



Bachelor of Creative Arts (Acting)

Audition Pieces

QUT is an inclusive learning environment. We welcome applications by audition for all actors, of all cultural backgrounds, genders, and abilities.

To be considered for the Bachelor of Creative Arts (Acting) course, you must apply to QUT and submit two video recorded audition performances. This document contains important instructions about choosing scripts for your performances and how to record them. Make sure you also view [How to Record your QUT Acting Audition](#).

This document should be read in conjunction with the entry requirements of the [Bachelor of Creative Arts \(Acting\)](#).

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Monologues

What to Record for your Monologue

The first video you need to submit is of you delivering a monologue (single person scene). Your monologue must be:

- delivered in English
- selected *either* from the list of monologues in this document; *or* from a list of pieces provided by another acting school you are applying for
- taken from a published play that you can access and read
- no longer than three minutes in duration when performed

At the completion of the monologue, address the camera and answer the following three questions:

- Why did you choose the monologue you presented?
- What research did you undertake to help you understand the monologue? (For example, did you read the play it came from, in which case what did that help you discover about the piece?)
- What practical methods or techniques did you apply to develop your acting performance?

Your performance plus address to camera must be no more than 5 minutes in total.

How to Record your Monologue

- Prepare and memorise your chosen monologue
- Find a quiet place to record your monologue, ideally with a plain background
- Record the monologue so that most of your body is visible in the camera, allowing you to move freely
- Perform the piece looking towards the camera, but not directly into it. Imagine that the person you are talking to is slightly to one side of the camera.
- If you're using a phone to record your monologue, turn it on its side and record in landscape format (NOT portrait)
- Check your recording to make sure you can be heard and seen clearly
- You can record your explanation of how you prepared the monologue as a separate take. However, if you do this you must edit your performance and your explanation into a single video file for submission.



[How to Record your QUT Acting Audition](#)

AWAY by Michael Gow

MEG

I saw the carton. I saw it in the hall.

I saw it. It was near the telephone table, wasn't it?

You saw it too, didn't you? You saw the box sitting there.

You must have it. It was sitting next to your vanity case.

Everything else that was in the hall got packed in the car. You did see it.

You were the last one out. You're the one who shuts the door, after you've made sure the stove's off and the fridge has been left open. You saw the carton and you left it there on purpose.

You left it behind. And you knew what it was. You knew what was in it and you left it there.

Why did you do that? Why would you do a thing like that? I want to know why you did it.

Tell me why you deliberately left that box behind.

We have a game we play every year. We sneak presents home, we hide them, we wrap them up in secret even though we can hear the sticky tape tearing and the paper rustling; we hide them in the stuff we take away, we pretend not to see them until Christmas morning even when we know they're there and we know what's in them because we've already put in our orders so there's no waste or surprise. And Dad always hides his in a pathetic place that's so obvious it's a joke and we laugh at him behind our backs but we play along! You knew what was in that box. You left it behind. I want to know why.

What were you trying to do, what did you want to gain?

Did you want to have something we'd all have to be sorry for the whole holiday? There's always something we do wrong that takes you weeks to forgive.

You have to tell me.

BOX THE PONY by Leah Purcell and Scott Rankin

LEAH

When I grow up, I took off from up'ome'der. I grabbed the essentials...And jumped in my little yellow Datsun Sunny...(sings) 'Sunny, thank you for the smile upon my face...' Good car. Straight to Sydney, Eastern Suburbs, real flash. Had to live somewhere, right? So I go to a real estate agent. 'G'day'... and true's god, the woman behind the counter looks at me and says, 'We haven't any money, we haven't any money, take whatever you want.' So I took a one-bedroom flat. See, blackfella not greedy. So now I live in Woollahra, real fuckin' flash, which is nice...because as Aunty Pauline Hanson say, 'Too many people up'ome get paid too much money for sitting around drinking too much port.' So Woollahra feels like home. Then I gets this job presenting on cable TV and all of a sudden I'm a BIG star in Woollahra! Solid, eh? But serious now...them fellas in Sydney they different mob, eh? Up'ome'der when you drivin' and a car passes, you wave. 'Hey, cuss.' But here in Sydney, biggest mob of bloody cars, I'm wavin' all bloody day, what's wrong with them fellas? None of them bastards wave back! And another thing, you're sitting next to someone. 'G'day.' 'Where you come from?' 'Woollahra?' 'Hey, you and me and this bloke over here, same mob. We'll have to get together and have a cup of tea.' 'I'm from up'ome'der, 'Murgon.' 'My father he's white, two wives, two families, one white and one black...and...that... was...my mum. Here, wher you goin'? 'It get's better! I haven't got up to the part about me being conceived at the dump!' 'Suit yourself...'

