

Arts Unionville - Dramatic Arts Auditions

What to Expect – How to prepare

We are so excited that you want to audition for Arts Unionville – Dramatic Arts! Candidates for drama will participate in-person for their audition, workshop and interview into the Drama program. To prepare for the audition, Select a monologue from the list below. You will participate in 3 parts to your audition:

The Monologue: Prepare to perform the monologue and practice performing it out loud. Think about the character that might say these words and how you might suggest that personality in your tone and movement. We are not interested in precise memorization, but you should try your best to be able to stay in character and deliver the message this character needs to communicate. Do you have another approach to this text? We would be thrilled to also share anything else you prepare ie) character sketch, costume design, directors notes, etc related to the text you chose. All approaches are interesting. We are not interested in your “perfect performance”, more so than the choices you made to make it to the performance. You do not have to be interested in being an actor to audition.

Conversation with Drama Department Faculty: To prepare for the conversation, think about why you are applying to the Regional Arts Program and what you’ve done in school and outside of school which might help you to be successful in the program. We want to learn more about you, your ideas, interests and activities. Please consider bringing samples of writing, costume, make-up or hair designs, set designs, lighting or sound work. Anything that demonstrates an interest is an asset. Again, we are not interested in your accomplishments, more so than demonstrating a passion and a deep interest in exploring any aspect of performance and production.

Workshop Led by a professional artist in the community: An artist will lead you through movement, improvisation, or role-play. They will ask you to experiment a bit with various drama explorations. We are looking for demonstration of effort, commitment to the work, risk-taking, giving and receiving attention, focus, and strong ensemble support and collaboration.

Monologue List

Monologue 1

Augustus Waters was the great star-crossed love of my life. Ours was an epic love story, and I won't be able to get more than a sentence into it without disappearing into a puddle of tears. Like all real love stories – ours will die with us, as it should. I'd hoped that he'd be eulogising me, because there's no one I'd rather have. I can't talk about our love story, so instead I will talk about math. I am not a mathematician, but I know this: there are infinite numbers between 0 and 1. There's .1, and .12, and .112, and an infinite collection of others. Of course, there is a bigger infinite set of numbers between 0 and 2, or between 0 and a million. Some infinities are bigger than other infinities. A writer we used to like taught us that. I want more numbers than I'm likely to get, and God, I want more numbers for Augustus Waters than he got. But, Gus, my love, I cannot tell you how thankful I am for our little infinity. You gave me a forever within the numbered days, and for that I am eternally grateful. I love you.

Monologue 2

Listen! You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that— celotex interior! with--fluorescent tubes! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains--than go back mornings! I go! Every time you come in yelling that "Rise and Shine!" "Rise and Shine!" I say to myself, "How lucky dead people are!" But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self-- self's all I ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is--gone! As far as the system of transportation reaches! Don't grab at me, Mother! I'm going to the movies! I'm going to opium dens! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' hangouts, Mother. I've joined the Hogan gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy-gun in a violin case! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm leading a double-life, a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic czar of the underworld, Mother. I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a false mustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions they call me--El Diablo! Oh, I could tell you things to make you sleepless! My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky-high some night! I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You ugly--babbling old--witch.....

Monologue 3

Sometimes late at night when I am mopping floors, I stop and listen. The empty building, so hollow. Buzzing of fluorescent tubes. Outside rain beats against windows. I feel ... like I'm underwater. I think: around the corner, my older brother will be standing. Waiting to grab the mop from my hands, shouting, "You're my little brother, why are you working when you should be sleeping? Give that mop to me,

that is my job!" And I look at him, and his hair is still wet, wet like it was the last time I saw him. I want to say, "Did you swim, I thought you drowned. How did you find me here, in Canada, in this city, in this building right now? You didn't drown, you're alive and you made it all the way to me" ... and I walk down the corridor, turn the corner and look. The hallway goes on forever, It's so empty. No sound but the hum of lights. And the rain against the windows.

