

Whitireia Stage & Screen Programme

Audition Pack

2020 Auditions

For your audition please prepare:

1 x monologue from the selection of Shakespearian, contemporary theatre and film monologues provided below.

1 x song of your choice

Monologue presentation

- Please memorise the monologue.
- Present your monologue in a way which shows your understanding of the text and which is simple and truthful.
- Use your natural accent.
- Wear comfortable black clothing.
- Monologues are not gender specific. You are welcome to select freely from the monologues provided.
- You may bring a monologue of your own choosing, if preferred. It should, however, be from an existing, published play or film script.
- Please know a little about the play and character you choose to present.

Song presentation

- Sing a short a song (or part of a song) that you love.
- It can be any genre – pop, classical, Broadway or children’s songs.
- You will sing unaccompanied – so no need to bring music.



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Te Kahui Auaha, 65 Dixon Street, Te Aro, Wellington 6011

Shakespearian Monologues

VIOLA

Twelfth Night: Act 2, Scene 2

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Romeo and Juliet: Act 2, Scene 5

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

A Midsummer's Night Dream Act V, Scene i

Puck

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

Julius Caesar Act 3, Scene 2

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men--
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

Hamlet Act III, Scene i

OPHELIA:

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!—
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me,
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Macbeth: Act 1, Scene 7

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

**The Tragedy of King Lear by William Shakespeare
Act I, Scene 4**

Fool:

Mark it, nuncle.	645
Have more than thou showest,	
Speak less than thou knowest,	
Lend less than thou owest,	
Ride more than thou goest,	
Learn more than thou trowest,	650
Set less than thou throwest;	
Leave thy drink and thy whore,	
And keep in-a-door,	
And thou shalt have more	
Than two tens to a score.	

Contemporary theatre monologues

***Woman Far Walking* by Witi Ihimaera**

Tiri Mahana:

My mountain has always been Hikurangi, the first place in the world to greet the sun. When I was young I loved to watch the sun rising above the sea and to feel the earth quickening around me. There have been too many suns on too many mornings. That red ball, ascending from the morning sea, only tires me now.

Then one day, long before I was born, a visitor came to our islands. Hairy. White as a ghost. Smelling different. My grandmother was there. It was 1769 and she saw a huge frightening, whitewinged bird coming across the water into Tolaga Bay. She said that Captain Cook alighted from the bird and his sailors looked like goblins. They had eyes in the backs of their heads because they rowed their boats with their backs to the land. They had three legs, and the third leg was called a musket. My grandmother told me that they welcomed this new goblin but – he killed them with his musket. Ever since I have been at war with him.

***Bare* by Toa Fraser**

Shelly:

No thanks ... yeah I've given up ... No I feel heaps better, eh? How long? Since yesterday, actually. Well, I had one last night. But that was my last one. I said to myself this is my last one, 'cause Simon's away, so I was thinking about it, I went out, got myself some fish n chips and a video, sat down with my smoke and I gave up and I feel much better. Oh, I'm really, I'm not worried about my weight anymore, eh, I mean its so false all that, you know, I just can't be bothered with it, eh. 'Cause I've joined the gym and I went like a couple of times last week and I'm just feeling great, eh.

But I don't enjoy smoking anymore, so ... No, I'm giving up. Just like that. No it's not because of that, I can't stand Burger King anymore, I'm going to leave that soon. Oh 'cause one of the guys there, he just doesn't treat me with any respect, he's always telling me to stand up straight and stop folding my arms and stuff, I mean, God. I'm sick of BK. [...] No I'm giving up. You can smell the difference, oh yeah. No, no thanks. Honestly. I'm giving up smoking.

