

## **ARTS WESTMOUNT AUDITIONS**

### **WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT YOUR AUDITION (PLEASE READ CAREFULLY):**

The audition process for the Arts Westmount Drama program is a comprehensive look at a student in order to determine and project the overall success of that student within our program over their four-year association with it. Our panel of adjudicators work hard to provide many opportunities in a variety of drama exercise in multiple groupings in the morning that allow the student to demonstrate such things as: their leadership and follower capabilities, listening, offering, collaboration, their ability to take and synthesize instruction and direction as well as their ability to solve creative problems within the drama context.

In the afternoon, we ask the student to bring in work, in the form of a monologue, in order to provide them with the opportunity to demonstrate their own thinking/creative process. We gauge that work on authenticity, connection to character/voice/body, actor choices, maturity and emotional depth. In the effort to provide them with more opportunity for success, we also work with the students one on one with either the monologue or in an improvisation during this phase of the process in order to further diagnose their aptitude in solving creative problems, making connections, and thinking outside the box.

In the final stage of this detailed process, we interview the students to gain further insight and to give them the opportunity to express themselves and ask questions. Report cards, letters of recommendation, personal and parent statements all work together to provide us as much information as possible in order to rank and situate students accordingly.

There is never "one thing" that keeps a student from having a successful application, if there was, our process would be deeply flawed. We do not use words like 'right' or 'wrong', but merely seek to assess, with as much clarity as possible, where a student's current ability stands with respect to all of the above. Over the past nine years we have become adept at being able to clearly identify students who fit this program, thereby ensuring their success within it. Not all students are suited to this program, and it is our job to find those that do. We appreciate that it is extremely disappointing to not be offered a placement, but it is important for parents to encourage their children to see this as an opportunity to learn and to continue to grow. Typically, we have many more applicants than available spots and, sadly, we are unable to provide placements for all students. Unfortunately, we do not have the manpower to provide individual feedback to every applicant who is not successful. Simply put, those that fall outside of our parameters will not be offered a placement. Parents need to be assured that the well-being and success of the student within our program is our primary goal.

### **WHAT TO BRING:**

1. We will be moving around a great deal, therefore, students should choose clothing that is flexible and will allow you to move freely while participating in theatre exercises. Clothing should adhere to the York Region District School Board dress code policy.
2. Water, if desired.

**WHAT NOT TO BRING** (Please refrain from bringing the following to your audition):

1. Jewellery, cell phones, any other valuables-Westmount is not responsible for lost or stolen items.
2. Headshot and resume.
3. A monologue other than what is in this package is not acceptable.

**WHAT TO PREPARE AND TIPS FOR SUCCESS:**

You will be required to learn by heart a monologue from the repertoire that we provide. The choice is up to you. **YOU ARE FREE TO CHOOSE FROM ANY OF THE MONOLOGUES BELOW.** Choose a monologue/character that you connect with in some way. You will be asked such questions as “Who is your character talking to?”, “What does your character want?”, “Who is your character?”, etc. You may be given some direction after your piece and be asked to do a small section over with these “adjustments”-remember to be flexible and go for it. This year, we have provided a few Shakespeare pieces as we have had requests from parents and students to include them. Again, choose what you are comfortable with and connect to, there is no right or wrong choice here.

**ARTS WESTMOUNT AUDITION MONOLOGUES****SHIRLEY**

*Shirley can think of nothing worse than vacationing with the family.*

SHIRLEY:

So I'm trying to reason with my Mom, and I say, "Look, Mom, I'd rather eat a live snake than hang out for two whole weeks with you and Dad and Norman in the middle of some wilderness in Algonquin Park somewhere. Besides, I can't deal with Norman. I don't care if he's my little brother or not, he's a dork. Why can't I stay home? I'm too old for family vacations."

And she says, "You'll have to talk to your father about that." Ugh!

So I go and talk to Dad and tell him that the thought of spending two weeks in the back of our van with Norman makes me puke. Besides, who needs Algonquin Park? Summer's short enough without having to spend it in misery in the middle of nowhere in a tent with no toilet.

But, of course, Dad doesn't see it this way. Oh, no. He says. "It's beautiful and peaceful and it'll be like a nice place for the family to get to know each other." Hey, like I don't already know my own family? And besides, while the family's getting to know each other, Larry will be getting to know Susan Jamison because I won't be around to keep an eye on him. Susan Jamison. Little Sneak.

When I try to explain that I'm old enough to stay home alone and that all my friends are here and that backpacking isn't my thing and that Norman is a potential mass murderer, he starts yelling at me and saying, "Listen, Shirley, this is our vacation, and you're going to enjoy it whether you like it or *not*." Can you believe this? Parents are such idiots when they don't want to listen to reason.

So, I guess I gotta go to Algonquin Park and play with every mosquito in Ontario for a couple of weeks. While you guys are all here living like civilized, normal human beings, hanging out at the mall and partying, I'll be walking to the john out in the wilderness someplace, hand in hand with a grizzly bear.

My life sucks.

**SUSAN**

SUSAN:

I know you may think this is weird, but I'm still really freaked out because my dog died last week. It's kind of like I'm running on empty, you know?

