

# Bachelor of Musical Theatre

## Phase 2 acting audition



You will need to present two prepared monologues.  
One must be from this set list, the other being your own choice\*.

These monologues should:

- be very well-prepared
- be in your own voice (avoid using an accent)

Your own choice monologue should:

- be from a modern play (post 1960)
- last no longer than 1.5 minutes (90 seconds)
- only be from published plays (no musicals, films, or television)
- not be an extract from a poem or novel

We recommend that you read the whole play so that you understand the context of your monologue.

*\*Be aware of the cultural context of the show/character for your monologues.*

### **CONTENT WARNING**

We ask you to be aware that some of the extended material from which these chosen monologues have been sourced, may contain challenging content. Strong monologues often come from plays that address adult themes and may be potentially distressing for some readers, so we ask that you consider your personal level of comfort around these subjects before further exploring the content in its entirety.

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# LYSA AND THE FREEBORN DAMES

by Claire Christian

## CHORUS

At the time I had long dreadlocks that I'd sewn feathers, and beads and wild dreams into. I was convinced I would change the world. Bolstered by a long legacy of ambitious, loud, women who learned to manipulate their grief into a kind of power - making it malleable. A power I've never harnessed - I feel things too hugely. I sat in the back yard with a pair of kitchen scissors and chopped each of those dreadlocks off and then I buried them. Like some kind of ceremonial funeral for the woman that I was.

When I saw that footage of Britney Spears doing the same thing in 2007 I was like, girl, I have been there, I hope there's some well-placed aunties in your sphere with some tequila and kind words.

Weeks after my red haired first love broke my heart I found out she had lied, because she had a new French lover. The tiny saplings that had just started to peek their head above the soil of my broken heart shrivelled up and died. So, drank the tequila. Kissed my aunties and then I ran away.

I reckon the hardest thing about having your heart broken is acknowledging that you were wrong. I don't like being wrong. I'm a good judge of character, I got that from my grandfather. But I was wrong. I was wrong about the red head. It knocks ya for a six being wrong. You're forced to think about the other things you might be wrong about.

# THIS HEAVEN

by Nakkiah Lui

## SISSY

*[Sissy is an indigenous Australian whose father died in custody at Mount Druitt Police Station. She stands in the park in front of her father's tribute.]*

This was Mount Druitt.

It was like a different world, and in this world, different rules applied to different people. People died early here, had kids early here and got told to be scared of the Gunji's from the day they are born.

This was a street.

On that fence, the one that only has a few pickets left standing. On that fence it says 'Our Family 4eva! It used to be a fence and now it's a tribute. A tribute to my father, Robert Gordon.

I remember when that trolley didn't have a melted handle. Look at it, all rusty and kicked in. That night, as the flames burned around it, that trolley stayed stuck in the grass. Pretty loyal trolley.

See the koori flag carved into the brittle wood, I can still feel the splinters under the tips of my fingers. The dots of blood coming out as dad dug around with a sewing needle for the little shard of fence under my skin

This was a house.

A home.

Our home.

All fibro walls and pizza hut roof. A house passed down in the family and finally bought by my parents.

Cousins running in and out. Sitting on the back steps as mum looked through my hair for nits. Dogs biting on your ankles. Dogs that belonged to the entire street. The sun peeking through the old lace curtains and making shapes on the walls, what I still imagine snowflakes to look like.

Can you believe this place was so beautiful to me once?

# JERUSALEM

by Michael Gurr

## NINA

And what is this idea? That everyone gets the disease they deserve? Yes, I am interested in it. And I'm particularly interested in the fact that you never hear if from the parents of a child born with its brain hanging out of its head. Karma? What goes around comes around? There's something very nasty hiding in the idea of karma. It's another way of not thinking.

*(Beat)*

Bad deeds are accounted for? Really? In my experience there are great numbers of very bad people leading very happy lives. It's a pretty false comfort, wouldn't you say, to think they'll all get a spank in Hell. To think they'll all come back as a piece of dogshit.

