



## AY22/23 AUDITIONS

### Monologues

#### Instructions:

- Please select **ONE** monologue and record a video of yourself performing it. Feel free to choose characters that are not of your gender, age or race. Memorising the monologue is not compulsory, but is preferred, and expected.
- Alternatively, if you wish, you can perform any monologue of your choice.
- If you are performing a monologue that is not found in the list below, do mention where the monologue is from at the start of the video.
- The video should be filmed in landscape against a plain background, with good lighting, be not more than 3 minutes and filmed in one take without editing. Please film from at least the knees-up.
- If you are more interested in the non-acting aspect of theatre-making such as directing, scriptwriting, props-making, set, light and sound design or publicity etc, do let us know in your email when you submit your audition clip. Even so, the monologue is just so that we can see you perform!
- In your email, you may also choose to mention any past/present involvement of yours in theatre.
- Please email your audition clip to [nusstage@gmail.com](mailto:nusstage@gmail.com) with the subject "NUS Stage Auditions - Full Name" (if the audition clip is too large, you can share it as a google drive file).
- The deadline to submit your video recording is 17 August, 2359. Do note that late submissions will not be considered.
- Good luck!

#### Male Characters:

## **Monologue 1:**

**DNA**

*A monologue from the play by Dennis Kelly*

**ADAM:**

I was in a

dark...

(Beat.)

walking, crawling in this dark, when you're moving but with your hands and knees, crawl, crawling in this dark

place and I don't remember

things

I fell, I falled into, I fell onto this...

wake, woke, wake up, I woke up with liquid on my head, leaves, dead and rotting, I remember leaves, but just dark maybe a light high, high, high, high, high...

above and, I drank the liquid it was blood, there was, it was mine, so I, it's not wrong because it was my

crawling for a long time, I thought, but that was hard to tell, tunnels, scared, I was, I felt like the dark was my fear, do you know what I mean? I was wrapped in it. Like a soft blanket.

And then I came out.

I saw this

light, this daylight light, I saw this light and went that way, towards, and I thought I died because that's what people

go to the light, you

and there was such a pain in my

I thought the light would make it go, but it didn't because the

light was...this.

## **Monologue 2:**

## **OFF-CENTRE**

*A monologue from the play by Haresh Sharma*

### **VINOD:**

(to audience) People never get a second chance right? You're all the same. You don't want us to bring down your productivity level so you conveniently put a label on us... no insurance, no loans, no job. (slight pause) Let me give you some advice, next time you want to commit suicide, make sure you do it right. If you're going to take pills, don't be modest. Take them all – Panadol, pain killers... personally, I feel it's easier to jump. You can take your pick – Marine Parade for that beautiful sea view. Pasir Ris, if you want something more modern. Woodlands, if you want to jump across the the causeway. Don't forget your passport. If you want something more dramatic, then hang yourself in your room. Very easy. Use bedsheets. I think I'll write a book. "Be the best you can... at suicide". Chapter 1: the kiasu suicide. Get rope, bedsheets, poison, pills, gun, blades, knives... everything also must have. Chapter 2: the slow suicide -- stay in Singapore. Chapter 3... hmm, oh , and the most dramatic death of all – slashing. Don;'t slash veins. The blood only drops out. If you slash an artery, the blood spurts out. Next question... where are your arteries (points) Here, carotid. Here... and don't forget, don't lock the door. So, in the morning, mummy dearest wakes up and screams... "MY BEDSHEETS!! Ordinary washing powder will never get rid of these stains!!" (pause) Don't worry Mum. No stain is too stubborn to wipe out.

### **Monologue 3:**

## **HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE**

*A monologue from the play by Paula Vogel*

**PECK:**

What? Well, I don't know how much pain a fish feels—you can't think of that. Oh, no, don't cry, come on now, it's just a fish—the other guys are going to see you. —No, no, you're just real sensitive, and I think that's wonderful at your age—look, do you want me to cut it free? You do?

Okay, hand me those pliers—look—I'm cutting the hook—okay? And we're just going to drop it in—no I'm not mad. It's just for fun, okay? There—it's going to swim back to its lady friend and tell her what a terrible day it had and she's going to stroke him with her fins until he feels better, and then they'll do something alone together that will make them both feel good and sleepy . . .

(Peck bends down, very earnest) I don't want you to feel ashamed about crying. I'm not going to tell anyone, okay? I can keep secrets. You know, men cry all the time. They just don't tell anybody, and they don't let anybody catch them. There's nothing you could do that would make me feel ashamed of you. Do you know that? Okay. (Peck straightens up, smiles)

Do you want to pack up and call it a day? I tell you what—I think I can still remember—there's a really neat tree house where I used to stay for days. I think it's still here—it was the last time I looked. But it's a secret place—you can't tell anybody we've gone there—least of all your mom or your sisters. —This is something special just between you and me. Sound good? We'll climb up there and have a beer and some crab salad—okay, B.B.? Bobby? Robert . . .

