



SCHOOL OF DRAMA

AUDITION INFORMATION

The audition process typically runs in three sessions. The first session is a group audition with improvisations and monologues. There is a short break, followed by individual sessions. These sessions are private appointments with redirection of monologues, and/or portfolio presentations and interviews. The third session is a short literacy test (there is no need to study for this test); it is used to gauge where you sit academically and how Excelsia College can best support you when you begin your degree. The audition for the 2018 intake will be made up of several elements, as follows.

Performance Majors

1. A group warm up session.
2. Two contrasting 2-3 minute monologues. *These may be redirected so be prepared to perform them several times.*
3. An improvisation exercise.
4. An interview.
5. A short literacy test.

Theatre Practice Majors:

1. A group warm up session.
2. One 2-3 minute monologue memorised and performed. This may be redirected so be prepared to perform it several times.
3. An improvisation exercise.
4. Presentation of an artist portfolio. This can include a combination of your theatrical works or artistic works such as scripts, set designs, lighting designs, sound designs, costume designs, video or DVD works. NB: it is important that you include documentations of your process including: research, rationale for designs/concepts, photographs, sketches or footage of the final product. If you do not have a portfolio of previous work, create and present a design in any of the production areas for Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.
5. An interview.
6. A short literacy test.

Production Majors:

1. A group warm up session.
2. An improvisation exercise.
3. Presentation of an artist portfolio. This can include a combination of your theatrical works or artistic works such as scripts, set designs, lighting designs, sound designs, costume designs, video or DVD works. NB: it is important that you include documentations of your process including: research, rationale for designs/concepts, photographs, sketches or footage of the final product. If you do not have a portfolio of previous work, create and present a design in any of the production areas for Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.
4. An interview.
5. A short literacy test.

Monologues:

Monologues must be fully memorised. You will be redirected so please prepare adequately. You may choose monologues from the sample material provided or any published play. They should show your ability and be characters relatively close to your own age. Please choose pieces that show your range and

contrast, for example do a comedy and a drama or a Shakespearean/Classic piece and a modern work. Please do not use material taken from films, television or self-written material.

Examples of appropriate monologues can be found in books such as:

- The Actors Audition Manual *by Dean Carey*
- The Methuen book of Contemporary Monologues for Men *by Chrys Salt*
- The Methuen book of Contemporary Monologues for Women *by Chrys Salt*

If you have any questions, please phone or email prior to the audition:

Phone: (02) 9819 8850

Email: emily.mcgowan@excelsia.edu.au

N.B. For applicants from overseas or interstate, auditions may be arranged via DVD. Please contact the School of Drama on +61 2 9819 8850 for further details.

Sample Monologues: Male

***Blackrock* by Nick Enright**

Jared:

I was here. Sitting up here. I saw the way it all began. You said you wanted to know. I tried to sleaze onto Tracy. Toby dragged me off her and I went off, had a swim, then sat up here, having a smoke, having a think, a think and a smoke, and starting to feel okay. Back at the club-house Gary's band was bashing some poor bloody song to death, but out here it was quiet, totally still... and then I saw. Down below me, between me and the ocean. Davo and Wayne pissing themselves. Scott Abbot dragging someone by the arm. 'Come on, Tracy. Come on.' She was sort of half-giggling. He pulled her down on the ground. Then she wasn't giggling no more, she was like some animal in pain. Like he's got a hand clamped over her mouth... Wayne and Davo start barracking. Cheering him on. Fighting about who's going to be first with the sloppy seconds. I let it all happen. [*Silence.*] They headed back to the party. She went stumbling off down that way, towards the rock. And I turned and ran the other way. I could have gone down there. Any time. I could have taken her home. Only I wouldn't. I didn't.

***Only Heaven Knows* by Alex Harding**

Tim:

[*to Guinea*] It's not their fault—they didn't ask for me—I didn't ask for them—I felt—I felt I had no right to be there, not any more. Peter went off to the war, and at first things seemed easier, but then Aunty Maureen got a telegram—Peter was on his way home, he'd trodden on a land mine and lost both legs. From that day on I felt I was a constant reminder of their son, but it was me running around on two legs, not him. Aunty Maureen was alright, we'd talk. We'd listen to the wireless. I loved the plays best—I'd like to do that one day—write plays. Could I listen to your wireless sometimes Guinea? I miss it. Do you think that I could get a job in the theatre—or on the wireless?