*(Beat)*

Surely the point is what we do now? Who we become, how we behave? To leave all the judgement up to God or the karmic compost – that's a terrible impotence isn't it? Adults, grown men and women, with a dummy in the mouth. And look closely at this, Malcolm, look at the people who glue themselves to these ideas. For the happy and healthy these ideas are a way of feeling smug. Fifty cents in the poor box and the knowledge that the poor will always be with us. And those who actually suffer? What are they saying? I am suffering because God wants me to? In my training they take you around the wards. There was a woman, both breasts long gone into the hospital incinerator. She tried to hold my gaze while the sutures were taken out. Until the hospital chaplain came sliding across the lino. And her pale fierce eyes slid him right back through the curtain.

*(Beat)*

You see I don't believe that justice is something you light a candle for. It's just the way you behave.

## RICE

by Michele Lee

## NISHA

*[Nisha is a high-flying young executive at Australia's largest producer of rice — precocious, headstrong and determined to become Australia's first female Indian CEO.]*

This is the part of the story where I tell you about an Indian princess. Not the one who drinks green smoothies for breakfast. In India, once upon a time, a beautiful West Bengali princess lost her husband. She was a widow. Didima was poor, she had her husband's name but she had nothing without him by her side. She scrimped and saved, and she fought her way to her own Level 20. And when she couldn't punch any higher, she made the phone call that she had told herself she could never make because her Hindi was so rubbish. A Minister. Fuck it. She picked up the phone. Spoke her best Hindi. Bluffed. Put on her deeper voice. Made the case for why he should support her application to leave West Bengal and come here, Australia. The other day I came home and I gave her \$50, so she can have her own money, buy her own things. She went walking down the street the next day and gave it all away to school kids. I yelled at my sisters, my parents. Let's pull our fucking act together and keep her safe. And don't tell me not to yell, don't blame me for not being here. I'm pumping money into this fucking household. I am busy, I am strategic, I am the EO.

# THE DEAD DEVILS OF COCKLE CREEK

by Kathryn Marquet

## GEORGE

*[An environmental scientist who has dreamt since she was a small girl of halting the advance of climate change, but saving a species in the middle of nowhere will have to do.]*

When I was ten years old, I went to Fiji with my dad. They had a turtle in a bath tub. It couldn't move. And, you know why? So Australian tourists could get their photo taken with it. The guy would hold it up out of the water, like a fucking toy, and the tourist would smile and her husband would snap a picture. They'd give the guy two dollars.

I saw that turtle and something broke. And, I asked the man how much it would cost to free it. He said it wasn't for sale. I started yelling at him. How dare he torture this turtle? How dare these stupid people get a photo with it, as though its life were worth nothing more than their photo opportunity? My dad pulled me away and said I was being stupid. I begged him for 100 dollars to give to the man, but he refused. "He'll just catch another one. It's alright", he said. But, it wasn't. Because the memory of that turtle was the end of any happiness I might have had.

I wake up every morning and I face a world that makes no sense. The world's gone mad. Human beings are mad and I want nothing to do with them.

## THE KID

by Michael Gow

## SNAKE

Honestly. I hate this trip. It's always chaos. Always a fight. By the time we get to Aunty 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 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 the 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.



# THE YEAR NICK MCGOWAN CAME TO STAY

Adapted by Sean Mee from the novel by Rebecca Sparrow

RACHAEL

*[to audience]*

Okay! So, I might have had a mini-crush on Nick McGowan. But so did every other girl in year eleven when he came to the school last year.

There was a one time in French when Mrs. Lesage paired us together to have a conversation about buying a train ticket to Bologna. And Nick said he'd just put the word 'Le' in front of every English word and hope to get by. Then he transferred to German, and we never really talked again. Then he started dating Kerry English who was - of course - beautiful and popular and nice all the time and loved everybody and who thought babies came out of your bottom.

I'm know I'm not ugly. But I'm not gorgeous like Kerry either. I'm average. Ordinary. Plain. I look pretty much the same as I did in year ten. Lips too thin. Nose too square. Ankles too fat. Hardly 'Striking', like Zoe. Some days I'd give anything to be described that way.

But hey, maybe when Nick moves in, we'll fall madly in love. I'd finally have a boyfriend. We could be the new 'it' couple at school with our own private jokes. What are the chances? No really, what are the chances of that?

I had a dream once that I was marrying Nick McGowan but on the big day, when I was walking down the aisle, Martin O'Connell, this revolting guy in my drama class, is waiting for me. 'I'm not meant to be marrying you', I say but nobody listens. They just kept going ahead with the ceremony and I am standing there realising that I'm going to get divorced and how bad that would look on my resume. Then I woke up.

