innocent and we're friends so I feel I can speak plainly.

4. MRS. VAN BUREN MONOLOGUE

pg. 27 (edited)

Really? I'll have to weave that tidbit into conversation this evening. My in-laws are coming. The frog and the wart. Oh, and did I tell you? I saw Mr. Max Fielder of Germany conduct sections from *Don Juan*. I had to endure an encore from the soprano, what was her name? Something Russian, no doubt. I'd rather have gone to the electric show at Madison Square Garden, but you see Henry isn't impressed with electricity. "Miracle upon miracle, but there remain things science will never be able to give us," he says, so he refrains from enthusiasm. By the way, I bled this morning, and when I delivered the news to Harry, he spat at me. This civilized creature of society. We all bleed, Esther. And yet I actually felt guilt, as though a young girl again apologizing for becoming a woman. Maybe I'll be a bohemian, a bohemian needn't a husband, she's not bound by convention.

5. MR. MARKS MONOLOGUE

pg. 17 (edited)

I buy at the docks yesterday morning, it come right off a ship from the Orient, I see it and think Esther Mills will like. Of course. Everybody else gabardine, wool, nainsook. But it isn't often that something so fine and delicate enters the store. Look at the way the gold thread is interwoven; a hand took the time to gently wind it through each and every stitch like a magician. It is magnificent, yes. You'll make something exquisite. I can see from your hands that you are blessed with the needle and the thread, which means you'll never be without warmth.

6. MAYME MONOLOGUE

pg. 48 (edited)

He ain't nobody really, but he real sweet. Like a schoolboy almost. We call him songbird, 'cause he sing to speak. He come in like all them others. Hands crude and calloused, a week's wage in his pocket. But when we done I didn't want him to leave and I asked him to have a drink. Fool drunk up all my liquor, but it ain't bother me. In fact I was fixin' to run out and git some more, but he placed his hands around my waist, real gentle and pulled me close. I actually wanted him to kiss me, I didn't even mind his sour tongue in my mouth, I wanted him there, inside me. He ain't like a lot of the colored men who pass through here with anger about their touch. He a gentleman. Comes three times a week on schedule like the iceman. He was here last night until midnight, but he don't ever stay later. He just leaves his scent, which lingers until two AM or three, and I lie awake until it disappears.

7. GEORGE MONOLOGUE

pg. 15 (edited)

They say a mad Frenchman dreamed up this Panama project, and convinced the devil to give him an army of workers. The price, this great fissure across the land that reach right into the earth's belly. Indeed, chaos is a jackhammer away, that's what be said here anyway. But when the great oceans meet and the gentlemen celebrate, will we colored men be given glasses to raise? Today we severed the roots of a giant Flamboyant, and watched it tumble to the ground. I stood thigh-deep in crimson blossoms, swathed in the sweet aroma of death and wondered how a place so beautiful could become a morgue.