



NORTHMEAD
CREATIVE & PERFORMING ARTS HIGH SCHOOL
DRAMA

**Drama Audition Male
Senior Monologues**



Northmead Creative &
Performing Arts High School

Classical and contemporary audition pieces.

*Imagine, Endeavour,
Achieve*

Northmead CAPAHS
Campbell Street Northmead
NSW 2152

02 96304116

Principal-N.Vazquez



Northmead Creative & Performing Arts High- Drama Audition

The following pieces have been chosen from standard editions of the works.

You may use the equivalent monologue from a different edition of the play, for example, if you have access to a different edition of the Shakespeare plays.

For translated works, we have chosen a particular translation. However, you may use another translation if that is the version available to you.

If you cannot access the Australian plays through your local library, bookshop or bookshops on our suggested list, published editions of the Australian plays are generally available through Currency Press.

Audition Process

You will be required to choose one monologue from the list provided to perform. Please note the delivery time of a monologue may vary depending on your interpretation of the chosen piece. Usual estimated time is between three to eight minutes. So please make sure your monologue is within this time frame. You may be asked to deliver your chosen piece more than once. You will also be tested for improvisation skills. So be prepared to use your imagination and creativity. A script may be handed to you during the audition. So be prepared for a cold read and once again use your imagination in showing how you would interpret the script reading.

SUMMARY

1. Mark Antony - Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare
2. Richard - Henry VI Part 3 by William Shakespeare
3. King Henry –Henry V by William Shakespeare
4. Edmund – King Lear by William Shakespeare
5. S. Antipholous – The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare
6. Benedick – Much Ado About Nothing by William Shakespeare
7. Launce – The Two Gentlemen of Verona by William Shakespeare
8. Iago - Othello by William Shakespeare
9. Roo – Summer of the Seventeenth Doll by Ray Lawler
10. Ian- Up the Road by John Harding
12. Konstantin Treplev – The Seagull by Anton Chekhov
13. Lopakhin – The Cherry Orchard by Anton Chekhov
14. Cornelius – The Matchmaker by Thornton Wilder
15. Biff – Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller
16. Chopper - Chopper by Andrew Dominik
17. Robert – Night Letters by Susan Rogers and Chris Drummond
18. Rochester - The Libertine by Stephen Jeffreys
20. Douglas – Europe by Michael Gow
21. Steve – The Return by Reg Cribb
22. Chunk – The Call by Patricia Cornelius
23. Tom – The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams
24. Lenny – The Homecoming by Harold Pinter

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1. MARK ANTONY – JULIUS CAESAR by William Shakespeare

ANTONY: O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.



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2. RICHARD Henry VI Part 3 by William Shakespeare

RICHARD: What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death.
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither –
I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of:
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O Jesu bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was, which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love', which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies
As Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

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3. KING HENRY – Henry V by William Shakespeare

KING HENRY: Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, conjure up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry, "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

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4. EDMUND - KING LEAR by William Shakespeare

EDMUND: Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of Nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a sleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th' legitimate. Fine word "legitimate"!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top th' legitimate -: I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!



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5. S.ANTIPHOLUS – The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare

S. ANTIPHOLUS: Sweet mistress, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine;
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline;
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs;
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

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6. BENEDICK – MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING by William Shakespeare

BENEDICK: This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me? Why, it must be required. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair - 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous - 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me - by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

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7. LAUNCE - THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA by William Shakespeare

LAUNCE: Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping. All the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping; my father wailing; my sister crying; our maid howling; our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother; and this is my father. A vengeance on't, there 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay; so. so. Now come I to my father: 'Father, your blessing.' Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on; now I come to my mother. O that she could speak now, like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her. Why, there 'tis: here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear; nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

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8. IAGO - OTHELLO by William Shakespeare

IAGO That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband: now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge
For that I do suspect the lustful Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, nor shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife, for wife:
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor,
At least, into a jealousy so strong,
That judgement cannot cure; which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor, in the rank garb
(For I fear Cassio with my nightcap, too)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness: 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

