Senior Monologues

The monologues listed in this booklet are applicable for students auditioning for Performing Arts Scholarships (Drama) in Years 10 and 11. For example - the content of this booklet may be used by:

★ A Year 9 student applying for a Year 10 scholarship position; or
★ A Year 10 student applying for a Year 11 scholarship position.

Audition Process

Applicants will be required to choose one (1) monologue to perform from the list provided in this booklet:

★ Female Monologues are listed from pages 2 to 12
★ Male Monologues are listed from pages 13 to 22

Please note the following requirements for students performing an audition monologue:

★ The delivery time of a monologue may vary depending on your interpretation of the chosen piece.
★ Estimated time allowed for your chosen monologue piece is between three (3) to eight (8) minutes. Please ensure your monologue fits within this timeframe guide.
★ Rehearsed monologues **must be memorised**, as no scripts will be permitted on the day.
★ Students may be asked to deliver your chosen piece more than once.
★ Students will be tested for improvisation skills, so be prepared to use your imagination and creativity.
★ A script may also be handed to you during the audition. Be prepared for a cold read, using your imagination in showing how you would interpret the script reading.
**Senior Female Monologue Options**

1. Viola - Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare
2. Juliet – Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare
3. Hermione – The Winter’s Tale by William Shakespeare
4. Rosalind – As You Like It by William Shakespeare
5. Helena – A Midsummer Night’s Dream by William Shakespeare
7. Portia – Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare
8. Irena – Three Sisters by Anton Chekhov
9. Anna – Wild Honey by Anton Chekhov
10. Cherie – Blackrock by Nick Enright
11. Patsy – Little Murders by Jules Feiffer
12. Rita – Educating Rita by Willy Russell
13. Carol – Oleanna by David Mamet
14. Heavenly – Sweet Bird of Youth by Tennessee Williams
15. Brit in New York – Stuff Happens by David Hare
16. Secretary – Special Offer by Harold Pinter
17. Elizabeth Barry – The Libertine by Stephen Jeffries
18. Margot – The Female of the Species by Joanna Murray-Smith
19. Emilia – Othello by William Shakespeare
20. Vittoria – The White Devil by John
21. Webster
1. Viola – Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare

**VIOLA:** I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her! She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, for she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord’s ring? Why, he sent her none. I am the man: if it be so, as ’tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly, And I, poor monster, fond as much on him, And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love: As I am woman (now alas the day!) What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t’untie.

2. Juliet – Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

**JULIET:** Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phoebus' lodging.

Such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west And bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, That runaway’s eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk’d-of and unseen. Lovers can see to do their amorous rites. By their own beauties; or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night. Come, civil Night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match Play’d for a pair of stainless maidenhoods. Hood my unmann’d blood, bating in my cheeks, With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold, Think true love acted simple modesty. Come night, come Romeo, come, thou day in night; For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter than snow upon a raven’s back. Come gentle night, come loving black-brow’d night, Give me my Romeo; and when I shall die Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun. O, I have bought the mansion of a love But not possessed it, and though I am sold, Not yet enjoy’d. So tedious is this day As is the night before some festival To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse.
3. Hermione – The Winter’s Tale by William Shakespeare

**HERMIONE**: Sir, spare your threats: The bug which you would fright me with, I seek. To me can life be no commodity; The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, I do give lost, for I do feel it gone, But know not how it went. My second joy, And first-fruits of my body, from his presence I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort (Starred most unluckily is from my breast, The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth) Haled out to murder: myself on every post Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs To women of all fashion; Lastly, hurried Here, to this place, i'th open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege, Tell me what blessings I have here alive, That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed. But yet hear this: mistake me not: no life, I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour, Which I would free: if I shall be condemned Upon surmises all proofs sleeping else But what your jealousies awake, I tell you, 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all, I do refer me to the Oracle: Apollo be my judge!

4. Rosalind – As You Like It by William Shakespeare

**ROSALIND**: And why I pray you? Who might be your mother, That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty - As by my faith I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed - Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? Why what means this? Why do you look on me? I see no more in you than in the ordinary Of Nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life, I think she means to tangle my eyes too! No faith proud mistress, hope not after it. 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair, Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream That can entame my spirits to your worship. You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her Like foggy South puffing with wind and rain? You are a thousand times a properer man Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children. 'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her, And out of you she sees herself more proper Than any of her lineaments can show her. But mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love; For I must tell you friendly in your ear, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets. Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer; Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
5. Helena - A Midsummer Night’s Dream by William Shakespeare

HELENA: Lo, she is one of this confederacy! Now I perceive they have conjoined all three To fashion this false sport in spite of me. Injurious Hermia! Most ungrateful maid! Have you conspired, have you with these contrived, To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared, The sisters’ vows, the hours that we have spent When we have chid the hasty-footed time For parting us – O! is all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both one flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key, As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds, Had been incorporate. So we grew together, Like a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet an union in partition, Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, Due but to one, and crowned with one crest. And will you rent our ancient love asunder To join with men in scorning your poor friend? It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly; Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury.


