

A Quick Monologue Intro

Hello! And thank you for auditioning for THE FERRYMAN at Hole in the Wall Theater!

We have a quick note for you on Monologues:

Actors will be asked to present a monologue of their choice, after which they will participate in reading selections from the script. Monologues do not need to be prepared or memorized! You also *do not need to use any of the following monologues if you have your own already!*

Our goal with monologues is to allow actors the opportunity to present their best foot forward in whatever way helps them most, and clue us in on what you should read next. **We are not judging your memorization skills, your selection of monologue, your dialect ability, or anything OTHER than your ability to create a character and tell a story with them!**

If you do your best audition work given time to get off book and prepare, these selections are for you to prep as much as you need! If you prefer to bring the sheet in with you, we encourage you to! If you'd rather not look at a sheet of the script until a few minutes before you walk in the door, we can't wait to see what you discover!

Every actor auditions best under different circumstances, and our hope is that by beginning with a monologue, and having that process provide as many options as possible, you can come into the room in a way that lets you play as confidently and comfortably as possible.

At the end of the day, we want you to have fun and create some wonderful theater with us.

We can't wait to see you.

The Ferryman Production Team

Terry, Alex, Colleen, George, Keith, and Laurie

P.S if you are a parent reading this on behalf of a younger actor (12 or under), age appropriate monologues are available at the end of this document. The others may contain adult language that is present in the show, but you may want to take your time in introducing. Or y'know, just throw 'em in the deep end. Your choice!

Shane

You know what I think, young brothers. When you spend your week out here among the daisies and the butterflies, up on a haystack, picking your hole, watching the corn ripen... 'The swallows are eating the ladybirds.' 'I'll show you the right way to kill a goose.' Patsy O'Hara had fourteen fits the morning he died. Bit his tongue clean through. His soul on the edge of the void and he knew it, knew he was leaving this world, his family, his friends, and he closed his eyes shut and bit down. He did it for me, for Declan, for Diarmaid, for JJ and for you. This is not history. This is happening now. In two, three years when this war is really raging, and you're in town, walking down the old lane there and a car stops and Mr Muldoon gets out and asks you the question, what shall you tell him now? Or if I'm in McCartney's, and he asks me about you. What shall I say about you? You sleep well now, Michael. You too, JJ. And make sure you get plenty of rest because there's lots and lots of work to do tomorrow. Them Polish pigs won't feed themselves.

Shena

Can you hear that? That's the old combine. That's Daddy out there, he's got all his sons and the Corcoran boys. There's big handsome Shane and wee Diarmaid. And young Declan with the boils on his back. They're all out there, in the dust and the dapple and the sweat. Some day you'll be out there with them. A Carney boy. With those big strong arms of yours. With your big strong daddy looking on. Aye, Daddy's in the field, soldier. Doing his duty. And your mummy? She's upstairs resting like a lazy bitch. That's right, poppet. She's got another virus. And so has my arse. She calls it a virus but we know she's always got a fecking virus. She never gets up, does she? Just lies around scoffing custard creams, filing her bunions, brewing some fucking Scotch-mist ailment or other while we do all the work. Is that nice and snug now?

Mary

We said two or three months. But she was so desperate, so lost, so shaken by the not knowing, by the grief that couldn't be grief, that after six months the situation was worse. Nothing was healing. Nothing was moving on. We both said that this was kindness. The Christian thing to do. Oisín had brothers. Sisters. She was your brother's wife. Or widow. We didn't know. She didn't know. And as time went on and the months became years, years of not knowing, less wife, more widow? Or perhaps... Perhaps... just a woman. A young, beautiful woman. under this roof. Who made you smile. Who knew how to make you laugh. I didn't know the words to say to make you smile. I did once, but somewhere, among all those weeks and months of waiting and nothing healing and the same days and the same waiting, somewhere there I forgot how to make you smile. I forgot how to make you laugh. Now it's over. Now there's a body. Now she can grieve. Now she can mourn. Now, Quinn. Now we can move on. Now look me in the eye and say that is something you want...

If I were to stand here, Quinn, and speak my heart. If I were to show you who I am, is that something you'd even want?