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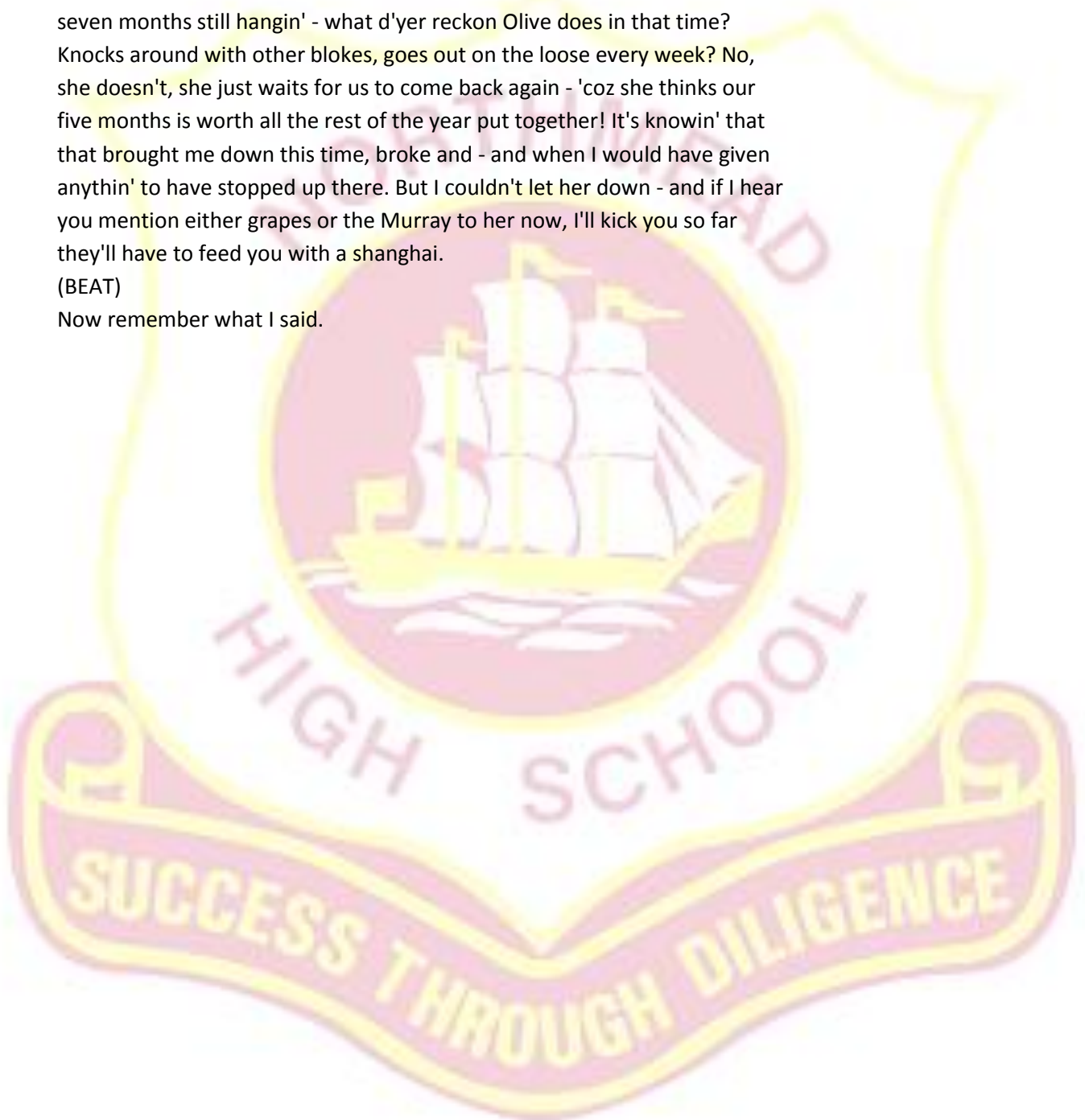
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9. ROO - SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL by Ray Lawler

ROO: You selfish little bastard! You listen to me - we come down here for the lay-off, five months of the year, December to April. That leaves another seven months still hangin' - what d'yer reckon Olive does in that time? Knocks around with other blokes, goes out on the loose every week? No, she doesn't, she just waits for us to come back again - 'coz she thinks our five months is worth all the rest of the year put together! It's knowin' that that brought me down this time, broke and - and when I would have given anythin' to have stopped up there. But I couldn't let her down - and if I hear you mention either grapes or the Murray to her now, I'll kick you so far they'll have to feed you with a shanghai.

(BEAT)

Now remember what I said.



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10. IAN - UP THE ROAD by John Harding

IAN: Hey, brother, how do I look? Or have you been watching me for a while. I never got to tell you about the places I've been or the people I've met. I've travelled a bit. Went to Cooper Pedy, had a go at mining. First day on the job I fell down a shaft and broke my arm. Decided mining wasn't for me.