BEATRICE: Kill Claudio! You kill me to deny it. Farewell. I am gone, though I am here; there is no love in you; nay I pray you let me go. In faith, I will go. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. Is a not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour - O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying! Sweet Hero, she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone. Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect, a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
7. PORTIA – JULIUS CAESAR by William Shakespeare (adapted)

PORTIA: Y’ have ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper You suddenly arose and walked about, Musing, and sighing, with your arms across; And when I asked you what the matter was, You star’d upon me with ungentle looks: I urged you further; then you scratched your head, And too impatiently stamped with your foot: Yet I insisted, yet you answered not, But with an angry wafture of your hand Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did, Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal Hoping it was but an effect of humour, Which sometime hath his hour with every man. It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep; And, could it work so much upon your shape As it hath much prevailed on your condition, I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humours Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick? And will he steal out of his wholesome bed To dare the vile contagion of the night, And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of; and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, your self, your half, Why you are heavy, and what men to-night Have had resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I your self But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus’ harlot, not his wife.

8. IRENA - THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov

IRENA: Tell me, why is it I’m so happy today? As if I were sailing, with the wide, blue sky above me, and great white birds soaring in the wind. Why is it? Why? I woke up this morning, I got up, I washed - and suddenly I felt everything in this world was clear to me - I felt I knew how life had to be lived. Dear Ivan Romanich, I can see it all. A human being has to labour, whoever he happens to be, he has to toil in the sweat of his face; that’s the only way he can find the sense and purpose of his life, his happiness, his delight. How fine to be a working man who rises at first light and breaks stones on the road, or a shepherd, or a teacher, or an engine driver on the railway... Lord, never mind being human even – better to be an ox, better to be a simple horse, just so long as you work – anything rather than a young lady who rises at noon, then drinks her coffee in bed, then takes two hours to dress... that’s terrible! In hot weather sometimes you long to drink the way I began longing to work. And if I don’t start getting up early and working, then shut your heart against me, Ivan Romanich.
9. **ANNA PETROVNA - WILD HONEY** by Anton Chekhov

**ANNA:** How can you say that? How can you lie to me, on such a night as this, beneath such a sky? Tell your lies in autumn, if you must, in the gloom and the mud, but not now, not here. You’re being watched! Look up, you absurd man! A thousand eyes, all shining with indignation! You must be good and true, just as all this is good and true. Don’t break this silence with your little words! There’s no man in the world I could ever love as I love you. There’s no woman in the world you could ever love as you love me. Let’s take that love; and all the rest, that so torments you – we’ll leave that to others to worry about. Are you really such a terrible Don Juan? You look so handsome in the moonlight! Such a solemn face! It’s a woman who’s come to call, not a wild animal! All right – if you really hate it all so much I’ll go away again. Is that what you want? I’ll go away, and everything will be just as it was before. Yes...? (she laughs) Idiot! Take it! Snatch it! Seize it! What more do you want? Smoke it to the end, like a cigarette – pinch it out – tread it under your heel. Be human! You funny creature! A woman loves you – a woman you love – fine summer weather. What could be simpler than that? You don’t realise how hard life is for me. And yet life is what I long for. Everything is alive, nothing is ever still. We’re surrounded by life. We must live, too, Mishka! Leave all the problems for tomorrow. Tonight, on this night of nights, we’ll simply live!

10. **CHERIE – BLACKROCK** by Nick Enright

**CHERIE:** It was my fault. If we stuck together like we said, you and me and Leanne, you wouldn’t be here. But I lost youse all. Now I’ve lost you. And no-one knows how. You should hear the rumours. Someone seen a black Torana with Victorian number plates. It was a stranger in a Megadeath T-shirt, it was a maddie from the hospital, even your stepdad. All these ideas about who did it, who did it, like it was a TV show. It is a TV show. Every night on the news. I want to yell out, this is not a body, this is Tracy you’re talking about. Someone who was here last week, going to netball, working at the Pizza Hut, getting the ferry, hanging out. You were alive. Now you’re dead. But I know you can hear me. I can hear you.