Another time, I'm walking down the street and this lady comes out of gate and, true's god, it's like a bloody cartoon. She grabs her bag and goes...

(As WHITE WOMAN frightened by seeing a blackfella up close, she clutches her handbag to her chest and blinks, stopping in her tracks as if she fears LEAH might hit her.)

...like I was going to hit her or something... She backs in her gate, up the path, falls in the front door, rolls up the hallway, doing backward somersaults... slow motion...And I stood there....thinking...

OLEANNA by David Mamet

CAROL

Professor, I came here as a favour. At your personal request. Perhaps I should not have done so. But I did. On my behalf, and on behalf of my group. And you speak of the tenure committee, one of whose members is a woman, as you know. And though you might call it Good Fun, or An Historical Phrase, or An Oversight, or All of the Above, to refer to the committee as Good Men and True, it is a demeaning remark. It is a sexist remark, and to overlook it is to countenance continuation of that method of thought. You love the Power. I'm sorry. You feel yourself empowered ... you say so yourself. To strut. To posture. To "perform." To call me in here..." Eh? You say that higher education is a joke. And treat it as such, you treat it as such. And confess to a taste to play the Patriarch in your class. To grant this. To deny that. To embrace your students. And you think it's charming to "question" in yourself this taste to mock and destroy. But you should question it. Professor. And you pick those things which you feel advance you: publication, tenure, and the steps to get them you call "harmless rituals." And you perform those steps. Although you say it is hypocrisy. But to the aspirations of your students. Of hardworking students, who come here, who slave to come here – you have no idea what it cost me to come to this school – you mock us. You call education "hazing" and from your so-protected, so-elitist seat you hold our confusion as a joke, and hopes and efforts with it. Then you sit there and say "what have I done?" And ask me to understand that you have aspirations too. But I tell you. I tell you. That you are vile. And that you are exploitative. And if you possess one ounce of that inner honesty you describe in your book, you can look in yourself and see those things that I see. And you can find revulsion equal to my own. Good Day. (she prepares to leave the room)

THE THREE SISTERS by Anton Checkhov

IRENA

Tell me, why is it I'm so happy today? Just as if I were sailing along in a boat with big white sails, and above me the wide, blue sky, and in the sky great white birds floating around?

You know, when I woke up this morning, and after I'd got up and washed, I suddenly felt as if everything in the world had become clear to me, and I knew the way I ought to live. I know it all now, my dear Ivan Romanych. Man must work by the sweat of his brow whatever his class, and that should make up the whole meaning and purpose of his life and happiness and contentment. Oh, how good it must be to be a workman, getting up with the sun and breaking stones by the roadside - or a shepherd - or a school master teaching the children - or an engine-driver on the railway. Good Heavens! It's better to be a mere ox or horse, and work, than the sort of young woman who wakes up at twelve, and drinks her coffee in bed, and then takes two hours dressing... How dreadful! You know how you long for a cool drink in hot weather? Well, that's the way I long for work. And if I don't get up early from now on and really work, you can refuse to be friends with me anymore, Ivan Romanych.

RABBIT HOLE by David Lindsay-Abaire

BECCA

What happened was we were in the same aisle as this kid and he wanted these roll-ups, fruit rollups, and his mother was being a hard-ass about it saying she wasn't gonna buy them for him. But the kid was getting whiny about it. Which makes sense, because he's five years old and he really wants these roll-ups, but the mother wouldn't give in. In fact she starts ignoring him completely, just turns her face away and pretends he's not there. Just goes about her shopping, like that's going to shut him up, or teach him a lesson or something. Case-closed sort of thing. But that only gets him more upset. So that pissed me off for some reason.

The way she was ignoring him, instead of trying to explain why he couldn't have them. So I walked over to her. I said "It's only three bucks, why don't you just get him the fucking roll-ups?"

And she looked a little miffed. But she smiled a little – I don't know why – and explained to me that she didn't want her son eating candy. And so I said it wasn't actually candy, in fact fruit roll-ups are relatively healthy, and they're made with real fruit, and why not give him a treat? And she told me to mind my own business, and then tried to move her cart around me, but ran over my foot by accident, so I smacked her.

