



Royal Conservatoire *of* Scotland

**BA Performance in
British Sign Language and English¹**

Scenarios and Monologues

¹ Referring to d/Deaf or hard of hearing applicants who use spoken English

Monologues:

For the monologue for the Acting task, you can:

- Write your own using a **scenario** and perform it in your preferred language
- Use any published monologue and perform in English
- Translate an English monologue and perform it in Sign Language

1. Scenario Examples

If you wanted to write your own monologue, think about a scenario in which a character wants to express something which is very important to them to someone else.

An example might be:

- Example 1: An argument about University

Your character wants to go to university to study but their parent doesn't agree. They want them to finish school and get a proper job and refuse to give money to support your studies. You have discussed it with them a few times and never agreed. Imagine that today is the deadline for applications. Your character has to finally convince their mum or dad why it is so important to you to go to Uni. You need their support. What would you say?

- Example 2: Breaking up

Imagine that you are in a relationship with someone. You have been going out for some time (you decide how long). But a little while ago, you met someone new and started having an affair. You realise you want to finish with your partner. Imagine that you are talking to them, what would you want to say? Would it be easy? Would you try not to hurt them?

2. Using a published Monologue

You can find monologues in playscripts, online or in collections of monologues (for example *The 'd' monologues* by Kaite O'Reilly). They are like written records of one character talking (to another) for a reason.

When you choose a monologue pick something that you connect to easily and isn't too different from yourself.

Below are **4 examples of monologues** taken from plays.

For each of these monologues we have provided a formal/neutral translation into BSL. You are welcome to watch the YouTube video as a guide. You should make your own choices about how you think the character behaves and expresses themselves. You can edit the text as well if you want.

Monologue 1: Juniper from *Many Moons* (Alice Birch)

<https://youtu.be/xxKMsc873hs>

This play has four characters who all talk to the audience. They all explain their feelings and experiences about love and relationships. Juniper is 24 and is described as 'hopeful'. In this monologue, she tells us how she looks for a man. It's like an online dating profile.

Juniper:

"I am looking for Love. I'm actively looking for Love. You know those traffic light parties where you wear red if you're not available, amber if you may be and green if you absolutely are? Well I'm on green. Constantly.

I sometimes think my heart will fall out of my ribcage and land at my feet, the pace at which it beats.

I like a lot of things. I *love* a lot of things. I get excited pretty easily about food and friends and parties and events and the weather and sex and films, and just hanging out.

I like Facebook a lot. I have the app of it on my iPhone actually, which I sort of hate because I like to think of myself as quite an arty kind of person - a bit of a free spirit even, which sounds so cheesy but if you knew me you wouldn't think it was so bleugh, you know? I'm a bit cartwheely, I'm a bit sort of out there, you know? Sometimes I just jump on a train to wherever, without buying a ticket, and just start chatting away to whoever I'm next to.

I'd say I was a feminist, but probably not in front of my boyfriend. Not that sexy really is it? I want to do more, maybe volunteer - there's a shelter not far from me for women and I think I'd be good at that because I'm very good at empathising with people. Really, I cry at everything. There was a single mum on X-Factor with really low self-esteem and she had a beautiful voice - a pretty good voice actually - she had a voice - and I just sobbed because I really *felt* for her, you know?

I was going to go on the Reclaim the Night March last year but it was so rainy and there was this Chav Night at this amazing bar in Dalston that I didn't want to miss because there was this boy - but. Anyway. It is an annual thing and I will definitely go next year, in the diary - I have a five-year diary big pink circle around it.

I have been told I smile a lot. I was once told my smile's my best feature - my bottom's my worst, I know - and I do like to smile. I read somewhere - Glamour, I think - that smiling is statistically proven to be more attractive than make up... which now I say it out loud sounds ridiculous - I'm not sure how you're supposed to come up with *statistics* for that, but -

My mum worries that I'm not safe - a lot. That I'm too friendly. When I told her I was moving to London she sent me three rape alarms and some mace, which

she said was actually surprisingly easy to get hold of once you figure out how to use Google.

I'd never do online dating - you do hear horror stories – and it's just so horribly *unromantic*, but I did once put an ad on um Dalston Dating dot com. Just to see. You have to come up with a little name and a um tagline - I had 'Insert something witty here' and got a whole load of cock jokes, so had to start again.

“Small Brummie Smiler seeks Man with Hands that might be good at Holding My Hand. For Walks, Kisses and Cook-offs. Must be tall enough to rest your chin upon my head. Tolerance of kind-of feminist in to Eighties pop, potatoes and leg-warmers essential. Good voice for reading stories out loud is a bonus. Knowledge of stars - clincher.”

I've mapped out the heavens through the constellations with those glow in the dark stars on every bedroom ceiling I've had since I was 8.

Still seeking.”

Monologue 2: Annie from *The Gut Girls* (Sarah Daniel)

<https://youtu.be/W51hpdvUjmg>

The Gut Girls is set in a slaughterhouse in the dockyards of Victorian London. In this monologue, Annie talks to a number of other women who work there. She tells them about the time when she used to work as a maid in a house until she became pregnant ('fell') and what happened to her after that.

