

## Studio 2017/18 AUDITION PACK

The Studio is an advanced, comprehensive skills development program for talented 17-25 year olds who may identify as potential professional actors or theatre-makers. Selected through an audition process, Studio ensemble members will engage in tuition and performance preparation across the coming seven months. Local teaching artist and director Anni Gifford will lead the Studio 2017/18 program.

The 2017/18 Studio ensemble will be involved in two professional projects at HotHouse Theatre. The first is a rehearsed community reading of *Hotel Bonegilla* 16<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup> November, to be directed by Anni Gifford. The second is our first subscription season show in March 2018, to be directed by Sydney-based Sport for Jove's Artistic Director Damien Ryan.

### STUDIO TUITION FEES

A fee of \$200 covers all Studio training, tuition and participation for 2017/18. Whilst the fee is low, Studio requires a big commitment of time, talent and energy! Before you audition, please read below about the basic class, rehearsal, and performance dates for 2017/18. To be part of the ensemble, you must be available for the dates indicated.

### STUDIO SCHEDULE

#### 2017 classes

Classes run on **Tuesday nights 5 - 7pm** during school terms, but there will also be additional rehearsals leading up to performance seasons.

The first Studio class for 2017 is **Tuesday 5th September**, with classes held on Tuesdays until the end of Term 3. Classes resume on **10<sup>th</sup> October** after the school holiday break, running through to the opening of *Hotel Bonegilla*. Studio classes will resume at the end of January 2018.

#### 2018 classes

Classes commence **Tuesday 30 January**, running through to the opening of *The River at the End of the Road* on Friday 9<sup>th</sup> March.

#### Rehearsals and performances

##### ***Hotel Bonegilla***

- Additional rehearsals may be held in October and November leading into the *Hotel Bonegilla* performance week.
- Technical rehearsals for *Hotel Bonegilla* will be held on the evenings of Monday 13th to Wednesday 15th November.
- *Hotel Bonegilla* opens Thursday 16th November (7pm), and plays Friday 17th (7pm), with

two performances on Saturday 18th (3pm and 7pm).

### ***The River at the End of the Road***

- Additional rehearsals will be scheduled for the two weeks commencing 26th February and 5<sup>th</sup> March 2018. Studio members must be available for after school and weekend rehearsals during these busy two weeks!
- *The River at the End of the Road* opens Friday 9<sup>th</sup> March and plays Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> (matinee and evening), Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> (evening), Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup> (evening), Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> (evening), Friday 16<sup>th</sup> (evening), Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> (matinee and evening).

If you are interested in auditioning and want to discuss any of the above, please contact Lyn (Wallis) for a chat: [lyn@hothouseatre.com.au](mailto:lyn@hothouseatre.com.au) or 02 6021 7433.

### **AUDITIONS**

Auditions for Studio 2017/18 will be held at the **Butter Factory Theatre, Gateway Island**. Individual auditions will be held every 15 minutes on the following days/times:

**Tuesday 22 August (4.30-5.30pm), Thursday 24 August (4.30-6.30pm) and Friday 25 August (4.30-6.30pm).**

Please contact Artistic Program Producer Beck Palmer to book a 15-minute audition time: Include your name and contact details in the email, and **the day** you prefer to audition. Beck will then contact you to confirm a specific audition time.

[beck@hothouseatre.com.au](mailto:beck@hothouseatre.com.au) or 02 6021 7433.

### **Audition preparation**

You need to prepare two pieces for your audition. The more you practice, the better your audition will be. Please don't book an audition time if you aren't prepared to do your best.

1. Please prepare **one monologue** from the monologues provided below. You must *learn* the monologue (no reading).
2. Please also prepare **a short piece of your own choosing**. This could be anything performative: a song, a spoken word poem or story, a dance, an instrumental piece, another short monologue. Or you can show us a hidden talent. It's up to you!