I know, it was awful, and then the boy started crying. I felt terrible, but she pissed me off.

I wanted to shake her. "Look at him. Don't pretend he isn't there!" But I didn't say that. I just stood there, kinda startled, and she was kinda startled, and then mom came over and told me to go out to the car, which I did not need her to do.

GODCHILD by Deborah Bruce

LOU

No. What the fuck is this? You're the one with secret chats on Facebook, and the cosy little reunions with your stupid, promiscuous ex. Okay, you want the details. Okay then. I feel stuck. I feel anxious all the time. I feel panicked when I see you, I'm not pleased to hear your voice, when I pick up an answer-machine message from you my heart feels flat and hard. You irritate me, the slightest thing, the way you do that circular movement with your hand when you describe feelings, makes me, I feel repulsed actually, I know that sounds extreme, but it is repulsion. I don't want this. I don't recognize myself any more. I am floating in between feelings I used to have, and feelings I am prevented from having by being with you. I am dead with you. Just the thought of being beyond this makes me feel lighter. Please. Let me end this, I am suspended here, wanting to drop back into my life, and. Being. Prevented.

Andy! I'm finishing with you, okay? People break up all the time! They need different things. They realize, I have realized. I have realized I absolutely, don't want this relationship. With you. Now.

Y'know, I thought I did. I did in fact. But now I don't.

CITY OF GOLD by Meyne Wyatt

CARINA

I could've did better. The day of his diagnosis, I told him to stay over there. I was angry he wanted to work and keep busy. He thought it would be good for his recovery. But it was killing him. And I know, deep down all he wanted was for me to say 'come back and I'll look after you'... Slept at the hospital every night for the last two weeks, trying to make up for it. So, if anything went wrong, I'd know. So he didn't feel alone. I know he felt alone, for a long time... One morning the nurse came in, Dad thought I was asleep. But I always had one eye open. She had to put that mask on him and he looked up at her like a little boy. Said 'I'm scared'. That machine was too much... So, when the doctor took us aside, and said 'He could live for a week, he could live for a long time. But he can't live without it', I knew it was time. How much longer do we let him suffer? What's the quality of life? Tried to call you. Left him on a little while longer. But he was struggling. So, we took it off. Made him as comfortable as possible. Waited for you as long as he could... At least you were there all those years taking care of him... I should've looked after him earlier... It's all my fault

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE by Bertolt Brecht

GRUSHA

That's a fine kind of Justice. You jump on us because we don't talk so refined as that lot with their lawyers... You want to pass the child on to her. She who is too refined even to know how to change its nappies! You don't know any more about Justice than I do, that's clear... I'll tell you what I think of your justice, you drunken onion!

How dare you talk to me as though you were the cracked Isaiah on the church window! When they pulled you out of your mother, it wasn't planned that you'd rap her over the knuckles for pinching a little bowl of corn from somewhere! Aren't you ashamed of yourself when you see how afraid I am of you? But you've let yourself become their servant. So that their houses are not taken away, because they've stolen them. Since when do houses belong to bedbugs? But you're on the look-out, otherwise they couldn't drag our men into their wars. You bribetaker!

I've no respect for you. No more than for a thief or a murderer with a knife, who does whatever he wants. You can take the child away from me, a hundred against one, but I tell you one thing: for a profession like yours, they ought to choose only bloodsuckers and men who rape children. And for punishment, make them sit in judgment over their fellow men, which is far worse than swinging from the gallows!

AWAY by Michael Gow

TOM

Yeah, that's what I had. An infection. Everyone knew I had some infection. I was sick. I was told the infection was running its course. That I had to fight. I did. One day a doctor came and sat on my bed and had a long talk with me. He told me that before I got completely well again I would get a lot worse, get really, really sick. And no matter how sick I got not to worry because it meant that soon I'd start to get well again. He was full of shit. He couldn't look me in the face to say it. He stared at the cabinet next to the bed the whole time. And the nurses were really happy whenever they were near me, but when I stared them in the face, in the end they'd look away and bite their lips. When I was able to go home the doctor took me into his office and we had another talk. I had to look after myself. No strain, no dangerous activity. Keep my spirits up. Then he went very quiet, leant over the desk, practically whispering how if I knew a girl it'd be good for me to do it, to try it. 'It', he kept calling it. It, it. I put him on the spot. What? Name it. Give it a name. He cleared his throat. 'Sexual intercourse'. But if I was worried about going all the way I could experiment with mutual masturbation. Know what that is.

