EXTRACT

Monologues

a collection of monologues for auditions and performance

by

Alex Broun

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Monologue list	**Character**
1. THE VOICE BEHIND THE FENCE (2 minutes)	Masooma
2. BEER AND NEWSPAPER (2 minutes)	Jamie
3. THERE IS A BETTER PARTY THAN THIS (2 minutes)	Brent
4. BOOTS (2 minutes)	Tracey
5. DANTE AND OTHER DIVERSIONS (2 minutes)	Steve
6. 10,000 BEERS (2 minutes)	Len
7. PARTY 1 (2 minutes)	Brenda
8. PHONE CALLS (2 minutes)	Rachel
9. THE POOL OF CERBERUS (2 minutes)	Leonard
10. TELEVISION MAN (2 minutes)	Adrian
11. THE FIRST FIREWORKS (3-4 minutes)	Helen
12. BOOTS (3-4 minutes)	Tracey
13. 10,000 BEERS (3-4 minutes)	Len
14. THE WOODS (3-4 minutes)	Leonard
15. WOMEN (3-4 minutes)	Eric
16. TEXT MESSAGES (5 minutes)	Rachel
17. THE VOICE BEHIND THE FENCE (5 minutes)	Masooma
18. DENIAL (5 minutes)	Ros
19. LOVE SUCKS (5 minutes)	Karla
20. PHONE CALLS (5 minutes)	Rachel
21. BOOTS (5 minutes)	Tracey

22. GOD (5 minutes)	Janine
23. DEPRESSION OLYMPICS (5 minutes)	Steve
24. GOLDILOCKS (5 minutes)	Keith
25. PARTY 1 (5 minutes)	Brenda
26. INFIDELITY (7-8 minutes)	Clive
27. TELEVISION MAN (10 minutes)	Adrian
28. CHILDREN OF THE FLASH (10 minutes)	Ruth
29. BEER AND NEWSPAPER (10 minutes)	Jamie

1. The voice behind the fence

(2 minute monologue)

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WE HEAR AN IRON GATE CLANG SHUT.

MASOOMA: You ask me to tell you my story but every time I tell my story I give away another piece of myself. I will not tell you my story. I will tell you what I remember. What is burnt into my skull.
My name is Masooma Mohebbie. I am not a refugee. I am a refugee applicant.
I have been moved. Unaccompanied woman, so I could be moved. Away from the numbing emptiness of tin sheds - cooking ovens in the day, ice caves at night. I am one of the lucky ones.
Asif. He has suffered. He used to remind me of my husband, very intelligent and brave. One day he broke a fluorescent tube in the bathroom and started eating glass.
People are surprised a human being can be like that. Three years in tin sheds will do many things to a man. Or a woman.
I remember the announcements from the loud speaker. All day, all night. What do they say? What do they mean? If they do not stop I will go mad.
People go mad. Some for real, others for fake. Going mad is the only way of getting out. The other way is dying.
I am not scared of dying anymore. I am only scared of going mad. I can not lose myself, it is all I have left.
I remember jumping into the water, holding onto my son, people jumping on top of us - my son's hand slipping from my ... No. I will not speak of that. I miss my dignity.
Everything they say in this country is a lie. I remember thinking that outside in this country it is always so hot but inside the people are cold. They have no hearts. The sun has burnt it from their chests. They don't care if we die. But the voice - the voice did care.
It was the day of the light in the sky. Someone said a bus was just outside. We could hear a voice. A women's voice calling to us from behind the fence. "We know you have suffered. We welcome you."
When I heard this I am ashamed. These people are not cruel. They have a heart just like mine. The soldiers who pulled me from the water were from this country.
Then I remember other soldiers and the night I stood in front of my house and watched as they ... I have seen how they kill people in my country and I will not go back there.
That is what I remember. That is my story.

2. BEER AND NEWSPAPER
(2 minute monologue)

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JAMIE IS A BLIND WOMAN DESCRIBING HOW SHE MET SOMEONE SPECIAL TO HER IN THE AFTERMATH OF 9/11.

JAMIE: How we met.
I left my apartment at 8.35am exactly as usual.
I came down the stairs of the complex and walked across Mulberry and into Baxter, past the fountain trickling on my left and the smell of garbage at the cafe where I sometimes buy my lunch.
As I reached the corner of Centre, I felt a slight cool breeze, ruffling my hair – and a warm glow on my face, like someone had lit a match - then silence.
No cars, no traffic lights, no people. Nothing, except the trickling of the fountain. Then suddenly an explosion of sound.
A woman screaming - car horns, drowning each other out.
Footsteps, a man's footsteps, running towards me.
I'm knocked to the footpath by a middle aged man in a thick jacket.
He grabbed my hand and tried to pull me up.
"Leave me alone.
I'm alright. You're the one who's confused. I know exactly where I'm going."
I checked my watch. 8.47am. I had three minutes to get to my bus stop. He'd be waiting. But first I had to get across Lafayette and the lights had stopped working.
I couldn't hear any cars moving so I stepped on to the road.
It was unsafe I know but all I was thinking is that I have two minutes to get to my bus stop or he'll be gone.
I took another tentative step.
Ten more quick steps and I reached the other side.
Now it was 8.49. One minute!
I walked quickly down the sidewalk to Broadway and made it to my bus stop. 8.50am exactly.
But where was he? Where was the man who smells of beer?
Not badly - he's not an alcoholic - just a faint smell.
And only in the evening.
One or two after his hard day at the stock exchange.
And he always has a paper which he reads on the bus.
That's why I christened him Beer and Newspaper.
Because I didn't know his real name.
Then.