**New Zealand Diploma in Drama**

**Online Auditions Due: Friday, 11 February 2022**

For this audition you will need to create an online application package. This will be uploaded and sent as an ***accessible link*** via Dropbox/Google Drive/any applicable filesharing site.

All online submissions need to be emailed to: [Bianca.Aquino@wandw.ac.nz](mailto:Bianca.Aquino@wandw.ac.nz) with the subject line: **DRAMA – Online Audition 2022,** once received, our tutors will be sent the clips to go over.

**For your audtion please prepare**

1. **Monologue presentation**

* 1 x monologue that is no longer than 2 minutes
* Please memorise the monologue.
* Present your monologue in a way which shows your understanding of the text and which is simple and truthful.
* Use your natural accent.
* Comfortable black clothing to be worn (regardless of audition being via ZOOM)
* Monologues are not gender specific. You are welcome to select freely from the monologues provided.
* You may use a monologue of your own choosing, if preferred. It should, however, be from an existing, published play.
* Please know a little about the play and character you choose to present.

1. **Song presentation**

* 1 x song (or even a chorus)

1. **A short intro about yourself and why you have applied for this course**

**What happens next?**

Once you have submitted your online audition, you will be advised of a follow up interview to meet with the New Zealand Diploma in Drama Tutors.

The interview itself may take place at the Te Auaha campus or a ZOOM link will be emailed out to you with a time and date to meet online.

Please bear in mind that you may be asked to audition again, if tutors feel they need to see more or to meet with you in person.

**Please note**

We will update our website if the audition format changes due to COVID-19 restrictions.

**Shakespearian Monologues**

**VIOLA**

**Twelfth Night: Act 2, Scene 2**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman,--now alas the day!--

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

**Romeo and Juliet: Act 2, Scene 5**

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised 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 louring 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! O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

## ***A Midsummer’s Night Dream* Act V, Scene i**

Puck

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend:  
if you pardon, we will mend:  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call;  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.

***Julius Caesar* Act 3, Scene 2**

**ANTONY**

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

## ***Hamlet* Act III, Scene i**

OPHELIA:  
  
Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!—  
The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That sucked the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me,  
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

**Macbeth: Act 1, Scene 7**

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases

We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust;

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off;

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself

And falls on the other.

**The Tragedy of King Lear by William Shakespeare  
Act I, Scene 4**

[Fool](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=fool-kl&WorkID=kinglear)**:**

Mark it, nuncle.  645  
Have more than thou showest,   
Speak less than thou knowest,   
Lend less than thou owest,   
Ride more than thou goest,   
Learn more than thou trowest,  650  
Set less than thou throwest;   
Leave thy drink and thy whore,   
And keep in-a-door,   
And thou shalt have more   
Than two tens to a score

**Contemporary Theatre Monologues**

***Woman Far Walking* by Witi Ihimaera**

Tiri Mahana:

My mountain has always been Hikurangi, the first place in the world to greet the sun. When I was young I loved to watch the sun rising above the sea and to feel the earth quickening around me. There have been too many suns on too many mornings. That red ball, ascending from the morning sea, only tires me now.

Then one day, long before I was born, a visitor came to our islands. Hairy. White as a ghost. Smelling different. My grandmother was there. It was 1769 and she saw a huge frightening, whitewinged bird coming across the water into Tolaga Bay. She said that Captain Cook alighted from the bird and his sailors looked like goblins. They had eyes in the backs of their heads because they rowed their boats with their backs to the land. They had three legs, and the third leg was called a musket. My grandmother told me that they welcomed this new goblin but – he killed them with his musket. Ever since I have been at war with him.

***Bare* by Toa Fraser**

Shelly:

No thanks … yeah I’ve given up … No I feel heaps better, eh? How long? Since yesterday, actually. Well, I had one last night. But that was my last one. I said to myself this is my last one, ‘cause Simon’s away, so I was thinking about it, I went out, got myself some fish n chips and a video, sat down with my smoke and I gave up and I feel much better. Oh, I’m really, I’m not worried about my weight anymore, eh, I mean its so false all that, you know, I just can’t be bothered with it, eh. ‘Cause I’ve joined the gym and I went like a couple of times last week and I’m just feeling great, eh.

But I don’t enjoy smoking anymore, so … No, I’m giving up. Just like that. No it’s not because of that, I can’t stand Burger King anymore, I’m going to leave that soon. Oh ‘cause one of the guys there, he just doesn’t treat me with any respect, he’s always telling me to stand up straight and stop folding my arms and stuff, I mean, God. I’m sick of BK. [….] No I’m giving up. You can smell the difference, oh yeah. No, no thanks. Honestly. I’m giving up smoking.

***Foreskin’s Lament* by Greg McGee’s**

FORESKIN:

Gentlemen. Lads. Boys. Unaccustomed as I am to the customs here, unaccustomed as I am to the … small ethics of the situation, or to death, dying, obituaries, eulogies, wakes, kicks, comas or … dear, dear friends – there, I’ve said it plain enough. He’s dead plain enough, Ken. And that ought to be a finish, an end to it, surely. But I’m unaccustomed to leaving questions unasked – I’ve never measured my questions by the possibility of answers. So I ask: why? Why? Oh, in the asking I realise that I’m putting a dash after his death, making a pathetic demand for continuity in place of the natural void.

I’m sorry, almost. I’m so unaccustomed to being … unaccustomed. I suppose we really ought to do this right: sing ‘For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow’ and ‘It’s the way we do it in the army, the navy and on the football field’ – he was a jolly good fellow. Ask the lads, the boys, to form a ruck at the side of his grave, rake earth over him with their sprigs, make a wreath of dirty laces, and ask the ladies to bring a tear – would that I could, but like most of you, us, we were taught not to cry a vale of tears ago. We’ll thank the referee, or the god almighty, he might have made a bad fist of it, we can understand some of his decisions, but, lord, it’s a tough game, a game still, for men, for men called boys.

***Waiora* by Hone Kouka**

RONGO:

Did you like that Nanny? It is one of the wai that you taught me. Kei te mahara ahau ki nga pao, nga waiata, nga haka ara te katoa. E hika! Kei te makariri te wai.

(beat) I am standing in the water so I can touch home. Kei te whanui nga ringaringa o Tangaroa hei awhi a Papatuanuku. His hands smooth out the sand you see. Pari mai, pari atu. So if I am held in those hands, I am taken back to the beach of Waiora, our true home. Waiora Te Ukaipo, The Homeland.

(beat) Nanny, I’m so hungry, not for kai, but for words. Here, we korero Pakeha, not Maori. Not allowed to. E Nanny, kei te mataku ahau. Scared I’ll waste away to a whisper, then nothing, and I will forget our words, and if I do, my children will have nothing to eat. Their mouths will not know the taste we once knew, they will forget. But we are hurting ourselves. We are stopping ourselves from speaking the reo. No one is doing it to us. Dad said if we live like Pakeha, they will leave us in peace and we will be strong.

(beat) But what will we be? I don’t think we will ever learn their ways. We will be a lost people first. We will.