She plays a bit of the song. Your song. Times we danced to that, you and me and Shana, Shana singing dirty words, remember? Mum hearing and throwing a mental.... I shouldn’t laugh, should I? Not here. But all I can think of is the other words. She turns off the tape. You were wearing my earrings. You looked so great. And some guy took you off and did those things to you. Wish I knew who. You know, Trace. Nobody else does. If I knew, but I’d go and kill him. I’d smash his head in. I’d cut his balls off. I’d make him die slowly for what he did to you.
11. PATSY - LITTLE MURDERS by Jules Feiffer

PATSY: Honey, I don’t want to hurt you. I want to change you. I want to make you see that there is some value in life, that there is some beauty, some tenderness, some things worth reacting to. Some things worth feeling. But you’ve got to take some chances some time! What do you want out of life? Just survival? It’s not enough! It’s not, not, not enough! I am not going to have a surviving marriage. I’m going to have a flourishing marriage! I’m a woman! Or, by Jesus, it’s about time I became one. I want a family! Oh, Christ, Alfred, this is my wedding day. I want – want to be married to a big, strong, protective, vital, virile, self-assured man. Who I can protect and take care of. Alfred, honey, you’re the first man I’ve ever gone to bed with where I didn’t feel he was a lot more likely to get pregnant than I was. You owe me something! I’ve invested everything I believe in you. You’ve got to let me mould you. Please let me mould you. You’ve got me whining, begging and crying. I’ve never behaved like this in my life. Will you look at this? That’s a tear. I never cried in my life.

12. RITA – EDUCATING RITA by Willy Russell

RITA: But I don’t wanna be charming and delightful: funny. What’s funny? I don’t wanna be funny. I wanna talk seriously with the rest of you, I don’t wanna spend the night takin’ the piss, comin’ on with the funnies because that’s the only way I can get into the conversation. I didn’t want to come to your house just to play the court jester.

I don’t want to be myself. Me? What’s me? Some stupid woman who gives us all a laugh because she thinks she can learn, because she thinks that one day she’ll be like the rest of them, talking seriously, confidently, with knowledge, livin’ a civilised life. Well, she can’t be like that really but bring her in because she’s good for a laugh! I’m all right with you, here in this room; but when I saw those people you were with I couldn’t come in. I would have seized up. Because I’m a freak. I can’t talk to the people I live with any more. An’ I can’t talk to likes of them on Saturday, or them out here, because I can’t learn the language. I’m a half-caste. I went back to the pub where Denny was, an’ me mother, an’ our Sandra, an’ her mates. I’d decided I wasn’t comin’ here again. I went into the pub an’ they were singin’, all of them singin’ some song they’d learnt from the juke box. An’ I stood in that pub an’ thought, just what the frig am I trying to do? Why don’t I just pack it in an’ stay with them, an’ join in the singin’? You think I can, don’t you? Just because you pass a pub doorway an’ hear the singin’, you think we’re all O.K., that we’re all survivin’, with the spirit intact. Well I did join in with the singin’, I didn’t ask any question, I just went along with it. But when I looked around me mother had stopped singin’, an’ she was cryin’, but no one could get it out of her why she was crying’. Everyone just said she was pissed an’ we should get her home. So we did, an’ on the way I asked her why. I said, ‘Why are y’ cryin’, Mother?’ She said, ‘Because – because we could sing better songs than those’. Ten minutes later, Denny had her laughing and singing again, pretending she hadn’t said it. But she had. And that’s why I came back. And that’s why I’m staying.
13. CAROL - OLEANNA by David Mamet

CAROL: Professor, I came here as a favour. At your personal request. Perhaps I should not have done so. But I did. On my behalf, and on behalf of my group. And you speak of the tenure committee, one of whose members is a woman, as you know. And though you might call it Good Fun, or An Historical Phrase, or An Oversight, or All of the Above, to refer to the committee as Good Men and True, it is a demeaning remark. It is a sexist remark, and to overlook it is to countenance continuation of that method of thought. You love the Power. I’m sorry. You feel yourself empowered ... you say so yourself. To strut. To posture. To “perform.” To “Call me in here...” Eh? You say that higher education is a joke. And treat it as such, you treat it as such. And confess to a taste to play the Patriarch in your class. To grant this. To deny that. To embrace your students. And you think it’s charming to “question” in yourself this taste to mock and destroy. But you should question it. Professor. And you pick those things which you feel advance you: publication, tenure, and the steps to get them you call “harmless rituals.” And you perform those steps. Although you say it is hypocrisy. But to the aspirations of your students. Of hardworking students, who come here, who slave to come here – you have no idea what it cost me to come to this school – you mock us. You call education “hazing” and from your so-protected, so-elitist seat you hold our confusion as a joke, and hopes and efforts with it. Then you sit there and say “what have I done?” And ask me to understand that you have aspirations too. But I tell you. I tell you. That you are vile. And that you are exploitative. And if you possess one ounce of that inner honesty you describe in your book, you can look in yourself and see those things that I see. And you can find revulsion equal to my own. Good Day. (she prepares to leave the room) PLEASE DO NOT IMPERSONATE THE ACTOR’S REPRESENTATION OF THE ABOVE CHARACTER IN THE FILM VERSION