What's the matter, Quinn? Have you vanished?

Caitlin

I'm glad you came here today, Mr Muldoon. Because it gives me the chance to say something I've wanted to say for a long time. Six months before Seamus disappeared he bought himself his first car. A Morris Marina 1.8 Super Deluxe Coupé. Sienna orange. Second hand. Five years old. A hundred pounds down. Spoiler on the back, and up there on the windshield, 'Caitlin and Elvis'. Every night, back from the plant, he's out there with the soap and the chamois, getting that thing like a mirror. We called her 'The Other Woman'. 'Sure, you take more care over that car...'

About a week after he disappeared, I was here, at this house, and a man called by. It was a friend of Seamus, a friend from school, saying Seamus'd been spotted at Belfast terminal, getting on the ferry. We went down to the docks together, and in a street nearby, there was the car parked in the street there. The Marina. I took one look at that car and I knew instantly that Seamus was dead.

You see, Mr Muldoon, it was parked under this tree. under this huge sycamore. There's no way on God's earth he would park that car under a big tree like that, and let the pigeons, the gulls, the gannets, the shitehawks crap all over it...

Sure, we'd drive a round for half an hour to find a spot where there was no trees. It would drive me crazy.... If you know a man. If you really know him... It didn't work, see. I knew. You never got me, Mr Muldoon. You never got me.

Muldoon

Strange. But now I think of it, it sounds highly improbable. Can you imagine taking a hammering like that for someone and not recall it? (Beat.) Well, I'll have to double-check that when I get home. I'll ask Susan to have a wee look. Who knows. You might be right. You might have something there.

But sure... there'll be no talk of revenge, Quinn. And if you'll excuse me, I think you're overestimating yourself. You're not a soldier any more. You're a farmer. A busy one too. So what I merely ask is this. That you accept that Seamus's disappearance was a tragedy which had absolutely nothing to do with us. And in doing so, that you provide me with assurances. That if a reporter were to telephone. That there'll be no hot-headedness. That you and everyone under this roof will be trusted to behave responsibly. If you can provide me with that assurance, then you have my word – your family will be left... unbothered

I remember when you heard your first child was born. You showed me a photograph of him, when he was only a few weeks old. You looked me in the eye and said you'd watch that baby burn in a fire, if it meant a free Ireland. And I thought, 'That is what it takes. That is the cost of freedom. The price is unimaginable. And here is a man who knows that. And is willing to pay it.' How many harvests have you brought in since then, Quinn? That's a lot of sun on your back. All those smiling wee faces.

By the way. How's Mary? I hear she's been unwell. It must be difficult for her all these years, sharing a home with another woman. I don't suppose that was ever her plan. It shows a big heart. Good for the boy too. But it must make it all a bit topsy-turvy. A bit lopsided sometimes. She's an attractive woman, Caitlin. Any man can see that. No less attractive than she was ten years ago. More so, if anything. In any case, I'm just saying, it must be difficult. A difficult arrangement.

Quinn

“The disappearance of a loved one is a harrowing event”... ‘Disappearance’, who came up with the idea? Don’t get me wrong, it’s brilliant. Sure, a kneecapping hurts. Even with a death. There’s a body. She can grieve. In time the pain finds a home. But take a man out to a bog in the middle of nowhere. Put a bullet in his head. Then send friends to the widow to tell her they’ve seen him. On a ferry to Liverpool. The horses in Wicklow. Give that woman hope. Keep the wound open. It’s genius, sure it is. A fantastic use of resources.

Don’t you try to sell me “there have been rumours, allegations”...I’ll tell you what went on. My brother was jammed in a van. Whisked off to some barn, some cottage. Interrogated. Beaten. His confession was taped. He was driven out to some bog, his hands were tied and while he pleaded for his life and begged Jesus for mercy he was shot in the back of the head. Within a week the rumours start. Seamus was an informer. Seamus is dead. Seamus is alive. Seamus is on the run. His family is ostracised. By Christmas his mother’s dead from the stress. His widow is insane with fear. His boy has no father.

Was that fun, Jimmy? Walking in here, in the middle of it all. Looking Caitlin in the eye. Seeing Oisin? Was that a thrill now?