**Female Characters:****Monologue 1:**

## **DNA**

### ***A monologue of the play by Dennis Kelly***

#### **LEAH:**

Do I disgust you? No, I do. No don't because, it's alright, it's fine, I'm not gonna, you know, or whatever, you know it's not the collapse of my, because I do have, I could walk out of here, there are friends, I've got, I've got friends, I mean alright I haven't got friends, not exactly, I haven't, but I could, if I wanted, if I wanted, given the right, given the perfect, you know, circumstances. So don't, because you haven't either, I mean it's not like you're, you know, Mr, you know, popular, you know, you haven't, you know, you haven't, you know, you haven't, but that's, that's different, isn't it, I mean it is, it is, don't say it isn't, really, don't, you'll just embarrass us both because it is different, it's different because it doesn't matter to you. Does it. Sitting there. Sitting there, all...

All...

You're scared. Nothing scared, there, I've said it; scared. Scared, Phil. I'm scared, they scare me, this place, everyone, the fear, the fear that everyone here, and I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one, Phil, I'm just the only one saying it, the fear that everyone here lives in, the brutal terror, it scares me, okay, I've said it and I am not ashamed. Yes, I am ashamed but I'm not ashamed of my shame, Phil, give me that much credit at least, thank you.

Everyone's scared.

S'not just me.

#### **Monologue 2:**

## **OFF-CENTRE**

### ***A monologue of the play by Haresh Sharma***

#### **SALOMA:**

Then how? Then how? We must... we must find something. We can change, I can become... can become... what? Vinod? Why they are laughing? Why? I want to become something else. Can become what? Can become rain? Can become fire? Yah, fire. No, fire will burn house. Can become what? What Vinod? What? [pause] Vinod... we... we... we cannot become anything. I... I want to go home. I want to go home.

I want to go home.

Why they all here? Why they all laughing? Why they laugh at us? Why –

They talk about me. I can hear. They say I am mad. They say you are a stupid mad girl. Shameful. My hands... Vinod, my hands. Why my hands like that? Why I cannot become bird? Why you cannot become statue? Bird won't die right? Bird won't die...

### **Monologue 3:**

#### **HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE**

*A monologue from the play by Paula Vogel*

##### **Option 1**

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS:

(As Mother) A Mother's Guide to Social Drinking: A lady never gets sloppy—she may, however, get tipsy and a little gay. Never drink on an empty stomach. Avail yourself of the bread basket and generous portions of butter. Slather the butter on your bread. Sip your drink, slowly, let the beverage linger in your mouth—interspersed with interesting, fascinating conversation. Sip, never . . . slurp or gulp. Your glass should always be three-quarters full when his glass is empty. Stay away from ladies' drinks: drinks like pink ladies, slow gin fizzes, daiquiris, gold cadillacs, Long Island iced teas, margaritas, piña coladas, mai tais, planters punch, white Russians, black Russians, red Russians, melon balls, blue balls, hummingbirds, hemorrhages and hurricanes. In short, avoid anything with sugar, or anything with an umbrella. Get your vitamin C from fruit. Don't order anything with Voodoo or Vixen in the title or sexual positions in the name like Dead Man Screw or the Missionary. (She sort of titters)

Believe me, they are lethal . . . I think you were conceived after one of those.

Drink, instead, like a man: straight up or on the rocks, with plenty of water in between.

Oh, yes. And never mix your drinks. Stay with one all night long, like the man you came in with: bourbon, gin, or tequila till dawn, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!

##### **Option 2**

FEMALE GREEK CHORUS:

(As Mother) Don't leave your drink unattended when you visit the ladies' room. There is such a thing as white slavery; the modus operandi is to spike an unsuspecting young girl's drink with a "mickey" when she's left the room to powder her nose.

But if you feel you have had more than your sufficiency in liquor, do go to the ladies' room—often. Pop your head out of doors for a refreshing breath of the night air. If you must, wet your face and head with tap water. Don't be afraid to dunk your head if necessary. A wet woman is still less conspicuous than a drunk woman.

(The Female Greek Chorus stumbles a little; conspiratorially) When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, go to a corner stall and insert the index and middle finger down the throat almost to the epiglottis. Divulge your stomach contents by such persuasion, and then wait a few moments before rejoining your beau waiting for you at your table.

Oh, no. Don't be shy or embarrassed. In the very best of establishments, there's always one or two debutantes crouched in the corner stalls, their beaded purses tossed willy-nilly, sounding like cats in heat, heaving up the contents of their stomachs.

(The Female Greek Chorus begins to wander off) I wonder what it is they do in the men's rooms . . .