Some way or other I ended up in Canberra.

You used to brylcreem my hair for me. I used to love the way you'd grab my ears like motor cycle handles and twist them? Vroom vroom. And that toy sheep we used to fight over. I was just talking with Auntie about it. Had a bit of a blue with Susie. She's been at my throat since I got back. They've all been having a go at me. They reckon it's easy. But they've never been off the bloody mission. They reckon I'm a coconut. She's a fiery woman.

It's bloody fresh up here, isn't it? Those boots of yours keep you warm? I got a big electric heater at home. I bought my own place now. What a whitefella, eh? A real house. Double brick. And I'm the only one in it. Well, you got the family up here. What've I got? I hate being alone. You all keep leaving me alone. Mum, dad, you. Now Uncle Kenny's gonna be up here.

You'll be friggon right. What the hells going on? They're punishing me.

Are you punishing me too? I didn't want to leave, Nat. They all told me to go. They made me go away. Not do nothing. I bloody hated 'em. They did jack all. Those cops killed you and they did jack all. Are you ashamed of me for that, my brother? If it was me they'd killed, you would've rode your horse into the friggon station and torn those idiots apart. That's what I wanted to do. But they made me go away. I thought you were a king and they killed you like a bloody dog. I'm sorry, Nat, I'm sorry. You knew I'd be back. You knew I'd be back here with you.

It's fresh, eh? I love you, Nat. I love you, brother. (sings) Amazing Grace
how sweet the sound / That saved a wretch like me / I once was lost but
now I'm found / Was blind but now I see.

(SOME LANGUAGE CHANGED)

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12. KONSTANTIN TREPLEV - THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

TREPLEV: (pulling petals off a flower) She loves me - she loves me not... She loves me - she loves me not... Loves me, loves me not. (laughs) There you are – she doesn't love me. Well, of course she doesn't. She wants to live and love and dress in light colours, and there am I, twenty-five years old, perpetually reminding her that she's stopped being young. When I'm not there she's thirty-two – when I am she's forty-three; and that's why she hates me. Then again I don't acknowledge the theatre. She loves the theatre – she thinks she's serving humanity and the sacred cause of art, whereas in my view the modern theatre is an anthology of stereotypes and received ideas. When the curtain goes up, and there, in a room with three walls lit by artificial lighting because it's always evening, these great artists, these high priests in the temple of art, demonstrate how people eat and drink, how they love and walk about and wear their suits; when out of these banal scenes and trite words they attempt to extract a moral – some small and simple moral with a hundred household uses; when under a thousand different disguises they keep serving me up the same old thing, the same old thing, the same old thing – then I run and don't stop running, just as Maupassant ran from the sight of the Eiffel Tower, that weighed on his brain with its sheer vulgarity. What we need are new artistic forms. And if we don't get new forms it would be better if we had nothing at all.

THIS IS A TRANSLATION BY MICHAEL FRAYN. YOU MAY USE OTHER TRANSLATIONS OF THE SAME PIECE.



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13. LOPAKHIN - THE CHERRY ORCHARD by Anton Chekhov

LOPAKHIN: I bought it...I bought it! One moment...wait...if you would, ladies and gentlemen...My head's going round and round, I can't speak... (laughs). So now the cherry orchard is mine! Mine! (he gives a shout of laughter) Great God in heaven – the cherry orchard is mine! Tell me I'm drunk – I'm out of my mind – tell me it's all an illusion...Don't laugh at me! If my father and grandfather could rise from their graves and see it all happening – if they could see me, their Yermolay, their beaten, half-literate Yermolay, who ran barefoot in winter – if they could see this same Yermolay buying the estate...The most beautiful thing in the entire world! I have bought the estate where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't even allowed into the kitchens. I'm asleep – this is all just inside my head – a figment of the imagination. Hey, you in the band! Play away! I want to hear you! Everyone come and watch Yermolay Lopakhin set about the cherry orchard with his axe! Watch these trees come down! Weekend houses, we'll build weekend houses, and our grandchildren and our great grandchildren will see a new life here... Music! Let's hear the band play! Let's have everything the way I want it. Here comes the new landlord, the owner of the cherry orchard!