14. HEAVENLY - SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH by Tennessee Williams

HEAVENLY: Don’t give me your “Voice of God” speech. Papa, there was a time when you could have saved me, by letting me marry a boy that was still young and clean, but instead you drove him away, drove him out of St. Cloud. And when he came back, you took me out of St. Cloud, and tried to force me to marry a fifty-year-old money bag that you wanted something out of - and then another, another, all of them ones you wanted something out of. I’d gone, so Chance went away. Tried to compete, make himself big as these big-shots you wanted to use me for a bond with. He went. He tried. The right doors wouldn’t open, and so he went in the wrong ones, and - Papa, you married for love, why wouldn’t you let me do it, while I was alive, inside, and the boy was still clean, still decent? You married for love, but you wouldn’t let me do it, and even though you’d done it, you broke Mama’s heart. Miss Lucy was your mistress long before Mama died. And Mama was just in front of you. (pause)

Can I go in now, Papa? Can I go in now, Papa? I’m sorry my operation has brought this embarrassment on you, but can you imagine it, Papa? I felt worse than embarrassed when I found out that Dr George Scudder’s knife had cut the youth out of my body, made me a childless woman. Dry, cold, empty, like an old woman. I feel as if I ought to rattle like a dead dried-up vine when the Gulf Wind blows, but, Papa - I won’t embarrass you anymore.
15. BRIT IN NEW YORK - STUFF HAPPENS By David Hare

BRIT: 'America changed.' That's what we're told. 'On September 11th everything changed.' 'If you're not American, you can't understand.' The infantile psychobabble of popular culture is grafted opportunistically onto America's politics. The language of childish entitlement becomes the lethal rhetoric of global wealth and privilege.

Asked how you are as President, on the first day of a war which will kill around thirty thousand people: 'I feel good.' I was in Saks Fifth Avenue the morning they bombed Baghdad. 'Isn't it wonderful?' says the saleswoman. 'At last we're hitting back.' 'Yes,' I reply. 'At the wrong people. Somebody steals your handbag, so you kill their second cousin, on the grounds they live close. Explain to me,' I say, 'Saudi Arabia is financing Al Qaeda. Iran, Lebanon and Syria are known to shelter terrorists. North Korea is developing a nuclear weapons program. All these you leave alone. No, you go to war with the one place in the region admitted to have no connection with terrorism.' 'You're not American,' says the saleswoman. 'You don't understand.' Oh, a question, then. If 'You're not American. You don't understand' is the new dispensation, then why not 'You’re not Chechen'? Are the Chechens also now licensed? Are Basques? Theatres, restaurants, public squares? Do Israeli milk-bars filled with women and children become fair game on the grounds that 'You don't understand. We're Palestinian, we're Chechen, we're Irish, we're Basque'? If the principle of international conduct is now to be that you may go against anyone you like on the grounds that you've been hurt by somebody else, does that apply to everyone? Or just to America? On September 11th, America changed. Yes. It got much stupider.

16. SECRETARY - SPECIAL OFFER by Harold Pinter

SECRETARY: (at a desk in an office) Yes, I was in the rest room at Swan and Edgars, having a little rest. Just sitting there, interfering with nobody, when this old crone suddenly came right up to me and sat beside me. You're on the staff of the B.B.C. she said, aren't you? I've got just the thing for you, she said, and put a little card into my hand. Do you know what was written on it? MEN FOR SALE! What on earth do you mean? I said. Men, she said, all sorts shapes and sizes, for sale. What on earth can you possibly mean? I said. It's an international congress, she said, got up for the entertainment and relief of lady members of the civil service. You can hear some of the boys we've got speak through a microphone, especially for your pleasure, singing little folk tunes we're sure you've never heard before. Tea is on the house and every day we have the very best pastries. For the cabaret at teatime the boys do a rare dance imported all the way from Buenos Aires, dressed in nothing but a pair of cricket pads. Every single one of them is tried and tested, very best quality, and at very reasonable rates. If you like one of them by any of his individual characteristics you can buy him, but for you not at retail price. As you work for the B.B.C. we'll be glad to make a special reduction. If you're at all dissatisfied you can send him back within seven days and have your money refunded. That's very kind of you, I said, but as a matter of fact I've just been on leave, I start work tomorrow and am perfectly refreshed. And I left her where she was. Men for Sale! What an extraordinary idea! I've never heard of anything so outrageous, have you? Look - here's the card. Pause. Do you think it's a joke... or serious?
17. ELIZABETH BARRY - THE LIBERTINE by Stephen Jeffries

