

AUDITION MONOLOGUES

1. Read through the monologues and choose one that you enjoy acting. Refer to the character descriptions to learn more about the characters. If you are only interested in an ensemble role, please do Penelope Peel (ladies) or Nathan Peel 1 (men).
2. Monologues do not need to be fully memorized; as long as they are prepared, you are welcome to use the text as you perform it. We are looking for interpretation, accent, emotion and fit for characters.
3. McBride Characters should be read with an **Irish Accent** and Peel Characters should be read with **British accent**.
4. You are welcome to read for more than one character (no more than 3 please). We suggest choosing 2 different accents if you are able.
5. Most of these are NOT actual monologues in the show, but rather lines pulled from dialogue. So whenever you see // -that's a spot where another character is speaking in the dialogue. Please check out the actual scene (pg numbers listed) for better understanding of your monologue.

WOMEN'S MONOLOGUES

Deirdre McBride 1 (pg 43/44)

(talking to herself) You're fine. Just go right in and clean the fire grate. *(second guessing)* The *British* fire grate. Nothin' to fear, so long as you steer clear of the *Englishman*.

[DEIRDRE enters, stopping abruptly, gasping]

M'Lord! // I beg yer pardon, Sir?...Me?? A *spy*? No, M'Lord. I swear it on me mother's grave! I'm only here to clean yer fire grate. // Me face? Yer judgin' me face? Let me clean up the glass...// *(nervously rambling)* Forgive me, Sir...I mean *M'Lord*. I've never ever even spoken to an Englishman...'Specially not a famous one such as yerself. And I've never set foot in such a fine house as this and I— oh, *please*, don't give me the sack.

Deirdre McBride 2 (pg 53/54)

(to Nathan about her situation & surprising him w/ incisiveness, vulnerability & sweetness)

M'lord. We'll lose our home if we can't pay the taxes. But then, *you* know all about that. //

(vulnerably) I know I'm...I'm far below all the fine ladies you know in London who never lift a finger. But... I need this job and I'll beg ye if I must. // *Please*...don't be judgin' *me* on account o' me brothers. // *(suddenly sure of herself)* Welcome to Ireland, Lord Peel.

We're a people who fight with every fiber to survive. I'll heartily beg yer pardon for my brothers' behavior...but not for who I am.

Robyn McBride (p 32/33)

(every aspect of her character here. She speaks to Brennan then Sheridan then Justin—reading the scene in the script will help!)

Brennan Daniel. I'm gonna tan yer hide. Ye must stop comin' to the cove. Tis dangerous. Ye think yer father could bear the grief of loosin' another son? Do ye!? // Foolishness. Watching that sea...t'will do no good.

[Brennan leaves; Staring blankly at the sea, speaking to Sheridan with disdain]

This cove looks different in the light of day. Tis the very same spot we sold our brother away forever. *(He says nothing; her emotion builds to fury)* Is your heart still so hard!?

[He storms off. She's alone. She looks at the sea, speaking to Justin]

Oh Justin. I know we don't deserve to have ye back, but please...for Brennan's sake, come home to us.

Julia Peel (pg 20/21)

(having just met Justin; insightful & kind. then more of her personality comes through)

You sound like a dreamer Mr. McBride...with a noble dream for your homeland. Perhaps, that's part of your calling.

[after Justin is not sure where to go in London]

Well. This particular area is quite...*disreputable*. So...as you go, I suggest turning to the left. // To the right?..Oh. Nothing much. Westminster, St. James Park, Downing Street. I would avoid it. *(slight momentary panic, realizing the time)* Oh dear, I am dreadfully late.

(after he offers to walk her home; sweet)

You're very kind. But, I've a carriage to fetch me home...unbeknownst to my father who would be unspeakably...*displeased* to awaken and find his carriage missing. *(stopping, turning back)* There is a reason God brought you to England, Mr McBride. You have only to find it.

Penelope Peel (Read both) p24/25 & 78/80

(14 yrs) Papa is going to meet the *new QUEEN!* // Tell Papa to let me come to the palace! // Oh, Papa! I shall come with you! // What? Julia's going to Paris?!? I want to go to Paris! // Mama! If you won't let me go to Paris then at least let me go to the palace!

(early 20's) Have you read the gossip column?! Prince Albert stood *alone* at the ribbon cutting ceremony! Victoria would not leave the palace... so distressed was she by... a *dream!* Look here..."The queen has lost her senses! She is unfit to wear the crown!"

Queen Victoria (read both)

(p 82- She is seeing and feeling her nightmare– feelings change suddenly as she watches)

McBride. Please. You must help me. I dream that I'm dancing with such joy! And do you see why?—what I have in my hand? That sparkling treasure! // Oh no! Look there, the villain! (*tragically*) Why must he take from me? It's all that I have! // Oh! There! The woman. She brings me another treasure! Please Mr. McBride tell me what this means.

