

## AUDITION MONOLOGUE

### Junior Boys

From: National Youth Theatre Monologues: Speeches for young people.

#### HARRI

Poppy just kissed me – right on the lips... *(Privately whispers to the audience.)* It

felt lovely – She’s my girlfriend now – *(Harri celebrates with a dance.)*

*(Harri takes in a big breath and gets himself into a running start position.)*

I was going to count how long it takes to get home.

*(Harri starts to move his arms as if warming up.)*

I could feel my blood getting stronger. I started running. I ran fast. I ran down the hill and through the tunnel.

*(Harri shouts.)*

Poppy I love you –

I ran past the real church.

I ran past the jubilee centre.

I ran past the CCTV camera.

I let it snap me for luck.

I ran past the pigeons and pretended they said hello to me. Pigeons I love you. I

ran past the playground and the dead climbing frame.

*(Harri runs even faster.)*

I was running super-fast.

I ran so fast my feet were just a blur.

I was going to break the world record. My lips still tickled from where Poppy’s kiss had been.

I ran past a tree in a cage.

Tree I love you –

I could see the flats.

The stair would be safe. I ran through the tunnel. My breath was nearly gone, I couldn't get the words out any more.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Asweh, It was the best echo ever.

*(Harri breathes heavily.)*

The sweat was itching on my face. It felt less than seven minutes, it felt like only five. I did it.

*(A hooded figure approaches Harri and stabs him swiftly.)*

I didn't see him. He came out of nowhere. I couldn't get out of the way, he was too fast. I should have seen him but I wasn't paying attention. You need eyes in the back of you head.

I've never been chooked before –

*(Harri falls to the bottom of the stairs holding his belly.)*

I could smell the piss ... I didn't want to die.

*(Struggles for voice.)* Mamma

Mamma was at work. Papa was too far away he'd never hear it. I would tell the police I only saw the handle for one second, It could have be green or brown.

*(Harri closes his eyes.)*

It could be a dream except – *(Looks down at his stomach.)* there was a bigger puddle and it wasn't piss it was me.

My blood is darker than I thought.

I hope Lydia tells Agnes my story, the one about the man on the plane with the fake leg.

She'll love that one.

I can see your face Agnes and your tiny fingers.

All babies look the same.