

**CHARLES STURT**  
**U N I V E R S I T Y**



School of Visual and Performing Arts  
Audition information for applicants applying for admission to the

**BACHELOR OF ARTS**  
**(ACTING FOR SCREEN AND STAGE)**

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## **1. INTRODUCTION**

Thank you for your application to audition for the BA Acting for Screen and Stage at Charles Sturt University, Wagga Wagga.

Please study this brochure carefully, as it contains all the details necessary for your audition.

If you have any questions, please contact: Katrina Flaskas or Sherylle Glazier on (02) 6933 2473 email [kflaskas@csu.edu.au](mailto:kflaskas@csu.edu.au) or [sglazier@csu.edu.au](mailto:sglazier@csu.edu.au)

## **2. LOCATION AND TIME OF YOUR AUDITION**

The auditions and interviews will take place in: **Wagga Wagga** at Charles Sturt University, Performing Arts (Complex 70), ~~Room 214~~Drama Studios, Wagga Wagga Campus – <http://csu.edu.au/about/maps/wagg-map.html>

Auditions will be held in Wagga Wagga on Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup> and Friday 4<sup>th</sup> December and Sydney ~~(venues TBC)~~ on Wednesday 25 November 2009. ~~Tuesday 18 November and Wednesday 19 November TBC 2009.~~ Confirmation of your date and time will be emailed or mailed to you upon receipt of your Audition/Interview Request Form.

## **3. AUDITION FORMAT AND REQUIREMENTS**

Please arrive half an hour before your audition time. This will give you time to warm up and relax. Please wear loose, comfortable clothing that allows you to move freely.

The audition will consist of;

**Monologue Presentation** - please refer below to Information on Monologues.

**Interview** – this will be a brief and informal interview that will last approximately 10 minutes. The purpose is to discover a little more about your ambitions and interests and for you to ask any questions you may have about the course. Please note that if you are auditioning via video, Mini DV or DVD you may also be contacted by phone for an interview.

## **4. INFORMATION ON MONOLOGUES**

For your audition you are required to present two contrasting monologues.

Either;

Two contrasting monologues from this booklet

or

One monologue from this booklet and a contrasting monologue of your own choice. This monologue should be approximately 3 minutes in length and may be from another play or a piece you have written yourself.

Please Note; Your audition will be filmed and a photo will be taken. This is simply to help us

identify you after you leave.

Things to consider;

- . Your presentation will be better if you have read the whole play.
  - . Your monologues must be memorised.
  - . There is no need for accents or dialects (apart from your own natural accent).
  - . There is no need for props or costumes – simple, comfortable clothes are sufficient.
  - . Partners will be available to play to if required.
- And most importantly-we understand that you may be nervous as auditioning can be a daunting experience, but we're here to help you achieve the best result. Try to relax and enjoy!

### **5.VIDEO, MINI DV OR DVD AUDITION**

If you are unable to attend the audition in person, you may send a video audition on VHS, MiniDV or DVD. Follow all the instructions in this booklet (referring to Information on Monologues) plus the following specifically for video, Mini DV or DVD:

Framing Introduction and Monologues:

Please film your introduction and monologues in a wide medium shot, ie from the top of your head to your waist/hips making sure that the framing allows you room to move freely. Make sure that the setting is uncluttered and that the lighting is sufficient.

Your introduction should be simple and directed to the camera. Include your name, where you come from and the title of the pieces you're presenting. This way we can easily identify you. For your monologues please stand. Remember to allow enough room in the framing for you to move freely and present the pieces to the best of your ability.