(At the Ball– now restored to her regal, charming, in-charge, put-together self)

It appears Justin McBride will feed the whole of Ireland! He may quite *drain* the national treasury. (*relishing in the nobleman's shock*) I commend him! (*turning the guests*) Welcome! Thank you all for coming to this astonishing and *unprecedented* event in England: A charity ball for Ireland!

Lady Peel (read all three)

(Act I– each line is a separate declaration to the household– with a variety of emotions)

Where is Julia?? We must be off! We're planning Julia's trip to Paris! Lady Goodfellow awaits! (*confused*) Is the carriage ready?? Brigid, I've forgotten my gloves!

(Act II– to Julia upon finding that Justin is suddenly powerful)

He is now a duke?! That is *four ranks* higher than your father. And you, my dear, are careening toward spinsterhood at a frightening pace. Smile at him.

(Act II later to ladies at the ball; as if it's a delicious secret)

I took it upon myself to introduce the *Duke* to London society! I insisted that Julia attend every event. What a match I've made!

MEN'S MONOLOGUES

Justin McBride 1 (pg 20/21)

(Upon meeting Julia, fallen instantly in love, sharing his story; honest, easy, endearing)

Back home, my father told me I had a callin' on my life. (*stopping; becoming quiet*) But, life's taken a bit of a turn, as you see. I'm done dreamin'. And I'm pretty certain that the callin' ye speak of... it died soon as I left the bonny shores of Ireland. Now, tis time I figure out how to make my way in...jolly ol' England. // (*charmingly*) And...could a poor Irishman escort a Good Samaritan on her way? (*turning genuine*) You saved my life. If we must say goodbye, at least allow me to see you home safely.

Justin McBride 2 (pg 93)

(ACT II- interrogating his brothers; tense; hoping for repentance)

Tell me why your father grieves. // Lost a son, did he? How sad. (*watching their reaction*)
And how exactly did your father lose his beloved son? Did the boy just...run off with the sheep one day? (*their silence breeds new irrationality*) Hmm? Answer this. Why did you not give an account of this brother when I asked of your family? Have you forgotten about him? (*in their silence, grief and fury build; turning to Sheridan*) You. Why so quiet? Something to hide, perhaps? Tell me what happened to your brother!

Nathan Peel 1 (p 43)

(Act I- nervously giving himself a pep talk in Ireland; then humorously meeting Deirdre)

Well, then. Nothing says 'welcome to Ireland' like a rock crashing through the library window. Carry on, Peel! Nothing to fear, so long as you...*trust. no. Irishmen.* // Ah! The maid! With a *bucket*? Clever tactic. Yes. I perceive you've come to inspect the crime. Perhaps... the deeds of the *Ribbon Men*? I've *read* about them: a secret society of Irish farmers who work against British land agents. Have they now...sent a *spy*... in the form of a *scullery maid*? Is that *guilt* on your face?

Nathan Peel 2 (p73/74)

(Act I- confronting Justin in prison; bitter; conflicted by his past & present)

What are you doing in the manager's office?! Don't tell me– (*a huff of realization; then sardonically*) I should've known. Once again, McBride, with his magical charms, has weasled his way to the top. // And look here. *That* is the third editorial that a certain *Liam McBride of Dublin* has written to slander my father's name. So, *one* McBride routinely disparages my father in the paper...*Another* tried to kill me. And *You!* Infiltrating my father's house, climbing above your station. You've given me all I need to know. Be aware, the law will not be kind to the McBrides when I prosecute them.

Grady McBride (read both)

(Act I: to the AUDIENCE: warning, then shame over what they are doing to Justin)

Aye! Cheer for the boy! But I'll be warnin' ye, the party's over. Me brothers' Irish blood is ready to boil. I'm not proud of what happens next.

(*later, after the crime*) We didn't know what we'd done to Justin...what *fate* we'd assigned 'im to. But there was no question...what we'd done to our father.

(Act II: to the AUDIENCE: all is well; moral of the story; pastorally, warmly) And just like that, our Justin was finally home. Hard to believe that what we'd meant for evil... the good Lord...as only He can do, turned it all around and brought about...(*looking over*

seeing Seamus enter) something very good. How about that? Brotherly love...growin' deep as the potatoes.

Robert Peel (*read both*) p 104

(Act I- to Justin at Peel's inaugural ball- he is on the top of the world)

Yes! You will monitor my accounts, reply to my private correspondence. You will sit with me in Parliament! In short, I am entrusting you...with *everything*. (*humored by the irony*) Let the world see that Robert Peel: opposer of Irish liberation, has placed his very career in the hands of an Irishman! Ha!

(Act II- a sober, seasoned, warmer version of Peel; after he falsely sent Justin to prison)

Tonight, I recognize the man who has accomplished more for the people of Ireland in two weeks than my parliament has in two decades. Years ago, I took this man under my wing. He served with the utmost loyalty. (*hesitating, looking at Justin, repentantly*) How deeply I regret not showing him the same. Yet, it seems we've both been given a second chance. (*after a handshake, confident again*) It is my distinct pleasure to present... *His Grace*... the Duke of Westminster.