## **SPEAKING IN TONGUES**

by Andrew Bovell

LEON

Yes, it was my fault. But, I think, I'm screaming at this guy, not because I'm angry at him, but because I think I've lost you. I think some stupid indiscretion with a stranger has cost me the most important thing in my life.

*They sit in silence for a moment.*

And he's there, right in my face, so I'm screaming at him... when I notice that he's cowering. He's got his hands up over his face and he's cowering, like a dog being beaten. This grown man is cowering because of me. He thinks I'm going to hit him. So I stop and I take stock and I say, 'I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Here, let me help you.' And I pull him up and I see that I've smashed the guy's nose in. With my head. With my hard stupid fat head, I've broken this man's nose. There's blood all over his face. 'I'm sorry. Are you all right? Let me help you.' But he pushes me away and he says, 'No, I'm fine. I'm fine. Please.' And he walks off down the hedge. But I can see he's not fine and I just feel terrible, so I follow him. He turns the corner. And I hear him, I don't see him, I hear him stop and starts to weep. The man has completely broken down and he's weeping.

I mean, what makes a man weep like that?

## AFTERSHOCKS

by Paul Brown and the Workers' Cultural Action Committee

STAN

'Stan's ride'... I rode the floor down. And as the concrete hit the floor, [*Clapping hands*] I've sorts BANG with the concrete floor, and BANG up again, and I'd say what's happened is the chairs've come underneath, cos I ended all tangled up in chairs, and me arms up in the air stuff like that.

I remember I look at Howard, while it was going on, we could hear this massive roar, this sorta, huge, like a bloody underground train coming... and then we stopped talking... There was three big, long slow waves and the whole floor just collapsed, and he musta seen it and bolted for an opening. Yeah, Howard went east, and I went west.

I never been close to death... I knew I was... the first thing that struck me, as the floor started to give way, and I went down with it, the first thing that hit my mind was, hello I'm dead.

I sorta looked up. Everything was coming down. Then it gave this great big puff! Like the air and everything, big puff of wind, and the whole... big dust thing went straight up in the air, went straight back up. And when everything sorta got quiet, that's when they all started screaming, I could hear all the people screaming. The ones who were actually trapped, y'know.

# THE NARCISSIST

by Stephen Carleton

## SATCHEL

*[Satchel returns home having won 'The city's most eligible barista' for the third year in a row. Bronwyn and Xavier want to celebrate, but Satchel has given up drinking alcohol for six months, Bronwyn asks him why.]*

We're living on a fragile planet, Bronwyn. Every action we take has a consequence somewhere, somehow. That cigarette butt that gets casually stubbed and thrown into a gutter eventually finds itself in a water catchment, contaminating our rivers and oceans, before settling in the sea grass, poisoning dugongs, fish and turtles. The fish get fat and bloated, and they infect the dolphins. The dolphins get fat and bloated, and poison the whales. Soon enough the whole planet gets clogged with that little bit of waste it doesn't quite need, all from one cigarette butt.

The same goes for alcohol. I woke up one morning after a night on the tiles and hit the bathroom scales. 125 grams. I'd put on 125 grams just by drinking half a dozen ciders and a schooner or two of beer. And that was with dancing. Two hours and fifty minutes worth of dancing. That's half a gram a minute. I realised if I kept that up, I'd weigh, like 200 kilos by the end of the year. I feel like there's this incredible momentum happening in my life right now. I mean - three Most Eligible Baristas in a row. It's leading somewhere. Somewhere Big. I feel like I've been preparing for something. What with the personal training, the personal grooming, the personal hygiene, the public recognition. There's a very specific range of skills and attributes being developed here. Then on the way home, I started thinking. 'Big, Big ... 'and it suddenly hit me. Big Brother: I'm going to audition for Big Brother Seventeen!