ELIZABETH: You have no understanding, do you? You have comprehended – just – that I am tired of being your mistress and your solution is to conscript me into becoming your wife. It is not being a mistress I am tired of, John. I am tired of you. I do not wish to be your wife. I do not wish to be anyone’s wife. I wish to continue being the creature I am. I am no Nell Gwyn, I will not give up the stage as soon as a King or a Lord has seen me on it and, wishing me to be his and his alone, will then pay a fortune to keep me off it. I am not the sparrow you picked up in the roadside, my love. London walks into this theatre to see me – not George’s play nor Mr. Betterton. They want me and they want me over and over again. And when people desire you in such a manner, then you can envisage a steady river of gold lapping at your doorstep, not five pound here or there for pity or bed favours, not a noble’s ransom for holding you hostage from the thing you love, but a lifetime of money amassed through your own endeavours. That is riches. ‘Leave this gaudy, gilded stage’. You’re right, this stage is gilded. It is gilded with my future earnings. And I will not trade those for a dependency on you. I will not swap my certain glory for your undependable love.

18. MARGOT – THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES by Joanna Murray – Smith

MARGOT: I’m not to blame for everything that’s gone wrong in your lives. I’m a thinker! It’s my job to think. Because that’s something I do better than other people. You’re all spoiled brats. Go on, shoot me, but that’s the truth! Talk about the Me Generation! All this nonsense about personal identity and self-growth and being fulfilled! What a load of self-indulgent crap.

Has it ever occurred to any of you that there was a generation of men and women who didn’t wake up in the morning and wonder how the day was going to pan out for them, but leapt out of bed intent on figuring out how the world was going to pan out for everybody? Maybe we got things wrong. Maybe we went too far. Maybe we had a goddamn mission and that was to make this planet a better place for our inheritors than it was for us. You whiners and whingers! What would you rather? That I’d sat quietly back and lead a sweet, restrained, anonymous life? So that your destiny as repressed, stupefied, second class citizens could have gone on uninterrupted? I happened to get famous and now you’re going to use my fame against me because you’re not happy with yourselves? Why don’t you take a little responsibility and, while you’re at it, show a tiny bit of ordinary gratitude?
19. EMILIA – OTHELLO by William Shakespeare

EMILIA: Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for. But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties and pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us: or say they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite; Why, we have galls: and though we have some grace, Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell, And have their palates both for sweet, and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is: and doth affection breed it? I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs? It is so too. And have not we affections? Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have? Then let them use us well: else let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

20. VITTORIA – The White Devil by John Webster

VITTORIA: What have I gained by thee but infamy? Thou hast stained the spotless honour of my house, And frightened thence noble society: Like those, which sick o'th'palsy, and retain ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunned by those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house? Is this your palace? Did not the judge style it A house of penitent whores? Who sent me to it? Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria to this incontinent college? Is't not you? Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag How many ladies you have undone, like me. Fare you well sir; let me hear no more of you. I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer, But I have cut it off: and now I'll go Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts, I will return them all; and I do wish That I could make you full executor To all my sins - O that I could toss myself Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth I'll not shed one tear more - I'll burst first.
Senior Male Monologue Options

1. Mark Antony - Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare
2. Richard - Henry VI Part 3 by William Shakespeare
4. S. Antipholous – The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare
5. Benedick – Much Ado About Nothing by William Shakespeare
7. Roo – Summer of the Seventeenth Doll by Ray Lawler
8. Ian- Up the Road by John Harding
9. Konstantin Treplev – The Seagull by Anton Chekhov
10. Lopakhin – The Cherry Orchard by Anton Chekhov
11. Cornelius – The Matchmaker by Thornton Wilder
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17. Tom – The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams
18. Lenny – The Homecoming by Harold Pinter
1. Mark 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

Woe to the hands 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 ranging 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.

2. Richard Henry V! Part 3 by William Shakespeare

**RICHARD:** What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. See how my sword weeps for the poor King’s death. O, may such purple tears be always shed from those that wish the downfall of our house! If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither – I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed ‘tis true that Henry told me of: For I have often heard my mother say I came into the world with my legs forward. Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste And seek their ruin that usurp’d our right? The midwife wonder’d, and the women cried ‘O Jesu bless us, he is born with teeth!’ And so I was, which plainly signified That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog. Then, since the heavens have shap’d my body so, Let hell make crook’d my mind to answer it. I have no brother, I am like no brother; And this word ‘love’, which greybeards call divine, Be resident in men like one another, And not in me: I am myself alone. Clarence, beware; thou keep’st me from the light, But I will sort a pitchy day for thee; For I will buzz abroad such prophecies As Edward shall be fearful of his life; And then, to purge his fear, I’ll be thy death. King Henry and the Prince his son are gone; Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, Counting myself but bad till I be best. I’ll throw thy body in another room, And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

**KING HENRY**: Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more, Or close the wall up with our English dead. In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger; Stiffen the sinews, conjure up the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard-favour’d rage; Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; let it pry through the portage of the head, Like the brass cannon; let the brow o’erwhelm it As fearfully as doth a galled rock O’erhang and jutting his confounded base, Swill’d with the wild and wasteful ocean. Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide, Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit To his full height! On, on, you noblest English! Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof; Fathers that, like so many Alexanders, Have in these parts from morn till even fought, And sheath’d their swords for lack of argument. Dishonour not your mothers; now attest That those whom you call’d fathers did beget you! Be copy now to men of grosser blood, And teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen, Whose limbs were made in England, show us here The mettle of your pasture; let us swear That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not; For there is none of you so mean and base That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot: Follow your spirit; and upon this charge Cry, “God for Harry, England, and Saint George!”