One month before Seamus disappeared, I came to you and I told you I wanted out. I told you why. I said I had enough blood on my hands. You listened. You said you understood. Four weeks later, to the day, Seamus disappeared. Condolences, Jimmy. Fucking condolences?

Why are you really here? What do you want?

Maggie

No, I'll answer. The truth, girls. The truth is... I loved a man who loved another. He was from Killborren. His name was Francis John Patrick Maloney. The son of a house painter. All the boys from our village were small and pasty and dark, or bright ginger goblins with blue skin and clammy hands, like deep-sea fish, but shy. But Francis Maloney... Francis had a long strong back and golden hair. Bronzed skin. And green eyes. Like a minor river god. Like Morrigan sprung to life in Kilborren. From the age of ten, whenever I spied Francis I was struck cross-eyed with lust. My mouth went dry. My heart sped to bursting. I'd lie awake at night dreaming of us being together, going swimming together in the river, lying on the bank after, in the long daisies.

And then one day packing up all the small things we owned and sailing off to America to live in New York, ride the subway with our ten fair-haired, green-eyed boys and girls. Tuck them to bed and sit up at a rickety table with one candle, drinking bourbon and branch water, reading each other Whitman, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson. Then blow out the candle, climb into our crisp cold cot and make that old contraption roar and rumble like a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow at full feckin' pelt. When I was fifteen years old, I woke up one morning and my mammy told me Francis had moved away, across the water there to England, to help the English dig their canal from Birmingham to Coventry.

I waited years for him to return. Then one day I heard he'd married a girl from the Black Country there, over in England. A seamstress. And it broke my heart. I've lived a happy life, but Love... Love had happened for me. And the funny thing was... I'm not sure Francis Maloney ever knew I existed. No more than any other sappy girl he passed in the street. But for me... it was Love. And so it never seemed fair to take another, and be with him, and bear his children, when all the time my heart would be away. But I'll never forget the feeling of seeing Francis, seventeen years old, in church, his glorious golden neck diving into a starch-white collar, throwing back his mane, singing 'Be Thou My Vision'.

I swear to Christ I could have ridden that boy from here to Connemara. And back.

Note: These monologues are not from our show, and are suggested for younger (12 or under) actors, such as those auditioning for the roles of Mercy, Honor, Nunu or Declan (These roles may be aged up or down depending on the actor, they are not exclusive to under 12 actors).

They are presented in descending order of the vocabulary's difficulty.

#1

A "C"? A "C"? I got a "C" on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a "C" in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it right that I be judged on a part of life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my "C"? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of the coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made ... Now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of the coat hangers that are used by the dry-cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my "C"?

#2

Hello Mother. Hello Father. I brought you two together for a presentation on why I should have a dog. First off, I want to thank you both for being here as you both were busy watching a movie. I have put together some reasons why I should have a dog: 1) I am a hyperactive child and I make you both tired very easily. If I get a dog, I will have someone to play with and you guys can get some quality sleep; 2) I can earn money from feeding, washing, and walking the dog; 3) This will also teach me to be responsible so that I won't forget to get the keys when we leave the house; 4) Dogs help you live longer and they will eat anything that you give them; 5) (And this will be a benefit for you) I will stop asking for a little brother. I admit that this can be a lot of responsibility, but I promise you that I will do my best. So, what do you say? Can I get a dog?

#3

I'm sorry. I don't have my math homework, Mrs. Williams. I have a really good reason. You might think I'm lying, but I'm not. Everybody thinks that when your dog eats your homework you are for sure lying, and you just didn't get it done, but what if your dog actually eats your homework? Then what do you do? That's what happened to my homework. Our tiny evil poodle ate it. We have to be careful in our house because that poof-ball, who only likes my mother, eats everything, including gross stuff out of the cat box. So, I got home and I set my homework on the table and I went to get some graham crackers and milk. After that, my brother wanted to play hoops in the driveway and he never wants me to play with him, so I did. When I got back inside, my homework was chewed up on the floor and the Devil Dog was hiding under the sofa. So, that's it. My real story about how my dog actually did eat my homework.