



MISERY Audition Sides

Select, prepare and perform appropriate monologue from the following. If possible, please have the monologue(s) memorized.

ANNIE WILKES

What do you think I do when I go to the feed store in town? What do you think I say? “Now give me a bag of that effing pig feed and some of the bitchly cow corn?” “Hell yes, ma’am, coming right the eff up?”

Paul is surprised at this, but also a little amused. Annie is doing her best to not spill the soup.

And at the bank do you think I say, “Here’s one effin’ bastard of a check, not get off your effin’ ass and cash the effin’ thing!”

Annie stands and loses control of the bowl, and soup spills onto the floor.

(Shouting.) Ah! There! There! See what you made me do?

So I suppose you want your cockadoodie medicine. Well, you’re going to have to wait until I clean this mess up.

My mother would have washed my mouth out with soap and water for using that kind of language.

You don’t need to use swear words in the Misery books, because they didn’t use swear words at all back then. They weren’t even invented in the 1860s. *That* was a better time. You ought to stick to the Misery stories, Paul. I say that sincerely, as someone who cares about you, as your number one fan.

You won’t make me mad again, will you?

PAUL SHELDON

It’s weird, but for some reason, a couple of crushed ankles haven’t done that much for my creative juices. Now, as the French are so fond of saying, “get the fuck out of here.”

I figured out the ending. Want me to tell you what happens?

I think you’re really going to dig this. Misery and Ian get into a big fight, I’m sure you know the drill; “I never loved you, blah, blah, blah.” She storms out and takes Barkley with her...you know, Barkley, her dog, the big Irish setter...well, they go to a hotel. An inn. At the bar, over a few drinks, she tells Barkley how awful Ian is. One thing leads to another, they head upstairs and well, can you guess what happens? She fucks her dog!

BUSTER

I'm sorry to be bothering you so early, Ms. Wilkes. I've been going nuts with phone calls from New York – so I'm asking everyone in these parts if they've seen something. There's a writer, comes here often from New York; he was supposed to show up back home a few days ago and he didn't. Guess he checked out of the Silver Creek Lodge two weeks back, and now there's people back East scared something bad happened to him.