4. S.Antipholus – The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare

**S. ANTIPHOLUS**: Sweet mistress, what your name is else I know not; Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine; Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak; Lay open to my earthy gross conceit, Smother’d in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, The folded meaning of your words’ deceit. Against my soul’s pure truth, why labour you to make it wander in an unknown field? Are you a god? would you create me new? Transform me then, and to your power I’ll yield. But if that I am I, then well I know Your weeping sister is no wife of mine, Nor to her bed no homage do I owe; Far more, far more to you do I decline; O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note, To drown me in thy sister’s flood of tears. Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote; Spread o’er the silver waves thy golden hairs; And as a bed I’ll take thee, and there lie, And in that glorious supposition think He gains by death that hath such means to die; Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.
5. 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 did never 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 a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous – ‘tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me – by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great 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 bachelor, 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.


**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. Why, my grandam, 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 is 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 I come to my mother. O that she could speak now, like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her. Why, there ‘tis: here’s my mother’s breath up and down. Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear; nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.
7. Roo – Summer of the Seventeenth Doll by Ray Lawler

ROO: You selfish little bastard! You listen to me - we come down here for the lay-off, five months of the year, December to April. That leaves another seven months still hangin' - what d'yer reckon Olive does in that time? Knocks around with other blokes, goes out on the loose every week? No, she doesn't, she just waits for us to come back again - 'coz she thinks our five months is worth all the rest of the year put together! It's knowin' that that brought me down this time, broke and - and when I would have given anythin' to have stopped up there. But I couldn't let her down - and if I hear you mention either grapes or the Murray to her now, I'll kick you so far they'll have to feed you with a shanghai.

(BEAT) Now remember what I said.

8. Ian – Up the Road by John Harding

IAN: Hey, brother, how do I look? Or have you been watching me for a while. I never got to tell you about the places I’ve been or the people I’ve met. I’ve travelled a bit. Went to Cooper Pedy, had a go at mining. First day on the job I fell down a shaft and broke my arm. Decided mining wasn't for me.

Some way or other I ended up in Canberra. You used to brylcreem my hair for me. I used to love the way you’d grab my ears like motor cycle handles and twist them? Vroom vroom. And that toy sheep we used to fight over. I was just talking with Auntie about it. Had a bit of a blue with Susie. She's been at my throat since I got back. They've all been having a go at me. They reckon it's easy. But they've never been off the bloody mission. They reckon I'm a coconut. She's a fiery woman. It's bloody fresh up here, isn't it? Those boots of yours keep you warm? I got a big electric heater at home. I bought my own place now. What a whitefella, eh? A real house. Double brick. And I'm the only one in it. Well, you got the family up here. What've I got? I hate being alone. You all keep leaving me alone. Mum, dad, you. Now Uncle Kenny's gonna be up here. Yous’ll be friggon right. What the hells going on? They're punishing me. Are you punishing me too? I didn't want to leave, Nat. They all told me to go. They made me go away. Not do nothing. I bloody hated 'em. They did jack all. Those cops killed you and they did jack all. Are you ashamed of me for that, my brother? If it was me they'd killed, you would've rode your horse into the friggon station and torn those idiots apart. That's what I wanted to do. But they made me go away. I thought you were a king and they killed you like a bloody dog. I'm sorry, Nat, I'm sorry. You knew I'd be back. You knew I'd be back here with you. It's fresh, eh? I love you, Nat. I love you, brother. (sings) Amazing Grace how sweet the sound / That saved a wretch like me / I once was lost but now I'm found / Was blind but now I see. (SOME LANGUAGE CHANGED)
9. Konstantin Treplev – The Seagull by Anton Chekhov

TREPLEV: (pulling petals off a flower) She loves me - she loves me not... She loves me - she loves me not... Loves me, loves me not. (laughs) There you are – she doesn’t love me. Well, of course she doesn’t. She wants to live and love and dress in light colours, and there am I, twenty-five years old, perpetually reminding her that she’s stopped being young. When I’m not there she’s thirty-two – when I am she’s forty-three; and that’s why she hates me. Then again I don’t acknowledge the theatre. She loves the theatre – she thinks she’s serving humanity and the sacred cause of art, whereas in my view the modern theatre is an anthology of stereotypes and received ideas. When the curtain goes up, and there, in a room with three walls lit by artificial lighting because it’s always evening, these great artists, these high priests in the temple of art, demonstrate how people eat and drink, how they love and walk about and wear their suits; when out of these banal scenes and trite words they attempt to extract a moral – some small and simple moral with a hundred household uses; when under a thousand different disguises they keep serving me up the same old thing, the same old thing, the same old thing – then I run and don’t stop running, just as Maupassant ran from the sight of the Eiffel Tower, that weighed on his brain with its sheer vulgarity. What we need are new artistic forms. And if we don’t get new forms it would be better if we had nothing at all.

