

The 39 Steps- Audition Monologues

Annabella (German accent)

Your English humour will not help Mr. Hannay! These men will stick at nothing. And I am the only person who can stop them. If they are not stopped, it is only a matter of days, perhaps hours before the top secret and highly confidential information is out of the country. And when they've got it out of the country God help us all!

Hannay

They're not policemen. You found it out yourself. I'd never have known that was the wrong road to Inverary! They were taking us to their boss with the little finger missing, and God help either of us if we meet him! Listen! There are twenty million women on this island and I've got to be chained to you! I'll say it one more time. There's a dangerous conspiracy against this island and we're the only people who can stop it!

Hannay

(hesitantly approaching lectern; is not the man everyone thinks he is)

Well - ladies and gentlemen I must apologize for my... hesitation in addressing you, but to tell you the simple truth, I entirely failed, while listening to the chairman's flattering description just now, to realize he was talking... about me. Anyway, when I... er... journeyed up to Scotland a few days ago, I no idea that, in a few days, I should be addressing an important political meeting. But may I say from the bottom of my heart and the utmost sincerity, how delighted and relieved I am to find myself in your presence at this moment.

Margaret (Scottish accent)

My husband. He says it's best not to think of such places and all the wickedness that goes on there. But could ye tell me, is it true that all the ladies paint their toe-nails? And put rouge and lipstick on their faces? Do London ladies look beautiful?

Mrs. Jordan

We're just having a few drinks with some friends to celebrate my daughter Hilary's birthday. A number of well-to-do acquaintances of my husband. Including the Sheriff of the County. Later we're organizing a shooting party. Perhaps you'd care to join us?

Professor

Yes. I'm afraid it does. Mr. Hannay, you've forced me into a very difficult position. You see I live here as a respectable citizen. My very best friend is the Sheriff of the County. You must realize my whole existence could be jeopardized if it became known that I was not - how shall I say - not what I seem.

Pamela (British woman, kidnapped by Hannay)

You're horrible! You just don't care do you! You just walk into my life and look at me! I'm cold and I'm wet and I'm miserable and my wrist hurts and I didn't do anything to hurt you! You're utterly horrid and beastly and heartless! You don't care about anything except your pompous, selfish, horrible, heartless self!

Mr. Memory

Thankoo. Thankoo. I will now place myself in a state of mental readiness for this evenin's performance and clear my inner bein' of all extinstrinsic and supermernumary material. I am now quite ready for the questions, thankoo. What was Napoleon's horse called? Napoleon's horse was called Belerophon, what he rode for the first time at Waterloo, June 15th eighteen-fiften! Am I right, sir? Thankoo!

Crofter

I'll say a blessing afore we begin. Oh most mighty and unforgiving father. Sanctify these bounteous and undeserved mercies to us miserable sinners. Make us bow on bended knee, make us truly thankful for all (opens eyes and notices Hannay and Margaret have their eyes open) thy manifold blessings. And continually turn our loathsome hearts from wickedness. Beat our gluttonous thoughts and lash our lustful desires, as with a three-forked flailing stick, pressing our bestial noses to the grindstone and blinding our eyes to the tawdry beads and baubles of all worldly wicked things.

Mrs. McGarrigle

It's a terrible Highland night, Willy! All that rain and wind rushing down the glen! Wouldn't want to be out alone tonight! Did you hear that? There it goes again! (Hannay and Pamela enter, soaking and bedraggled.) Ach, ye poor dears! Look Willy. It's a young couple come outta the night! Come away in sir, come away in! My poor wee dears! Anyway welcome to the McGarrigle Hotel. I am Mrs. McGarrigle. This is my husband Willy McGarrigle.