

PRE-TERTIARY CLASSES

AUDITION MONOLOGUES

Choose a monologue from the selection on the following pages. For the purposes of this audition, the monologues are non-gender specific.

Your monologue should be memorised and filmed from the waist up. Use your natural voice (no accent or character voice).

When preparing your monologue, don't forget to work out who you are talking to and why you are talking to them.

BEYOND THE NECK

By Tom Holloway

Character – **A Visitor** (any age)

A VISITOR:

I walk through the visitor's centre and in to the site. There is a tour about to begin but I don't join it. I prefer to walk around on my own. It's beautiful. The sky is blue and the sun is out and it is very bright. It is autumn but the sun still has a sense of warmth about it. I look around. Before me I see rolling green fields, decorated flower beds, avenues of giant trees and the rustic ruins of the buildings of the old settlement. The buildings are beautiful and orange. They feel as if they are ancient. I walk up a shaded avenue of giant English trees to an area on a hill with two buildings. Behind me I can look over the whole site and the bay and mountains beyond it. I can even see giant cliffs falling in to the sea in the far distance. It is very peaceful. I stroll in to one of the buildings. There is an information sign as I walk in but I ignore it. It is cooler in here. I walk along a corridor. There are small rooms going off to each side. Some still with heavy metal doors covering their entrance. I decide it might be nice to walk in to one so I do. I walk in and shut the big door behind me and look around. Because there is no one nearby I decide to sit down on the stone floor. I sit down and look at this tiny room and the stones are cold against me and I feel the urge to lie down on them so I do. I curl up really tight in the middle of the floor. I begin to cry. I rock on the ground from side to side. Rock against the stone floor. I hold myself tightly. I feel sad. Sad in a deep, heavy way. I hear the door open and someone come in and say something but I can't do anything but rock and cry and feel sad. I want them to help me. I want to tell them why I am sad but I cannot. Not yet anyway.

BLURRED

By Stephen Davis

Character – **Freda** (Age 17)

Freda is pacing up and down her parent's apartment. She speaks into a cordless phone.

FREDA:

Yes, mum ... yes ... where are you? On the freeway? I told you about speaking and driving at the same time ... well, mum that's how accidents happen ... you just dropped me off, why are you calling me? ... we've been through this! Look, you know it's just going to be a small affair. You know it's just a few friends from school ... yes, mum ... yes, mum ... just girls. No, no ... there are not going to be any boys here. It's a girls' -week, mum, you know that. Well, it defeats the purpose to have boys here if it's a girls' - week, don't you think? What do you mean what happens if one boy sneaks in? ... I won't open the front door for the rest of the week, does that make you happy? ... no, no, no ... the door will be locked and boarded up ... we'll push the lounge against the door ... and I'll buy a gun ... no, no, no ... I'll buy a gun and the moment I see one boy, sneaking in or whatever ... I'll shoot him in the head ... mum ... I ... I know it's your unit. I'm here cleaning it up, making sure it's safe and ... I know, I know ... and thank you. We all thank you for letting us stay here, but we are not going to trash it ... yeah right ... like we start urinating in the sink ... well, you started it ... what? ... it is not going to turn into a brothel. You are over reacting mum ... no I didn't get you were being sarcastic. Sorry ... look it's going to be fine. Trust me, please ... it's just one week with my closest friends ... I'll ring you every day ... I love you too, mum. And drive safely.

KEEP EVERYTHING YOU LOVE

By David Brown

Character – **Emma** (Age 17)

EMMA:

You want me to go back with you? Well, hang on dad, before you start making decisions ... I mean I had this year all planned. I've got a timetable to stick to. No, it's my timetable ...

So I can get into uni. Well, I really want to do architecture ... yeah, I know it's expensive but I can get the fees deferred and then I can get a part-time job or something ...

Look, you can't just tell me what to do anymore, I'm not a child ... I'm not I know you care about me but you can't just send me to Sydney ...

Emma begins to show symptoms associated with an anxiety attack such as shortness of breath, tightness around the chest.

Well. I'm not gonna be able to concentrate on anything until I get this worked out, I'm just trying to make you understand. I have my timetable. I've got it all planned out ...

Her symptoms have affected her so much, she has to sit down. She pulls herself together.

I'm all right ... I'm okay. I'm fine ...

