

CENTENNIAL

SECONDARY SCHOOL

EXCEEDING EXPECTATIONS

Academic Excellence – Athletic Prowess – Artistic Integrity



Drama
Audition Package
2021 / 2022

DRAMA AUDITION REQUIREMENTS

INTERVIEW (10 Min)

**** This will be a Google Meet this year. We will call or email with the interview day, time and Meet code. The interviews will be scheduled for late January 2021.**

Try to relax! Answer each question as fully as you can. The purpose of the interview is to get to know you a little. We want to make sure of your interest and suitability in the program.

DRAMA VIDEO AUDITION

You will submit video audition (Monologue) email to kcarroll@apps.hpedsb.on.ca by Friday January 8, 2021.

- Select and prepare **ONE** of the 6 monologues that are included in this package.
- Memorize your monologue
- Choose a piece you feel is most suitable
- Do NOT use an accent
- Do NOT bring costumes or props
- Know what every word and every sentence means and be able to say the monologue in your own words
- Place the scene in an exact physical location of your choice and establish the setting in your performance
- Create and develop as much as you can about the character (age, occupation, social status, state of health, family, etc) from the monologue. Use your imagination as well.
- **Relax have fun!**

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Adapted by Eva Le Gallienne and Florida Friebus

This adaptation of Lewis Carroll's work was first performed in 1947. It is a well-known fantasy about a curious young girl transported to a world where magical things happen. The following monologue opens the play with Alice curled up in an armchair at home and talking to the kitten she is holding.

ALICE.

Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing! Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! Now, don't interrupt me! I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you. Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her. Now for number three: you unwound every bit of worsted while I wasn't looking! That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week. Suppose they had saved up all my punishments! What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Kitty, can you play chess? Now don't smile, my dear, I'm asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it; and when I said "Check!" you purred! Well, it was a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn't been for that nasty Knight that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty dear, let's pretend that you're the Red Queen! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you'd look exactly like her. Now do try, there's a dear! You're not folding your arms properly. I'll just hold you up to the looking glass and you can see how sulky you are! (She does so.) And if you're not good directly, I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that? Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First; there's the room you can see through the glass...that's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. Oh Kitty, how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-glass House! I'm sure it's got, oh, such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's a way of getting through into it somehow. Kitty. (She rises and climbs from the arm of the chair to the mantel.) Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now, I declare. It'll be easy enough to get through...(ALICE finds that the glass is indeed like a bright, silvery mist, and she goes through it at once, as LIGHTS dim...emerging, presently, on the other side, into the Looking-glass room, LIGHTS UP.) Oh, what fun it'll be when they see me through the glass in here, and can't get at me! (She discovers a book lying near her on the mantel, and sits down on the mantelpiece to read it.) It's all in some language I don't know! Why, it's a Looking-glass book, of course! And if I hold it up to the glass, the words will all go the right way again. (She holds the book up to the glass, as if from its reflection...)

ENGAGING BARBER

This gregarious fellow expertly wielding his scissors is a bit of a philosopher as well as an authority on haircuts and popular music. He is more or less in a position of power, isn't he?