**SCROLL DOWN FOR MONOLOGUES**

## MONOLOGUES: MALE & FEMALE CHARACTERS

### FEMALE

#### **1. 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.

#### **2. Dags**

by Debra Oswald

##### **Gillian**

All right. I'm going to admit something I never thought I'd admit to anyone ever.

I've got a crush on Adam.

Head over heels. Uncontrollable passion, etcetera. Unrequited passion, of course. Now I know this sounds like I'm throwing away everything I've said so far. And I guess I am. I know every girl at school except Monica is in love with him. I know he'd never go for a dag like me. I know it's hopeless. I know all that. But I can't help it.

Just thinking he might look at me, my heart starts pounding like mad. And then I worry about whether he can tell my heart's going crazy, and I have to act really cool. This crush – it's like a disease.

Do you know – oh, I'm almost too embarrassed to admit this – Adam misses the bus sometimes. 'Cos he's chatting up some girl or something. And do you know what I do? I get off the bus after one stop and walk back to school, so I can hang round the bus stop hoping he'll turn up. Just so I can ride on the same bus with him. Isn't that the most pathetic thing you've ever heard?

I'm crazy. I can lie here for hours thinking about him. Writing these movies in my head where Adam and me are the stars. I try to imagine how he'd notice me and fall hopelessly in love with me and all that. Like, one of my favourites is that the bus breaks down one day in this remote place and there we are stranded together. He discovers that I was this really fascinating woman all along. Far more interesting than all those silly girls at school. *But* – I say that I can't bear to be just another notch on his belt. So Adam has to beg me to go out with him. Grovel almost. That's a pretty over-the-top version.

### **3. The Seed**

by Kate Mulvany

#### **Rose**

There was a spray that Dad breathed in and now I don't have the eggs. They've all been destroyed by radiotherapy and even if they found one, I can't carry it. The tumour wiped out half my organs, my body can't support a baby. Grandda, I'm thirty and I've just started menopause. I will never have children.

(Beat) I will never have children. (Beat) I will never have children.

And you know what? I don't think I deserve them anyway. When a friend tells me she is pregnant I smile and hug and kiss and ask her dumb questions. 'How far along?' 'Any names picked yet?' 'What are you craving?' But I don't let on what I'm craving. That despite my big smile and congratulations I'm green and I'm bubbling and I'm thinking, you bitch, I hope it fucking dies inside you, you bitch. And when a pregnant woman walks past me on the street I want punch her belly and walk away when she falls to the ground and just leave her there to deal with it. And when a husband tells me he's having his third boy I want to put my hand down his pants and rip his fucking cock off and squeeze it dry of any seed. And when I see a baby in a pram...

(Beat)

I just want to pick it up and smell its skin and hold it to my heart and stoke its little head and never let another person touch it for the rest of its life. Is that normal, Grandda? I don't know. And I never will. Because the seed stops here.

### **4. The Laramie Project**

By Moisés Kaufman

## **Reggie**

When I got there, the first – at first the only thing I could see was partially somebody's feet and I got out of my vehicle and raced over – I seen what appeared to be a young man, thirteen, fourteen years old because he was so tiny laying on his back and he was tied to the bottom end of a pole.

I did the best I could. The gentleman that was laying on the ground, Matthew Shepard, he was covered in dry blood all over his head, there was dry blood underneath him and he was barely breathing ... he was doing the best he could. I was going to breathe for him and couldn't get his mouth open – his mouth wouldn't open for me.

He was covered in, like I said, partially dry blood and blood all over his head – the only place that he did not have any blood on him, on his face, was what appeared to be where he had been crying down his face. His head wad distorted – you know, it did not look normal – he looked as if he had a real harsh head wound.

He was tied to the fence – his hands were thumbs out in what we call a cuffing position – the way we handcuff people. He was bound with real thin white rope, it went around the bottom of the pole, about four inches up off the ground. His shoes were missing,

He was tied extremely tight – so I used my boot knife and tried to slip it between the rope and his wrist – I had to be extremely careful not to harm Matthew any further.

