



Welcome to the Langley Fine Arts School Drama Major Audition Process!

PART ONE: Monologue Audition

Based on your grade for the next year, choose a monologue from the selections listed at the end of this package.

Ensure your monologue is within 1-2 minutes.

Q: Can I prepare something I have written myself or something that is not from a play?

A: Please select a piece from the selections listed at the end of the package.

Q: What should I wear to the audition?

A: Wear something comfortable that you can move in. Avoid jewelry and bulky costumes.

Grade 6-8

Choose one Shakespearean sonnet from the list at the end of this package.

Memorize it and be prepared to perform it twice. The first time you will perform it as you have prepared it. The second time you will receive direction and will need to adapt to the given directions. We are looking for actors who can take and apply direction. You also will possibly be performing in front of drama teaching staff as well as other students who are auditioning.

Grade 9 – 12

Prepare one 1-minute contemporary monologue from the selection at the end of the document.

You will perform it twice. The first time you will perform it as you have prepared it.

The second time you will receive direction and will need to adapt to the given directions. We are looking for actors who can take and apply direction.

You also will possibly be performing in front of drama teaching staff as well as other students who are auditioning.

PART TWO: Improvisational Exercises/Cold Read

This will be in a class environment with others who are auditioning for the drama program.

PART THREE: Interview

We will try to do this one on one however, based on time, we may ask questions of you in a class situation with others present.

DRAMA AUDITION Monologue Selections

Going into Grade 6/7/8

Choose one of the following to memorize and perform with blocking.

What do you think it is about? What is the speaker saying?

William Shakespeare's Sonnets

Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Sonnet CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnet LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Then you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse.
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Going into Grade 9/10

(choose one of the following to memorize and perform with blocking).

Monologue A

NORA - From "Brighton Beach Memoirs" Nora – daughter of Blanche, Cousin to the Jerome boys – She is a very beautiful and ambitious 16-year-old girl with dreams of Broadway. She is often resentful of her younger sister who is pampered due to heart flutters. In addition, she is angry at her father for dying and leaving her with a weak mother. She and her sister Laura are having a conversation in her room. She is talking about her father who passed away.

NORA

When I was six or seven he always brought me home a little surprise. Like a Hershey or a top. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to the closet and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and movie stubs and nickels and pennies and rubber bands and paper clips and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the wintertime.

(pause)

Then I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry cleaned and it felt cold... And that's when I knew he was really dead. ...Oh God, I wish we had our own place to live. I hate being a boarder. Listen, let's make a pact... The first one who makes enough money promises not to spend any on herself, but saves it all to get a house for you and me and Mom. That means every penny we get from now on, we save for the house... We can't by anything. No lipstick or nail polish or bubble gum. NOTHING... Is it a pact?

Monologue B

from "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown"

LUCY:

Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and... and... in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can't be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people....well.... if I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen.

Monologue C – from “*You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown*”

CHARLIE BROWN:

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren’t so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there’s the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I’ve done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I’d better see what I’ve got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they’re right. And when you’re really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There’s that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her? She’d probably laugh right in my face... it’s hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There’s an empty place next to her on the bench. There’s no reason why I couldn’t just go over and sit there. All I have to do is stand up... I’m standing up! I’m sitting down. I’m a coward. I’m so much of a coward, she wouldn’t even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can’t remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn’t she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn’t look at me? Is she so great, and I’m so small, that she can’t spare one little moment? SHE’S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE’S LOOKING AT ME!! (*he puts his lunch bag over his head.*) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I’m the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn’t looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she’d never notice it. On the other hand...I can’t tell if she’s looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I’ll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it’s very hard to breathe in here. (*he removes his sack*) Whew! She’s not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with... only 2,863 to go.

Monologue D – from “*Brighton Beach Memoirs*”

EUGENE:

Let me explain Aunt Blanche's situation . . . You see, her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from . . . (He looks around.) . . . this thing . . . They never say the word. They always whisper it. It was- (He whispers) Cancer! . . . I think they're afraid if they said it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID THE DREAD DISEASE! -(He points finger down.) JUST FOR THAT, I SMITE YOU DOWN WITH IT!!" . . . There are some things that grown-ups just won't discuss . . . For example, my grandfather. He died from (He whispers)-Diphtheria! . . . Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. And she couldn't support herself because she has (He whispers.) Asthma . . . So my big-hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. My father thought it would just be temporary but it's been three and a half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blanche's situation, my father is developing — (He whispers.)— High blood pressure!

Going into Grade 11/12

(choose one of the following to memorize and perform with blocking).

Monologue A

Lee - aged 15

SCHOOL PLAY SUZY ALMOND

First produced at the Soho Theatre, London, in 2001.

Charlie Silver is bad news in her South London comprehensive school: a problem to teachers and a bad influence on the rest of the class. Her ambitions are to front a gang, ride a motorbike and to 'mess with teachers' heads'. She boasts a long list of teachers who have given up on her account. Then Miss Fry, the new music teacher, arrives and things begin to change. Charlie is given countless detentions, but unknown to her 'gang' - Lee Coulson who has recently been suspended from school, and his friend Paul - is using these detention periods to develop her suppressed musical talents.