THIS IS A TRANSLATION BY MICHAEL FRAYN. YOU MAY USE OTHER TRANSLATIONS OF THE SAME PIECE.

10. Lopakhin – The Cherry Orchard by Anton Chekhov

LOPAKHIN: I bought it...I bought it! One moment...wait...if you would, ladies and gentlemen...My head’s going round and round, I can’t speak... (laughs). 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 Yermolay, 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 even 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 these trees come down! Weekend houses, we’ll build weekend houses, and our grandchildren and our great grandchildren will see a new life here... Music! Let’s hear the band play! Let’s have everything the way I want it. Here comes the new landlord, the owner of the cherry orchard!

THIS IS A TRANSLATION BY MICHAEL FRAYN. YOU MAY USE OTHER TRANSLATIONS OF THE SAME PIECE.
11. Cornelius – The Matchmaker by Thornton Wilder

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're sitting - you can see - well, for instance, the way (pointing to the edge of his right eye) 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 at 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've talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal, and to the finest one that ever existed, in my opinion. They're so different from men! Everything that they say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. (he laughs) Golly, they're different from men. And they're awfully mysterious, too. You never can 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 really sure whether she 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.

12. Biff – Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller

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 anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! It's goddamn 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 the 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 anymore. 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?
13. Chopper – Chopper by Andrew Dominik

CHOPPER: So, am I? Am I charged with this? Oooh., So that’s it? I mean, like, what? Am I, how do you call, flavour of the month or something? What's going on here? Are you just gonna bloody get me on popular opinion or something? I don't know this bloke, Mr. Downie. I've never, never seen his face. I wouldn't know that bloke right? Was he young, the bloke who got shot? What? He was young. Young then, was he? What? What are you writing everything down for? (indicating the photo) That's not me, mate; I got no interest in that sort of thing. You know that. Mr. Downie, you know - you know how I work. Right? We go back - I know you got nothing personal against me and, and...I mean perish the thought I should do something like that. I mean, look. (indicating the photo) Crap! Do you reckon I shot this bloke? Seriously? Like, in your heart? I mean, in your heart? Oh mate.....if you think that, right? Well, I’m buggered then, aren’t I? Oh, crap. I mean.... how can you think that? (BEAT) Well, of course I shot the fool. If you knew the bloke you’d shoot him too. I did the idiot a favour. Hey? Don’tcha think so? Last week it was, ’Neville who?’ This week he's a criminal superstar. The bloke what Chopper shot, number whatever. (laughs) Yes, well, he's still got one perfectly good leg and that's more than enough for him. (BEAT)

Well, it's a disgrace what's going on out here.

If you walked into...(indicating photo) Neville Bartos, biggest heroin dealer in the western suburbs, you could walk into his house - If you saw...a turd sitting on his lounge room floor...it wouldn't be the first dirty thing you noticed. I mean these blokes: they live like animals. Like pigs. These aren't people - You don't bloody care about (lifting up photo of Bartos) Would you invite that bloke into your home? I mean, perish the thought you'd have him in your home. They've got no right to their money and I've got no money, so bugger them.

PLEASE DO NOT IMPERSONATE THE ACTOR’S REPRESENTATION OF THE ABOVE CHARACTER IN THE FILM VERSION


ROBERT: I’ve cancelled the cooking course. And my German. It’s all pointless. I feel like a scaly bag of filth. People can smell death. I’m an affront. If I go out there, they’ll sniff at me. Know I’m rotting. And the terrible thing is I’ve never felt more alive in my life. Every sound, every flicker of movement, every skerrick of meaning in every word, I hear it, I see it. When you touch me, I feel it. It’s like a cut. Like I’ve lost three layers of skin. And I don’t want you to touch me and I do want you to touch me. And I want your love and I don’t want you to love me. And it’s all unbearable. I don’t want to go out there and I do want to go out there. And I want everything that’s out there and I want to dance and I want to make love and I want to sing and I want to be humiliated and I want to feel. And I want it now. Because now I know I can’t have it.

Night Letters by Writer Susan Rogers and Director Chris Drummond inspired by Robert Dessaix’s novel.

