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Edith Cowan University

AUDITION PIECES FOR WOMEN

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 the 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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FEMALE CONTEMPORARY

1. *A LIE OF THE MIND* by Sam Shepard, Sally.
2. *BLACK MEDEA* by Wesley Enoch, Medea.
3. *DIVING FOR PEARLS* by Katherine Thompson, Verge.
4. *DESERT, 6.29pm* by Morgan Rose, Xan.
5. *CRIMES OF THE HEART* by Beth Henley, Meg.
6. *UNCLE VANYA* by Anton Chekhov, Yelena.
7. *ANNA ROBI AND THE HOUSE OF DOGS* by Maxine Mellor, Anna.

FEMALE SHAKESPEARE

1. *MACBETH*, ACT I, Scene v, Lady Macbeth.
2. *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*, Act III Sc ii, Cressida.
3. *KING LEAR*, Act IV Scene vii, Cordelia.
4. *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*, Act IV, Scene iii, Courtesan.
5. *JULIUS CAESAR*, Act II, Scene i, Portia.
6. *KING HENRY THE SIXTH*, Act V Scene iv, Joan la Pucelle.
7. *ROMEO AND JULIET*, Act II Scene v, Juliet.



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FEMALE CONTEMPORARY

A LIE OF THE MIND

by Sam Shepard

SALLY

That was before. Before he'd had a drink. Now it was like he'd had a transfusion or somethin'. That tequila went right into his blood and lit him on fire. He crouched down in a racing position right beside Jake. And they were both deadly serious. And then they took off. Dad took about four strides and fell flat on his face in the street but Jake never stopped. He ran like a wild colt and never once looked back. Straight into the next bar up the block. I went over and tried to help Dad up but he turned on me and snarled. Just like a dog. Just exactly like a crazy dog. I saw it in his eyes. This deep, deep hate that came from somewhere far away. It was pure, black hate with no purpose. He wouldn't let me help him. He just crawled up the street toward the bar that Jake went into. And there I was following along behind. I felt so stupid. He kept turning and snarling at me to keep back. But I didn't wanna fall too far back 'cause I was afraid somethin' – I was afraid something' bad might happen to him and – it happened anyway. Jake came up with a brilliant idea. He said, since we were only about a mile from the American border we should hit every bar and continue the race until we got to the other side. First one to the other side, won. First one to America! But we couldn't miss a bar. Right then I knew what Jake had in mind. (Pause) Jake had decided to kill him.



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BLACK MEDEA

by Wesley Enoch

Medea

I am not frightened of you. I have faced everything I fear and defeated it. You think you are a match for me? The day has finally come...and today...I will vanquish you. Today...Jason and I will no longer run. And you will feel the sharpened edge of a mother's love and a wife's loyalty.

I can feel you, I can hear you coming. I am ready for you. Hear me... I am ready for you.

Come out and face me. Face me!

This is not a fit place for our final battle. But here you have chosen and here it must be. Were it up to me I would choose the open desert where you could not hide amongst those scared strangers clutching to the coast like cowering children.

I have not sacrificed everything to fail now. I have dreams.

Who am I to have such dreams? Who am I to go against even you?

I am a daughter of this Land, I have the knowledge of my people. I have the power of my clan, I have the strength of my marriage, I have the love of my husband, I have the weapons of my wits. I am Medea.

So come now and face me.

There is a blood debt to pay and not a drop of mine shall fall upon the thirsty earth.



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DIVING FOR PEARLS

by Katherine Thompson

Verge

I'm wrecked. How was I meant to find you. It could have been an emergency. I wouldn't have started if I'd known – it's been very bloody hard. Don't think it hasn't. I'm right, I got off the right train. The taxi was parked where you get off so I didn't have to wave all over the roadside. I went to that, that Buena Vista place but they were all stupid. So I said to the taxi we'd go to....to your old house and Barry, says, he says, she live somewhere else now. Turn up the books or something. I didn't know what he was talking about. I actually want my mother, actually Barry. And he says I'll drive you, and his breath all had beer on it. Under oh-five and stay alive. No thank you. So I say the taxi's still here I can manage. So he looks up the phone book and writes down the address. Something or other Bethlehem Street. I tell the driver who was quite nice and he can't read the number either. Drunk writing. I'm fed up but I have to knock on all these doors. Do you know where my mother lives? Speak English why don't you. And the driver's waiting and I'm cross – and lucky for me you start screaming. There she is. So. Nice House.



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DESERT 6.29pm

by Morgan Rose

Xan

Xan's finger is barely touching her right arm. She can see that they are touching but she can't actually feel it. She can't feel anything. It's trippy. Her mother is eating salad in the annoying way. Her brother is staring at her. Stop. Her father is doing that thing where he pretends his cutlery is drumsticks. God that's dumb. He's so dumb.

I'm trying to remember. But I can't. Everything's just.

Xan tells herself to focus. She takes a bite of chicken. She lets it sit inside her mouth. It's disgusting. She spits it out into a napkin.

She tries to make a list of everything that's bothering her. But it's too big. It's everything. Just everything that's ever happened.

Everything ever in the history of history.

She's trying to remember a specific moment through the smoke of it all but terrible pictures keep popping up instead of the thing she's looking for. A car crashing. A plane crashing. People screaming. The end of the world. A failed maths exam last Tuesday. Every detail of the stupid room. The television murmur. No. No.