IN OUR TOWN by Jack Davis

DAVID

He was seventeen when he joined up. Put his age up, his name was Tim. A sort of cousin. He was just a stray who came to live with us when he was about thirteen or fourteen. We joined up together, [He laughs] and when we got our orders to go overseas they had a send-off, sort of farewell party for all the enlisted men from Northam. Anyway, Tim and I went along. There was a big crowd, two hundred or more. The only bloke who came along and spoke to us to wish us luck was the local pound keeper. Anyway we left, got a couple of bottles and went home to the reserve and sort of had our own party. You know the brass had some notion just because we were black we would make good forward scouts. Anyway, like me, that's what they made him. A dangerous job. He wasn't cut out for the army. As a kid he was always scared...afraid of the dark...his own shadow...physical violence...a real dreamer. It was at Wewak. They sent him up ahead of the patrol. He came back and reported a large concentration of Japs on the side of a hill, but the Lieutenant wasn't satisfied. So he sent him back again. He came back and reported the Jap's position again, even the number of Japs, and this bastard of an officer sent him back for the third time. I offered to go, but they wouldn't let me. I found him the next day in the valley on the bank of a creek. He had managed to stuff his field dressing into the wound in his chest, but it wasn't enough.

(Silence)

The Japs. They were starving. (Silence) They stripped all the flesh off his legs, his thighs. They cannibalised him. And I can't help thinking if he had been white it wouldn't have happened.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD by Anton Chekhov

LOPAKHIN

I bought it...I bought it! One moment...wait...if you would, ladies and gentlemen...My head's going round and round, I can't speak... (laughs). So now the cherry orchard is mine! Mine! (he gives a shout of laughter) Great God in heaven – the cherry orchard is mine! Tell me I'm drunk – I'm out of my mind – tell me it's all an illusion...Don't laugh at me! If my father and grandfather could rise from their graves and see it all happening – if they could see me, their Yermolay, their beaten, half-literate Yermolay, who ran barefoot in winter – if they could see this same Yermolay buying the estate...The most beautiful thing in the entire world! I have bought the estate where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't even allowed into the kitchens. I'm asleep – this is all just inside my head – a figment of the imagination. Hey, you in the band! Play away! I want to hear you! Everyone come and watch Yermolay Lopakhin set about the cherry orchard with his axe! Watch these trees come down! Weekend houses, we'll build weekend houses, and our grandchildren and our great grandchildren will see a new life here... Music! Let's hear the band play! Let's have everything the way I want it. Here comes the new landlord, the owner of the cherry orchard!

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

TREPLEV

(Pulling the petals off a flower). She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. (Laughs.) You see, Mother doesn't love me - to put it rather mildly. She likes excitement, romantic affairs, gay clothes - but I'm twenty - five years old and a constant reminder that she's not so young as she was. She's only thirty-two when I'm not around, but when I'm with her she's forty-three, and that's what she can't stand about me. Besides, she knows I've no use for the theatre. She adores the stage. Serving humanity in the sacred cause of art, that's how she thinks of it. But the theatre's in a rut nowadays, if you ask me - it's so one-sided. The curtain goes up and you see a room with three walls. It's evening, so the lights are on. And in the room you have these geniuses, these high priests of art, to show you how people eat, drink, love, walk about and wear their jackets. Out of mediocre scenes and lines they try to drag a moral, some commonplace that doesn't tax the brain and might come in useful about the house. When I'm offered a thousand different variations on the same old theme, I have to escape - run for it, as Maupassant ran from the Eiffel Tower because it was so vulgar he felt it was driving him crazy. What we need's a new kind of theatre. New forms are what we need, and if we haven't got them we'd be a sight better off with nothing at all.

SECRET BRIDESMAIDS BUSINESS by Elizabeth Coleman

JAMES

Look, sex and love are separate things...Well, they can be, that's all I'm saying. This thing with Naomi - okay, it should never have happened-but it didn't have to impact on what I have with Meg. I thought that was the deal. It was a separate arrangement. She told me she just wanted a bit of fun, and now she turns around and does this...! I mean, where the hell did that come from? If I'd known Naomi felt like that I would've broken it off with her months ago. Well maybe. Oh shit, maybe not. But I just-I just wish women would say what they mean. You know-plainly, clearly state what they want instead of expecting you to be psychic. Meg bought me this T-shirt at the Warner Brothers store, and it's got a picture of Superman on it. He's wearing this perplexed

expression and he's saying You want me to leap tall buildings and be sensitive and supportive?! That's how it is with women. They want you to slay a dragon for them one second, then cry at a guide dog commercial the next.

