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Edith Cowan University

AUDITION PIECES FOR MEN

2020 Commencement

If applying for more than one of the courses below, you may use the same monologue for each audition.

Feel free to choose monologues from either the male or female lists.

BACHELOR OF ARTS (ACTING) COURSE, 10294NAT DIPLOMA OF ACTING

You must prepare *two* pieces from the monologues provided: one *Shakespeare or Heightened Text* piece; and one *Contemporary Text* piece.

MUSIC THEATRE COURSES BACHELOR, OR DIPLOMA

You must prepare any *one* piece from the monologues provided in addition to the *two* songs.

BACHELOR OF PERFORMING ARTS (PERFORMANCE MAKING)

You must prepare *one* piece from the *contemporary* monologues provided.

Some monologues may have been edited. Please prepare the version provided.



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MALE CONTEMPORARY

1. *WHEN THE RAIN STOPS FALLING* by Andrew Bovell, Joe.
2. *UP THE LADDER* by Roger Bennett, Johnny.
3. *THE CHERRY ORCHARD* by Anton Chekhov English language version by Simon Stephens, Alexander.
4. *AWAY* by Michael Gow, Tom.
5. *THE MISANTHROPE* by Moliere in a version by Martin Crimp, *Alceste*.
6. *SWEAT* by Lynn Nottage, Chris.
7. *UNBEARABLE HOTNESS* by Gabriel Davis, Brandon.

MALE SHAKESPEARE

1. *TAMING OF THE SHREW*, Act IV, Scene i, Petruchio.
2. *KING HENRY THE SIXTH PART ONE*, Act V Scene iii, Suffolk.
3. *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*, ACT I, Scene iii, Shylock.
4. *TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT*, ACT IV, Scene i, Tamburlaine.
5. *TWO GENTLEMAN OF VERONA*, Act II, Scene iii, Launce.
6. *HAMLET*, Act II, Scene ii, Hamlet.
7. *THE TEMPEST*, Act II, Scene ii, Caliban.



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MALE CONTEMPORARY

WHEN THE RAIN STOPS FALLING

by Andrew Bovell

Joe

It's 1988, I'm twenty-four years old. I'm driving a Datsun 180B. I'm crossing the Hay Plain halfway between Sydney and Adelaide. I'm sitting on a hundred and ten k's, but I'm itching to go faster. Itching to get home. But the cops are up and down this stretch and I don't want to risk it. I'm heading back to my parents' farm on the Coorong. I tried the city. It didn't work. It's not for me. Too fast. Too sharp. The Coorong's where I belong. Dad's rapt. He'll be waiting at the gate pretending to fix a fence. Mum will be in the kitchen. She's not so sure. She doesn't think there's such a great future on the land. 'We've messed it up,' she says, 'We've done the wrong thing.' But nobody believes her. A visionary, my mum. A simple woman but a visionary. So I'm sitting on a hundred and ten and this Ford passes me, doing a hundred and forty at least. Idiot. I say. Idiot. Hate that. Hate getting passed. You're doing the right thing and somebody passes and it just makes you feel like you're fifty years old or something. Then thirty k's out of Narrandera I come around a bend and there she is, the Ford, wrapped around a tree with steam coming out of her bonnet. I pull over. I get out. I move towards the car. I don't want to look. There's blood on the windscreen. I bend down. The driver's mincemeat. But there's a girl in there. She's moaning. There's blood all over her face. 'Hey...hey, can you hear me.' Her eyes open and she can see me, just for a moment she sees me and then her eyes start to fade. I've seen sheep die. I've seen dogs die. I've seen my grandma die. I know that look. So I reach in and grab her hand. 'Hey...wake up. Stay with me,' and her eyes flick open and feel a faint pressure of her hand holding mine back. 'I've got you,' I say, 'I'm holding on. I've got you.' Christ...where's the help? Where's the



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sirens? Why aren't there any fucking cars on this highway? And she's quiet. Too quiet. And I squeeze her hand hard. I squeeze it so hard. 'I'm not letting you go.' And I see her lips move, she's trying to say something. I try and get close as I can, get right in there, into the twisted metal of it. 'What is it? What are trying to say?' And she says really quietly, 'You're hurting my hand.' And I laughed. Probably not the right thing to do. I mean, there's some bloke dead beside her, but it was the relief, you know, I knew she was going to make it. So I ease up the pressure a little but I keep holding on. 'What's your name?' I say. 'Gabrielle.' What? 'Gabrielle. It's biblical,' she says. And I know she's safe, this Gabrielle, but I'm holding on. I'm still holding on.