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14. CORNELIUS - THE MATCHMAKER by Thornton Wilder

CORNELIUS: Isn't the world full of wonderful things. There we sit cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs Molloy are walking around in New York and we don't know them at all. I don't know whether - from where you're sitting - you can see - well, for instance, the way (pointing to the edge of his right eye) her eye and forehead and cheek come together, up here. Can you? And the kind of fireworks that shoot out of her eyes all the time. I tell you right now: a fine woman is the greatest work of God. You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids; they aren't in it at all. Of course, up there at Yonkers they came into the store all the time, and bought this and that, and I said "Yes, ma'am", and "That'll be seventy-five cents, ma'am"; and I watched them. But today I've talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal, and to the finest one that ever existed, in my opinion. They're so different from men! Everything that they say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. (he laughs) Golly, they're different from men. And they're awfully mysterious, too. You never can be really sure what's going on in their heads. They have a kind of wall around them all the time - of pride and a sort of play-acting: I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without ever being really sure whether she liked you or not. This minute I'm in danger. I'm in danger of losing my job and my future and everything that people think is important; but I don't care. Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch-digger who once had a wonderful day.

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15. BIFF - 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 jailed. 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! It's goddamn time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! Willy! 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, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw - the sky. I saw the things that I love in the world. The work and the food and the 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, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it! A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing home any prizes any more, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home! Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all. Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phoney dream and burn it before something happens?

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16. CHOPPER - CHOPPER by Andrew Dominik

CHOPPER: So, am I? Am I charged with this? Oooh, shit. So that's it? I mean, like, what? Am I, how do you call, flavour of the month or something? What's going on here? Are you just gonna bloody get me on popular opinion or something? I don't know this bloke, Mr Downie. I've never, never seen his face. I wouldn't know that bloke right? Was he young, the bloke who got shot? What? He was young. Young then, was he? What? What are you writing everything down for? (indicating the photo) That's not me, mate; I got no interest in that sort of thing. You know that. Mr Downie, you know - you know how I work. Right? We go back - I know you got nothing personal against me and, and...I mean perish the thought I should do something like that. I mean, look. (indicating the photo) Crap! Do you reckon I shot this bloke? Seriously? Like, in your heart? I mean, in your heart? Oh mate....if you think that, right? Well, I'm buggered then, aren't I? Oh, crap. I mean.... how can you think that? (beat) Well, of course I shot the fool. If you knew the idiot you'd shoot him too. I did the idiot a favour. Hey? Dontcha think so? Last week it was, 'Neville who?'. This week he's a criminal superstar. The bloke what Chopper shot, number whatever. (laughs) Yes, well, he's still got one perfectly good leg and that's more than enough for him.

(BEAT)

Well, it's a disgrace what's going on out here, all these bloody wogs and dagos and assorted Third World crap' yellow people and they're getting around in Mercedes Benz.

(BEAT)

If you walked into...(indicating photo) Neville Bartos, biggest heroin dealer in the western suburbs, you could walk into his house - If you saw...a turd sitting on his lounge room floor...it wouldn't be the first dirty thing you noticed. I mean these blokes: they live like animals. Like pigs. These aren't people - You don't bloody' care about (lifting up photo of Bartos) Would you invite that bloke into your home? I mean, perish the thought you'd have him in your home. They've got no right to their money and I've got no money, so bugger them.

PLEASE DO NOT IMPERSONATE THE ACTOR'S REPRESENTATION OF THE ABOVE CHARACTER IN THE FILM VERSION

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17. ROBERT - NIGHT LETTERS by Susan Rogers and Chris Drummond