Annie:

“I was in service, oh not round here, no, in a beautiful house in Blackheath, and I was real proud of meself, oh I was. The master and mistress was all right, never thrashed you or anything, they was above that. Had a son at Oxford University, really nice spoken, educated gentlemen. When he came home in the holiday, he wouldn't let me be. In front of anybody, I mean, he treated me like dirt, but would creep up on me when no one was about. I fought him. I pleaded with him, I threatened him, but he'd just laugh.

His Mama would never believe it of her darling son. Oh, and I wasn't the only one, and it didn't only happen once and when I fell, that was it – got shot of me. I 'ad nowhere ter go, nowhere. I walked the streets and I was picked up and taken to be examined – six months gone I was – for diseases; to them I was a prostitute and the way they treat you and the way they look at you, and the way they hate you, and the way they blame you and everybody blames me.

But I never cried, not one of them every saw me cry and when I got to that home, it was awful but it was heaven. And even when I was told it was dead I never cried. Why don't they tell you birth is such an awful, bloody, terrible, painful thing. It was born with the cord round its neck. It had strangled itself the poor, poor, little tiny thing and I looked at it before they took it away and I thought you lucky, lucky bastard, how much better if I'd have been born like that. “

Monologue 3: Nephew from *Brontosaurus* (Lanford Wilson)

<https://youtu.be/QVHsTi3OZ7A>

This young man is staying with his elderly aunt in her flat in New York. They don't know each other very well. He usually doesn't talk very much. In this part of the play, he speaks to his aunt to try to explain an experience he had. It was like a religious or spiritual moment.

Nephew:

"I was standing at the side of the house. I don't remember what I had been doing. I don't remember anything before, immediately before, or immediately after. I stood for a while and then I went inside. I was standing at the side of the house. I had come from around behind in the shade and was standing in the sun; not doing anything, not going anywhere, just standing at the side of the house in the sun. And the hand of God reached out and touched me. That doesn't mean anything. It's abstract, isn't it? But it's the easiest way of explaining the feeling. I was standing there, not thinking anything that I would remember. There was a bush on my left and the corner of the house on my right. Instead of just stopping for a while and then moving on, while I was stopped I became aware that my body was changing, or something was happening, physically happening, inside my body. As if all my cells were changing at the same time. Some vibrating sensation through my body that raised me or made me feel like I was physically growing, like a – perhaps a chemical change was occurring. And I started to get scared, but instead of that happening it was gradually like I wasn't standing there anymore. For a moment it was like I had changed into a gas. I felt I was spreading, thinning out, being led over the world or shown the world. Thinning out to take it all in, to absorb it. Or I was shown what I was. I heard people speaking in languages that I understood but had never heard before, I heard bells – no, I didn't actually hear anything, but I seemed to know about bells in church towns, in the farm country around small towns where they make wine, in France; and people getting up where it was just beginning to be light, to go to work; people walking on streets, shopping, and small things growing in the wet and shade in rain forests. I didn't see them, I wasn't shown them, I just knew them. Because thinning out, or whatever it was, I became them. An old lady who thought in a language different from the one she spoke, dying in terrible pain in the geriatric ward of a very efficient hospital; twins just being born in the Orient; a boy my age, in India, whose job was to carry the censer with incense, swinging it, in a Catholic church: I didn't know them, I was them. I was they. They were me. We were all the same stuff, the same regenerating impulse. I just thinned out to mix with it all or to realize what I was, what I had come from, and gradually came back to my own design, my own body. But, of course, I thought about it differently, because it wasn't mine. I wasn't me. I was them. I was they. Which is grammatically correct? . . . I've not tried to explain the experience before, but you asked – "

Monologue 4: Lewis from the *Sugar Syndrome* (Lucy Prebble)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NbAzTHYuTV0>

Lewis is a 22 year old telemarketer. He has met a woman online. She is called Dani. They start a relationship. Then she stops communicating with him. At this part of the play, he writes her an email to ask her to talk to him again. Although he tries to be cool, he misses her.

Lewis:

“Dani. You absent bitch. I miss you. It’s been six days man. I’m sounding a little bit mental, which I don’t like. I rang you again and no answer. I get the feeling you’re actively not ringing me now. What if you’re dead? How would I ever find out? No one would think to call me. I’d just sit here forever looking at this screen. You don’t even have to call, you could just email me to tell me why you’re not calling. At least then I’d KNOW. I can’t think about anything else, you’ve taken over my brain. Every part of me is willing that little gold envelope to appear. Send and receive. Send and receive. But when it does it’s always nubile you Russian girl-on-girl action. Still. The clock tells me it is far too late for anyone to be calling anyone. I tell the clock to shut up, what do you know, you’re a fucking clock. I apologise to the clock. It has always been there before when you’ve written and might be a lucky charm. I think you’re lovely. Sometimes I want to smash your face in, like now, to remind you I’m here, but I think you’re lovely. Will you not just write a little? Just to keep me going? ‘Cause I just keep imagining what you could be doing and it’s sending me mental. I’m sorry but it is. I miss you. Obviously in a manly, independent, not bothered way. But I do.” *(He sighs.)*