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UP THE LADDER

by Roger Bennett

Johnny

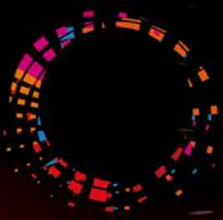
When I stare into the mirror I keep asking myself over and over and over,
“What’s wrong with me?” I got no horns growing out of my head. I got no
big tail growing out of my moun.

What’s wrong with me, Mum...? Why do some white fullas stare at me and
abuse me with so much feeling of hatred in their voices? Why are things
this way?

Burke and Wills, they didn’t have to die the way they did. They only had to
ask. Very strange...

I don’t know, Mum. I just keep moving and searching, hoping that one day I
might find a place that suits me. I never used to hate, but now I seen a lot
more of this country and the treatment of us blackfullas, I start to get sick
and want to spew up everything inside me.

I keep thinking of Mick’s death and tears come to my eyes. He was like a
brother to me, Mum. I know he was troublesome at times and did things
on the spur of the moment. But the frustration that builds up like an
animal in a cage...with no way out. What Mick did was like a key to the door
that gave him a sense of freedom...It was his way of saying, “Let me go...let
me go!” When I heard the coppers found him hanging by his shirt in the
cell I felt a hundred years pass by me. I cried all week. Mick was part of
me...a part of my life just seemed to have shriveled up and died. He was
my friend and brother. I loved him.



THE CHERRY ORCHARD

by Anton Chekhov English language version by Simon Stephens

Alexander

I bought it. Would you bear with me? My head's a bit confused. I don't know what to say.

He laughs

When we got there, there was already a crowd. Deriganov was there. A few others. Leo had a hundred and fifty thousand. That's all he had. Deriganov bid three hundred thousand straight away on top of all the debt. I saw what was going on. I didn't have much choice. I took him on. I bid four hundred. He bid four fifty. I bid five hundred and fifty. He kept going up in fifties. So I went up in hundreds. And that's how it ended up. I bid nine hundred on top of the debt. I got it. The estate is mine. The cherry orchard is mine! Mine. My God! My friends, the cherry orchard is mine! Am I drunk?

Or am I mad? I might have gone mad? Is this all a hallucination?

He stamps his feet

Don't laugh. Don't you laugh at me.

If my father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather could drag themselves out of their graves by their claws and see me here now. And see their little Alexander, who could barely even read and who they used to beat up and who used to run round here in winter with no shoes on his feet, this same Alexander, has bought an estate, and not just any estate, the finest estate in the world! The estate where they were farmhands! They weren't even allowed in the kitchen.

I must be dreaming. I must be. Mustn't I? That's what it feels like.



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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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THE MISANTHROPE

by Moliere in a version by Martin Crimp

Alceste

How can you joke about it? The world
you inhabit turns betrayal into a game –
only there are no rules, and no sense of shame.
You've just amused yourself with me
(of course, I instinctively
knew that, and everything she's said
confirms things I already
suspected). But I had no real conception
that such effortless deception
was innate.

I warn you: you've chosen the wrong person to
humiliate.

I accept that you have every right
to love who you like, to spend the night
with who you like. Love – clearly – can't be forced
on someone any more than it can be divorced
from passion. Yes – I understand desire –
but not the chronic need to be a liar.

What was it you said to me?

'Love is a word you don't use lightly'?

If that's the case

then not just love but life itself in meaningless:
and we reach the terminal stage
where there's no feeling left – only rage.

I feel physically sick
just at the thought of it.

You have no soul.

(I think I'd better leave before I lose control.)



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SWEAT

By Lynn Nottage

Chris

I dunno. A couple of minutes, and your whole life changes, that's it. Its gone. Every day I think about what If I hadn't... You know... I run it and run it, a tape over and over again. What if. What if. What if. All night. In my head. I can't turn it off.

And then one day, there he is, Jason, crossing Penn St. He sees me. I see him. Neither of us could move for a second. We... it was... I've been thinking about what I would do in that moment. How I would react, what I would say. I mean...Fuck it. What we did was unforgivable...

