

Thank you for your interest in the 2021 Young Actors Studio.

Entry to the course is by audition.

We are looking for committed individuals with a curiosity about the creative process.

**Prior to the audition**

Prepare for performance **one** of the following theatrical monologues.

**On the day**

You will:

- Perform your prepared pieces
- Demonstrate collaborative skills

Please arrive at least 15 minutes before your audition and wait for your session to be called. Auditions are conducted in a group – everyone is in the room throughout the whole process. You are required to stay for the whole audition time.

**Things to remember**

- Research and rehearse your performance beforehand
- Choose a role that speaks to you and that you want to prepare. Feel free to choose a role of any gender
- Wear comfortable, non-restrictive clothing
- You may be asked to work in bare feet
- Be prepared to collaborate with others
- No other food or drink is permitted in our rehearsal rooms, except bottled water

If you have further questions regarding the audition process, please email us at [open@nida.edu.au](mailto:open@nida.edu.au) or call 1300 450 417.

**Scorch**  
by Stacey Greg

**KES. A young person, warm, nervous energy**

The suede waistcoat is my favourite. Brown suede. Um. I have a waistcoat with elephants stitched on it too. And I have a silky waistcoat. With cats on it. Maybe mice. Not sure. I am a 'deb-bon-air eight-year-old' Granda says. I have a bouncy-ball collection. I'm shaping up to be a real ah, 'heartbreaker' Granda says. He called the self-service machine in *Tescos* 'young lady' though, so... (*Brightly.*) I have lots of waistcoats. I love them.

*Thinks.*

Try weeing standing up. Yeah. Wee standing up. I have a brother and boy cousins, so um, think it's cos I haven't tried. I'm wearing cords. Stand at the toilet. Confident. Then this stain, down my favourite blue corduroys. Hide them in the rockery. Wonder what Mum thinks when she digs them up. 'That is not a carrot,' probably. Uhm. Wake up and boobs. You know? Like, no one asked me. Just pop up overnight. Like in *Alien*. The film? With Sigourney Weaver? Only out of my chest. Twice: (*Demonstrates.*) pft. Pft. Want to give them back thank you bye. I'm a boy. Then eleven. Then boobs. High school's okay. It's okay. In high school I have the same friends. Climb trees, football, et cetera et cetera tomboy grow-out-of-it phase et cetera. Try being girly. Try to – Thirteen. Lipgloss. Quite excited. Free with a magazine about. Ponies or something. Try to – try to drop 'boyfy' into conversation. 'Boyfy.' Do people say 'boyfy'? Or is it like when I tried to say 'oke' but it turns out it's 'O'-'K' as in the same as O -K-A-Y and you don't say it 'oke' it's not like a cool way of saying it, it just looks that way before anyone tells you it's not. 'Boyfy.'

**Noughts & Crosses**

by Malorie Blackman, adapted by Dominic Cooke

**CALLUM:**

Looking at our run-down hovel, I could feel the usual burning churning sensation begin to rise up inside me. My stomach tightened, my eyes began to narrow. Soon as I opened the front door, there was our living room with its fifth-hand threadbare nylon carpet and its seventh-hand cloth sofa. Why couldn't my family live in a house like Sephy's?

My family. Three years ago, Mum and Sephy's mother were really close. Mum was nanny to Sephy's sister, and then Sephy. One week, Mrs Hadley and Mum were like best friends, and the next week, Mum and I were no longer welcome anywhere near the Hadley house. No idea why. Dad isn't bothered about much – just keeps his head down. Jude, my seventeen-year-old brother, is a really irritating toad. Ever since I got into Heathcroft, he's become totally unbearable. Lynette, my sister; we've always been close. Closer than Jude and me. But something happened which changed Lynette. An accident. Now she doesn't go out, doesn't talk much, doesn't think much, as far as I can tell. She just is. 'Away with the fairies', as Grandma used to say. I can't get in and she doesn't come out. But her mind takes her to somewhere peaceful, I think. Sometimes I envy her.

