

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) audition pieces

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

Applicants must present two very well-prepared monologues for the audition.

Below are some suggestions or you can choose your own pieces. We acknowledge that applicants may also be auditioning for other schools and may wish to use audition pieces suggested by those schools. It is not compulsory to have a Shakespeare text but you may use one if so desired. We encourage you however to be original in your choice, using pieces that are well suited to you.

Please ensure each piece is no longer than three minutes.

We suggest that you read the play to understand the full context of the piece.

This document should be read in conjunction with the information published under *Entry Requirements* at www.qut.edu.au/study/courses/bachelor-of-fine-arts/bachelor-of-fine-arts-acting.



Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) audition pieces

AWAY by Michael Gow: MEG

BOX THE PONY by Leah Purcell and Scott Rankin: LEAH

OLEANNA by David Mamet: CAROL

THE THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov: IRENA

LOVE AND INFORMATION by Caryl Churchill

GODCHILD by Deborah Bruce: LOU

CITY OF GOLD by Meyne Wyatt: CARINA

AWAY by Michael Gow: TOM

IN OUR TOWN by Jack Davis: DAVID

THE CHERRY ORCHARD by Anton Chekhov: LOPAKHIN

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov: TREPLEV

LOVE AND INFORMATION By Caryl Churchill

BREAKING THE CODE by Hugh Whitmore: KNOX

CITY OF GOLD by Meyne Wyatt: BREYTHE



Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) audition pieces

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.

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) audition pieces

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 Auntie 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...

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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)*

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THE THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov

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.

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) audition pieces

LOVE AND INFORMATION by Caryl Churchill

One person tells a story to another.

Once upon a time there was a child who didn't know what fear was and he wanted to find out. So his friends said, Cold shiver down your back, legs go funny, sometimes your hands no not your hands yes your hands tingle, it's more in your head, it's in your stomach, your belly you shit yourself, you can't breathe, your skin your skin creeps, it's a shiver a shudder do you really not know what it is? And the child said, I don't know what you mean. So they took him to a big dark empty house everyone said was haunted. They said, No one's ever been able to stay here till morning, you won't stay till midnight, you won't last a hour, and the child said, Why, what's going to happen? And they said, You'll know what we mean about being frightened. And the child said, Good, that's what I want to know. So in the morning his friends came back and there was the child sitting in the dusty room. And they said, You're still here? what happened? And the child said, There were things walking about, dead things, some of them didn't have heads and a monster with glowing – and his friends said, Didn't you run away? and the child said, There were weird noises like screams and like music but not music, and his friends said, What did you feel? and the child said, It came right up to me and put out its hand, and his friends said, Didn't your hair your stomach the back of your neck your legs weren't you frightened? And the child said, No, it's no good, I didn't feel anything, I still don't know what fear is. And on the way home he met a lion and the lion ate him.

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RABBIT HOLE by David Lindsay-Abair

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.

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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.

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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.

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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! Azdak gets up. He begins to beam. With a little hammer he knocks on the table halfheartedly as if to get silence. But as Grusha's scolding continues, he only beats time with it. I've no respect for you. No more than for a thief or a murderer with a knife, who does what 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. As a punishment. To make them sit in judgment over their fellow men, which is worse than swinging from the gallows.

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) audition pieces

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?

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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.

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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!

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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.

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LOVE AND INFORMATION By Caryl Churchill

One person tells a story to another

Once upon a time there was a child who didn't know what fear was and he wanted to find out. So his friends said, Cold shiver down your back, legs go funny, sometimes your hands no not your hands yes your hands tingle, it's more in your head, it's in your stomach, your belly you shit yourself, you can't breathe, your skin your skin creeps, it's a shiver a shudder do you really not know what it is? And the child said, I don't know what you mean. So they took him to a big dark empty house everyone said was haunted. They said, No one's ever been able to stay here till morning, you won't stay till midnight, you won't last a hour, and the child said, Why, what's going to happen? And they said, You'll know what we mean about being frightened. And the child said, Good, that's what I want to know. So in the morning his friends came back and there was the child sitting in the dusty room. And they said, You're still here? what happened? And the child said, There were things walking about, dead things, some of them didn't have heads and a monster with glowing – and his friends said, Didn't you run away? and the child said, There were weird noises like screams and like music but not music, and his friends said, What did you feel? and the child said, It came right up to me and put out its hand, and his friends said, Didn't your hair your stomach the back of your neck your legs weren't you frightened? And the child said, No, it's no good, I didn't feel anything, I still don't know what fear is. And on the way home he met a lion and the lion ate him.

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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'.

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) audition pieces

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...