



## THEATRE

### Theatre Audition Package 2020

To audition for admission to the 2020-2021 Arts Huron Theatre program, you must:

- ☐ Complete and Submit the [Arts Huron online application](#) and pay the \$25 application fee through School Cash Online
- ☐ Attend the audition in January or June, where you will
  - ☐ Participate in a 90-minute long drama workshop with other applicants
  - ☐ Memorize, prepare and perform ONE **Monologue from this package, OR**
  - ☐ Memorize, prepare and perform an **Original Storytelling Monologue**, which:
    - ☐ is 2 minutes in length;
    - ☐ has a clear beginning, middle, and end;
    - ☐ has a clear conflict;
    - ☐ has a clear resolution; and
    - ☐ shows a variety of emotions.
  - ☐ If you choose this option, you must email a typed version of the story to [shawn.rocheleau@yrdsb.ca](mailto:shawn.rocheleau@yrdsb.ca) before the day of your audition
- ☐ Participate in an interview with the Arts Huron Theatre teachers

#### **Audition Monologues:**

(Please note that any student may perform any monologue, regardless of gender identity)

Girls Like That  
Billy Bishop Goes To War  
Twelfth Night  
Two Gentlemen of Verona  
The Optimists  
Salt-Water Moon

## Girl with Aviator Helmet and Goggles

### **GIRLS LIKE THAT** by Evan Placey

Let me give you some advice. Don't drink tea before ya fly. I tell ya I couldn't *live* without me mornin' tea, but nothing worse than bein' seven thousand feet in the air, clouds everywhere, no navigation equipment or radio aids and thinkin' I don't know how much longer 'fore I go in me knickers.

I try to tell this to the man who I've been assigned for the day drinkin' a steamin' hot cup. It's February 1945. Just another mornin' like any other at the Airport Transport Auxillary only today it's a Hudson I gotta deliver for maintenance, which means there's gotta be two of us. Me and this lad. And I'm tryin' t' tell him, give 'em some advice so I don't gotta be worried about him needin' to wee up in the air, but he's havin' none of it. Don't want t' hear it. Don't want t' hear none of it.

Don't even want t' be flyin with me. He's not takin' orders from a lass.

Starts mumblin' 'bout what's the world coming to. World at war, Britain bein' bombed, and t' top it all off we got some lass flyin' planes. As though I'm the only one. As though of the six hundred 'n' fifty ATA pilots, a hundred 'n' sixty-four aren't women.

But he's insistin' he take charge. He's insistin' otherwise this plane's goin' nowhere. And I can see he's a stubborn so and so, so sometimes you gotta take the higher ground, sometimes you gotta sit back and say okay, you got a willy you know best. Sometimes when he's inspectin' the plane you gotta slip a laxative into his tea.

It's about an hour later, I'm ready to go, but he's not feelin' so good, so they get some other pilot and let's say he's much more amenable. As we're getting' into the plane I see the lad again, face ashen. So I tell him: 'Shoulda listened to my advice. Told you not to drink before ya fly.'

Billy

**BILLY BISHOP GOES TO WAR** by John Gray & Eric Peterson

It was a grim situation. But we didn't know how grim it could get until we saw the RE-7 ... the Reconnaissance Experimental Number Seven. Our new plane. What you saw was this mound of cables and wires, with a thousand pounds of equipment hanging off it. Four machine guns, a five-hundred pound bomb, for goodness sake. Reconnaissance equipment, cameras ... Roger Neville – that's my pilot – he and I are ordered into the thing to take it up. Of course, it doesn't get off the ground. Anyone could see that. We thought, fine, good riddance. But the officers go into a huddle.

(Imitating the Officers) Mmmmm? What do you think we should do? Take the bomb off? Take the bomb off!

So we take the bomb off and try it again. This time, the thing sort of flops down the runway like a crippled duck. Finally, by taking everything off but one machine gun, the thing sort of flopped itself into the air and chugged along. It was a pig! We were all scared stiff of it. So they put us on active duty ... as bombers! They gave us two bombs each, told us to fly over Hunland and drop them on somebody, but in order to accommodate for the weight of the bombs, they took our machine guns away!