And somehow you're expected to guess when they want you to be controlling and when they want you to be crying-and if you don't make the right guess at the right time it's instantly construed as proof that you don't love them enough. If you really loved me you wouldn't need to ask. How many times have I heard that? Well I'm sorry, I've loved a few people a lot, but no-one's ever stepped out of the shadows and handed me a crystal ball. Anyway, I know I'm trying to change the subject. The fact is, I've been acting like a prick.

BREAKING THE CODE by Hugh Whitemore

KNOX

All right! – let me give you an example. A few minutes ago, you enquired about my health. Suppose I had answered you directly. Suppose I had told you that I am mortally ill and have only a year or so to live. Suppose I had broken down and wept. Suppose I had opened my heart to you and said that I had no wish to die; that I was frightened and in despair. I can't believe that you would have welcomed such a disclosure. I feel sure that you would have found it distressing, embarrassing and somewhat inconsiderate. And so– being aware of your feelings as well as my own– it would seem to be both correct and appropriate for me to moderate my response.

Similarly – also it seems to me– when you reveal the nature of your sexuality, you cannot afford to ignore the effect it's bound to have on other people. Fear, for example; when people are asked to accept something they do not understand. Or anger– when what you so unashamedly reveal seems to be contrary to everything they've ever believed in. And pain. You're bound to cause a lot of pain. Not for yourself, necessarily– that's your concern, anyway– but for people who are close to you, anyone who's fond of you. Pain. Real pain.

Speaking of Wittgenstein; he once wrote something that impressed me deeply. I sat down, there and then with the book in my hand, and memorised what he had written. This is what he said: 'We feel that even when all possible scientific questions have been answered, the problems of life remain completely unanswered'.

CITY OF GOLD by Meyne Wyatt

BREYTHE

I'm not living up to my end. I was arrogant, selfish, in denial. So, I go. Knock back a couple. Couple become many. Get pissed as parrot. Games go for two and half hours, three? Took my sweet arse time. Shit, even went to pub after. Pub crawlin' bastard, rocks up home, waltz through the door smelling like a pirate! And he looks at me...I'll never forget that look. Can't. Won't. Don't...His eyes. I'm fucking around with life here. Literal life or death situation, for the condition he was in. He's barely standing up. So am I. He's livid. Disappointed. Not just cos I let him down, cos I went and got drunk... He was hungry all day, waiting, while I was at work. And there I was making him wait all night. No doubt in my mind I took years off his life in that instance. Later that night, he's coughing his guts up, in the room. Worst I'd ever seen at this point. Tell him to get up, we're going to the hospital. All the while he's apologising to me. I don't want to make a fuss. As if he done me wrong. He's in that position because I put him there. I'm the cause of his suffering. Two, three months later, he's here, on his deathbed. Fear's replaced that look of disappointment... Looks at me and says, you're the apple of my eye. He's proud... But this fruit is rotten...No, I don't regret not being here when he died. I regret not treating him better when he was alive...I don't want to be a disappointment anymore...I can pay for the funeral...But I have to do something first.

Duologues

What to Record for your Duologue

The second video you need to submit is of you performing in a duologue (two-person scene). Your duologue must:

- be selected ONLY from the list of duologues in this document
- show ONLY you on screen

At the completion of the duologue, address the camera and answer the following three questions:

- Why did you choose the duologue you presented?
- What approaches did you use to help you understand the scene?
- What practical methods or techniques did you apply to develop your acting performance?

Your performance plus address to camera must be no more than 5 minutes in total.

How to Record your Duologue

The recording to camera of a duologue is often referred to as a self-tape. You can find resources on the internet explaining how to record a self-tape, but a general guide is:

- Prepare and memorise your chosen duologue
- Find a quiet place to record your duologue, ideally with a plain background
- You will need another person (called a reader) to perform the other character in the duologue. Practice the scene with your reader until it feels life-like.
- Position yourself in front of the camera, in a medium close-up, looking just past the side of the camera. Position your reader behind the camera, where they can't be seen.
- Perform and record the scene with your reader, responding to their dialogue in the same way that you would if you were performing the scene for an audience, or acting in a film.
- If you're using a phone to record your duologue, turn it on its side and record in landscape format (NOT portrait)
- Check your recording to make sure you can be heard and seen clearly. Make sure that your reader is not louder than you are. If they are louder than you, re-record your piece with your reader further away from the microphone.
- You can record your explanation of how you prepared the duologue as a separate take. If you do this however you must edit your performance and your explanation into a single video file for submission.



