

BYNG ARTS DRAMA AUDITIONS

HELPFUL HINTS AND THINGS TO KNOW BEFORE WE MEET

- CHOOSE ONE MONOLOGUE FROM THE SELECTION OF MONOLOGUES BELOW.
- REHEARSE THE MONOLOGUE WITH FRIENDS AND FAMILY.
- MAKE BOLD CHOICES ABOUT YOUR CHARACTER
- NO PROPS, MAKEUP OR COSTUMES ARE NECESSARY FOR THIS AUDITION.
- HAVING YOUR MONOLOGUE MEMORIZED WILL MAKE IT EASIER TO WORK ON AND PERFORM BUT IF YOU NEED THE TEXT THAT IS OK.
- THERE IS NO NEED TO HIRE A COACH, WE WANT TO SEE WHAT DECISIONS YOU ARE MAKING.
- AFTER YOUR MONOLOGUE PERFORMANCE WE WILL HAVE A SHORT INTERVIEW PORTION TO GET TO KNOW YOU.
- WE MAY OR MAY NOT GIVE YOU SOME REDIRECTION WITH THE MONOLOGUE
- HAVE FUN. AT THE END OF THE DAY -THAT IS WHAT WE HOPE THEATRE IS FOR ALL APPLICANTS.
- **THERE IS A SECOND PART TO YOUR AUDITION:** YOU WILL BE PLAYING A DRAMA IMPROV GAME IN A GROUP WITH OTHER AUDITIONERS. THIS WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO SEE YOU ACT WITH OTHERS, AND TO SEE YOU MAKE CREATIVE CHOICES ON THE SPOT. PHYSICAL, BOLD CHOICES ARE BETTER THAN JUST STANDING AND TALKING. HAVE FUN AND TAKE RISKS!

MONOLOGUE #1

I talk too much. I'm quite bright, so it's interesting, but nevertheless, I talk too much. You see, I'm already saying more than I should. People hate it when I blurt out "I'm bright". They think I'm really saying, "I'm brighter than you are". As a matter of fact, that is what I'm saying. I'm brighter than even the brightest people I know. That's why it's a mistake to talk too much. Others fall behind and feel challenged and grow hostile. So, when I'm attracted to someone, I make it a point to talk more slowly than I would to one of my friends. And because I guide them along gently from insight to insight, they end up being terribly impressed with their own brilliance. And with mine for being able to keep up with them. That's love.

MONOLOGUE #2

Did I tell you about the time my dad ran into our house? I was five or six and I was upstairs in bed and my mom was reading me this bedtime story when we hear this crash, sounds like thunder only it come from downstairs. My mother tells me to stay in bed and goes down to see what's up. She doesn't come back for a while, so I tiptoe down the stairs and right there in the living room is the old man's Lexus. It's half inside and half outside and there's bricks all over and

this perfect half-circle knocked out of the wall. My dad was sitting there behind the steering wheel with this stunned kind of look on his face like he couldn't believe it. I thought it was the most terrific thing he'd ever done.

MONOLOGUE #3

They bought it. Incredible. One of the worst performances of my career and they never doubted it for a second. How could I possibly be expected to handle school on a day like today? This is my ninth sick day this semester. It's getting pretty tough coming up with new illnesses. If I go for ten, I'm probably going to have to barf up a lung. So, I better make this one count. The key to faking-out the parents is clammy hands. It's a good non-specific symptom. I'm a big believer in it. A lot of people will tell you that a phony fever is a dead lock, but you get a nervous mother, and you could wind up in a doctor's office. That's worse than school. Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while you could miss it.