## **5. The 7 Stages of Grieving**

by Wesley Enoch & Deborah Mailman

### **Murri Woman**

Have you ever been black? You know when you wake up one morning and you're black? Happened to me this morning. I was in the bathroom, looking in the mirror and I thought, "Nice hair, beautiful black skin, white shiny teeth... I'm BLACK!"

You get a lot of attention, special treatment from being black. I'm in this expensive shop and there's this guy next to me, nice hair, nice tie, nice suit, waving a nice big gun in the air and the shop assistant says, "Keep an eye on the black... eye on the black."

OK, so I went to try on a dress and the shop assistant escorts me to the 'special' dressing room, the one equipped with video cameras, warning to shop lifters, a security guard, sniffer dog... Just so I don't put anything I shouldn't on my nice dress, nice hair, beautiful black skin and white shiny teeth...

Now I'm in this crowded elevator, bathed in perfume, in my nice dress, nice hair, beautiful black skin and white shiny teeth... 'Hey which way'. *The Woman sniffs the air.*

Somebody boodgi and they all look at me!

Now I go to my deadly Datsun, looking pretty deadly myself, which way, lock my keys in the car. Eh but this Murri too good, she got a coat hanger in her bag! Fiddling around for a good five seconds and started hearing sirens, look around, policeman, fireman, army, fucken UN and that same snifferdog. Just to make sure everything's OK.

*Spoken in an American accent while holding the audience at 'gunpoint'.*

"Who owns the car, Ma'am?"

*Indicating herself.*

"ME."

So I'm driving along in my deadly Datsun, stylin' up to that rear vision mirror. Car breaks down. Get out. Started waving people for help.

*Imitating a fast car.*

Started waving people for help. Vroom! Started waving people for help. Vroom!

Next minute I see this black shape coming down the road – fucken sniffer dog.

Finally get home, with the help of the policeman, fireman, army, fucken UN. Still looking deadly in my nice dress, nice hair, beautiful black skin and white shiny teeth. Aunty comes in, "Eh Sisgirl, nice dress, can I borrow it? 'Mmmm'.

Thinking that tomorrow will be a better day, I go to bed. Kicking that sniffer dog out. Still with the sound of sirens in my head. Snuggling up to my doona and pillow. Morning comes, I wake up, looking in the mirror. Nice hair, beautiful black skin, white shiny teeth. I'M STILL BLACK! NUNNA!

## **6. Stuff Happens**

By David Hare

### **A Brit in New York**

'America changed.' That's what we're told. 'On September 11th everything changed.' 'If you're not American, you can't understand.' The infantile psychobabble of popular culture is grafted opportunistically onto America's politics. The language of childish entitlement becomes the lethal rhetoric of global wealth and privilege. Asked how you are as President, on the first day of a war which will kill around thirty thousand people: 'I feel good.'

I was in Saks Fifth Avenue the morning they bombed Baghdad. 'Isn't it wonderful?' says the saleswoman. 'At last we're hitting back.' 'Yes,' I reply. 'At the wrong people. Somebody steals your handbag, so you kill their second cousin, on the grounds they live close. Explain to me,' I say, 'Saudi Arabia is financing Al Qaeda. Iran, Lebanon and Syria are known to shelter terrorists. North Korea is developing a nuclear weapons programme. All these you leave alone. No, you go to war with the one place in the region admitted to have no connection with terrorism.' 'You're not American,' says the saleswoman. 'You don't understand.'

Oh, a question, then. If 'You're not American. You don't understand' is the new dispensation, then why not 'You're not Chechen'? Are the Chechens also now licensed? Are Basques? Theatres, restaurants, public squares? Do Israeli milk-bars filled with women and children become fair game on the grounds that 'You don't understand. We're Palestinian, we're Chechen, we're Irish, we're Basque'? If the principle of international conduct is now to be that you may go against anyone you like on the grounds that you've been hurt by somebody else, does that apply to everyone? Or just to America?

On September 11th, America changed. Yes. It got much stupider.