I'd go with Aunty Maureen to the army hospital to see Peter. I hated it. Other blokes there—the same age as me—half dead, screaming. Peter would be crying all the time—he wouldn't say anything. Everywhere was pain and I was terrified—that they'd make me stay there, that I would never get out—I felt guilty because I wasn't in those beds, I was free—I was—free. And my uncle would look at me and behind his eyes would be the word 'coward'... I'll never go back, never.

***FOOL FOR LOVE* by Sam Shepard**

Eddie:

And we walked right through town. Past the donut shop, past the miniature golf course, past the Chevron station. And he opened the bottle up and offered it to me. Before he even took a drink, he offered it to me first. And I took it and drank it and handed it back to him. And we just kept passing it back and forth like that as we walked until we drank the whole thing dry. And we never said a word the whole time. Then, finally, we reached this little white house with a red awning, on the far side of town. I'll never forget the red awning because it flapped in the night breeze and the porch light made it glow. It was a hot, desert breeze and the air smelled like new cut alfalfa. We walked right up to the front porch and he rang the bell and I remember getting real nervous because I wasn't out for a expecting to visit anybody. I thought we were just out for a walk. And then this woman comes to the door. This real pretty woman with red hair. And she throws herself into his arms. And he starts crying. He just breaks down right there in front of me. And she's kissing him all over the face and holding him real tight and he's just crying like a baby. And then through the doorway, behind them both. I see this girl. She just appears. She's just standing there, staring at me and I'm staring back at her and we can't take our eyes off each other. It was like we knew each other from somewhere but we couldn't place where. But the second we saw each other, that very second, we knew we'd never stop being in love.

***Steal Away Home* by Phil Motherwell**

Jack:

Stealing was fun... No one lasts forever, though, and one fine day my brilliant run came to an end. I'd only come undone over one, but the way I went in linked me to another one, and bingo! It was like a chain reaction... The plea my mouthpiece is making to the bench opens with a heavy string section... 'My client was orphaned while still a baby...' Every woman in the place reaches for her hanky as he cranks out the story I've passed on to him—same one they told me... Well, the magistrate is just about on his last legs and he doesn't seem to be up to all this, a hundred not out, slow as a wet week and so close to being senile that it doesn't make any difference. 'What about this Aboriginal blood?' My mouthpiece leaps to his feet. 'Your worship seems to be on the wrong tram.' The old geezer has got me fixed in a withering stare, his eyes clouded over with hate, no word of restraint can reach him. 'Nothing confusing about this, by golly, nothing at all.' He plucks my adoption papers from the ruins of the brief... 'This fair-skinned child is to be taken from his Aboriginal mother and placed...' And there's not stopping him; he's off and running, never dreaming that I've never been told anything about my mother, not even her race....

At the end of the day I came home with a stern warning, a bond, and an apology. Still no wiser about my mother—all I knew now was that she was black. But that seemed to be enough for some people... Well you know how word gets around about this sort of thing. Next thing Mary isn't allowed to see me. Her father won't let her leave the house at night. I climb up to her window most nights and spend some time with her. She was so angry at first, giving as good as she got. They couldn't bully her, so they bought her. Cost them a trip to Hawaii... That was the last straw...

So watch out for me! Here I am standing in the shadows! Laying wait in your garden, creeping through your rooms... I fondle your jewellery, every nerve alive... I breathe the romance of the night air... Tread the rich carpet of wet grass... Freestanding mansions on either side of me shining like Christmas trees in the night.

***Cosi* by Louis Nowra**

Doug:

It's what I did. Burned a cat. Quite recently. It was the fault of the psychiatrist. I'd been seeing him because of my pyromania – that's a person who likes lighting fires – but you probably know that being university educated – but you know the problem with pyromania? It's the only crime where you have to be at the scene of it to make it a perfect crime, to give yourself full satisfaction. 'Course, that means the chances of you getting caught are greater, especially if you're standing in front of the fire, face full of ecstasy and with a gigantic hard on. So, the cops got me and I'm sent to a shrink. He tells me that I've got an unresolved problem with my mother. My ego had taken a severe battering from her. He said I had better resolve it, stop her treating me like I was still a child. It made some sort of cosmic sense. I had to stand up to her. So I thought about it and realized I had to treat it like a boxing match, get the first punch in, so to speak, to give me the upper hand in our relationship. She had five cats. One night I rounded them up, put them in a cage, doused them with petrol and put a match to them. Then I opened up the cage door and let them loose. Well, boy, oh, boy, what a racket! They were running around the backyard burning and howling – there's no such thing as grace under pressure for a burning cat, let me tell you. I hid in the shrubs when mum came outside to see what was happening. Totally freaked out, she did. Five of them, running around the backyard like mobile bonfires. I figured I'd wait a couple of hours 'til the cats were dead and mum was feeling a bit sorry for herself and I'd knock on the front door and say to her 'Hi, mum, I've come to talk about our unresolved conflicts' but, oh, no, one of the cats ran into the house. In a couple of minutes the whole bloody house was alight and within a half an hour there was no bloody front door to knock on. (*A BEAT*) If it wasn't for that damn cat, I wouldn't be in here.