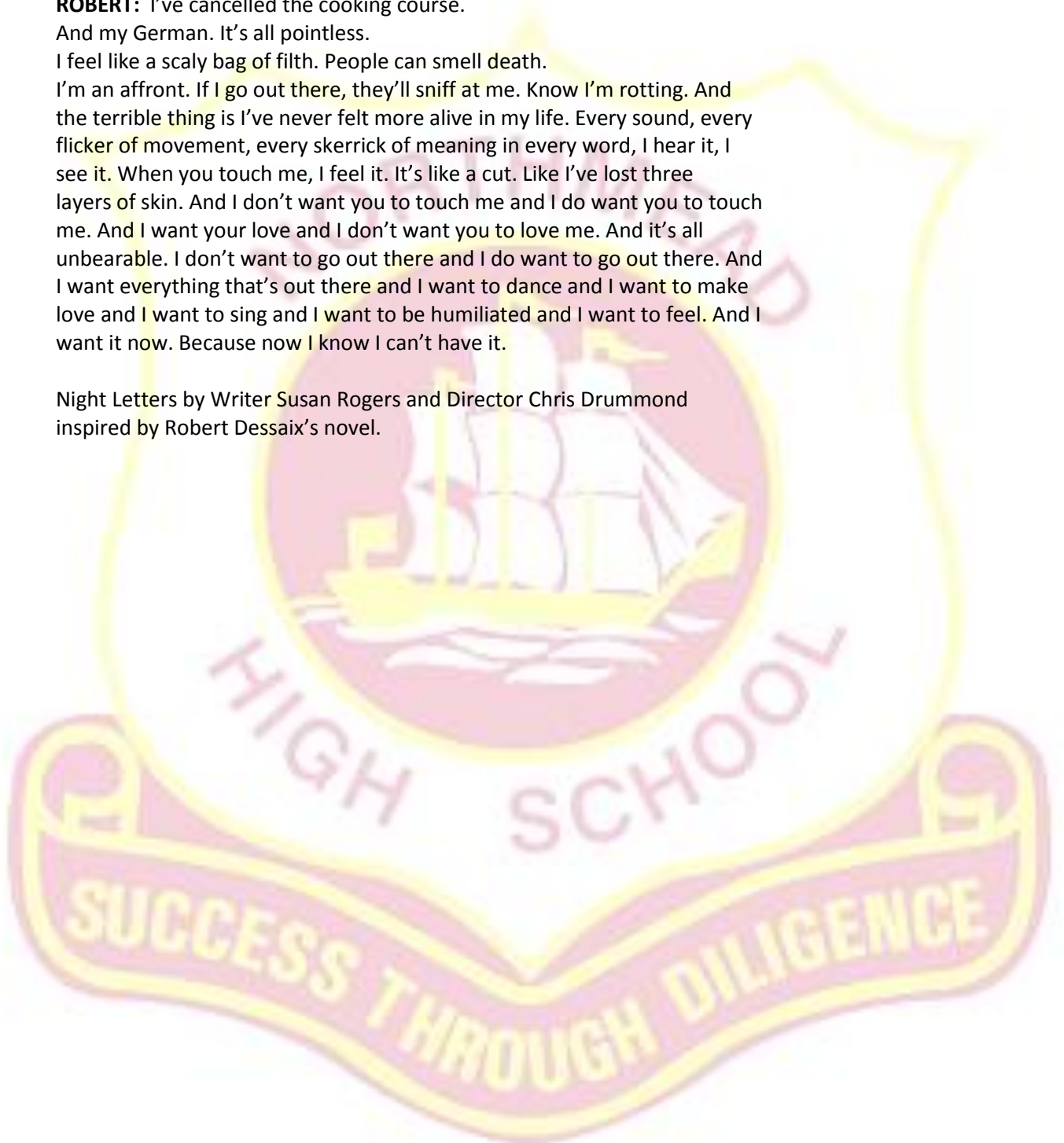
ROBERT: I've cancelled the cooking course.

And my German. It's all pointless.

I feel like a scaly bag of filth. People can smell death.

I'm an affront. If I go out there, they'll sniff at me. Know I'm rotting. And the terrible thing is I've never felt more alive in my life. Every sound, every flicker of movement, every skerrick of meaning in every word, I hear it, I see it. When you touch me, I feel it. It's like a cut. Like I've lost three layers of skin. And I don't want you to touch me and I do want you to touch me. And I want your love and I don't want you to love me. And it's all unbearable. I don't want to go out there and I do want to go out there. And I want everything that's out there and I want to dance and I want to make love and I want to sing and I want to be humiliated and I want to feel. And I want it now. Because now I know I can't have it.

Night Letters by Writer Susan Rogers and Director Chris Drummond inspired by Robert Dessaix's novel.