## **6. MONOLOGUES – Female**

**A. Who's Afraid of the Working Class** by Christos Tsiolkas, Patricia Cornelius, Melissa Reeves, Andrew Bovell

### **Rhonda**

Carol says, "Problem with you, Rhonda, problem with you is that you're just too fertile. You just got to look at a man and you're up the duff." And we laughed but she's right, she's fucking right. Woman from Welfare says, "it must be hard. Must be hard for you, Rhonda, with all those kids. Looking after them, it must be hard". And I say "No. it's not hard." Though it is. I know it and she knows it. But I'm not going to give her the satisfaction. So I say, "No. Those kids, those kids are my blessings. Everyone of them a blessing. You understand. A blessing". Though it is ... hard. But it's like Carol says I only got to look at a man. Anyway, I'm down the pub playing the bandits when Carol, she's my neighbour, lives in the flat next door, Carol comes in and says, "Cops were over your place earlier". And I said, "Oh yeah, what do they want this time? If it's Nathan, you can tell 'em he's not there. Tell 'em he's pissed off." Without a word mind you and with the rent. Bastard. And I'm not taking him back, not this time. No fucking way. Better off alone. Well, that's what Carol says. But she doesn't get it, Family Services don't get it, but it's how I am. It's my life and I like having a man around. So I've had a few. They don't stick around. Anyway, Carol says it's not Nathan they're after, it's about your kids. And so I know there's trouble. Stacey's probably been picked up shoplifting or something. Doesn't bother me 'cause I taught 'em how. So I go down to the station and they know me there. And I say, "Where are they? I want to see my kids." You can't see them", and I look at him and I say, "I'm their mother and I can see them whenever I bloody well like". And then he says it. Just a couple of words, he says it: "There's been an accident".

"What accident?" "A fire. There's been a fire. In a Brotherhood bin. A candle. The clothes. I'm sorry".

The man in the suit, he says, "They didn't suffer, the smoke, it would have..." "*(she holds up her hand as if to motion him to stop talking)* And I say, "They suffered. You don't know how much".

## **B. The Black Sequin Dress by Jenny Kemp**

### **Woman 1:**

I can see a beautiful nightclub. Black shiny surfaces, all polished and clean, sparkling glasses full of champagne, gin and tonic, cocktails, liqueurs etc. Women melting into their partners' bodies, the men wrapped around them like blankets. The band, in a row laid back, handsome. Snacks, cards, cigarettes, money, lipstick, watches, jewellery, high stools, dancing, wild dancing, bare bodies under not much. They abandon themselves here. Get out of their day shoes and set off at a gallop, drinks whizzing down the gullet, talk gurgling up, hands wandering all over the place, anywhere will do, who cares. They have learned how not to care, how here to let go the reins.

They want to show off, they want to fall in love with the moment and it to fall in love with them. Greedy are they? No, not greedy. Hungry.

I love, I love, I love love they think. Love me, me, me, me, all of me. Fill me up, fill me up. I've had a bath, I've put on my deodorant, my clothes are impeccable. Now now now do the next bit, come over they seem to be screaming.

Come over here and really fill me up with something significant something - of value. A right word a soft word at just the right moment straight down the ear hole, ping bullseye, right to the hungry spot, ping and then ah, ah, that was it. Got it thank you, now anything I can do for you back? No, yes, not a sure thing at all, perhaps not.

Or someone could walk up their timing perfect, and stand fitting the shape of me. Perfection, it would register. I would breath out, relax and they would sit and put a hand out somewhere on the table, it would contact my hand and ping down the arm would go, the message and it would run up the shoulder into the head, down whiz straight to the heart and zoom, zing the genitals aflame. And my dress would fill up with light. I would wake up and dance I would jump off the end of the pier, free fall. And he would fly over the end after me splash, gurgle gurgle gurgle.

And down we go.

**C. Dags** by Debra Oswald

**Gillian**

All right. I'm going to admit something I never thought I'd admit to anyone ever. I've got a crush on Adam. Head over heels. Uncontrollable passion, etcetera. Unrequited passion, of course. Now I know this sounds like I'm throwing away everything I've said so far. And I guess I am. I know every girl at school except Monica is in love with him. I know he'd never go for a dag like me. I know it's hopeless. I know all that. But I can't help it. Just thinking he might look at me, my heart starts pounding like mad. And then I worry about whether he can tell my heart's going crazy, and I have to act really cool. This crush – it's like a disease. Do you know – oh, I'm almost too embarrassed to admit this – Adam misses the bus sometimes. 'Cos he's chatting up some girl or something. And do you know what I do? I get off the bus after one stop and walk back to school, so I can hang round the bus stop hoping he'll turn up. Just so I can ride on the same bus with him. Isn't that the most pathetic thing you've ever heard? I'm crazy. I can lie here for hours thinking about him. Writing these movies in my head where Adam and me are the stars. I try to imagine how he'd notice me and fall hopelessly in love with me and all that. Like, one of my favourites is that the bus breaks down one day in this remote place and there we are stranded together. He discovers that I was this really fascinating woman all along. Far more interesting than all those silly girls at school. But – I say that I can't bear to be just another notch on his belt. So Adam has to beg me to go out with him. Grovel almost. That's a pretty over-the-top version.

