

## Audition Pieces

### 1. Female – Nell Gwynn Monologue

**Nell** Mr Dryden! Yet again, some gallant falls for a wilting, waifish woman without a bean of personality or a single funny line, but hey, it doesn't matter, cos she's pretty – And what does this flimsy whimsy want from life? Adventure? Respect? No... all she wants is this flopsome fop cos once he wrote her a poem and compared her to a flower. Is that what you think women want? No, Mr Dryden! It's not! We're as knotty and tangly as you are, and yet how do you write us? 'Oh Romeo, Romeo, lend me your dagger so I can kill myself – for though I'm young and healthy and have everything to live for – and I only met you a week ago – my life's not worth living now you've gone.' Really? It's hogswill. Juliet is a noodle. Who wrote that twaddle anyway? Shakespeare? Well, he should learn to write proper plays. Or let his wife have a go. Please, Mr Dryden. You can write for a real woman now. No one has done that before. Write from here – (*Indicating her guts.*) and write me a character! With skin and heart and some sense in her head. Celadon says he thinks he *might* marry her. You think she'd agree – to *that*?!

### 2. Male – Charles II Monologue

**Charles II** My Lords and Gentlemen, we are sensible of the extraordinary care you have taken, in these times of danger, for the preservation of our Person. We congratulate you on your success – for here we are. And, in return, we have kept England safe and Christendom in repose. Led one United Kingdom. And yet, gentlemen, the winds of dissent do shake these ancient walls.

Let these words echo hereafter – no parliament can disinherit an heir. His Highness, James Stuart, Duke of York, is the rightful successor, elected by Holy God, and that which God sets down no man must put asunder – whether he be Catholic or not. Do you suppose that one man could turn us about to Popery? To believe so is to damn us all as Godless. Is it not irreligious that we should dispossess a man of his right, because he differs in point of faith? Such prejudice only leads to war. And we will not accept counsel from those who expound this path. The crown is not elective, gentlemen. Parliament is. We declare it our Royal will to dissolve this present Government. Gentlemen, take your leave. Go home.