I had Curly since I was ten years old. He never barked and went crazy or caused us any trouble. He was nice, and I really loved him a lot. He'd be waiting for me every night when I came home from school, and he'd hang around when I was doing homework and stuff. And he slept in my room every night. He'd curl up at the foot of my bed and stay there till morning. When I got cold, I used to slip my feet, under him to keep them warm. Since he died, I've hardly slept at all. There's this big empty space now that Curly used to fill.

We got Curly from the pound when he was just a puppy. He wasn't a thoroughbred, no way, just a mutt. But he was smart and perceptive and always alert and playful. And he was cool, too. He had this laid-back attitude. But he knew what was happening. You couldn't put anything over on Curly. Like I said, he was very cool.

He was always there for me. And he didn't ask a lot. Just a little attention every now and then: A kind word. Some playfulness. There was this special quality to his silence when he was nearby. It's a quietness that allowed you to be relaxed in his company without a lot of phony crap. A quality people should develop in their relationships, I think.

Curly had been sick for a long time, and we'd had him to the vet's often. But he wasn't getting any better. The last time we took him in, the vet said that we should put him to sleep, that he was suffering, and that he wasn't going to recover. So we left him there. And I left part of myself there with him, too.

**SOPHIE** From *The Star-Spangled Girl* by Neil Simon

SOPHIE:

Mr. Cornell, I have tried to neighbourly, I have tried to be friendly, and I have tried to be cordial...I don't know what it is that you're trying to be. That first night I was appreciative that you carried my trunk up the stairs...The fact that it slipped and fell five flights and smashed to pieces was not your fault...I didn't even mind that personal message you painted on the stairs. I thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet.

However, things have now gone too far...I cannot accept gifts from a man I hardly know...Especially canned goods. And I read your little note. I can guess the gist of it even though I don't speak Italian. This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell. I can do very well without you leaving little chocolate-almond Hershey bars in my mailbox—they melted very well yesterday, and now I got three gooey letters from home with nuts in them—and I can do without you sneaking in to my room after I go to work and painting my balcony without telling me about it. I stepped out there yesterday and my slippers are still glued to floor. And I can do without you tying big bottles of eau de cologne to my cat's tail. The poor thing kept swishing it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death. And most of all, I can certainly do without you watching me get on the bus every day through that high-powered telescope. You got me so nervous the other day I got on the wrong bus. In short, Mr. Cornell, and I don't want to have to say this again, leave me alone!

From ***August: Osage County*** by Tracy Letts

Violet:

I ever tell you the story of Raymond Qualls? Not much story to it. Boy I had a crush on last year. Real rough-looking boy, beat up Levis, messy hair. Terrible under-bite. But he had these beautiful cowboy boots, shiny chocolate leather. He was so proud of those boots, you could tell, the way he'd strut around, all arms and elbows and puffed up. I decided I needed to get a girly pair of those same boots and I knew he'd ask me to go steady, convinced myself of it. He'd see me in those boots and say, "Now there the gal for me." Found the boots in a window downtown and just went crazy: I'd stay up late in bed, rehearsing the conversation I was going to have with Raymond when he saw me in my boots. Must've asked Momma a hundred times if I could get those boots. "What do you want for Christmas, Vi?" "Momma, I'll give all of it up for those boots." Bargaining, you know? She started dropping hints about a package under the tree she had wrapped up, about the size of a boot box, real nice wrapping paper. "Now Vi, don't you cheat and look in there before Christmas morning." Little smile on her face. Christmas morning, I was up like a shot, grabbed that box under the tree, and tore it open. There was a pair of boots, all right... men's work boots, holes in the toes, chewed up laces, caked in mud and dog poo. Lord, my Momma laughed for days. My Momma was a mean, nasty old woman. I suppose that's where I got it from.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM BY William Shakespeare

HELENA (Helena is upset because the boy she likes is not in love with her and (to make matters worse) he is in love with her best friend.

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know:  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities:  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne, He  
hail'd down oaths that he was only mine; And  
when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So  
he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt. I  
will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again.

ROMEO AND JULIET BY William Shakespeare  
FEMALE - DRAMA

Juliet: (Juliet stands at her balcony upset at the fact that Romeo, who Juliet just met and fell in love with, is from a family her family is feuding with.)

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love

And I'll no longer be a Capulet

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,

Nor arm nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other word would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

and for thy name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.



*From: Zastrozzi, The Master of Discipline*  
By George F. Walker

ZASTROZZI (Zastrozzi's introduction to the world)

You are looking at Zastrozzi. But that means very little. What means much more is that Zastrozzi is looking at you. Don't make a sound. Breathe quietly. He is easily annoyed. And when he is annoyed he strikes. Look at his right arm. It wields the sword that has killed two hundred men. Watch the right arm constantly. Be careful not to let it catch you unprepared. But while watching the right arm, do not forget the left arm. Because this man Zastrozzi has no weaknesses. No weakness at all. Remember that. Or he will have you. He will have you any way he wants you. I am Zastrozzi. The master criminal of all of Europe. This is not a boast. It is information. I am to be feared for countless reasons. The obvious ones of strength and skill with any weapon. The less obvious ones because of the quality of my mind. It is superb. It works in unique ways. And it is always working because I do not sleep. Sometimes my mind is so powerful I even have nightmares when I am awake. I'm having one now. I have this one often. In it, I am what I am. The force of darkness. The clear sane voice of negative spirituality. Making everyone answerable is the only constant I understand. Mankind is weak. The world is ugly. The only way to save them from each other is to destroy them both.