[How to Record your QUT Acting Audition](#)

DUOLOGUE 1: ELI AND JAMIE

OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE HIGH SCHOOL. LATE AFTERNOON.

(Eli and Jamie can be any gender that supports your interpretation. Using clues in the text, it's a good idea to create a backstory for each of the characters in your chosen scene, to help you give it meaning and depth.)

ELI

Hey, are you Jamie? I think this book might be yours.

HANDING HIM A COPY OF A NOVEL THAT HAS HIS NAME ON IT.

JAMIE

Oh, I was looking for that. You're a saviour!

ELI

'Jasper Jones' - neat story. Hey, I'm Eli.

JAMIE

Yeah, I'm nearly through it, er, hi... Jamie. I'm Jamie. Oh, I think you know that.

ELI

Yeah, Jamie, got it.

JAMIE

Actually, Jameson, but only on my birth certificate.

ELI

Jameson. That's... pretty solid.

JAMIE

Yeah - dad's idea. My mum wanted to name me after some poet. So I got the compromise.

ELI

Nice. Well, I've got a few things I need to get done...

JAMIE

You're new round here, right?

ELI

Yeah, my mum and me just moved up from Melbourne.

JAMIE

Cool. How are you liking it?

ELI

OK I guess, it's very different. Actually, I need to find a job, you heard of anywhere that's looking for someone?

JAMIE

My sister works at Sullivan's hardware. Maybe try there.

ELI

Don't know if I'm a nuts and bolts person...

JAMIE

I don't think you need to be - she just does the checkout.

ELI

Maybe I could give it a try.

JAMIE

You should definitely give it a try. She'll be there, you can ask her yourself.

ELI

Okay, I will. You doing anything right now?

JAMIE

Apart from avoiding homework? No, why?

ELI

Maybe you could help me get to this Mr. Sullivan's?

JAMIE

Now? Sure. We can walk there from here.

ELI

Let's do it.

JAMIE

How come you left Melbourne?

ELI

Why do you need to know?

JAMIE

This is more like a place people leave.

ELI

Yeah? Well, it turns out some people don't get choices.

JAMIE

Right... hey, what are you like with muffins?

ELI

Sorry?

JAMIE

Sounds weird I know, but this café we go past,
their blueberry muffins are literally out of
this world.

ELI

I'll make a note. "Visit for world-class
muffins."

JAMIE

Try one if you don't believe me. You will not
regret it!

ELI

Okay, if I get this job, I'm giving them a go!

DUOLOGUE 2: JESSE AND RUMI

BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE SCHOOL MUSICAL

(Jesse and Rumi can be any gender that supports your interpretation. Using clues in the text, it's a good idea to create a backstory for each of the characters in your chosen scene, to help you give it meaning and depth.)

JESSE

So... final curtain.

RUMI

Yeah. You were on fire tonight.

JESSE

Hey, you were amazing too.

RUMI

Oh I don't think so.

JESSE

They loved you!

RUMI

No.

JESSE

So, what was the huge applause after your solo?

RUMI

Yeah, that was nice.

JESSE

And thanks for your help with the dances.
Without you, I'd have been dead meat.

RUMI

Oh, I'm sure you would have been just fine.

JESSE

So, yeah, I got you a err... It's not much,
just...

RUMI

You got me a gift?

JESSE

Yeah, I mean, it's just to say thank you. For
everything.

RUMI

Jesse, I didn't get you anything. I didn't know
we were...

JESSE

It's not about that. I just wanted to give you
something.. to remember the show...

RUMI

That's very kind, but you really didn't need
to. (opening it) Oh, it's beautiful, but I
can't accept this.

JESSE

It's just a name bracelet.

RUMI

I don't know what to say.

JESSE

Don't say anything.

RUMI

Thank you - it means a lot to me. I'm going to miss all this... the weekend rehearsals, the dancing...

JESSE

Me falling over the mic lead?

RUMI

(laughs) Something like that.

JESSE

Look, when you get back, maybe we could see a movie or something?

RUMI

A movie would be nice. I'd have to ask my... but, yeah, maybe.

JESSE

Right. After seeing me as Danny Zuko (or Rizzo), they probably think I'm the last person they'd...

RUMI

It's not you. They're just... I dunno, protective or something.

