

DOUGLAS COLLEGE THEATRE PROGRAM AUDITION INFORMATION SHEET

Please visit our website
www.douglascollege.ca/st

The next audition for the Douglas College Theatre Department Fall 2009 Intake will be Saturday June 27, 2009

*Read the following audition information, then contact the
Theatre Department at 604 527-5495 to schedule your audition time*

APPLICATION PROCEDURES

- Submit an application to the Registrar's Office for admittance to the Douglas College Theatre Program. After you have registered, the Registrar's Office will assign you a student number. That student identification number is required *before you can audition for the Theatre Program.*
- Once you have applied to the Registrar's Office, contact the Performing Arts Office (604-527-5495) to arrange your audition date and time.

AUDITION REQUIREMENTS

- Each applicant is required to participate in a group workshop from 9:45 am to 12:00 pm in room 3260 (Dance Studio) and then an individual 15-minute audition the same day between 1:30 and 5:00 pm in room 4140 (Studio Theatre). To book the workshop and audition, call the Performing Arts Office at 604 527-5495. If you require more detailed audition and/or program information call Allan Lysell, Program Coordinator at 604 527-5281 or Cheryl Swan at 604 527-5279.
- Select, memorize and prepare *one* contemporary monologue from the REQUIRED AUDITION MONOLOGUES on page 2.
- In addition to your required monologue, select, memorize and prepare *one contemporary theatre monologue, 1½ to 2 minutes in length. (*Monologue must be taken from a published play. NO FILM OR TELEVISION SCRIPTS PLEASE. Original material may not be used.)** No accents or dialects please. Keep in mind that the Audition Panel will be most interested in your ability to make the material meaningful and your own. Be honest and truthful. Pick something you feel is appropriate to your character, personality type, and age. *(Please bring a clean copy of this audition piece for the Audition Panel).*
- Sing one minute of a song of your choice (a cappella). *No accompaniment will be provided but a piano will be available to get your starting note. Please do not bring a CD, tape, or instrument. No accompaniment permitted. (Please note that this is not a singing audition—the panel is only interested in whether or not you can carry a tune—and it will not determine your acceptance in the program.)

AUDITION REQUIREMENTS (continued).

NOTE:

- Please arrive at least 15 minutes early. Space will be available to warm-up.
- Time restraints will be enforced for monologues and song.
- You are expected to wear clothing and footwear that will allow you to move freely and comfortably for the workshop and audition. Most of the workshop will be done in bare feet.
- Bring a clean copy of your chosen audition piece to be left with the Audition Panel.

Members of the faculty who will be teaching in the program will sit on the Audition Panel. They will select those who show the most potential for a career in Theatre. You will be able to ask the Panel specific questions concerning the program and the College, but specific criticism of your audition *will not be possible* during or after your audition.

PROCEDURES

Submit the following to the Theatre Department, Douglas College, Room 3200C, Box 2503, New Westminster, BC V3L 5B2 **at least two weeks prior to your audition**. Students who do not have enough time to submit their information prior to the audition date should bring completed information to the audition.

- A recent photograph of yourself (any size with name on front or back).
- Two letters of reference. Your letters of reference may include comments on your work as a performer, student, employee, etc. One letter may come from your drama teacher or a director, and another letter may come from your employer, a school counselor, or someone who knows you well.
- Completed Audition Form (attached).

REQUIRED AUDITION MONOLOGUES

In addition to your own monologue choice, choose **one** of the following monologues to perform. If possible, read the complete play from which it is taken. Although many libraries do not have copies of these plays, you can ask the librarian to request a copy from another library. Also, used bookstores often have copies of these plays. Do your best to find a copy so you can read the whole play.

Female Choices:

1. *Waiting for the Parade* by John Murrell — Catherine

CATHERINE

When Billy and I were first married—we fought all the time. About everything. My clothes. His clothes. My friends. His friends. Whether or not to have children. How many to have. Girls or boys. We fought about baseball teams, which I didn't know anything about. We fought about religion and politics, which neither of us knew anything about. We fought about whether or not it was healthy for us to fight so much. *(Pause.)* One day—we'd only been married a few months—Billy borrowed some rope and came home from work early. I was having a nap. When I woke up I was bound—hand and foot! I couldn't move an inch! And Billy was standing there—grinning like a halfwit. "From now on," he said, "no more fighting. We're going to make love instead. Whenever we feel a fight coming on, we're going to make love instead. And if you don't agree, I'm going to strangle you and sink your remains in the river!" *(She laughs. Pause.)* When I think about those times, I can almost see Billy again. At least, I can see his eyes. I can see his hands. I can see his teeth. He has perfect teeth. Not like mine. That's something else we fought about. *(Pause.)* But the rest of the picture—is in shadow. *(Pause.)* Listen. If they want to make the Hollywood blockbuster of all time—one of those stories of tragic romance—sure to have every woman in the theatre reaching for her hanky—they should tell the story of a woman—whose husband goes away—but he goes away, one piece at a time. First an arm vanishes. Then a leg. Then his eyes. His hands. His teeth. Finally she can't remember what he looks like—at all. *(Pause.)* That's what hurts. *(Pause.)* That's what's—peculiar. *(Pause.)* Losing him—a little at a time.

2. *Waiting for the Parade* by John Murrell — Eve

EVE

I always said politicians are a little lower than one-celled parasites in the natural order of things. But I never thought the Prime Minister of Canada would renege on a promise made to his people. No matter how many stupid people wanted him to! Now they can call up whomever they like, whenever they like! Farm boys, law office clerks, college students. Call them all up! *Take them all!* *(Pause.)* Of course, Harry was dancing on air. "That goddamn, softhearted Scotsman finally woke up to the fact there's a war on! And that means manpower! That means bodies!" Yes, Harry. That means bodies on top of more bodies on top of more bodies. *(Pause.)* I didn't put any sugar in his grapefruit juice this morning. He hates that. It makes his whole face pucker up. I said, "It was an accident, Harry." *(Pause.)* It wasn't.

Male Choices:

1. *Quiet in the Land* by Anne Chislett — Yock

Yock brings about a crisis in his Amish community by fighting in the First World War.

YOCK

Pa, I have to talk to you...I have to. Open the door. Open it! I been half way 'round the world and I've come back. I've come to tell you something and you're going to listen. You never listened to me in your life, did you? Well, listen now. I killed a man. Do you hear me, Pa? I killed a man. They tell me I killed more, but there was only one I ever saw. We were going up this hill and he came at me. I stuck out my bayonet like it was my arm, and I got him in the gut. He was lying in the mud, screaming and bleeding. Everybody else kept going on, but I just stood there shaking. He was going to die right there in that mud and he knew it. He was afraid, Pa. He was afraid of facing God. He started screaming for a preacher. I wanted to tell him I understood, that I was Christian, that I was German too. I wanted to say all those words I used to hear you read from the Bible, but I was ashamed. So I let him die like that in the mud. That was the war, Pa. That's what it was. You know, I thought I was going off to save you all from something. I bet he did, too. I thought the King of England was going to be there like in the school books, cheering me on. Somehow I even thought I was going to put the legs back on Paddy O'Rourke. But all I did was put a knife into a man...and Pa, he looked like Zepp. If he'd had a beard, he could have been Zepp. And right at the end, he cried out for his father to come and take him home, and I started crying for you. I wanted you to come over the hill and take me home. Because I knew, if I'd just stayed home...I guess that's what I...what I wanted to tell you, Pa...If I'd just stayed. I'm going away now. You don't have to worry. I'll keep out of your way....

2. *Zoo Story* by Edward Albee — Jerry

JERRY

What were you trying to do? Make sense out of things? Bring order? The old pigeonhole bit? Well, that's easy; I'll tell you. I live in a four-story brownstone rooming-house on the upper West Side between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West. I live on the top floor; rear; west. It's a laughably small room, and one of my walls is made of beaverboard; this beaverboard separates my room from another laughably small room, so I assume that the two rooms were once one room, a small room, but not necessarily laughable. The room beyond my beaverboard wall is occupied by a colored queen who always keeps his door open; well, not always, but *always* when he's plucking his eyebrows, which he does with Buddhist concentration. This colored queen has rotten teeth, which is rare, and he has a Japanese kimono, which is also pretty rare; and he wears this kimono to and from the john in the hall, which is pretty frequent. I mean, he goes to the john a lot. He never bothers me, and he never brings anyone up to his room. All he does is pluck his eyebrows, wear his kimono and go to the john. Now, the two front rooms on my floor are a little larger, I guess; but they're pretty small, too. There's a Puerto Rican family in one of them, a husband, a wife, and some kids; I don't know how many. These people entertain a lot. And in the other front room, there's somebody living there, but I don't know who it is. I've never seen who it is. Never. Never ever.