From ***The Laramie Project***

By Moisés Kaufman and the members of the Tectonic Theater Project

AARON KREIFELS (Aaron recounts finding Matthew Sheppard.)

Well I uh, I took off on my bicycle about five o'clock P.M. on a Wednesday from my dorm. I just kinda felt like going for a ride. So I – I went up to the top of Cactus Canyon, and I'm not super familiar with that area, so on my way back down, I didn't know where I was going, I was just sort of picking the way to go, which now ... it just makes me think that God wanted me to find him because there's no way that I was going to go that way. So I was in some deep sand, and I wanted to turn around – but for some reason, I kept going. And, uh, I went along, and there was this rock, on the – on the ground – and I just drilled it. I went – over the handlebars and ended up on the ground. So, uh, I got up, and I was just kind of dusting myself off, and I was looking around and I noticed something – which ended up to be Matt, and he was just lying there by a fence, and I – I just thought it was a scarecrow. I was like, Halloween's coming up, thought it was a Halloween gag, so I didn't think much of it, so I got off my bike, walked it around the fence that was there. And uh, got closer to him and I noticed his hair – and that was a major key to me, noticing it was a human being – was his hair. 'Cause I just thought it was a dummy, seriously, I noticed – I even noticed the chest going up and down, I still thought it was a dummy, you know. I thought it was just like some kind of mechanism. But when I saw hair, well I knew it was a human being. So...I ran to the nearest house and – I just ran as fast as I could...and called the police.

Ah Wilderness by Eugene O'Neill

RICHARD. Must be nearly nine.... I can hear the Town Hall clock strike, it's so still tonight.... Gee, I'll bet Ma had a fit when she found out I'd sneaked out.... I'll catch hell when I get back, but it'll be worth it... if only Muriel turns up ... she didn't say for certain she could...gosh, I wish she'd come! ... am I sure she wrote nine?(Looking at the note Muriel sent him)... yes, it's nine, all right. (Kissing the note after folding it)Aw, that's silly... no, it isn't either... not when you're really in love.... Darn it, I wish she'd show up!... think of something else... that'll make the time pass quicker... where was I this time last night?... waiting outside the pleasant beach house... Belle... ah, forget her!... now, when Muriel's coming ... that's a fine time to think of-! ... but you hugged and kissed her... not until I was drunk, I didn't... and then it was all showing off... darned fool. Muriel's a million times prettier anyway... you must have been a fine sight when you got home!... having to be put to bed and getting sick!... Phaw!... Think of something else, cant you?... recite something... see if you remember... Nay, let us walk from fire unto fire  
From passionate pain to deadlier delight live without desire,  
I am too young to live without desire, Too young art thou to waste this summer night-"  
... gee, that's a peach!... I'll have to memorize the rest and recite it to Muriel the next time....I wish I could write poetry ... about her and me.... Gee its beautiful tonight ...as if it was a special night... for me and Muriel ....

## Our Town By Thornton Wilder

George:

Y'know. Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it's important to go to Agriculture School to be a good farmer. Yeah, and some of them say that it's even a waste of time. You can get all those things, anyway, out of the pamphlets the government sends out. And Uncle Luke's getting old, he's about ready for me to start in taking over his farm tomorrow, if I could. And, like you say, being gone all that time ... in other places and meeting other people...gosh, if anything like that can happen I don't want to go away. I guess new people aren't any better than old ones. I'll bet they almost never are. Emily ... I feel that you're as good a friend as I've got. I don't need to go and meet the people in other towns. Emily, I'm going to make up my mind right now. I won't go. I'll tell Pa about it tonight. Emily, I'm glad you spoke to me about that ... that fault in my character. What you said was right; but there was one thing wrong in it, and that was when you said that for a year I wasn't noticing people, and ... you, for instance. Listen, Emily, I'm going to tell you why I'm not going to Agriculture School. I think that once you've found a person that you're very fond of ... I mean a person who's fond of you, too, and likes you enough to be interested in your character Well, I think that's just as important as college is, and even more so. That's what I think. Emily, if I do improve and make a big change . . . would you be...I mean: could you be.. You know?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM  
BY William Shakespeare

LYSANDER (Lysander tries to convince his love, Helena, to run away with him)

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee

ROMEO AND JULIET  
BY William Shakespeare

ROMEO (Romeo has snuck into a garden to be with his love, Juliet. During the speech he tries to decide how or if he will talk to her.)

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

**ACT I SCENE I**    DUKE ORSINO's palace.

DUKE ORSINO [*Orsino speaks about love.*]

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love! How quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity                      10  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.