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18. ROCHESTER – THE LIBERTINE by Stephen Jeffreys

ROCHESTER Allow me to be frank at the commencement: you will not like me. No, I say you will not. The gentlemen will be envious and the ladies will be repelled. You will not like me now and you will like me a good deal less as we go on. Oh yes, I shall do things you will like. You will say 'That was a noble impulse in him' or 'He played a brave part there,' but DO NOT WARM TO ME, it will not serve. When I become a BIT OF A CHARMER that is your danger sign for it prefaces the change into THE FULL REPTILE a few seconds later. What I require is not your affection but your attention. I must not be ignored or you will find me a troublesome as package as ever pissed into the Thames. Now. Ladies. An announcement. (He looks around.) I am up for it. All the time. That's not a boast. Or an opinion. It is bone hard medical fact. I put it around, d'y know? And you will watch me putting it around and sigh for it. Don't. It is a deal of trouble for you and you are better off watching and drawing your conclusions from a distance than you would be if I got my tarse pointing up your petticoats. Gentlemen. (He looks around.) Do not despair, I am up for that as well. When the mood is on me. And the same warning applies. Now, gents: if there be vizards in the house, jades, harlots (as how could there not be) leave them be for the moment. Still your cheesy erections till I have had my say. But later when you shag – and later you will shag, I shall expect it of you and I will know if you have let me down – I wish you to shag with my homuncular image rattling in your gonads. Feel how it was for me, how it is for me and ponder. 'Was that shudder the same shudder he sensed? Did he know something more profound? Or is there some wall of wretchedness that we all batter with our heads at that shinning, livelong moment.' That is it. That is my prologue, nothing in rhyme, certainly no protestations of modesty, you were not expecting that I trust. I reiterate only for those who have arrived late or were buying oranges or were simply not listening: I am John Wilmot, Second Earl of Rochester and I do not want you to like me.

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19. LUKE – THE MODERN INTERNATIONAL DEAD by Damien Millar

LUKE: We drive along the borders. We can't drive direct 'cause everywhere's too heavily mined. It's just before Christmas Day. And I'm going north, into the Royalist faction.

He's alone on the stage

We're driving in, up these narrow jungle tracks, and I can hear this terrible sound. Screams? Cries? Electric guitars? Crap, they've put on a Christmas party to welcome us and they've got this band and they're wailing and its....Jungle Bells? Ahahahaha. I mean that's the sort of humour we had in the army.

There's that movie, The Odd Angry Shot: 'We're guests in this country. 'That's got a cult following in the military, I mean that is a priceless film. And it's true. I sit down with the Cambodians, eat, drink with them and play cards. Even the Cambodian Generals. I mean these are... I'm a private and these are Generals. They'd survived twenty years of endless resistance warfare. Taught themselves English from paperbacks. They'd sit down under a tree after battle, read a book, and when the bullets started flying again they'd put the book away.

After about six weeks in county I'm speaking the language. I mean, I may as well fess up to this now, but there was a woman. Chanthou. I literally see her through the trees one night. And we just... And one of the Generals adopted me and made me his brother and I was given this nickname. It means 'Rubbish Soldier'. Do you know that that means?

Tries to get us to answer

Nah, nah, it means something like resistance fighter, but more. You could sleep or eat anywhere, share the crap, speak the language. My officers resented it. And that I rode bikes on my days off for the Red Cross delivery medicine. My officers used to laugh and say, 'No wonder you've got the language down and the culture and all that shit. This Chanthou. You've got a long-haired dictionary'.

I started to lose faith in the army.

And they treat them like the little coloured people, you know. That's why for me... 'Rubbish Soldier'? Me? 'You're one of us.'

And that was incredibly powerful for me. I'm feeling a bit emotional about it talking about it now, you know, if you want an honest opinion. It's um, you know, they've been through as much as they have done and to recognise me, what I did for them... Sorry, just give me a minute.

It's why I keep going back. I want to do justice to their claim that I was good enough to be one of them. Sorry.

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20. DOUGLAS – EUROPE by Michael Gow

DOUGLAS: What a great place. This area's like something out of Thomas Mann or Kafka. God it's exciting being in Europe. So alive, isn't it? So... pulsating. I've had a great morning. I saw your Roman mosaic. Went on a tour of that poet's house. Had a look at the inn where whatevsname wrote his opera. And I went to this great exhibition at the big gallery. There's some amazing things in there. Stuff I knew quite well. And that altar they've got! But there was this performance art thing. Incredible! There was this big pool full of fish, carp, I don't know, and this guy, nothing on, you were right, with all these crucifixes and beads in his hair, wading through the water, dragging this little raft behind him; he had the rope in his teeth. On the raft was this pile of animal innards with candles sticking out of it. Then these other people dressed as astronauts and red Indians ran round and round the pond screaming and then they lit this fire and threw copies of the Mona Lisa into it. And then, I don't know how they did it but the water turned bright red. Just incredible. You must see it. It's great being here. Everything's so exciting. I've been keeping everything I get. Every little item, every bus ticket, gallery ticket, the train tickets. Every postcard. Every coaster from every bar, every café.