In this scene, Charlie is at the piano waiting for Miss Fry to arrive when Lee comes bursting in. He accuses her of letting him down. She was supposed to meet him and Paul in the car park earlier that afternoon with her customised Hollister bike on which he was to ride 'a lap of honour' against his rival, Danny Chapel. Charlie says she has a music exam the next day and needed to practise. She tries to explain to him what playing the piano means to her and how Miss Fry has changed her way of thinking - not only about the music, but also about herself. Lee pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket. It is an internal report with confidential information about the students. He reads out the report that Miss Fry has written about Charlie.

Published by Oberon Books, London

Lee

Charlie . . . *(Pulling out a piece of paper from his pocket)* Look at this . . . I used to have a white bike and I applied excellence in keeping it clean. I fought for it, I was up against the weather. Some of these teachers, they don't apply so much excellence in their day to day business, they leave things lying around. Confidential information about students. Just cos you don't have to be the best - don't mean you're allowed to be the worst . . . And another internal report. It was left on the desk in the Physics room with a load of others. Paul's sister got hold of it a few days ago . . . I won't read both pages, just the Miss Fry one . . . Profile. Charlie Silver. Charlie is fifteen years old. Charlie's er . . . Charlie's brother was killed in a motorbike accident twelve months ago . . . Charlie's behaviour in class is consistently aggressive. She finds it difficult to socialise with other children, particularly girls. She cannot concentrate and an incident with a fire extinguisher last year confirmed that she is . . . confirmed that she is a disruptive force, to the detriment of the other children's progress . . . *(Turning to next page)* Blah blah blah . . . Music Report from Miss Fry . . . I am worried about how Charlie will react to my leaving. She has become very attached to me and I think she will find it very hard to settle into working with a new teacher. She is impatient with her practice and can be clumsy - but when her wilfulness translates into enthusiasm she tries very hard and she has recently warmed as a personality, even giving me chocolates after lessons as a thank you. *(Charlie snatches it from him)* Are you okay? . . . I tried to tell you. I'm sorry. I mean it . . . I shouldn't have brought it. But she shouldn't have left it lying around. It's not just you, there's a load flying around school, they were found a few days ago, got photocopied. Charlie, she was taking you for a ride. She's a half-arsed supply teacher, making out she was a permanent. That's what they all do - they think we're stupid . . . *(Pause)* I could of told you at the start that you don't learn music from a teacher. It comes from the street: Learning what joins one beat to the next. Running lyrical rings around people who think that reading and writing makes them the big I am. Classroom knocks the stuffing out of you.

Monologue B

Charlie - 15

SCHOOL PLAY SUZY ALMOND

First produced at the Soho Theatre, London, in 2001.

Charlie Silver is bad news in the South London comprehensive school: a problem to teachers and a bad influence on the rest of the class. Her ambitions are to front a gang, ride a motorbike and to 'mess with teachers' heads'. She boasts a long list of teachers who have given up on her account. Then Miss Fry, the new music teacher, arrives and things begin to change. Charlie is given countless detentions, but unknown to her 'gang' is using these detention periods to develop her suppressed musical talents.

In this scene Charlie is at the piano waiting for Miss Fry to arrive when her friend Lee comes bursting in. He accuses her of letting him down. She was supposed to meet him and Paul in the car park earlier that afternoon with her customised Hollister bike on which he was to ride 'a lap of honour' against his rival, Danny Chapel. Charlie says she has a music exam the next day and needs to practise. She tries to explain to him what playing the piano means to her and how Miss Fry has changed her way of thinking - not only about the music, but also about herself.

Published by Oberon Books, London
The full text is currently available from Oberon Books, ISBN: 184002237X.

Charlie

When you do something you don't have to be the best. If everyone thought like that, there wouldn't be any buses, cos . . . cos all the bus drivers would want a Gold medal every time they pulled out the station . . . Not bus drivers . . . I mean no-one would dare look at the stars in case someone goes 'Think you're an astronaut?' . . . Miss Fry says . . . *(Pause)* You've gotta understand . . . that I gave her a hard time for ages, I was so under her skin. A few years ago she got pissed up with all the bands, I thought - yeah I'll hang out with you . . . She was mental . . . She . . . One lesson . . . you see, some lessons she didn't actually teach. And sometimes, especially at the beginning, what she did was boring, you don't wanna hear, she drones. But now and again . . . One time she was about to play a song about a lady who drowned in a river, but it was nothing to do with the lesson, it was just that she liked it. I said it sounds miserable to me, miss, but she said hang on, and she told me the story: It's a sad song, she said . . . she fought for love and she lost . . . and now her skin is white as a lily, her lips are rose red, she's still and she floats downstream. She told me to close my eyes and imagine it was a dark moonlit night and that the water was lapping around the lady, taking her in. She said that when she got to the bridge of the song there would be a special note that didn't sound like the rest of the tune. It was a high sound, extra sad, a black key near the end of the piano - and when I heard it I had to imagine it was like a shooting star bursting across the river, trying to wake up the lady. I told her I couldn't be bothered, but when she started to play . . . And at the end of the second verse, when she hit that key and the sound broke, I felt the note shoot through the roof of this room like a bullet and I saw the star burst and I wanted the lady to wake up. I couldn't wait for that note to come around again. So that she'd open her eyes.