## **7. Hurt**

By Catherine McKinnon

### **Mel**

dark dark day pushes up no sun heaviness in the air overwhelming like  
too much perfume voices from other lives far away blasts

spinning here solid walls furnished rooms but spinning can't breathe no breath a father  
missing children crying a mother me mother not  
mothering words circling like vultures and i seek oblivion

sleep i sleep

a few hours no more but wake to a world re-arranged

i step onto the pavement everything melting and then it isn't  
another step uncommitted

gravity gone the earth out of alignment no shade not a single tree heat everything blurred metal  
cars gleaming each step a new negotiation and then i i i see her

lying there

face a shiny button she came into the world that way her eyes on me  
fixed alert in that moment a caterpillar into a butterfly a seed to a tree no one else no place  
else but her and me

oblivion on a different plane

yes yes yes yes yes

## **MALE**

### **1. Death of a Salesman**

by Arthur Miller

**Biff:**

Well, I spent six or seven years after high school trying to work myself up. Shipping clerk, salesman, business of one kind or another. And it's a measly manner of existence. To get on that subway on the hot mornings in summer. To devote your whole life to keeping stock, or making phone calls, or selling or buying. To suffer fifty weeks of the year for the sake of a two week vacation, when all you really desire is to be outdoors, with your shirt off. And always to have to get ahead of the next fella. And still--that's how you build a future. Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of jobs since I left home before the war, and it always turns out the same. I just realized it lately. In Nebraska when I herded cattle, and the Dakotas, and Arizona, and now in Texas. It's why I came home now, I guess, because I realized it. This farm I work on, it's spring there now, see? And they've got about fifteen new colts. There's nothing more inspiring or-- beautiful than the sight of a mare and a new colt. And it's cool there now, see? Texas is cool now and it's spring. And whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling, my God, I'm not getting anywhere! What the hell am I doing, playing around with horses, twenty eight dollars a week! I'm thirty-four years old, I oughta be makin my future. That's when I come running home. And now, I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. (After a pause) I've always made a point of not wasting my life, and every time I come back here I know that all I've done is to waste my life.

**2. Cosi**

by Louis Nowra

**Doug**

It's what I did. Burned a cat. Quite recently. It was the fault of the psychiatrist. I'd been seeing him because of my pyromania – that's a person who likes lighting fires – but you probably know that being university educated – but you know the problem with pyromania? It's the only crime where you have to be at the scene of it to make it a perfect crime, to give yourself full satisfaction. 'Course, that means the chances of you getting caught are greater, especially if you're standing in front of the fire, face full of ecstasy and with a gigantic hard on. So, the cops got me and I'm sent to a shrink. He tells me that I've got an unresolved problem with my mother. I think, hello, he's not going to tell me to do something Oedipal, like fuck her or something.... But that wasn't the problem. My ego had taken a severe battering from her. He said I had better resolve it, stop her treating me like I was still a child. It made some sort of cosmic sense. I had to stand up to her. So I thought about it and realized I had to treat it like a boxing match, get the first punch in, so to speak, to give me the upper hand in our relationship. She had five cats. One night I rounded them up, put them in a cage, doused them with petrol and put a match to them. Then I opened up the cage door and let them loose. Well, boy, oh, boy, what a racket! They were running around the backyard burning and howling – there's no such thing as grace under pressure for a burning cat, let me tell you. I hid in the shrubs when mum came outside to see what was happening. Totally freaked out, she did. Five of them, running around the backyard like mobile bonfires. I figured I'd wait a couple of hours 'til the cats were dead and mum was feeling a bit sorry for herself and I'd knock on the front door and say to her 'Hi, mum, I've come to talk about our unresolved conflicts' but, oh, no, one of the cats ran into the house. In a couple of minutes the whole bloody house was alight and within a half an hour there was no bloody front door to knock on. (A BEAT) If it wasn't for that damn cat, I wouldn't be in here.



### **3. Ruben Guthrie**

by Brendan Cowell

#### **Ruben**

School school school school school.

