

Audition Monologues for *Sherwood*

Choose **TWO** monologues to perform for your audition. (I prefer that you choose two different characters.) Perform the ones that you choose with as much animation and energy as you can. Gender is not important, at least for audition purposes. If you like a monologue and believe that you can perform it well, by all means, perform it. Although you are only auditioning with two monologues, you will be considered for all the roles. Please indicate on your audition form if there is any role that you are **not** willing to accept. (Some of the smaller roles will, most likely, be doubled, or tripled, so you will play more than one role.)

Prince John (*Dangerous, calculating, and courteous man*) All the world's a stage, and all you men and women full of layers. My God, that was almost perfect. I should be a poet. Eh? Ha?! I hereby welcome you to our meeting of the Barons of the Northern Shires here at Nottingham Castle, which is owned by our host, the charming and sometimes reliable Sir Guy of Gisbourne. Now I realize we have a good deal to discuss today, but I trust that you will adopt the new French custom and put your weapons under your chairs, enjoy a peaceful supper, and dismember each other *after* the pudding. Ha! You may now begin eating.

Robin – (*Seventeen, lithe, handsome, and full of mischief*) I mean look at us, the great nobles. We learn history and philosophy and art and you would think that all the knowledge would teach us *something* about the world. I mean I'm not naïve, I understand that we fight for things, it's in our nature, but so is peace and-and-and-and *contentment*. I mean there's my father, off at the Crusades and for what? To kill more Saracens? For a parcel of land that we don't really want anyway, it's not as if we're going to live there in all that sand and heat, and all the money the use to mount the war could be used here at home to feed our people!

Robin – (*Seventeen, lithe, handsome, and full of mischief.*) Friends. I've called you together as loyal supporters of our great cause. As you will have heard by now, Prince John has seized the regency of our country, and already we have felt the injustice of this fraudulent sovereign. Two nights ago, we lost a friend. His name was Much the Miller, and much we feel, much was his bravery, and there will be much more in all of us thanks to our remembrance of his kind deeds and his good heart. But if we let this outrage go unavenged, what are we? *Cowards*. And I would happily be called a coward if it would lead to peace. But I know these men of greed, and they will take everything that we hold dear, our voice and our freedom, if we do not stop them!

Sir Guy (*A dangerous man of unpleasant aspect*) – Wait. Sorry. One more thing. While I was gone just now, I spoke with several of our closest allies who are here for the tournament, some from Lancashire, some from Yorkshire, and no one has ever heard of a duLac family near any border and I would like to submit that this young woman is the one who along with her father attacked the Sheriff and me in the company of Robin Hood on the border of Sherwood Forest and I hereby arrest her for fraud and treason to the Crown!

Friar Tuck (*A gravel-voiced, tough-as-shoe-leather man of conviction and irony*) (*To the audience.*) Save you all. The name is Tuck, Friar Tuck, and we will soon discover if this fellow creature of the Almighty dies by the rope in agony, his eyes oozing yellow puss, his body twitching in jerks and spasms, his breath gasping, with hideous gobbets of blood being vomited forth from his tightening gorge; or is he is happily saved by his merry band of accomplices, his friends like me. What do you think? Shall we take a vote: (*To a specific member of the audience.*) What do you think is going to happen? Yes you, madam. Call it out.

Marian (*Robin's age, a serious seventeen-year old beauty*) My father says that boys between that ages of fourteen and twenty-three should be locked away because they aren't good for anything but fighting, stealing, and being rude to their elders. You do know that you'll inherit this entire estate someday, so you have to start taking things seriously. Anyway, listen, you're probably wondering why I'm all dressed up like this. I'm wearing my traveling cloak. I'm going away. For three years, to Aquitaine. My father insists.

Deorwynn (*A peasant girl, sixteen years old*) Come on, we gotta save ma father! Much the Miller! They grabbed him, and, if we don't save him quick, *they'll cut his hands off*. We were only lookin' for rabbits is all, but then we spied a deer and ma father shoots it, and there was nobody around for miles but then there was and they grab him, and I made a run for it! (*They hear voices from offstage.*) They're comin'. Quick, hide. It's Sir Guy of Gisbourne and the Sheriff himself. They're black as ink. My cousins have lost a hand, two fingers, a leg, and one, his eyes. You could make a whole person out of the pieces they've lost.

Sheriff (*Cowardly bumbler who tries to keep up with Sir Guy*) I-I've tried to catch him, but it's like threading a needle! I've sent my very best men to the forest. I told them to find him, *and* the girl, but he's hard to pin down, he's just so clever, and he pulls all sort of roguish tricks, like that one he did to you with the button when he made your head go up and down like a puppet, which is how he got my sword out of my hand.