JESSE

I'm starting to get it. Wrong side of the tracks.

RUMI

Something like that. No, that didn't come out right. Sorry.

JESSE

Well, I'll still be here, Rumi. Even when you're on the other side of the world.

RUMI

And I'll be there... but also here. Oh, did that sound stupid?

JESSE

No - have a safe trip, okay? And don't forget me!

RUMI

No chance. See you.

JESSE

Yeah, see you round, like a rissole.

RUMI

Rissole?

JESSE

Aussie joke. It's sort of like a burger. And it's round. Yeah, don't worry about it!

RUMI

Okay...bye.

JESSE

Yeah, bye...

DUOLOGUE 3: JO AND CHARLIE

IN THEIR APARTMENT

(Jo and Charlie can be any gender that supports your interpretation. Using clues in the text, it's a good idea to create a backstory for each of the characters in your chosen scene, to help you give it meaning and depth.)

JO

So here's a thought - leave two days earlier, and instead of London we go via Amsterdam. That way we can see your cousin in Prague before hitting Paris.

CHARLIE

Great idea - would they give you those extra days off?

JO

Actually, that's sort of what I wanted to talk to you about tonight. I got offered the promotion.

CHARLIE

Wow, congratulations! That's incredible - we should celebrate-

JO

Thanks, but there's a bit of a catch. The job that they're offering me is in Perth

CHARLIE

Oh. Perth, as in... other side of the country,
Perth?

JO

Yeah, that Perth.

CHARLIE

That's... quite a big move.

JO

I know, but it's a huge opportunity.

CHARLIE

Right, that's a lot to take in all of a sudden.

JO

I get it. And I wouldn't be going immediately.
We've got time to figure things out.

PAUSE

CHARLIE

Going?

JO

Well, it's not like I can knock it back.

CHARLIE

So, what does that mean for us?

JO

Well I guess it would mean managing long-
distance for a while, but heaps of couples do
that.

CHARLIE

That's not a small thing. You know that, right?

JO

You don't think we're strong enough to handle it?

CHARLIE

I love my job here. It's taken me years to get this far and moving to Perth... I don't even know if I could find work there.

JO

Of course. I would never ask you to give up your career.

CHARLIE

But you can just decide to move to another city?

JO

You make it sound like I'm choosing a job over you.

CHARLIE

If it was me, I couldn't imagine choosing a job over you.

JO

Just because we don't make the same choices, doesn't mean you're not the most important person in my life.

CHARLIE

Are you sure about that?

JO

What are you saying? I love you, Charlie. Okay, I'm also ambitious. I thought you understood that.

CHARLIE

So how come you didn't tell me sooner?

JO

I only just found out myself and...

CHARLIE

Why does it feel like I'm supposed to go with whatever you decide.

JO

I'm not asking you to...

CHARLIE

If you're not prioritizing us, maybe that's what we really need to talk about. Not Prague or Paris.

JO

Wow, I thought you would be a bit more understanding.

CHARLIE

It's not about understanding, Jo, it's about what it means.

DUOLOGUE 4: ASHLEY AND TAYLOR

RUNNING AWAY FROM SOMETHING.

(Ashley and Bailey can be any gender that supports your interpretation. Using clues in the text, it's a good idea to create a backstory for each of the characters in your chosen scene, to help you give it meaning and depth.)

ASHLEY

Stop I can't go any further. My guts are churning.

BAILEY

That was so close. Did you see his face. I thought he was going to explode. But we got him! Well done us!

ASHLEY

It's pathetic.

BAILEY

What?

ASHLEY

I said it's pathetic that you think this is a way to spend an afternoon when we could be doing something constructive like seeing a movie or going to the gallery.

BAILEY

Sure. Who's paying? I don't have any money.

ASHLEY

Galleries are free.

BAILEY

Yeah, but not for the really cool stuff- you gotta pay for that. And anyway, we owed it to him. He deserved it. He's been making our lives miserable for too long.

ASHLEY

You're just one big resentment aren't you.

BAILEY

Hey enough with the psychoanalysing buddy. I was just looking to have fun. You didn't need to join me. Go make your own fun. Join a knitting circle. Go change the world.

ASHLEY

Well, I might just do that! I love knitting.

BAILEY

The lonely knitter making friends with lots of old ladies to chat about cross stitch.

ASHLEY

Cross Stitching is not knitting it is cross stitch. See - ignorant.

BAILEY

Wow! I'm loving your categorising of ignorance.

