

***We have had a request to expand our audition material parameters to provide even more choice to the many options already available to students for presenting during auditions. Attached, you will find these other options—There are 3 options, choose only one. You are under no obligation to change your material if you have already begun working on existing pieces. One option isn't better than another, they are all considered equally.***

***As always, if you have any questions, whatsoever, feel free to reach out to the head of our program, Mr. Dolha, at [andrew.dolha@yrdsb.ca](mailto:andrew.dolha@yrdsb.ca). Thanks very much!***

### **OPTION 1**

***Choose any one of the monologues below.***

#### ***Surface Tension by Elyne Quan***

This play is an ironic exploration of surface appearances and the tensions created by the undue importance attached to them.

#### **WOMAN**

(Sighs) I've always wanted to be taller. I've wanted to be taller and... different. Sometimes blond. That would be something. I clearly remember that in grade one I wished I had blond curly hair so I could wear pale blue ribbons in it and be really cute. Not just kind of cute, but really cute. I was walking home for lunch. The sun was out and it was a beautiful day. I was looking down at the ground at my silhouette - specifically my head - and I remember wishing I had curly blond hair. I would be noticed. Pale blue ribbons and pigtails. And a matching dress, frilly but not too frilly. And matching little blue shoes with white patent bows on them. Shoes can make or break an outfit, you know. Well as hard as I wished I never became blond. Go figure. And dye jobs in the early eighties weren't the science they are now. Curly blond hair for a little Chinese girl was bit far-fetched so I did the best I could. Perms! So I could actually have curly pigtails if I wanted them. Of course I was older by now so pigtails were out of the question. (Takes out a photo and presents it to the audience.) Parted down the middle and curly and away from my face. Like the girl in Aha's "Take On Me" video. Yeah. So I had bad hair all the way through my formative years. But hair isn't everything.

#### ***The Adventures of a Black Girl in Search of God by Djanet Sears***

#### **MICHAEL**

"This kind of thing never happens here" That's what they think. That's what we think. "Everything is fine here in this country" We've grown so comfortable that we believe racism, no, white supremacy is a phenomenon that only happens south of the border. Well folks, we live in the south of the north. That they could do this to God's house.... And we will not take those hideous and repugnant words down. We will not whitewash the truth of our situation. We will leave this desecration in place as a reminder. Because

this is all about our attempts to overturn the Holland Township council decision to change the name of Negro Creek Road, you know that. This is our home. And these threats... This racial intimidation will not deter us in the least from our cause. We are a steadfast people. It is this characteristic in us that has helped us survive the most severe and vicious atrocities. Our forebears survived so that we may breathe the air we breathe at this very moment. They can try to put fear in us. They can even burn us down. But we will continue to fight for our right to take up space on this earth. See you at the march tomorrow.

### ***Mother Tongue by Betty Quan***

#### **Mimi**

(Mimi recounts a significant dream involving the disappearance of her 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.

### ***Kim's Convenience by Ins Choi***

#### **Jung**

Yeah, right. He found me on Facebook today and soon the whole crew found me, the old church soccer team. We're all chatting away, checking our photos, like a reunion. Suyoung put up an old picture of the team, and he starts writing this play-by-play. Centennial Park, Etobicoke. The Toronto Korean inter-church annual soccer tournament. Under-16 division. Game one, Haninjangno Church: (explosion sound) conquered. Game two, Dong Bu Church: (explosion sound) conquered. Game three, Bethel Church: tied. Quarter-finals, United Church: (explosion sound). Semi-finals, Young Nak Church: (explosion sound). Final championship game, the Catholic Church: tied, Extra time: tied. Extra extra time: tied. Penalty kick shootout: (Umma joins in on making the explosion sound). So glorious, right? Mikes lives in Richmond Hill. He drives a Beemer. 5 series. He's got great-looking kids, a cute wife, family vacations all around the world every year. I've seen the photos. Jason, Rich, Tech, Tom, Henry, Mike, Jong, Young, Young Jong, Suyoung. All of them. They're all successful. They start asking about me. What I do, where I been. I start making stuff up, trying desperately hard to sound impressive, but just sounding desperate. I was their captain. I was their captain,

Umma. I was smarter than all of them, faster, stronger. I didn't dream I'd end up renting cars to people. Nine to five. Checking for dents and scratches. Living in a shithole in Parkdale. Apartment's a constant mess. Fight all the time, his mom and me. She thinks I'm a loser – I don't even know why I'm with her anymore. And all he ever does is cry and cry and cry and cry and cry. Just wanna leave, y'know? Just go. Start over. Somewhere else. Calgary, Vancouver – doesn't matter where. It'd be so easy too. Bay and Dundas, hop on a bus and leave. I rent cars to people, then take the street-car home. What is that? That's a joke.