How do you want it – short – long? Medium. Where do you want the part – on the side? In the middle? It's only my opinion, of course, but I think it would look better on the side. For your face. Of course, if you want it in the middle, that's your business. (Works the scissors) Middle parts went out of style years ago. Don Ameche was the first guy to make the middle part popular, though his was a titch to the right. Musta been 35, 40 years ago. Then came Ed Sullivan..or did he part his hair three-quarters? I don't remember... (Scissors) But I do remember they were both of the old school ... both Don and Ed. (Sings away) Tomorrow..Tomorrow.. I'll love you tomorrow..It's only a day awayyy..You say you want it medium? That's what I thought you said. Just checking. (Sings) Tomorrow..Tomorrow..I'll love you tomorr..You don't mind me singin' , do you? You do. Well, maybe I got the wrong song for you. You looked like a Tomorrow man. How about "Stardust"? You hate "Stardust"? (Sings) Sometimes I wonder how to spend those lonely hours..How can you hate "Stardust"? It's harmless. (Scissors) You like rock? Punk? Just a thought. (Scissors) You don't like classical? That's good, because I'm not too knowledgeable on classical. Even though I craved an education, I couldn't get one. My kids, thank the Lord, won't have to worry about that. They got a father who works with them in mind. About the only thing I know in classical is (Beethoven's Fifth Chords) Dum-Dom-Dom-Dom. Bum-Bom-Bom-Bom. Tricky isn't it? Welp..there you are sir. One medium haircut with a part in the middle. OK? Oh you really don't have to tip sir. I own the place. But thanks anyway. And call again. Next! How do you like it--long--short? Nothing off the top. With your face I don't know. But you're the doctor. It's just an expression. (Scissors) (Sings) Tomorrow..Tomorrow...I'll love ya tomorrow...Like "you're the boss" ...(Sings) It's only a dayy awayyy...

FOOTBALL FREAK

She's in love with a football hero and doesn't care who knows it. Her mother is a patient audience.

You never saw anything like it mom! The way he took that ball on an interception and ran it back a hundred and seven yards for a touchdown with the crowd just screaming their heads off. He was like a...like a... Greek God! I wish daddy could have been there. It'd take some of the wind out of his sails I'll bet. Always talking Peter down...jabbering on about the good old days when football was football and how Peter wouldn't even make the scrub team in his day. You were there mom. Was pop that good? You don't know? What position did he play anyway...every time we talk it was somewhere else. You didn't notice? Boy, he must have been a standout! It's still ringing in my ears...ten thousand people yelling as one – "All the way Pete – all the way!" When I think I used to frown on football and jocks...all because of

daddy. He made me think athletes are egomaniacs and that all they want is to be T.V. sportscasters. Well not Peter. Peter wants to be either a lawyer or a movie star. You know what he told me? I was his inspiration. He likes me a great deal, mom...and I wouldn't be surprised if one day he asks me to marry him. I get that feeling from the way he lowers his eyes every time I say something about how grand it would be to spend the rest of your life with someone who gets you so excited. Imagine mom...Peter wins a scholarship to Ohio State and becomes All-American and we get married and he ends up with the Green Bay Packers. Gosh that sounds neat. (Holds her nose) Number forty-two--Peter Stanley! Now playing quarterback for Green Bay! Honestly, I like pop but sometimes I could sock him over the head with that moth eaten pair of shoulder pads he's got hanging up in his den! Good night mom.

FORGOTTEN MOVIE SIREN

A famous actress, down on her luck in later years, is interviewed by a brash young casting director for a day's shooting in a film. He's never heard of her and she is set back bitterly.

What have I done? You're joking aren't you Mister Webb? Didn't your daddy ever tell you about Priscilla Fenton? What was he, a deep sea diver? Let's see...what have I done? I did Nora opposite Raymond Massey in Doll's House. On Broadway – there wasn't any off-Broadway in my day. Just On Broadway and Out in Hollywood. Nothing in between except one big county fair. What else have I done? Let's see...I played Ophelia to Barrymore's Hamlet. Which Barrymore? Well it wasn't Ethel. Ethel? She was the sister of John and Lionel. Sorry I couldn't bring any playbills but they've become collectors and they're in frames. I did Hell's Kitchen opposite Jimmy Cagney when he was very young and packed with explosive energy. I worked with Clark Gable who was a pussy cat. Then there was Bill Powell, a hell of an actor and a dream of a man. Who's Bill Powell? William Powell. Never heard of him either? Well, I'm in good company. (Pause) Madames? Yes...I've played madames...of whorehouses you mean...yes...I was in Mademoiselle Fifi opposite George Arliss. George Arliss? Oh, he was a character actor who did leads. Mademoiselle Fifi was a man. Never heard of him or Fifi. No, I'm not angry...it's a compliment in a way. I've got the part. Good. By the way, I don't appear in the nude or anything like that? Oh...well these days one never knows. One more thing...did you say Tuesday and Wednesday or Tuesday or Wednesday? Just Wednesday. Thank you. Yes. I'm free.