LUKE: We drive along the borders. We can’t drive direct ‘cause everywhere’s too heavily mined. It’s just before Christmas Day. And I’m going north, into the Royalist faction. He’s alone on the stage we’re driving in, up these narrow jungle tracks, and I can hear this terrible sound. Screams? Cries? Electric guitars? Crap, they’ve put on a Christmas party to welcome us and they’ve got this band and they’re wailing and its....Jungle Bells? Ahahahaha. I mean that’s the sort of humour we had in the army.

There’s that movie, The Odd Angry Shot: ‘We’re guests in this country. ‘That’s got a cult following in the military, I mean that is a priceless film. And it’s true. I sit down with the Cambodians, eat, drink with them and play cards. Even the Cambodian Generals. I mean these are... I’m a private and these are Generals. They’d survived twenty years of endless resistance warfare. Taught themselves English from paperbacks. They’d sit down under a tree after battle, read a book, and when the bullets started flying again they’d put the book away. After about six weeks in county I’m speaking the language. I mean, I may as well fess up to this now, but there was a woman. Chanthou. I literally see her through the trees one night. And we just... And one of the Generals adopted me and made me his brother and I was given this nickname. It means ‘Rubbish Soldier’. Do you know that that means? Tries to get us to answer Nah, nah, it means something like resistance fighter, but more. You could sleep or eat anywhere, share the crap, speak the language. My officers resented it. And that I rode bikes on my days off for the Red Cross delivery medicine. My officers used to laugh and say, ‘No wonder you’ve got the language down and the culture and all that shit. This Chanthou. You’ve got a long-haired dictionary’. I started to lose faith in the army. And they treat them like the little coloured people, you know. That’s why for me... ‘Rubbish Soldier’? Me? ‘You’re one of us.’ And that was incredibly powerful for me. I’m feeling a bit emotional about it talking about it now, you know, if you want an honest opinion. It’s um, you know, they’ve been through as much as they have done and to recognise me, what I did for them... Sorry, just give me a minute. It’s why I keep going back. I want to do justice to their claim that I was good enough to be one of them. Sorry.

16. Chunk – The Call by Patricia Cornelius

CHUNK: You’ve got it all wrong. It come to me like a whack on the back of the head, suddenly given way. An epiphany, that’s what I’m having. Ever heard of an epiphany, Aldo? It’s like God’s spoken, like lightning, some friggon big moment of enlightenment. And I’m having it. It’s all crap. The lot of it. It’s a big load of bull. A hoax. Someone major’s pulling our leg, got us by the throat and is throttling us, got us boxed in, packed up. Nothing-means-nothing. You got it? Once you got that, you’re living free. Who says how life’s meant to be? Who says what’s good, what you should or shouldn’t do? Who in hell’s got the right to measure a man’s success? He did this, he did that, he got that job, he got paid a lot. Piss off. He owns a house, a wife, two kids. So what? He’s a lawyer, a doctor, he’s made a success of his life. No success story for the likes of us. And you know what? I don’t give a crap. Finally it’s clear to me. It’s all crap. And I’m free of it at last.
17. 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 shoe box. I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire-escape for a 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 bar, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger - anything that can blow your candles out! *(LAURA bends over the candles.)*

- for nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blowout your candles, Laura - and so good-bye...*[She blows the candles out.]*

18. Lenny – The Homecoming by Harold Pinter

**LENNY:** I mean, I am very sensitive to atmosphere, but I tend to get desensitized, if you know what I mean, when people make unreasonable demands on me. For instance, last Christmas I decided to do a bit of snow-clearing for the Borough Council, because we had a heavy snow over here that year in Europe. Well, that morning, while I was having my mid-morning cup of tea in a neighbouring cafe, the shovel standing by my chair, an old lady approached me and asked me if I would give her a hand with her iron mangle. Her brother-in-law, she said, had left it for her, but he’d left it in the wrong room, he’d left it in the front room. Well, naturally, she wanted it in the back room. It was a present he’d given her, you see, a mangle, to iron out the washing. But he’d left it in the wrong room, he’d left it in the front room, well that was a silly place to leave it, it couldn't stay there. So I took time off to give her a hand. She only lived up the road. Well, the only trouble was when I got there I couldn’t move this mangle. It must have weighed about half a ton. How this brother-in-law got it up there in the first place I can’t even begin to envisage. So there I was, doing a bit of shoulders on with the mangle, risking a rupture, and this old lady just standing there, waving me on, not even lifting a little finger to give me a helping hand. So after a few minutes I said to her, now look here, why don’t you stuff this iron mangle up your arse? Anyway, I said, they're out of date, you want to get a spin drier. I had a good mind to give her a workover there and then, but as I was feeling jubilant with the snow-clearing I just gave her a short-arm jab to the belly and jumped on a bus outside. Excuse me, shall I take this ashtray out of your way?