

Hunchback audition monologues - VYT 2024

Hunchback Audition Monologues (choose one to perform...)

FROLLO (male): So a gypsy dares to enter this holy place? Your kind aren't allowed here. What are you doing in here? The boy doesn't need your help. He's my charge. God loves even a monster. Some of us are less human. In the moral sense. You dance in public without shame or modesty. Do you also deny possessing black magic? You're clever. You twist the truth just as you twist your body and dance. Our Lord Jesus said something. You see him on the cross there, gazing down on us? Midnight mass is starting. I must go. My child, though your people are lost, maybe something within you can be saved. Stay. Perhaps you'll see what true beauty is and we... We can continue this conversation afterwards.

ESMERALDA (female): Why do you hate us so much? What did we ever do to you?! I came here to find that boy. It was my fault he was up on the stage in the first place. He's no less human than the rest of us. I dance because I enjoy it. Others enjoy it, too, and give me money. You say I possess 'black magic' - well, if I had the power of magic, why wouldn't I use it to help myself and my people?! Your grace, there must be some charity inside you. If you've helped that boy, then surely you can extend that kindness to others almost as unfortunate. How you would wish others to treat you, could you not treat them?

QUASIMODO (male) *(when by himself he speaks fluidly and confidently, when he speaks to Frollo it is haltingly and awkward) (jumps up and rings the bells, speaking to each of them)*
Marie! You're in very good voice today! Jacqueline, we need to fix your clapper! Go on, Gabrielle! Pour your flood of sound into the square! It's a holiday! Sing! My bells, sing till you are all quite out of breath! (he looks outside) Morning, my little birdies! I wish you could be like those birds and just fly away. To be out there. But no, probably too dangerous. This Cathedral is not only my home, but my universe. *(to the statues and gargoyles as if they are his friends)* It is peopled with figures of marble... With kings and saints... Monsters and demons... The saints blessed me... And the monsters that protect me. (hearing sounds from the street) Today is the Feast of Fools! Maybe I should try going down there. No, Master won't allow it. Last year, he said, "Someday... maybe." He always says "someday"—never "today"! *(Frollo enters - Quasimodo's speaking becomes halted and awkward)* M-m-morning M-m-master. Just t-talking to my f-friends... made of s-s-stone. Can w-we see the F-feast of F-f-fools, Master? N-nevermind... others w-would laugh at m-m-me.

CHOIR NARRATOR (male or female) - perform as a descriptive storyteller

And so Quasimodo and Phoebus, furtively made their way through the darkening streets of Paris... Though the hunchback felt a thrill of fear at once more setting foot outside Notre Dame... Creeping past the ghostly fountains beside which beggars slept, they ducked into the shadows to avoid being seen by a pair of women at their windows... Holding candles, which sputtered in the gathering fog. The curfew had sounded long ago, and the streets were becoming blacker and more deserted every moment. They could distinguish nothing of the mass of buildings. Except the black roofs... At strange acute angles... And the labyrinth of alleys and bridges like a ball of thread tangled by a cat.

CHOIR NARRATOR (male or female) - perform as a descriptive storyteller

(like whispered echos) Esmeralda... Esmeralda... But despite his admonition to Quasimodo, Frollo himself could not stop thinking about her. *(whispered)* Esmeralda... He began to walk the streets, night after night. Unable to bring himself to return alone to his cold, dark chambers. He barely knew what he was looking for. But he could not resist. He thought he saw her everywhere. Until one night, walking down an unknown alley... He drew closer to the most unsavory part of the city... Passing lovers embracing in the shadows... When he heard the sound of distant music and laughter... coming from within a tavern.