(As if writing or reciting a letter) Dearest Margaret. We are dropping bombs on the enemy from unarmed machines. It is exciting work. It's hard to keep your confidence in a war when you don't have a gun. Somehow we get back in one piece and we start joking around and inspecting the machine for bullet and shrapnel damage. You're so thankful not to be dead. Then I go back to the barracks and lie down. A kind of terrible loneliness comes over me. It's like waiting for a firing squad. It makes you want to cry, you feel so frightened and so alone. I think all of us who aren't dead think these things. Thinking of you constantly, I remain ...

Viola

**TWELFTH NIGHT** by William Shakespeare

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.

Proteus

**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA** by William Shakespeare

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?  
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont:  
O! but I love his lady too-too much;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her?  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

Chick

**THE OPTIMISTS** by Morwyn Brebner

But you think we'll get married first, and that's an optimist. We're all optimists. This morning, in this hotel room, we're optimists. We're in Las Vegas, the city of optimism, in America, the land of optimism, and although we're Canadian, let's be Optimistic, for just a day. Let's imagine things will work out. Let's imagine a future better than the past. Let's wish for happiness. Let's believe in Teenie's god, let's, let's. .. Let's be optimists, let's be optimists. Let's believe the Rhode Island Blue Hens will win the championship. Let's believe this despite the fact that it can't happen. Let's be optimists. Let's believe in luck. Let's believe, let's believe... Let's believe our resentments have faded into nothing. Let's believe that the half of our life not yet lived is the good half. Let's believe that all the bad we do adds up to nothing, and that all the good we do adds up to a lot. Let's be optimists. Let's believe that all eight of Teenie's foster homes meant well. Let's believe Teenie can charm snakes. Let's believe Doug can charm women. Let's believe in love! Let's believe that Margie and Doug are in love. Let's believe we're in love. Let's put on our dresses. Let's be optimists. Let's open our curtains in the morning, let's shut them in the evening, let's lock our fridge and just take out what we need, let's stick to the program, let's write our book, let's raise our children, let's spend our money and cream our faces with caviar, with winning, with money and hope. Let's be optimists, even though we're not. Let's ignore the hole in the sky and be optimists. Let's... Let's... (He runs his hand over his face.) Ah forget it.

Mary

**SALT-WATER MOON** by David French

I can't tell you. just that she'd become a woman that day and didn't know it. I had to explain it to her, the way Mrs. Dawe explained it to me, and I told her it wasn't a 'curse,' either, which is what Mrs. Dawe called it . . . Then we both had a good laugh, and went out and walked the streets. I pointed out the drugstore where Tommy Ricketts was now the druggist, and we went inside and looked at him. He had the shyest smile and the kindest eyes, and him so brave in the War. The youngest soldier in the British Army to win a Victoria Cross. I almost asked if he remembered Jim Snow, but I was too in awe to speak . . . Once outside, I told Dot who he was, and how she had to be like him. Brave like him and Father, only brave in a different way. I told her the Matron was a coward, and like all cowards, I said, she was cruel, so the next time she puts her foot on you, Dot, I said, don't make a sound: don't even cry out, 'cause she'll only grind her heel into you all the harder. Just look into her eyes, I said, and let her know that no odds how often she knocks you down, no odds how hard she steps on you, the one t'ing she'll never destroy is your spirit. And maybe, just maybe she'd stop doing it, 'cause it's a funny t'ing, I said, about cruel people like the Matron, they only respects one kind of person in the long run, and that's the ones they can't break . . . That night at the station, Mr. Dawe tried to buy me a ticket in Second Class. He always did that. Him and Mrs. Dawe would sit in First Class and he'd buy me a ticket in Second; once we was out of St. John's and the conductor had punched the tickets, he'd come back and say 'All right, Mary, you can come in First Class now.' . . . Only this time I wouldn't let him. I said, 'No, Mr. Dawe, and that you won't! I Wants a ticket in First Class and I don't care if I have to pay the extra twenty cents myself.'