### **Leo by Rosa Laborde**

#### **RODRIGO**

Not so close. Just in case. It's dangerous. Dangerous. If anyone ever knew... They can't know. I've always been "different". Somehow. My parents call me an original. When other kids were just playing I was discovering the origins of the game and why we loved to play it. What is the reason? Why? I had to know. I have to know. "You are not a horse," my father always says, "refuse to wear blinders." Give me a problem and I will come up with the best possible solution, based on facts, always on facts and on history – because when you know that which came before and only when you embrace your limitations can you possibly hope to make effective decisions that will enable you to become closer to the idea of perfection that will save you from the – GOD! I'm an essay of myself. I can't just – I have no solution for me – I don't know... every year I grow up a little more "different". If my parents knew, you think they'd still call me an original? And smile when they say it?

### ***The Crucible, By Arthur Miller***

*Mary recounts her experience as a witness in the Salem witch trials.*

**MARY:** *Goody Osburn...will hang! The deputy Governor He sentenced her. In open court she near choked us all to death. She sent her spirit out. She tried to kill me many times. I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor... But then... then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then... I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice... and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! So many times, she come to this very door beggin' bread and a cup of cider—and mark this— whenever I turned her away empty—she mumbled. But what does she mumble? Last month—a Monday, I think—she walked away and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so—Goody Good, says he, —what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away? And then she replies- Why, your excellence, no curse at all; I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments, says she! But then Judge Hathorne say, -Recite for us your commandments!—and of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie! And so, condemned herself.*

**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.*

### **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**

**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, can't 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  
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.*

OPTION TWO:  
**Choose YOUR OWN monologue.**

Choose an age-appropriate monologue that you connect to from a play that has been published. 2-3 minutes in length. You must submit a copy of the monologue to the adjudicators when you present the piece.

OPTION THREE:  
**WRITE YOUR OWN MONOLOGUE**

Writing your own monologue

Create, write, rehearse and perform a 2-3min. monologue of your own choosing on any subject/story/character you wish to share. You must submit a copy of the monologue to the adjudicators when you present the piece. Have a look at the other monologues to get an idea of its structure, flow, story, etc.

## Tips for writing a monologue

### What Is a Dramatic Monologue?

A dramatic monologue is a speech in which a character reveals their feelings, inner thoughts, or motivations. Unlike a soliloquy, which is a private speech in which a character addresses themselves, a dramatic monologue is addressed to another character or to the audience.

- 1. Start with a compelling opening line. Monologues lack action and dialogue, which can leave the audience unengaged. You can use your writing skills to craft an effective monologue, but your audience won't hear it if they're not paying attention. How do you get them to pay attention? With a good opening line. In literary terms, this is known as a hook. Consider starting your monologue with a surprising statement or emotion-packed first line. Your first line should get your audience interested in the rest of the monologue by leaving them with questions.
- 2. Present a strong point of view. One of the advantages (and challenges) of monologue writing is that monologues present the point of view of a single character. This character should have something important to say—if not, why are they launching into a monologue? What does this character really want? Often, dramatic monologues feature a main character facing a dramatic situation, or they might highlight a secondary character who has a unique perspective on events. Get to know your character's voice, since it's all you have to work with. Great monologues show a character experiencing a range of emotions while expressing one central idea.
- 3. Develop a storyline. Even though monologues are typically short (compared to an entire play), good monologues can show build-up to a decisive action, reference past events, and even progress character development in the narrative. The challenge of a dramatic monologue is to pack all that into one character's speech. A dramatic monologue doesn't necessarily have to be part of a longer work, but it can help you to imagine (and even write down) what would happen to your character before and after this scene if your monologue were part of a longer piece.
- 4. Wrap up with parting words. At the end of the monologue, leave your audience with something to think about. Most dramatic monologues are self-contained speeches, so it's worth spending some time coming up with an ending that feels conclusive but also leaves your audience wanting to know more about your character and story. Don't be afraid to experiment with different endings until you get the right fit.

## WHAT TO PREPARE AND TIPS FOR SUCCESS:

The choice is up to you. Choose a monologue/character that you connect with in some way. Interpret, rehearse, and learn the monologue making creative choices as you go. Identify with whom the character is talking to and why they are saying what they are saying to that person. Allow yourself to make and connect to emotional choices that you feel are appropriate to the character and situation. You should be able to answer the questions: "Who is your character talking to?", "What does your character want from that person?", "Who is your character?". 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. Monologues must be learned (off-book/memorized). There is no need for costumes or props and there is no expectation to read the play the monologue is pulled from.