Monologue 4

He rushed out the door and down to the school-yard, the first game he had ever come to, and my mother put his supper in the oven, for later ... I hadn't reminded my father of the game. I was afraid he'd show up and embarrass me. Twelve years old and ashamed of my old man. Ashamed of his dialect, his dirty overalls, his bruised fingers with the fingernails lined with dirt, his teeth yellow as old ivory. Most of all, his lunch pail, that symbol of the working man. No, I wanted a doctor for a father. A lawyer. At least a fireman. Not a carpenter. That wasn't good enough I remember stepping up to bat. The game was tied; it was the last of the ninth, with no one on base. Then I saw him sitting on the bench along third base. He grinned and waved, and gestured to the man beside him. But I pretended not to see him. I turned to face the pitcher. And angry at myself, I swung hard on the first pitch, there was a hollow crack, and the ball shot low over the shortstop's head for a double. Our next batter bunted and I made third. He was only a few feet away now, my father. But I still refused to acknowledge him. Instead, I stared hard at the catcher, pretending concentration. And when the next pitch bounced between the catcher's legs and into home plate, I slid home to win the game. And there he was, jumping up and down, showing his teeth, excited as hell. And as the crowd broke up and our team stampeded out of the school-yard, cleats clicking and scraping blue sparks on the sidewalk, I looked back once through the wire fence and saw my father still sitting on the now-empty bench, alone, slumped over a little, staring at the cinders between his feet, just staring... I don't know how long he stayed there, maybe till dark, but I do know he never again came down to see me play. At home that night he never mentioned the game or being there. He just went to bed, unusually early...

Monologue 5

(Recounting a significant dream involving the disappearance of their father)
Sometimes when I dream, I dream in Chinese. Not the pidgin Chinese I've developed but the fluent, flowing language my father used to coo as he walked with me, hand in hand. There is this one dream. I am walking with my father in the alleyway behind our house. I am seven years old. This is just before my father... before... My father and I are holding hands. In perfect Cantonese we talk about the snow peas in the garden that are ready for picking. Father doesn't know it, but for the past week I've been hiding amongst the staked vines, in the green light, gorging on snow peas until there can't be any more left. I'm about to tell him this – air my confession – when we come across a large kitchen table propped against the side of

the garage. "A race, my little jingwei" my father says. "I'll go through the tunnel and we'll see which way is faster. One, two, three, GO!" We run; him in the tunnel, me on the gravel. I finish first and wait, expecting to meet him and rejoin hands. But he doesn't come out of the shadows. My extended hand is empty. I wait and wait and wait. I start screaming, (in Chinese) "Father! Father! Come back! Please come back! Father!" (in English) And then, I wake up.

Monologue 6

To be a good astronaut you have to be intelligent and I'm intelligent. You also have to understand how machines work and I'm good at understanding how machines work. You also have to be someone who would like being on their own in a tiny spacecraft thousands and thousands of miles away from the surface of the earth and not panic or get claustrophobia or homesick or insane. And I really like little spaces so long as there is no one else in them with me. Sometimes when I want to be on my own I get into the airing cupboard and slide in beside the boiler and pull the door closed behind me and sit there and think for hours and it makes me feel very calm. So I would have to be an astronaut on my own or have my own part of the spacecraft that no one else could come into. And also there are no yellow things or brown things in a spacecraft so that would be OK, too. And I would have to talk to other people from Mission Control, but we would do that through a radio link-up and a TV monitor so it wouldn't be like real people who are strangers but it would be like playing a computer game. Also I wouldn't be homesick at all because I'd be surrounded by lots of things I like, which are machines and computers and outer space. And I would be able to look out of a little window in the spacecraft and know that there was no one else near me for thousands and thousands of miles.

Monologue 7

The key to faking out the parents is the 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 good phony fever is a dead lock, but if you get a nervous mother, you could wind up in the doctor's office. That's worse than school. What you do is, you fake a stomach cramp, and when you're bent over, moaning and wailing, (confidently) you lick your palms. It's a little childish and stupid, but then, so is high school. Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it. I did have a test today. That wasn't BS. It's on European socialism. I mean, really, what's the point? I'm not European, I don't plan on being European, so who gives a crap if they're socialist? They could be fascist anarchists – that still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car. Not that I condone fascism, or any ism for that matter. Isms in my opinion are not good. A person should not believe in an ism – he should believe in himself. I quote John Lennon: "I don't believe in Beatles – I just believe in me." A good point there. Of course, he was the Walrus. I could be the Walrus – I'd still have to bum rides off of people.