# RIO SAKI AND OTHER FALLING DEBRIS

by Shaun Charles

TOM

The sun rises for the last time on the day the world ends. Last night I dreamed something. I think it was a dream. I can't be sure. But I was sitting in a large field, under a towering tree. And this tree, it didn't have one leaf. The dry dead leaves lay all around me in a pile of dust. And in this field there was no sound, no movement. I tried to speak and nothing happened. I put my hand to my chest and felt no heart. And could feel no emotion. I was dead. It was just how things were. And it felt as if I had always been there, sitting, just being there. And then, the strangest thing happened. As time passed I noticed something. Only very small at first. But there it was, the sound of a breeze, gently whistling around the trunk of the tree, around its dead branches. And I felt the coolness of it up against my cheek. And then I looked down at the dead leaves, and they were sort of moving. And I noticed greenness was shooting up the veins and out into the leaf. And then, a miracle happened, a leaf shot up into the air, hovered for a moment, then fixed itself to the tip of a branch. Then another. And another. And suddenly hundreds, thousands of leaves were flying up into the air. It was raining leaves backwards. And as the world came back to life I felt a bang in my chest. My heart began to beat. It banged against my ribs with electricity and I could feel the blood pumping through my veins, to the tips of my fingers and the bottom of my feet. And I began to laugh. And for the first time, I heard my voice. I laughed and laughed till it hurt, till I cried. And I looked up at the tree again, and I saw its branches exploding with life, reaching into the sky, touching the clouds, stroking outer space, stretching all the way towards heaven.

*Pause.*

And when I awoke I knew my angel would come.

## THE YEAR NICK MCGOWAN CAME TO STAY

Adapted by Sean Mee from the novel by Rebecca Sparrow

NICK

*[Nick tells Rachael what happened to his friend, Jason]*

Two weeks before the end of school last year, during our exam block ... my best friend Jason decided to drive into Emerald in his dad's new ute ... It's about a two-hour drive from Middlemount ... Anyway, on the drive home ... So he's driving home from Emerald, and there's apparently just one car on the other side of the road travelling in the other direction. It's being driven by some old guy. Anyway, what happens is this old guy has a heart attack behind the wheel. He has a heart attack just when Jace's car is approaching in the opposite direction. So this old bloke's car swerves and crosses the double line ... and collides with Jason's ute.

So Jace gets killed in a car accident and Mike the police officer gets called, and the on-call doctor gets called ... but nobody calls me. Nobody rang me that day. Or the day after, or the day after that. Nobody called me because my dad told them not to ... and he did that because I was in the middle of exams, and I needed to do well if I was going to get into medicine. So the morning of the funeral, I was answering questions on *The Great Gatsby* ... sitting in the exam room wondering whether I'd have the boarders' sandwiches for lunch or go and get a meat pie from the tuck shop.

Dad told me on the drive home from Emerald airport at Christmas. And I know why dad did it, you know, I get that. But ... I had known Jason Wilks since I was two years old. When I came to Brisbane last year, I promised him I would keep in touch. And I didn't. I promised him that I'd go home for the Rugby League Grand Final and I didn't go. I backed out at the last minute because Mr. Tallon wanted me to attend some piss-weak leaders' breakfast. But life can be taken away, just like that.

## ADMISSIONS

by Joshua Harman

### CHARLIE

*[Bill and Sherri's son, a senior at Hillcrest]*

No, you want me to be just like you, 'cause I guess you think you're like, nailing life, but actually, my worst nightmare would be turning out like you.

You can't even see yourself, can you? You can't even see yourself.

You think you spent your life championing the underdog; did you ever stop to think about who got shoved out of the way so you could do it?

You're happy to make the world a better place, as long as it doesn't cost you anything. That's what your tombstone should say: Bill Mason made the world a better place, and it didn't cost him a thing. Call me naive, but if people could make the world fairer without sacrificing anything it would have happened by now. It hasn't. You think you're like some kind of hero? Look in the mirror Dad: you're not a hero. You're a hypocrite.

# AFTERSHOCKS

by Paul Brown and the Workers' Cultural Action Committee

## PATRON

I only had about a ten inch square to breathe in, and I had to keep my hands up, pushing against the piece of poker machine laying ahead of me, to try and keep it from coming down. And a doctor came, and I was fast running out of oxygen, but he dug a hole at the side of me, and he passed me an oxygen mask and told me how to put it on, and then he gave me a needle, and then all I could think of was, "Wriggle my toes." And I wiggled my toes, and I thought, "while I've got toes I've got feet, and while I've got feet I've got legs". And I could hear them all talking about aftershocks... And they ordered the rescuers out... They ordered them out, as they are expecting an aftershock, and I said, "Please don't leave me. And they said, "We won't leave you." They disobeyed their order. They didn't leave me... And all I could hear was something saying to me, "Don't panic. Don't panic and you'll be all right. You'll be all right". And I just clung to that.