Next thing I know, I'm walking fast towards him, I don't know what I'm gonna do. But the emotions are right there in my chest. A fist pressing right there. Pressing. And I keep walking. And I'm expecting him to walk away, do something, but he just stands there like he's been waiting on me all these years.

And... we come face to face. Like right here. I can smell his breath, that's how close we are. I can see the fucking veins in his eyes. And my fists clench. My fingernails dig into the palms of my hands and then it just happens... weird... we start hugging. I don't know why. And for the first time in eight years. I feel like I can go home.



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UNBEARABLE HOTNESS

by Gabriel Davis

Brandon

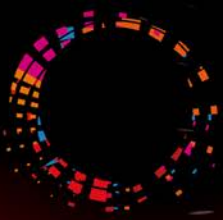
I just fuckin' killed Chuck. I think. I mean, he's just laying out there. He's not moving. I don't think he's breathing.

I mean, there I was just up on the roof with Marissa – talking, laughing, having a great time. I tell her she reminds me of Sandra Bullock. I tell her I loved “Hope Floats”. Who knew those would be the magic words? Next thing I know her clothes are off and we're loosening roof shingles like there's no tomorrow. And then there's biting and kissing and touching and suddenly someone starts beating on me, I mean, just pounding on me and growling. Yeah, growling. And I look up and there's Chuck. And I'm like, “What's the problem?” and he says “The problem is, dude, you're fucking my girlfriend.”

So I look at Marissa and I'm like “You're someone's girlfriend?” And she says “No.” Then it comes out Chuck just wishes she's his girlfriend but actually she's his cousin or something, so he's got these feelings of guilt about wanting her...and then he starts crying.

So that ruined the mood. Marissa puts her clothes on, and she goes back down through the window, back into the party. And I'm left with Chuck. Blubbering, whining, crying Chuck.

And he starts in on how he's just this total fuck up and maybe he should just throw himself off the roof. And for a split second I'm thinking “YES! Throw yourself off the roof! Do it!” But I don't say that. I say “You're going to get a girl, buddy, just maybe not your cousin, huh?” And then I give him a friendly pat on the back. A nice manly slap on the back. And he looked heavy, I mean, who knew he'd go flying. Who knew he'd go flying right off the roof?



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MALE SHAKESPEARE

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act IV, Scene i

Petruchio

Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stooped she must not be full-gorged
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call –
That is, to watch her as we watch these kites
That bate and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, not tonight she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets,
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverent care of her,
And in conclusion she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
Humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak. 'Tis charity to show.



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KING HENRY THE SIXTH PART ONE

Act V, Scene iii

Suffolk

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. *Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.

Who are thou, say, that I may honour thee?

An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

O, stay! – I have no power to let her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams.

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, de la Pole! Disable not thyself;

Hast not a tongue? Is she not prisoner here?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such

Confounds the tongue and makes the sense rough.



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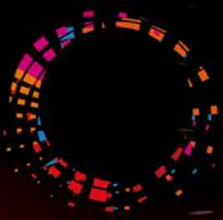
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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Act I, Scene iii

Shylock

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys," you say so:
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold, moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key
With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness
Say this:
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day, another time
You call'd me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?



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TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT PART II BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Act IV, Scene i

Tamburlaine

Well, bark, ye dogs: I'll bridle all your tongues,
And bind them close with bits of burnish'd steel,
Down to the channels of your hateful throats;
And, with the pains my rigour shall inflict,
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth
The far-resounding torments ye sustain;
As when an herd of lusty Cimbrian bulls
Run mourning round about the females' miss,
And, stung with fury of their following,
Fill all the air with troublous bellowing.
I will, with engines never exercis'd
Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the heavens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of Mahomet
For hot consumption of his country's pride;
And, till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say "Cease, my Tamburlaine,"
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armed men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honour of my wondrous victories.—
Come, bring them in to our pavilion.



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TWO GENTLEMAN OF VERONA

Act II, Sc iii

Launce

Nay, twill be this hour ere I have done weeping. All the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives. My mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandma, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is my father. No, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so – it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! There 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog – O, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: 'Father, your blessings.' Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now should I kiss my father – well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her – why, there 'tis: here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word!



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HAMLET

Act II, Scene ii

Hamlet

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspects,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing – no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i'th throat
As deep as the lungs – who does me this?
Ha!



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THE TEMPEST

Act II, Sc ii

Caliban

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.