Fuck, um - well my parents sent me to a boarding school. I mean how hard is it to have one kid asleep at night in your house how hard is it but no . . . boarding school! Look, I gotta say I wasn't like - this at boarding school, I didn't like getting smashed on rocket fuel and talking about vaginas, honestly I had no interest in alcohol at all. I spent my money on magazines and electronics – fashion mostly.

By the time I reached Year Eight I had fifteen pairs of jeans.

So of course the rugby guys and the rowing guys and the wrestling guys would come in at night and they'd pin me down and get it out of their system – the rage. “Nice shoes faggot – you got mousse in your hair - let's put mousse in his anus!” I'd be flipping through MAD magazine and just put the thing down and they'd take it. Fine.

But then this guy called Corey joined our school, and suddenly all that stopped. Corey was older than me, bigger than me, and a whole lot cooler than me. He drove a black Suzuki Vitara. had five earrings and the word 'fuck' tattooed inside his lip. My mum was always saying - bring Corey with you on the weekend and she'd go all flushed and wear low-cut tops in the kitchen.

To this day I don't know why he chose me, but he did.

### **4. Stolen**

By Jane Harrison

#### **Sandy**

Can of peas. I hate peas. Some people hate bloody spinach or pumpkin, but I hate peas. Always have. You want me to tell you why? Well, do ya?

When Mum was real desperate she'd scrounge shit like this from the Welfare. White flour, white sugar, white bread. No good. Instant mash potato. Stuck to ya mouth like glue. Tinned camp pie. The stink! Like bloody dog meat. But the cans of peas I hated most. Just looking at the bloody can I can taste them. Slimy. Soggy. I dunno, the crap they gave us to eat - and expected us to be grateful!

Not like when we was kids by the river. Me uncles would take us kids to catch fish on a bit of string. We'd fry it straight away. Good tucker. I'll never forget the taste. Didn't have much but it was fresh.

A can of peas like this one ruined my family. True. Destroyed my mother and us kids. Mum didn't steal it or nothin'. And it's not what you're thinking, she didn't chuck it at someone and kill em - though she must have wanted to. It was just when *they* finally caught up with us, a can just like this little old one was sitting way at the back of the cupboard - past its use by date - so they said she was an unfit mother and they took us kids away. All because of a use-by date. The bloody welfare, who gave us the rotten can in the first place.

A can of peas.

## 5. The Glass Menagerie

by Tennessee Williams

### Tom

I didn't go to the moon, I went much further – for time is the longest distance between two places. Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoe-box. I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire escape for a last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space. I travelled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly colored but torn away from the branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something. It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass. Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of colored glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colors, like bits of a shattered rainbow. Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes. Oh, Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be! I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into the movies or a bar, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger, anything that can blow your candles out!

For nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blow out your candles, Laura – and so goodbye...

## 6. The Cherry Orchard –

By Anton Chekhov (translated by Michael Frayn)

### 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! 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!

## **7. Blackrock**

by Nick Enright

### **Jarod**

I was here. Sitting up here. I saw the way it all began. You said you wanted to know. I tried to sleaze onto Tracy. Toby dragged me off her and I went off, had a swim, then sat up here, having a smoke, having a think, a think and a smoke, and starting to feel okay. Back at the club-house Gary's band was bashing some poor bloody song to death, but out here it was quiet, totally still... and then I saw. Down below me, between me and the ocean. Davo and Wayne pissing themselves. Scott Abbot dragging someone by the arm. 'Come on, Tracy. Come on.' She was sort of half-giggling. He pulled her down on the ground. Then she wasn't giggling no more, she was like some animal in pain. Like he's got a hand clamped over her mouth... Wayne and Davo start barracking. Cheering him on. Fighting about who's going to be first with the sloppy seconds. I let it all happen. [*Silence.*] They headed back to the party. She went stumbling off down that way, towards the rock. And I turned and ran the other way. I could have gone down there. Any time. I could have taken her home. Only I wouldn't. I didn't.