When they started to lift the poker machines off me, of course, everything started to fall. And they stopped, and that was when they pulled me up. They were hoping to get the stuff off the top of me, to lift me up that way. Instead of that they had to come round and get me under the armpits, and pull me up through this little space...

I'd just come to play Hoy at the workers club.



# VERY HAPPY CHILDREN WITH BRIGHT AND WONDERFUL FUTURES

by Joshua Maxwell

MAN/ ADULT

*[Written to be played by a teen]*

IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT THESE QUOTE UNQUOTE "CLIMATE"  
QUOTE UNQUOTE "PROTESTORS" ARE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF QUOTE  
UNQUOTE "CHILDREN".

AND THAT TELLS YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THIS QUOTE  
UNQUOTE "MOVEMENT", DOESN'T IT? A BUNCH OF LEFTY LOONY TEENAGERS  
DODGING SCHOOL TO BECOME CLIMATE MARTYRS.

AND BASED ON WHAT? SCIENCE? PFFT! WE ALL KNOW THAT THE SCIENTISTS  
HAVE BEEN PAID OFF BY THE GLOBAL ELITE! AND YES, I CAN'T PROVE THAT, BUT  
YOU CAN'T DISPROVE IT EITHER!

THESE KIDS SHOULD BE IN SCHOOL LEARNING THEIR TIMES TABLES AND  
TRADITIONAL VALUES, NOT GALLIVANTING UP AND DOWN THE STREET LIKE A  
BUNCH OF... HOODLUMS!

WELL, SINCE YOU'RE MISSING MATHS CLASS, HERE'S SOME MATHS FOR YOU!  
CLIMATE CHANGE EQUALS MYTH. YOU MINUS SCHOOL EQUALS CRIME! ME PLUS  
AUDIENCE EQUALS RIGHT!

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SPEAK TO THESE YOUNG PEOPLE IN A LANGUAGE  
THEY UNDERSTAND. HEY KIDS! HASHTAG YOU'RE A BUNCH OF JERKS. HASHTAG  
SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP. HASHTAG I'VE GOT A NARROW VIEW OF THE WORLD  
AND I DON'T LIKE LITTLE SHITS LIKE YOU DISRUPTING IT.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T EVEN LIKE AVOCADO. THAT'S ALL YOU YOUNG  
PEOPLE CARE ABOUT ISN'T IT?... IS IT? I WOULDN'T KNOW. I'VE NEVER  
ACTUALLY SPOKEN TO A TEENAGER, AND MY KIDS DON'T TALK TO ME  
ANYMORE.

ANYWAY.

THE POINT IS, THESE KIDS ARE THE DEVIL AND I DON'T LIKE THEM.

# LOVE AND INFORMATION

by Caryl Churchill

## THE CHILD WHO DIDN'T KNOW FEAR – From Love and Information

*[In this fast-moving kaleidoscope more than a hundred characters try to make sense of what they know.]*

Once upon a time there was a child who didn't know what fear was and he wanted to find out. So his friends said, Cold shiver down your back, legs go funny, sometimes your hands no not your hands yes your hands tingle, it's more in your head, it's in your stomach, your belly you shit yourself, you can't breathe, your skin your skin creeps, it's a shiver a shudder do you really not know what it is? And the child said, I don't know what you mean. So they took him to a big dark empty house everyone said was haunted. They said, No one's ever been able to stay here till morning, you won't stay till midnight, you won't last an hour, and the child said, Why, what's going to happen? And they said, You'll know what we mean about being frightened. And the child said, Good, that's what I want to know.

So in the morning his friends came back and there was the child sitting in the dusty room. And they said, You're still here? What happened? And the child said, There were things walking about, dead things, some of them didn't have heads and a monster with glowing – and his friends said, Didn't you run away? and the child said, There were weird noises like screams and like music but not music, and his friends said, What did you feel? and the child said, It came right up to me and put out its hand, and his friends said, Didn't your hair, your stomach, the back of your neck, your legs weren't you frightened? And the child said, No, it's no good, I didn't feel anything, I still don't know what fear is. And on the way home he met a lion and the lion ate him.