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21. STEVE - THE RETURN by Reg Cribb

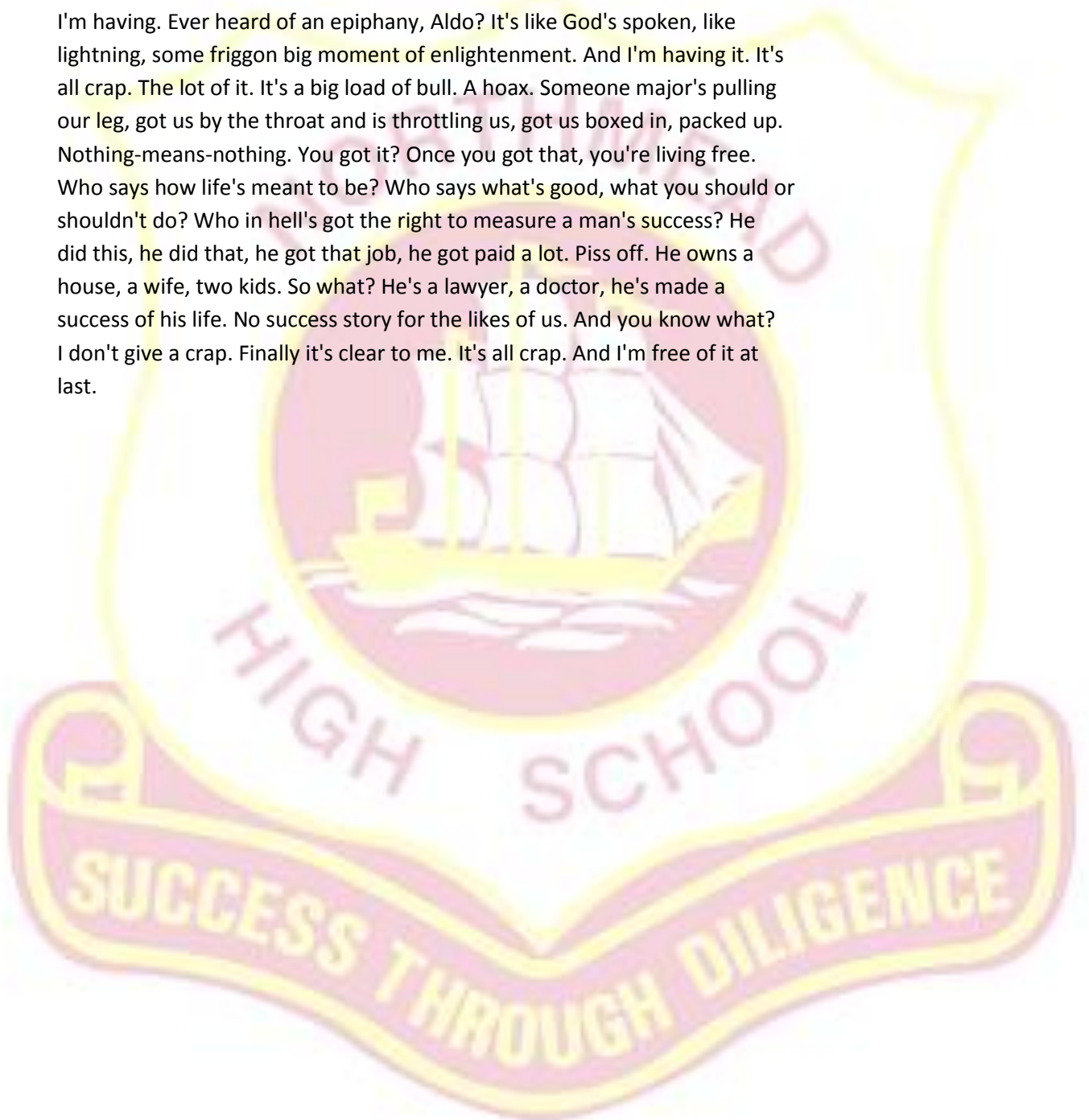
STEVE: No, no, no... ya can't turn back now. I'm startin' to see you as the voice of a very misunderstood section of our society. But you know... there's a million of me gettin' round, mate. And they'll all tell ya they had a tough life. You know, beaten up by their dad, in trouble with the cops, pisshead mum, rough school. A million bloody' excuses why they turned out to be bad eggs. And I got all of the above... Oh yeah! Truth is, most of 'em are just bored. They leave their crappy state school and live on the dole in their diddly squat nowhere suburb. Before ya know it, ya got some girl up the duff and no money. She spends the day with a screamin' sprog and a fag in her mouth plonked in front of a daytime soap wearin' her tracky daks all day, dreamin' of bein' swept away by some Fabio and she just gets... fatter. But... her Centrelink payments have gone up and all her fat friends are waitin' in line behind her! It's a career move for 'em. Gettin' up the duff. And you... drink with ya mates, watch the footy and the highlight of the week is the local tavern has a skimpy barmaid every Friday. And ya know the rest of the world is havin' a better time. Ya just know it. The magazines are tellin' ya that, the newspapers, the telly. Everybody's richer, everybody's more beautiful, and everybody's got more... purpose. And ya thinkin', how do I make sense of this dog-ass life? And the one day ya just get hold of a gun. Ya don't even know what ya gonna do with it. It's like the sound of a V8 in the distance. It takes ya... somewhere else. [Pause.] I didn't see ya writin' any of this down. I'm spillin' my guts out in the name of art and you don't give a crap. What sort of writer are ya?