It's your face. That time that. That time last year at Marissa Mancini's birthday party where you touch my right arm and say 'do you know if there's beer?'

Your touch my arm. You touch my arm. My forearm. My forearm here. And the music is. It's Drake. It's not loud enough. It doesn't feel like a party.



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You touch my arm and say 'do you know if there's beer?'
And your face is just glowing. But I pretend it's not. And I say 'Marissa's
mum's right over there'. Marissa's mum's right over there. Like an idiot.

And your hand lands on my waist for half a second.

Your hand lands on my waist and I evaporate.

And now.

The clock on the wall – It's about 6.30.

Also.

The stained carpet.

Xan acting weird.

Xan realizing she should stop being a freak and say something.

Say something.

Say something normal.

Go.



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CRIMES OF THE HEART

by Beth Henley

Meg

Oh, Lenny, listen to me, now, everything's all right with Doc. I mean nothing happened. Well, actually a lot did happen, but it didn't come to anything. Not because of me, I'm afraid. I mean, I was out there thinking, "What will I say when he begs me to run away with him? Will I have pity on his wife and those two half-Yankee children? I mean, can I sacrifice their happiness for mine? Yes! Oh, yes! Yes, I can!" But...he didn't ask me. He didn't ask me. He didn't even want to ask me. I could tell by this certain look in his eyes that he didn't even want to ask me. Why aren't I miserable! Why aren't I morbid! I should be humiliated! Devastated! Maybe these feelings are coming – I don't know. But for now it was...just such fun. I'm happy. I realized I could care about someone. I could want someone. And I sang! I sang all night long! I sang right up into the trees! But not for Old Granddaddy. None of it was to please old Granddaddy!



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UNCLE VANYA

by Anton Chekhov

Yelena

It's the worst thing in the world when someone is suffering in secret and you can do nothing to help. (*Pondering*). He doesn't love her, that's obvious but is that a good reason not to marry her? She isn't beautiful but he's only a country doctor and he's not young. She'll make a lovely wife; she's got a good mind, she's thoughtful, unspoilt....No, that's not it. She's not...(*Pause*). I understand her, poor girl.

The tedium of this place. No human beings, just grey mists hovering, the only words you hear banalities from which you can vaguely distinguish arrivals, departures, someone's drinking, someone's asleep...Then he appears, utterly unlike everyone, beautiful, intriguing, compelling – like the moon against the dark sky...

To yield to his allure, to lose control is...Perhaps I've also been swept away – a little. Yes. I'm bored when he's not here. And if I think of him I smile.

Uncle Vanya says Rusalka's blood flows in my veins.

'For once in my life, let yourself go...' Perhaps I will...Perhaps I'll fly away, free as a bird, far from you all – forget you ever existed, any of you. But I'm a coward, I'm trapped inside myself...My conscience would torture me...He comes here every day... and as soon as I think of why, I accuse myself, I feel I should fall on my knees in front of Sonya and beg her to forgive me, I ought to weep...



ANNA ROBI AND THE HOUSE OF DOGS

by Maxine Mellor

Anna

I wouldn't mind looking after him. If he got a fever or disease or something, turned all slimy like ham that's gone bad, I'd peel off his shirt, lay him down on new sheets, and dab him with a washer. Bucket near his head for the sick. Blender lasagna into custard so he could drink it. Help him pee. I wouldn't mind doing that. Cos what we've got is worth getting better for. Me and him.

And while I'm holding the coke bottle for him to pee in, he'd look at me and I'd look at it....and we'd do it. On his sick bed. Cold fever sweats and dry retching the whole time. Who'd care if it was bad when afterwards the sweat seals our bodies together like a bandaid....We'd be glowing.

She glows a little

Even if he was dying, I'd sit by him, and even after. He'll kiss my cheek with his last breath. Dry-vomit lips on my clean skin. And I won't start crying cos I don't want the tears to wash that last bit of life off my face. And for as long as I live I wouldn't let another kiss me there. Not even after all the sick saliva seeps into my skin – and he's inside of me forever. Not even then.

MOTHER stirs. It stops glowing

But how do you lose your virginity when you share a bed with your mother?



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FEMALE SHAKESPEARE

MACBETH

ACT I, Scene v

Lady Macbeth

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you Spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up th'access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, your murth'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances,
You wait on Nature's mischief! Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth

Great Glams! Worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.



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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Act III, Scene ii

Cressida

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.
Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever – Pardon me:
If I confess much you will play the tyrant.
I love you now, but till now not so much
But I might master it. In faith I lie –
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. – See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves? –
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weak draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.



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KING LEAR

Act IV, Scene vii

Cordelia

O you kind Gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th'untuned and jarring senses, O! wind up
Of this child-changed father.
Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th'sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity on them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolt thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stoke
Of quick, cross lightning? To watch – poor *perdu!* –
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.



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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Act II, Scene iii

Courtesan

Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.



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JULIUS CAESAR

ACT II SC I

Portia

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dark morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
It is excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.



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KING HENRY THE SIXTH – PART 1

Act V Scene IV

Joan la Pucelle

First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I have never had to do with wicked spirits;
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceive Joan of Aire hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.



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ROMEO AND JULIET

Act II Scene v

Juliet

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him – that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over lowering hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks – many feign as they were dead
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.
O God, she comes.