

## NELL GWYNN AUDITIONS – Monologues

You do not need to learn these off by heart.

Please don't miss that there are more monologues on page 2!

1. This is how I think about it. Say you get to heaven, right, and you get in and you're praising the Lord and taking off all your earthly clothes and thanking your lucky stars and all that and there's everyone there – other than the Total Gits – and it's kinda this massive pool party with Jesus walking all over the pool and there's Billie Holliday watching Bogart and Gable wrestle – who'd you really wanna go looking for? Your parents, obviously, if only because otherwise when they bump into you shagging Hemingway in the changing rooms you'll have a lot of explaining to do. But after that? Most people would start over. So – who'd you be hunting for in heaven?
2. A New Testament? This is William Tyndale's translation. Oh he was a highly agitational, burn-able pain in the bum. See, he had the Testament printed octavo size, small in the hand. To be smuggled into the country. He translates "king" as "tyrant" rather a lot... Because of little books like this, minds turned molten with heresy, rebellion, the death of kings. Nothing can tear a country apart like religion. I know, I was brought up among Presbyterians.
3. As a child I was encouraged to sit still for long periods of time, I've found that invaluable. A simple technique which may on occasion be used to stunning advantage: you may have noticed that my head was at ten to eleven. I shall demonstrate. Submission is well expressed at 6 o'clock. Shame at twenty to seven. Despair at five past twelve; not to be confused with heavenly abandonment at midday exactly. Death by strangulation is one of the only occasions on which an actor may employ a quarter to three.

4. Do you know, Mr D said today I was possessed by the voice of a swan. "Oh" he said "you are possessed by the voice of a swan." Yes, and then "oh I beg your pardon, a starling, a starling, I know not how swan came into it". And you, he was saying, had the voice of a eunuch. "The Swan and Eunuch?" I said, "Why sure, that is a pub in Mile End!" ... I suppose our laureate filching lines from tavern signs *is* troubling...
5. I sat there, on the other side, just longing for you, day after day. I did really - all through your affair with that brassy-looking woman in the south of France! Then you married Ruth and even then I forgave you because all the time I believed deep inside that you really loved me best... that's why I put myself down for a return visit and had to fill in all those forms and wait about in draughty passages for hours. If only you'd died before you met Ruth everything might have been all right. She's absolutely ruined you.
6. Your drawing is a very wonderful transformation. I would not have recognised my own garden! Look! Here is the Park as it appears to us now, and here it is as it might be when Mr Noakes has done with it. Where there is the familiar pastoral refinement of an Englishman's garden, here is an eruption of gloomy forest and towering crag. My hyacinth dell is become a haunt for hobgoblins, my Chinese bridge, which I am assured is superior to the one at Kew, and for all I know at Peking, is usurped by a fallen obelisk overgrown with briars... And pray what is this rustic hovel that presumes to superpose itself on my gazebo?
7. What do you think of my humble home? It's been said it's the finest on the whole of the river... I saw that! He's warning you that I show off. And I do from time to time. But it's only my way. Some people are modest. And some are not. And I'm not. Why should I be? I've nothing to be modest about! But listen – this is real life for you. The open road, the dusty highway, the heath, the hedgerow. Here today, somewhere else tomorrow. Travel, change, excitement!