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

This play is adapted from the diary kept by Anne Frank as she and her family hid from the Nazis in Amsterdam during World War II. In 1942, eight Jews – the Franks, the Van Daans and Dr. Dussel, a dentist – sought asylum in the attic of a warehouse belonging to Mr. Frank's firm. These hunted people lived together for two years, depending on four former employees of Mr. Frank for food and necessities. Anne began her diary at the age of 13, and has given the world a tender, beautiful document about a girl growing up and the human spirit under terrible adversity. The attic hiding place was discovered in 1944 and its inhabitants were sent to concentration camps. In the next few months, they all died except for Otto Frank, who was freed in 1945 by the Russians. When Amsterdam was liberated, he returned and was given the diary that Miep, one of their benefactors during their hiding, had saved.

The following monologue is from a scene near the very end of the play. Peter Van Daan, a quiet and unhappy seventeen-year-old has just rushed into his little room in despair. Anne, displaying a developing maturity, is trying to console him.

It is the last time they are together for the scene immediately precedes the entrance of the Nazis. The asterisks indicate Peter's short responses.

ANNE

Look, Peter, the sky. (She looks up through skylight.) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful thing about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time...it's funny...I used to take it all for granted...and now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you?

(Softly.) I wish you had a religion, Peter.

* * *

Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox...or believe in heaven and hell and purgatory and things...I just mean some religion...it doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there...the trees...and flowers...and seagulls...When I think of the dearness of you, Peter...and the goodness of the people we know...Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us every day...When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid anymore...I find myself, and God, and I...

We're not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to...sometimes one race...sometimes another...and yet...

I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith...when people are doing such horrible...but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother, It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but some day...I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern...that we're just a little minute in life... (She breaks off.)
Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups! Look at the sky now, Isn't it lovely? (She holds out her hand to him.)

VALEDICTORIAN

A high school graduate falters in the valedictorian address and has trouble with the prepared text, but manages to ad lib desperately...and finish to a somewhat bewildered reception.

My dear faculty...fellow students...and honored guests of Harrison High. It is indeed with...(Clears throat) actually with great sorrow, deep humiliation...and an actual lump in my throat...that I bid...a f-fond f-farewell to Harrison High. (Clears throat) And it is indeed...with f-fond affection and...and affectionate f-fondness that we all look ahead to the past four years...four wonderful years...and even with greater f-fondness and f-affection that we gaze back on the next four--or for that matter five...or eight or even twelve perhaps...with pride...and...prejudice. (Clears throat) For we at Harrison High will never forget the invaluable teachings we were...er...taught – by our teachers – in other words...the faculty. How can we help but remember dear Miss...Miss Cranston, Mrs. Hartmann er Hartley! And then there's Miss Cummings...Mr Wrath...er Roth! Mr. Cardiff and Miss...pardon me Mrs. Cardiff and Miss...Miss...oh how we miss them all! Already! For they have given us...they have handed us the torch while it was still afire. And now it is up to us...to...take this torch by the flame...hand...handle! And not get burned...scorched...by it. And now for our parents. They too have played their part in the last four years...by supporting us and giving us room and board and in some cases allowances. They have seen us through a crucial time...to say nothing of the four or six and in some cases ten or twelve years to come. Though they may not know it. And now...to close...I wish to lead you all in our school cheer. (Spells it out) H-A-R-R-I-S-O-N...Harrison! Yeahhh...team! Thank you. (Burst into tears) That settles it – I'm never going to run for the Senate! I just know it! (Storms off)