Europe by Michael Gow

Douglas:

What a great place. This area's like something out of Thomas Mann or Kafka. God it's exciting being in Europe. So alive, isn't it? So... pulsating. I've had a great morning. I saw your Roman mosaic. Went on a tour of that poet's house. Had a look at the inn where what's-his-name wrote his opera. And I went to this great exhibition at the big gallery. There's some amazing things in there. Stuff I knew quite well. And that altar they've got! But there was this performance art thing. Incredible! There was this big pool full of fish, carp, I don't know, and this guy, nothing on, you were right, with all these crucifixes and beads in his hair, wading through the water, dragging this little raft behind him; he had the rope in his teeth. On the raft was this pile of animal innards with candles sticking out of it. Then these other people dressed as astronauts and red Indians ran round and round the pond screaming and then they lit this fire and threw copies of the Mona Lisa into it. And then, I don't know how they did it but the water turned bright red. Just incredible. You must see it. It's great being here. Everything's so exciting. I've been keeping everything I get. Every little item, every bus ticket, gallery ticket, the train tickets. Every postcard. Every coaster from every bar, every café.

Sample Monologues: Female

***A Property of the Clan* by Nick Enright**

Jade:

I'll bring this song for you. Every time I come. The paper said somebody nicked your flowers. People are really off. But they're planting a tree for you at the front of school. Tomorrow at lunchtime. Or do you know that now? I bet you know a lot of stuff now. I should have been there with you, Trace. A few times that night I thought I might sneak out. I really wanted to. Mum was reading in her room, I was watching TV, I could have just left it on, and sneaked out, come and found you. But I didn't. And I keep thinking if I had... Would it have been different? No one seems to say anything straight. All these rumours go round, and I want to yell out, this is Tracy you're talking about. She was here last week, going to netball, working at the Pizza Hut, getting the ferry. She was one of us. I wish I'd kept them earrings...

[She plays the song again, then turns it off.]

I woke up that night. Faces looking down at me. I should have known... when I went round your place on Sunday, and saw the cop car outside, and the guys from Channel... I should have realised. You were calling to me. That nightmare. It wasn't one. It was you calling. Because all the faces. They were guys' faces. And I knew them all. The cops came round our place last night. Mum was spewing. They're interviewing everyone who was at the party. Seventy kids they're going to talk to. But no one can talk to you. You can talk to me whenever you want to. Please talk to me.

RADIANCE by Louis Nowra

Cressy:

You were created from dirt. Your father was dirt. He never raped her...it was me. He raped me! Under this house. Me! He did it to me! Under that burning house. He was just one of Mum's boyfriends. If he walked down the street I don't think I'd even recognize him. Mum was in town. He was going to drive away but his car had no petrol, so he went and bought a can. He sucked on a tube to get it flowing into the tank. I was playing under the house. Then suddenly he was there. He had this screwdriver. I tried to fight him but he was too strong. As he was doing it he kept kissing me with his mouth stinking of petrol. The pain – all the awful pain through my body like he was stabbing me in two. He said he'd kill me if I told Mum. I stayed under the house for hours trying to clean myself with some old rags. Then a few months later I realized I was having that man's baby. I tried to keep it from her. You know what happened when I told her? She hit me. She said I was lying, that it was one of the local boys and I was blaming her boyfriend. She didn't believe me. I had you in that house. In my bed. I was twelve. Twelve, Nona. (pause) I hated Mum for not believing me. But at least she kept you, pretended you were hers. That's not your mother. I'm your mother, Nona. You were born because your so-called Black Prince raped me. Just a filthy pig smelling of petrol. We kept it a secret. I was ashamed. She was ashamed. But I'm not ashamed of you. I'm telling you the truth. You're my flesh and blood, my daughter. You're my blood. My blood is yours, Nona! I named you because you were mine. That's all Mum would allow me to do –name you, Nona...I want you to know the truth. You have to know the truth.

CLOUDSTREET by Tim Winton

Oriel:

She can't help it, the feeling is on her and she's furious. It's a sickness, self pity, it'll eat the day and worm into your labour and weaken you.