## **D. 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 Eileens 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 shit out of 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?

**E. Radiance** by Louis Nowra

**Cressy**

She knew where I was. Where Mae was. All she had to do was visit. Once. Not good enough. Not to have a father and your mother not wanting to see you. On visiting days, some parents would come, even from interstate and there I'd be, me and a few other girls with no visitors. And because we had no visitors the nuns would get us to do the laundry. To pass the time. To pass the time! There we were, us girls in the steam and stink of the laundry, with its smell of starch and dirty clothes. At first I would make believe we were in hell and I'd curse the nuns, say that I'd fuck the devil, but one day I saw a picture in one of the nun's magazines. It was a film star playing a Polynesian princess wearing a sarong, hibiscus in her hair. She looked so beautiful, so exotic, so far from the laundry. And so I pretended to be her. I'd wrap a table cloth around me, put an hibiscus in my hair and sing to the other girls. They'd applaud me and I'd do it again and again, until I thought I was that princess, pretending the copper steam was the steam of a volcano I was about to throw myself into and sacrifice myself to the gods. But instead of throwing myself in, I won a singing scholarship. I came back here on the way to Sydney. Mum said the wind was coming up from the island. The ancestors were telling me not to go. I walked out that door and made it as a singer. She didn't fight for me.

## F. LITTLE MURDERS by Jules Feiffer

### Patsy

Honey, I don't want to hurt you. I want to change you. I want to make you see that there is some value in life, that there is some beauty, some tenderness, some things *worth* reacting to. Some things *worth* feeling. But you've got to take some *chances* some time! What do ~~you~~-you want out of life? Just *survival*? It's not enough! It's not, not, not enough! I am going to have a surviving marriage. I'm going to have a flourishing marriage! I'm a *woman*! Or, by Jesus, it's about time I became one. I want a *family*! Oh, Christ Alfred, this is my wedding day. I want- want to be married to a big, strong protective, vital, virile, self assured man. Who I can protect and take care of. Alfred, honey, you're the first man I've ever gone to bed with where I didn't feel *he* was a lot more likely to get pregnant than I was. You owe me something! I've invested everything I believe in you. You've *got* to let me mould you. *Please* let me mould you. You've got me whining, begging and crying. I've never behaved like this is my life. Will you look at this? That's a tear. I never cried in my life.

## MONOLOGUES- MALE

**A. West** by Stephen Berkoff

**Mike:**

Do you wanna dance / I took her on the floor / the crystal ball smashed the light into a million pieces / a shattered lake at sunrise / the music welled up / and the lead guitarist / plugged into ten thousand watts zonging in our ears / callused thumb whipping chords / down the floor we skate / I push her thigh with mine / and backwards she goes to the gentle signal / no horse moved better / and I move my left leg which for a second leaves me hanging on her thigh / then she moves hers / swish / then she's hanging on mine / like I am striding through the sea / our thighs clashing and slicing past each other like huge cathedral bells / whispering past flesh-encased nylon / feeling / all the time knees / pelvis / stomach / hands / fingertips / grip smell / moving interlocking fingers / ice floes melting / skin silk weft and warp / blood-red lips gleaming / pouting / stretching over her hard sharp and wicked-looking Hampsteads / words dripping out her red mouth gush like honey / I lap it up / odours rising from the planet of the flesh / gardens after light showers / hawthorn and wild mimosa / Woolie's best / crushed fag ends / lipstick / powder / gin and tonic / all swarming together on one heavenly nerve-numbing swill / meanwhile huge mountains of aching fleshy worlds are drifting past each other holding their moons / colliding and drifting apart again / the light stings / the journey is over / the guitarist splattered in acne as the rude knife of light stabs him crushes his final shattering chord / the ball of fire stops / and I say thank you very much.