Monologue 8

(After just finding out that his house is being demolished by the city to make room for a highway) They are ripping down my house for a highway. Like it was nothing. I built this house to last. As a refuge from the cruel world outside those four brick walls. You don't know what it took to get a house like that. The son of slaves. I grew up in reconstruction. After the hell of slavery, reconstruction was the heaven on earth we had been singing about. Families could stay together. Home could be built. Businesses could be owned. We were allowed to be human. For once time was on our side and boy we made the most of it. But the world can turn on a dime. There were those who didn't like to see that we were human. That we could run the same race and run twice as fast and win just something. They wanted to back the clock... I was a man. Black flesh, red blood, white bones, green money and brick walls. I saw my dreams rise from the sand and now I have to see it turn to dust. My house is being ripped down ... I'm alive and already feel forgotten. My house is going to dust.

Monologue 9

Okay, cell phone, me and you need to talk. We've been through a lot together. The last 6 months here have been... marginal. I've given your number to a few people, and so far, no one calls you but The Boys back home. This sucks for both of us. I mean, we came to Ottawa to find someone. To end The Quest. Twenty-four years old, and I still hadn't had a serious girlfriend. Or any sort of girlfriend. I almost had you disconnected. (pause) Don't look at me like that; I didn't go through with it. And do you know why? Because the day we stopped looking... was the day we met Her. I went twenty minutes out of my way, in minus-thirty-degree weather, to walk Her home, breaking the ice in front of Her with my CSA approved boots so She wouldn't slip and fall. She's wonderful. (He beams.) I gave Her your number, and She said She'd call. So... cell phone, if ever you were going to ring, if ever you were going to make that special connection... let it be now. You're fully charged. We're sitting in the bathtub where you get the best reception. So... ring. (It doesn't ring.) C'mon. Please? (nothing) She's really special. She's got these beautiful eyes, and really great hair, and... I'm prattling, but... the way She – The phone rings. SHEL is startled, then fumbles the phone and picks it up. Hello? (pause) Kathy! Hi! (pause) No, I'm not busy, just... waiting... for you. (pause) Oh man, that sounds lame, doesn't it? I didn't... uh... (pause) Really? Well, I think you're sweet too...

Monologue 10

I kissed a boy once. At least I tried. I don't know if it counts if they don't kiss back. But I tried to kiss a boy and it almost worked. Most of the time Grandma and I don't get to see folks much, but we go into town. Sometimes. And Grandma says I just have to be careful to mind my manners, and Grandma says I'm real good at being careful, but sometimes I get so bored in that little town. Only one video store. Only two churches. And the park only has two swings and a pool that never gets filled up anymore. But in our little town there is a boy named Samuel. He's a bag-boy at the

grocery store. He does it just right and never squishes the eggs. And he has red hair and green eyes. And... (Laughs at the memory.) Freckles all over his face! And Samuel is so nice. So nice to me and Gram. He would always smile and always say "thank you" and "your welcome." If he says, "Have a nice day," then you do. That's how good he is at his job. And I always wanted...I always wanted to be close to him, or to talk to him, without Gram around. And one-day when Grandma had a really bad cold I got to go to the store all by myself. And I bought some oyster crackers and some medicine. Then I got to watch Samuel all by myself. Watch him do his bag boy job. I just stared and stared, trying to count all of those handsome freckles. Then, he asked if there was anything else I wanted. I just whispered "Yes."(Pauses, closes eyes in remembrance.) And then I grabbed him by the ears and MmmmmmmMM! (Pretends she's grabbing and kissing him.) That was my first kiss. It was the most romantic moment of my life.... Until the manager pulled me off of him.

Monologue 11

I have never told you completely about how grateful I am. And, you know, we're always focusing and thinking about the present or the future, and you don't usually think about the past, but I do. I find myself constantly thinking about the happiness, the sadness and the moments of the past. But especially, I always think of the things that led us here, in this new world, in this new adventure.(Thinks about something else and then decide to say it.)I truly admire the love of a mother, how unconditional it is, how you put my aspirations, dreams, happiness and future first and then is when you think about yourself. I remember the most about our years of only being a mother and a daughter, and not having my father anymore. I remember the most how we would cry for our loss, now our angel, and how things were be-coming "normal" again. But our situation last year wasn't the best, so you made a decision, you made the most difficult decision that a mother could make and you did it for me. You did it for me. You decided to leave everything behind, everything we had known for an opportunity, for a chance of a future I couldn't have in our country. And every day now you have to deal with the bad treatments and the weird looks when you struggle to speak in English and don't pronounce words "correctly." But you always, always find the other side of things, you don't let anything or anyone to make you sad, and I admire that. One day, I wish I could be just like you.