Sometimes she wakes dreaming of hell. She's six years old, and alone in the dark, the only one left. She comes out of the tent and runs to the house and goes from room to room checking that all of them are still there, that it's not only her left again. All of them breathing in their beds, helpless and sweet in sleep. She sits on Quick's empty bed while Fish snores. She looks in on Lester. There's no malice in the man, you have to give him that, and she still loves him. Yes, there's a hell, there are hells abounding, and if there's not a heaven, there's this, the sleeping, the helpless, those that are your own. She's a sinner, she knows, and proud, and angry at God to the point of hatred, but she knows she's made a fortress for her own and for whoever seeks shelter there, and it's good, worthy and priceless.

Lester asks why she stays in this tent, as though she knew the answer herself. What is it? The sound of Middle C ringing in her ears? The boy that doesn't know her? That big, old house that fights her? Or the voice of that house that sometimes whispers to her: wait, wait.

THE KID by Michael Gow

Snake:

Honestly, I hate this trip. It's always chaos. Always a fight. By the time we get to Auntie Eileen's no one's talking to anyone. I have to do everything. Get the boys ready. Stock up on drinks and Marlboro and chips. Hate it. Won't it be great when we get the money? We'll be happy. We might take over a service station. Dean can fool around with his engines. I'll cook snacks and Pro can man the pumps. I'll have to help him with the change. I'll look back on all this and laugh. Hate it. All the people we end up taking along. Dean always collects someone.

You must have been the first one ever to turn him down. He was that upset. He was driving like a maniac. He just drove over the median strip and back we came. Little turd. Know why he got chucked out of school? Mrs Tucker – guess what Dean called her – was wrapped in him. She used to beat him, for any reason, no reason, just so she could grab hold of him and whack his bum. One day he'd had enough and he told her to go and see one of the Abo stockmen and he'd fix her up. Poor woman grabbed all the rulers in the room and laid into Dean. He stood up, gave her a right hook and she went down like a ton of bricks. We all stood on the desks and cheered. I reckon Dean would win wars single-handed. The enemy would come to him on bended knees. People will do anything just to get a wink or a smile that says he likes you. Little turd. Foul temper. Lazy. But who cares when it's Dean?

LOTTO

From *Vital Signs* by Jane Martin

I got the Lotto. I got it. I got all six numbers. Shhh. I haven't showed this to nobody. Shhh. Here... you hold the ticket... help me check it out. Shoot, I looked a hundred times but Lord, I don't trust myself. (*Calls out the numbers*). Six, three, one. They say it's \$5.5 million in twenty-one instalments. Lord in Heaven! I work down to the Hercules Cleaning Service. Well, it's a very rewarding thing to remove filth. People like you to do it. My husband, Joe, he's a retired insurance adjustor, and he does part-time lawn mower repair. We have a 1947 DeSoto. Original upholstery. That's our pride an' joy. They say that woman won ten million last year picked her up a bad nervous condition. She's in a peck of tax trouble and divorced her a husband she had thirty years. Joe and me we worked all these years to get our lives right. We're orderly in that way. I don't think they like you to clean or drive some old DeSoto with money like that. Seven, four, nine. Oh, my. My Momma, rest her soul, she always said, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it," "Don't trade the cow for a milk truck," things like that. (*Pause.*) Here, you keep it. You're more young and better situated for it. Put it in

your purse. Shhhh. Go on. Do what I told you. Go on. And don't tell Joe. That's the way we are. He leaves the details to me.

NO PERSONALITY

From *Vital Signs* by Jane Martin

They tested me twice on account of their dumbfounded-ness the first time. And those results they came down the same way both times. Within a fraction of a point, so they told me. "How'd I do?" I'd say and they'd get this startled look and they'd say, "Well, Miss Latonia, we're pleased to say it's conclusive and definite, you don't have a personality." And I don't. I'd imagine there's a lot of us here and there. More than you think. It's hard to spot. You might be one. Now, if it turns out you are, don't feel bad. The head doctor he told me not to worry, it was kind of like being a punctuation mark. "There has to be a rest period between ideas and you're it. Look around you," he said, "there's a lot of people doing things and saying things, and things just go from bad to worse. They need you." Well, I'd never looked at it in that light, and I've tried not to get a swelled head over it. You may be stuck with a personality but that doesn't mean I can't respect you as a human being. (*SHE rises and moves downstage.*) The thing is that those that have a personality stew in it. They are sort of like telling the same joke to everybody. Whereas you and me are more free-floating, more restful to the passer-by. More like watching water. The way things are, maybe we're the coming thing.