## **B.Look Back in Anger**

John Osborne

### **Jimmy**

Anyone who's never watched somebody die is suffering from a pretty bad case of virginity. For twelve months, I watched my father dying – when I was ten years old. He'd come back from the war in Spain, you see. And certain god-fearing gentlemen there had made such a mess of him, he didn't have long left to live. Everyone knew it – even I knew it. But, you see, I was the only one who cared. His family were embarrassed by the whole business. Embarrassed and irritated. As for my mother, all she could think about was the fact that she had allied herself to a man who seemed to be on the wrong side in all things. My mother was all for being associated with minorities, provided they were the smart, fashionable ones. We all of us waited for him to die. The family sent him a cheque every month, and hoped he'd get on with it quietly, without too much vulgar fuss. My mother looked after him without complaining, and that was about all. Perhaps she pitied him. I suppose she was capable of that. But I was the only one who cared! Every time I sat on the edge of his bed, to listen to him talking or reading to me, I had to fight back my tears. At the end of twelve months, I was a veteran. All that that feverish failure of a man had to listen to him was a small, frightened boy. I spent hour upon hour in that tiny bedroom. He would talk to me for hours, pouring out all that was left of his life to one, lonely, bewildered little boy, who could barely understand half of what he said. All he could feel was the despair and bitterness, the sweet, sickly smell of a dying man. You see, I learnt at an early age what it is to be angry – angry and helpless. And I can never forget it. I knew more about – love...betrayal...and death, when I was ten years old than you will probably ever know all your life.

### C. The Golden Age by Louis Nowra

#### Francis:

Are you looking at the sunset? (*Startled BETSHEB turns around. Smiling*) I'm not a monster... No more running. Look at us reflected in the water, see? Upside-down. (*He smiles and she smiles back. Silence*) So quiet. I'm not used to such silence. I'm a city boy, born and bred. You've never seen a city or town, have you? Where I live there are dozens of factories: shoe factories, some that make gaskets, hydraulic machines, clothing. My mother works in a shoe factory. (*Pointing to his boots*) These came from my mother's factory. (*Silence*) These sunsets here, I've never seen the likes of them. A bit of muddy orange light in the distance, behind the chimneys, is generally all I get to see. (*Pause*) You'd like the trams, especially at night. They rattle and squeak, like ghosts rattling their chains, and every so often the conducting rod hits a terminus, and there is a brilliant spark of electricity, like an axe striking a rock. 'Spiss!' On Saturday afternoon thousands of people go and watch the football. A huge oval of grass. (*Miming a football*) A ball like this. Someone hand passes it, 'Whish', straight to me. I duck one lumbering giant, spin around a nift dwarf of a rover, then I catch sight of the goals. I boot a seventy-yard drop kick straight through the centre. The crowd goes wild! (*He cheers wildly. BETSHEB laughs at his actions. He is pleased to have made her laugh.*) Not as good as your play. (*Pause.*) This is your home. My home is across the river, Bass Strait. (*Silence*) What is it about you people? Why are you like you are? Don't go. I was watching you pick these. My mother steals flowers from her neighbour's front garden so every morning she can have fresh flowers in her vase for Saint Teresa's portrait. She was a woman centuries ago. God fired a burning arrow of love into her. (*Smiling*) When it penetrated her, Saint Teresa could smell the burning flesh of her heart.

**D.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 smelt 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 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.

## **E. Death of a Salesman** by Arthur Miller

### **Biff:**

Now hear this, Willy, this is me... You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail... I stole myself out of every good job since high school!... And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, I saw the things that I love in this world. The work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy?... Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you! I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash-can like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing them home!... Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it anymore. I'm just what I am, that's all. (*CRYING, BROKEN*) Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phony dream and burn it before something happens?

**F. Dead Heart** by Nick Parsons

**Ray:**

No! No! No! Don't give me that bullshit. That spooky Aboriginal bullshit. I don't want to hear it; I don't want to know. Christ. Time was the man was dead and that was it. A man was just a man. Now they follow you round. If he's dead he should be in the *ground*: in the cold fucking ground; he should be ... growing into something else, not ... crawling out and trailing you with his long rope hangin' off him. That's not ... the way it's done. I won't stand for it. I've worked for people. I've tried to make ... They gotta *learn* to be whitefellas! (*Tapping his head*) Up here. That's what the world is. You know that Dave; You – you seen it. Tribal way is finished; it doesn't have a chance, and Poppy is not gunna drag this on and on and on till every last young fella's drunk himself to death or ... strung himself up because he doesn't know what he is any more. And some poor fuckwit walks out the station and sees that ... see that ... that thing ... hangin' there and ... and carries it round for the rest of his life. I'm telling you: Poppy is going down for what he's done. I've got something on him and he's going down. (*Pause*) I try and think of him ... like he was, you know? Like on the footy field or something. But I can't see his face any more; it's all got ... sucked out somehow. All I can see is a ... black tongue hangin' out. Swollen up. Nothing else will come, you know? That's all that's left. Of him. In my head. A black ... tongue.