ASHLEY

Well, you are. You don't even consider other people or the results of your actions. You don't have an enquiring mind.

BAILEY

An enquiring mind!!! I enquire! I enquire all the time. Like today when I asked that drop kick if he wanted to see the bottom of my boot! I enquire!

ASHLEY

Whatever. I'm going home. I've got stuff to do.

BAILEY

What stuff?

ASHLEY

Life Stuff. People stuff. Responsible stuff. The stuff you don't care about.

BAILEY

Can I come?

ASHLEY

No, you'll be a distraction.

BAILEY

Do you have any food at your place.

ASHLEY

Maybe.

BAILEY

I'm hungry. Can I come.

ASHLEY

AAAHHH! Okay but only for a bite then you're out.

BAILEY

Sure, coz you'll need to get to your knitting!

DUOLOGUE 5: RIVER AND CASEY

THE DAY AFTER A PARTY

(River and Casey can be any gender that supports your interpretation. Using clues in the text, it's a good idea to create a backstory for each of the characters in your chosen scene, to help you give it meaning and depth.)

RIVER

What did you do!

CASEY

Nothing. I didn't do anything.

RIVER

It's all over social media. Everything. Our talk, heading to the party. That room. You've loaded everything.

CASEY

I didn't! I swear it wasn't me!

RIVER

No-one else has that footage. And I didn't even know you were recording it!!

CASEY

Settle down. IT. WASN'T. ME.

RIVER

So who is Gotcha?

CASEY

What??

RIVER

The name of the person who posted it. Gotcha!

CASEY

Show me.

(Looks at phone- sees the post. A lightbulb goes on.)

CASEY

Oh no. Oh no. This can't be happening.

RIVER

What? Who is it.

CASEY

It's this idiot who I ran into in mum's car. He actually ran into me, and he is refusing to own up to it and I said I would.. I dunno.. I tried to say something tough. But they have obviously decided to make my life hell. Oh I'm so sorry. This is crazy.

RIVER

This is too creepy. Someone must have been at the party following us and snuck into that room.

CASEY

Oh no. I think there was someone.. I thought, I thought I recognised them at the prang! They were following me! They ran into me on purpose. After the party. They already had the footage.

RIVER

Do you know anything about them? How old are they? What's the licence plate number. We could go to the police.

CASEY

Ok. I have that.

RIVER

Okay let's go.

DUOLOGUE 6: KOBY AND DARCY

AFTER A JOB INTERVIEW

(Koby and Darcy can be any gender that supports your interpretation. Using clues in the text, it's a good idea to create a backstory for each of the characters in your chosen scene, to help you give it meaning and depth.)

KOBY

Unfortunately, we're unable to make you an offer at this time.

DARCY

What? But my application was fantastic. You said so yourself.

KOBY

I know, it certainly was, but there was stiff competition which made the decision difficult for the panel.

DARCY

I'm confused. I know some of the other applicants and I have a lot more experience than them. Is there another reason I didn't get in?

KOBY

I'm not sure what you are saying but everyone was interviewed using the same criteria and unfortunately this time you've just missed out. As I said the competition was very tough. Thank you for your time.

DARCY

I want to see the criteria.

KOBY

We don't release that to applicants.

DARCY

Then how am I supposed to know how to improve for next time?

KOBY

Well, I could give you some broad feedback. It's highly irregular. We don't usually give any feedback but if you insist...

DARCY

I insist.

KOBY

Okay. In your interview your responses were a little... overbearing.

DARCY

What?

KOBY

The panel felt your opinion of your own abilities was such that you might have difficulty working with other members of the team.

DARCY

What are you talking about? I spent a fortune on coaching for this interview. They said talk yourself up, go in and be bold with your responses. Be sure of who you are.

KOBY

Well, that may not have been the best advice.

DARCY

Please give me another chance. I said that to the coach I said this is too much. This will turn them off. And they said no it was standard corporate practice and that you would be expecting me to big note myself. I should have just let my experience speak for itself. It's just that I really need this job.

KOBY

I am sorry, but the panel has made their decision.

DARCY

Please just one more chance! It's just, with everything at home and all... I need this job. Please.

KOBY

Well, and you didn't hear this from me, our competitor is advertising a similar position. Look it up. And don't go back to that coach.

DARCY

Thank you. I will...and I won't. Thank you.

KOBY

And tell them you were shortlisted here and only just missed out. That much is true. Good luck.

DARCY

Thank you!



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