Monologue C

Freddie – young, American

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HELEN OF TROY OR EVERYTHING WILL BE DIFFERENT MARK SCHULTZ

Originally produced in the US by the Soho Repertory Theatre and first performed in the UK at the Drum Theatre, Plymouth in 2005.

Charlotte is grief-stricken by the death of her beautiful mother. She is obsessed by Helen of Troy and her fantasies of becoming an object of desire start to spill over into normal life.

Freddie is every young girl's ideal lover. Tall and handsome, he has no time for Charlotte and tells her to stop pestering him.

In this fantasy scene, Charlotte is lying on her bed as **Freddie** enters her bedroom. He is bare-chested and is carrying a football. He has come to confess his love for her.

Published by Oberon Modern Plays, London
The full text is currently available from Oberon Books, ISBN: 1840026340.

Freddie

Um. Hi.

Charlotte.

Um.

Okay I know this is awkward and everything. Me just coming here and all. Like this. I mean I know I just really met you and everything. But I've seen you. Really. And I just gotta. I had to come and tell you. You know. And.

This is embarrassing, I know. And I don't mean it to be. It's not supposed to be. I mean. But Jesus, it's cold out, right? Anyway there's like a million things I wanna tell you right now, Charlotte. And I just. I don't know. Like. You have such a cool room. I really like your bedspread.

Um.

This is usually the other way around.

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Okay I've seen you. And. You are so. Pretty. I think. I mean. I think you're pretty. Right. Um. So I'll just come out and say it. Okay. I think I love you. Charlotte. I really do. And. It's not like this happens every day. You know. For me. I don't just like fall in love with people. It's hard. And I've really fallen for you. And I know it's stupid and like. Stupid and everything. But. I wanna know if maybe we can go out and be like boyfriend girlfriend or something I don't know. 'Cause I'm really. I'm. In love. With you. And it's hard. Keeping it inside. All the time. And I came here to say that. And ask you. You know. If we can maybe. Go out sometime. And. Eat something. Or. Watch a movie. Or I don't know. I got a great entertainment system at home. I could show you. DVD. Surround sound and everything. It's really cool. But. You know.

We could go out and. Maybe I could touch you. And. Maybe you'd let me kiss you. I mean if that's okay. Is that okay? 'Cause I really love you. I really wanna be with you. It's so important to me right now. I really. Just had to come and tell you. I couldn't wait. Um.

Shit I gotta get back to practice. Um.

Okay. I love you. Please love me.

Oh. And. I'm really sorry. About your mom. Being dead and all. That sucks.

I gotta go.

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Monologue D

Sally – 20

LOVE ON THE DOLE RONALD GOW AND WALTER GREENWOOD

First performed at the Manchester Repertory Theatre in 1934 and in London at the Garrick Theatre in 1935, it is set in Hanky Park, Salford, Lancashire.

In Hanky Park in the 1930s, unemployment is high. The Hardcastles are a respectable working-class family. But Mr Hardcastle is on the dole, his wife takes in washing and their son, Harry, works in a machine shop for a few shillings a week. Only their daughter Sally, who works in the local mill, brings in a proper wage.

Sally meets and falls in love with Larry Meath and they plan to get married and move away from Hanky Park. When he is killed during a riot at a street-meeting her hopes and plans for a better future are shattered. She becomes the mistress of Sam Grundy, a prosperous bookmaker and her father turns her out of the house.

In this scene Sally is dressed for her departure. She carries a small leather suitcase. Her father demands to know if the tales he's heard about her are true.

Published by Samuel French, London

Sally

It's true, Mother, and I don't care who knows it. *(She crosses to R of the table)* Aye, and I'll tell you something else. It's sick I am of codging old clothes to try and make them look like something. And sick I am of working week after week and seeing nothing for it. I'm sick of never having anything but what's been in pawnshops and crawling with vermin – oh, I'm sick of the sight of Hanky Park and everybody in it . . . Who cares what folk say? There's none I know as wouldn't swap places with me if they had the chance. You'd have me wed, would you? Then tell me where's the fellow around here can afford it. Them as *is* working ain't able to keep themselves, never mind a wife. Look at yourself – and look at our Harry! On workhouse relief and ain't even got a bed as he can call his own. I suppose I'd be fit to call your daughter if I was like that with a tribe of kids at me skirts. Well, can you get our Harry a job? No, but I can. Yes, me. I've got influence now – but I'm not respectable . . . *(She crosses to the sofa, picks up her jacket and puts it on then turns to face her father)* You kicked our Harry out because he got married and you're kicking me out because I ain't. You'd have me like all the rest of the women, working themselves to death and getting nothing for it. Look at Mother! Look at her! *(Pointing)* Well there ain't a man breathing, now Larry's gone, who can get me like *that* – for him!