Look, Jack's funeral's on Friday and I have to say something. I have to get that ready ... I mean I have to write something ...

Okay, so let me get this straight ... It's up to me whether I go back to Sydney with you? Okay, thanks. But you won't be disappointed if I don't go? Good.

Emma gets up and goes to leave.

I'm going to bed ... yeah, school in the morning.

HERE WE ALL ARE. ASSEMBLED

By Kathryn Ash

Character: **Jabber** (any age)

JABBER:

Assert? There is nothing to assert. There is only what is. Neither a comfort nor a monstrous thing. It just is. What a shame it has taken me this long to realise. It's just so – so subtle, so intangible, that I'm afraid I've often taken it to be nothing at all. It's stupidity to try and describe it. All our human efforts to describe it fall short. It's dimensions are more than all our memories put together. More than all our names that will pass out of history. This thing doesn't even need a name, although we try to give it one. Love. The word is a flimsy shadow compared to what is. So, so, so much greater than our shit-stained interpretations. It is something the likes of me cannot touch, cannot even conceive of, but here – here on the brink I can faintly sense it. It is not religious or godlike or desiring worship. It brokers no heavenly deals and – threatens no hellish punishments. It just is. It surpasses everything. The nuances of it are embedded thread by tiny thread into the fabric of who we are. Love, love, love – my first cry when I ruptured blind into this world, and to the last breath, love love love, deep, so unbelievably huge and deep - This act of being, the good of it, the treasure of it, what is it? I know not. And yet it must be measured, as nothing can be understood without an edge to define it. This edge. This edge between being and not being. Beyond it lies nothing and everything. So I travel to that undiscovered country from which no traveller will return. Without a map. Without a light. Without a friend. In my mind, while I still have my mind to think on it, my arms are wide. My eyes are wide. I am naked.

VIRAL

By Hayden Jones and Sam Foster

Character: **Zane** (Age 15-20)

ZANE:

That night we went straight home and set up the YouTube channel. We called it "Global Entertainment Incorporated". We wanted it to sound professional and I read on some blog that if you use the word "Global" your google ranking goes through the roof. We started posting clips of whatever we could think of. My sister Joanie practicing violin, my dog Max trying to lick his own balls, a bunch of fake parkour fail videos that me and Art set up in the backyard

... and me hiding my Mum's car keys, stuff like that. My mum is always having a go at me for "spending too much time staring into a screen". She reckons it's gonna ruin my brain and that I should spend my time doing something more "productive". The thing is she spends every night sitting on the couch scrolling through Face book, Instagram, Snapchat or Tinder ... Especially since dad left.

Pause.

She doesn't get it! I'll show her what's "productive". She won't be saying it's a waste of time once Global Entertainment Incorporated takes off.

Anyway, we had our channel setup for about a week and we still weren't getting many views. I guess these things take time to spread. It's kinda like a virus. At first no one knows it even exists, just one or two people get sick. Then, when the conditions are right and all the elements come together, BOOM! All of a sudden it's an epidemic. The whole world knows about it.

We had to make sure we were ready to capture the moment when it presented itself. We had to be in the right place at the right time. Even if that meant school.

THE WIND IN THE UNDERGROUND

By Sam O'Sullivan

Character – **Simon**

SIMON:

I know. I know. When people ask about travelling, you're supposed to have all these stories about roughing it through failed Soviet States and getting mugged somewhere like Morocco, but I didn't do half the shit I said I did.

I didn't go to Zanzibar. Zanzi-Bar is a club in Barcelona. Which sells postcards, obviously. And it's true - I met a girl there and didn't do the Camino because I wanted to spend more time with her and yes, it was a complete disaster, but ... I didn't ... go to Africa. If Andrea checked the stamp on the postcard she could have figured that out.

Dad got sick ... I went to class one day and my tutor started going on about travel and perspective and pilgrimages ...

So I ran. And for the better part of a year I was scared. And when I wasn't scared I was lonely.

But you left. Didn't you? Everyone did. Starting with Mum. In the middle of the night.

I don't know how she did it ... How you all just ... Go. Run off and have an amazing adventure and start a family and become a new person - I don't know how to do that.

But I also can't remember the last time I tried something new, you know? Gained something rather than just ... just tried to hang on.