

Unboxing: Screen Acting

Materials

by

Ruggero Dalla Santa
One Foot in the Door

info@onefootinthedoor.co.uk
www.onefootinthedoor.co.uk

MONOLOGUE 1

Mrs. Millar, I understand how you're feeling. I do, please believe me. I'm just as frustrated as you are, but the reality is that we're never going to get him convicted for murder, even if he's guilty - and yes, I also believe that he is - we're never going to be able to prove that he wanted your husband to die. And that's the key here, okay? We can prove Mr. Lee hated Jack. We have witnesses that can testify to how many clashes they had and we might even be able to prove that, without Jack fighting for workers' rights, Mr. Lee was able to impose some conditions that saved him lots of money at the workers' expense. But that's all circumstantial. He wasn't required by law to provide more protective equipment than he did and no one could have foreseen the accident. Please, Mrs. Millar, believe me: if we try and get him convicted for murder, we're just going to lose any credibility and any chance to find justice. But we can prove gross negligence and, if we do that, we can get him down for manslaughter. Please.

MONOLOGUE 2

I'm not angry. I'm not. I just... you asked me to help you. You said you just needed a little leg up to get over a difficult moment, so I lent you that money - even though I was struggling myself, as you know. I lent you that money and you just disappeared. Hardly said thank you, but whatever. Fine. I'm glad I helped you and I'm glad you got over that difficult moment. Well, now you're in a much better situation. You have a job, you have a house, you're settled. I just lost my job and can't pay my rent this month. So I need those four hundred pound back. Not even all at once, if you really can't afford it, but I need your help now. And I'm sorry that you might have an argument with your missus and you might not be able to go to Ibiza as she planned but, frankly, helping your best mate not get kicked out of his home is more important than that.

MONOLOGUE 3

I don't think you understand me, Mr. Hawk. I'm not here to threaten you. I wouldn't be who I am today, if I needed to do that. I'm here to tell you what is going to happen now. Once I'm done talking, I will leave. You will then take this gun and this bag, walk out of that door and go straight into the bank on the other side of the road. You will fire the gun twice in the air to get everyone's attention, then you will ask the cashiers to put all the cash they have in the bag. If the security guard tries to stop you, you will shoot him. Once you have the cash, you will walk out the door and go straight down the steps into the tube station. You will take the Piccadilly line, change at Green Park for the Jubilee and then on the Metropolitan line at Baker Street. You will get off at Eastcote and walk to your own house. Once there, you will use your phone to make a live-stream video on your facebook profile, during which you will tell everyone how the pressure of losing custody of your child made you snap. At the end of that heartfelt confession, without stopping the live feed, you will point the gun to your head and shoot. You will do all this because you love your daughter and you know what will happen to her if you don't. I would wish you a good day, but we both know it's not going to be a good day. So, goodbye Mr. Hawk.