***Foreskin's Lament* by Greg McGee's**

FORESKIN:

Gentlemen. Lads. Boys. Unaccustomed as I am to the customs here, unaccustomed as I am to the ... small ethics of the situation, or to death, dying, obituaries, eulogies, wakes, kicks, comas or ... dear, dear friends – there, I've said it plain enough. He's dead plain enough, Ken. And that ought to be a finish, an end to it, surely. But I'm unaccustomed to leaving questions unasked – I've never measured my questions by the possibility of answers. So I ask: why? Why? Oh, in the asking I realise that I'm putting a dash after his death, making a pathetic demand for continuity in place of the natural void.

I'm sorry, almost. I'm so unaccustomed to being ... unaccustomed. I suppose we really ought to do this right: sing 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow' and 'It's the way we do it in the army, the navy and on the football field' – he was a jolly good fellow. Ask the lads, the boys, to form a ruck at the side of his grave, rake earth over him with their sprigs, make a wreath of dirty laces, and ask the ladies to bring a tear – would that I could, but like most of you, us, we were taught not to cry a vale of tears ago. We'll thank the referee, or the god almighty, he might have made a bad fist of it, we can understand some of his decisions, but, lord, it's a tough game, a game still, for men, for men called boys.

***Waiora* by Hone Kouka**

RONGO:

Did you like that Nanny? It is one of the wai that you taught me. Kei te mahara ahau ki nga pao, nga waiata, nga haka ara te katoa. E hika! Kei te makariri te wai.

(beat) I am standing in the water so I can touch home. Kei te whanui nga ringaringa o Tangaroa hei awahi a Papatuanuku. His hands smooth out the sand you see. Pari mai, pari atu. So if I am held in those hands, I am taken back to the beach of Waiora, our true home. Waiora Te Ukaipo, The Homeland.

(beat) Nanny, I'm so hungry, not for kai, but for words. Here, we korero Pakeha, not Maori. Not allowed to. E Nanny, kei te matakua ahau. Scared I'll waste away to a whisper, then nothing, and I will forget our words, and if I do, my children will have nothing to eat. Their mouths will not know the taste we once knew, they will forget. But we are hurting ourselves. We are stopping ourselves from speaking the reo. No one is doing it to us. Dad said if we live like Pakeha, they will leave us in peace and we will be strong.

(beat) But what will we be? I don't think we will ever learn their ways. We will be a lost people first. We will.

Film monologues

Before Sunset (2004)

Screenwriter(s): Richard Linklater, Julie Delpy, Ethan Hawke

INT. Car - day

Celine

I was fine, until I read your f--king book! It stirred s--t up, you know? It reminded me how genuinely romantic I was, how I had so much hope in things, and now it's like, I don't believe in anything that relates to love. I don't feel things for people anymore. In a way, I put all my romanticism into that one night, and I was never able to feel all this again. Like, somehow this night took things away from me and I expressed them to you, and you took them with you! It made me feel cold, like if love wasn't for me!...

You know what? Reality and love are almost contradictory for me. It's funny. Every single of my ex's, they're now married! Men go out with me, we break up, and then they get married! And later they call me to thank me for teaching them what love is, and, and that I taught them to care and respect women!...

You know, I want to kill them!! Why didn't they ask *me* to marry them? I would have said "No," but at least they could have asked!!

Milk (2008)

Screenwriter: Dustin Lance Black

EXT Gay Freedom Day Parade - day

HARVEY

My name is Harvey Milk and I'm here to recruit you. I want to recruit you for the fight to preserve your democracy. Brothers and sisters, you must come out! Come out to your parents, come out to your friends, if indeed they are your friends. Come out to your neighbors, come out to your fellow workers. Once and for all, let's break down the myths and destroy the lies and distortions. For your sake, for their sake. For the sake of all the youngsters who have been scared by the votes from Dade to Eugene.

On the Statue of Liberty it says, 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free.' In the Declaration of Independence, it is written, 'All men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights.'

So for Mr. Briggs and Mrs. Bryant, and all the bigots out there, no matter how hard you try, you can never erase those words from the Declaration of Independence! No matter how hard you try, you can never chip those words from the base of the Statue of Liberty! That is where America is! Love it or leave it!