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22. CHUNK - THE CALL by Patricia Cornelius

CHUNK: You've got it all wrong. It come to me like a whack on the back of the head, like the floor's suddenly given way. An epiphany, that's what I'm having. Ever heard of an epiphany, Aldo? It's like God's spoken, like lightning, some friggon big moment of enlightenment. And I'm having it. It's all crap. The lot of it. It's a big load of bull. A hoax. Someone major's pulling our leg, got us by the throat and is throttling us, got us boxed in, packed up. Nothing-means-nothing. You got it? Once you got that, you're living free. Who says how life's meant to be? Who says what's good, what you should or shouldn't do? Who in hell's got the right to measure a man's success? He did this, he did that, he got that job, he got paid a lot. Piss off. He owns a house, a wife, two kids. So what? He's a lawyer, a doctor, he's made a success of his life. No success story for the likes of us. And you know what? I don't give a crap. Finally it's clear to me. It's all crap. And I'm free of it at last.



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23. TOM - THE GLASS MENAGERIE by Tennessee Williams

TOM: I didn't go to the moon, I went much further - for time is the longest distance between two places -

Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoe box. I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire-escape for a last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space - I travelled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly coloured but torn away from the branches.

I would have stopped but I was pursued by something. It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass - Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of coloured glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colours, like bits of a shattered rainbow.

Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes...

Oh, Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be!

I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into the movies or bar, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger - anything that can blow your candles out!

(LAURA bends over the candles.)

- for nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blowout your candles, Laura - and so good-bye... .

[She blows the candles out.]

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24. LENNY The Homecoming by Harold Pinter

LENNY: I mean, I am very sensitive to atmosphere, but I tend to get desensitized, if you know what I mean, when people make unreasonable demands on me. For instance, last Christmas I decided to do a bit of snow-clearing for the Borough Council, because we had a heavy snow over here that year in Europe. Well, that morning, while I was having my mid-morning cup of tea in a neighbouring cafe, the shovel standing by my chair, an old lady approached me and asked me if I would give her a hand with her iron mangle. Her brother-in-law, she said, had left it for her, but he'd left it in the wrong room, he'd left it in the front room. Well, naturally, she wanted it in the back room. It was a present he'd given her, you see, a mangle, to iron out the washing. But he'd left it in the wrong room, he'd left it in the front room, well that was a silly place to leave it, it couldn't stay there. So I took time off to give her a hand. She only lived up the road. Well, the only trouble was when I got there I couldn't move this mangle. It must have weighed about half a ton. How this brother-in-law got it up there in the first place I can't even begin to envisage. So there I was, doing a bit of shoulders on with the mangle, risking a rupture, and this old lady just standing there, waving me on, not even lifting a little finger to give me a helping hand. So after a few minutes I said to her, now look here, why don't you stuff this iron mangle up your arse? Anyway, I said, they're out of date, you want to get a spin drier. I had a good mind to give her a workover there and then, but as I was feeling jubilant with the snow-clearing I just gave her a short-arm jab to the belly and jumped on a bus outside. Excuse me, shall I take this ashtray out of your way?

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