## **The Seagull**

**by Anton Chekhov, translated by Michael Frayn**

**KONSTANTIN:**

Nina, I've cursed you, I've hated you, I've torn up your letters and your photographs - but not a moment when I didn't know that I was bound to you, heart and soul, for all eternity. It's not within my power to cease loving you. I've found my life unliveable - nothing but pain . . . It's as if my youth had suddenly been stripped from me - I feel I've been living in this world for ninety years. I say your name - I kiss the ground you've walked upon. Wherever I look I see your face - I see the tender smile that shone on me in the summer of my life . . . I'm all alone. I've no one's affection to warm me - I'm as cold as the grave - and whatever I write, it's dry and stale and joyless. Stay here, Nina, I beg you, or else let me come with you

## **Kill the Messenger**

**by Nakkiah Lui**

**NAKKIAH:**

After she fell through the floor she lasted another three months. Most of those were in hospital, sparing a few weeks. She needed twenty-four hour care and this was split between my family: Mum, Dad, my sister and I. Most of it falling on Mum.

She was in so much pain. It was the crying at night that was the hardest. She would sob from 4.30, 5.00am, till she passed out from exhaustion. Her sobbing was so loud over the talk back radio she played at full volume in an attempt to try and hide it.

The lady in the bed across from my nan told me, that on the night she passed away she said to my nan, 'You look very cosy', and my nana smiled and said, 'Yes, I am'.

I hope those were her last words. I really do. Because the other option. That of her calling our names and us not being there, of her dying alone... I can't think about that.

## **The Flick**

**by Annie Baker**

**AVERY:**

I just like... I couldn't get out of bed. The first day was just like really awkward and I couldn't remember anything and I like... I had no idea how to hold the broom -

I'm serious. And then I woke up the next day and just like freaked out. I was like: I can't have a job. I'm way too depressed. And I didn't get out of bed and I like lay there under the covers staring up at the ceiling and four p.m. rolled around, I like watched the numbers on my alarm clock and I was like, I should be at The Flick by now, but I couldn't even bring myself to call in sick. And then it was like 4:05, and then it was 4:10, and I was like that's it, I just lost my first job, I give up.

And then – it's weird-I didn't even make the decision – but it was like – the second I thought, like – I give up – my body started moving and I like pushed the blanket off and like stood up and put on my uniform and like walked outside and walked to the bus and took the bus and walked in here and made up some lie to Sam about why I was late and that was it.

## **Wig Out!**

**by Tarell Alvin McCraney**

**WILSON AKA MISS NINA:**

My Grandmother wore a wig.

One night when I thought no one was looking I  
Grabbed the wig and ran into my room and stood  
Before the mirror, mirror, and snug that wig behind  
My heaven-kissed ears. I couldn't believe who I saw.  
It was like standing there, after a long look, to find  
Someone and finally seeing who you were searching  
for...

Right there. Not who they told

You you were, not who they say you should be, just  
Me. I couldn't walk away from the sight

So my father knocked me away from it. Guess he  
Snuck in when I was sun self-bathing. Guess he might  
Have been standing there all along. But he knocked me  
Down. I fell into the mirror and broke like heaven  
From the first fall into a thousand pieces.

## **Punk Rock**

**by Simon Stephens**

**LILY:**

Yeah. We all get scared William. Sometimes the world is a bit unnerving. Some people do awful things but, and you need to listen to this William, seriously, most of the time the world is all right. You need to get that into your head and stop moping about. Most people are all right.

They're funny. They chat a bit. They tell jokes. They're kind. They're all right.

You know, ninety nine per cent of the people in the school are perfectly good people. Ninety nine per cent of the young people in this country, William, and nobody ever says this, ninety nine percent of the young people in this country do a really good job at the actual work of being alive. They'll survive. Happily. They'll grow up. They'll end up doing jobs. Being married. Living lives which are perfectly good and reasonable and all right and happy ones. That's not a bad thing William. You know? What makes you think you're any different? What makes you think you're so special?

I'm sorry I didn't want to go out with you. I wanted to go out with Nicholas instead. I really love him. But I always thought you'd be my mate. And I would still really like to be in spite of everything. Because actually I think you're not that well and I'm worried about you and I want to get you some help.