

Bachelor of Creative Industries (Acting and Performance) ARB401

Application to Audition

Major Audition Round Dates:

- Auditions expect to be held in November with exact dates to be released in the second half of the year.

Please note that the application and audition process is in stages, if you are successful in stage 1 and 2, you will then be advised to move onto stage 3.

Stage 1:

Apply through QTAC or the University of Canberra directly online

QTAC - <https://www.qtac.edu.au/>

- School leavers, currently in year 12 or finished/finishing year 12 in 2023 should apply through QTAC

University of Canberra directly online - [UC's Online Application Portal](#)

- Domestic or international students, who finished school in 2022 or prior, should apply here

Stage 2:

Video Audition

To complete stage 2 of the application process, you will need to provide the below:

1. A completed Portfolio Cover Sheet with a current head shot
2. Supporting documentation such as a resume of performance experience
3. Any formal academic history documents
4. Two audition video links (YouTube or Vimeo)
5. Completed Questionnaire

You will be contacted by the UC Brisbane administration team, once your application has been submitted and processed by the University of Canberra (if you apply directly) or QTAC (if you apply via QTAC).

Stage 3:

In person, face to face audition

You will be contacted by the UC Brisbane administration team, once your stage 1 and 2 submissions have been successful with advice on how to move onto stage 3.

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Application and Audition Tips

What we are looking for in your audition videos

Choose two monologues that are different in mood, emotional tone or genre, to show the range of your acting.

We will be taking into consideration the candidate's:

- Ability to deliver well-prepared and **thoroughly memorized work**
- The quality, projection and strength of your vocal work
- Ability to occupy the space with a strong physical presence
- Emotional truth in respect to your character
- Understanding and of the character and monologue
- Imaginative interpretation

Acting Tips

- Make sure that you learn your monologues thoroughly and accurately. Pay attention to the punctuation!
- A full stop (or exclamation or question mark) indicates the end of a thought. So STOP! Take a breath and come in with a new thought and new sentence.
- Where possible, read the complete play from which the monologues are taken or look up a summary online. (Shakespeare's plays are easily available online)
- Look up any unfamiliar words or names, know what they mean and how to pronounce them.
- Rehearse your monologues out loud and in different ways so you don't get into a pattern.
- Think about what the character is **DOING** rather than what emotion they might be feeling: who are they talking to and what do they want from them? Are they shaming, inspiring, telling off, apologising, accusing, flattering? And why are they doing this?
- Connect the character to your own life. If you were in their situation how would you act? Be as authentic as possible.
- Make some big, brave or unexpected choices.
- Choose monologues that are contrasting: one dramatic and one intimate, or a serious piece to contrast with something funny.
- Use the monologues as an opportunity to share your passion and reveal something of your personality.

Suggested Monologues

***Barking Dogs* by Norman Price**

Character: Helen (female)

Context: Three sisters come together for one final remembrance of their dead father. As much younger women, they made a promise to each other, and it's time to lay their father, and their past lives, to rest. Helen and her two sisters are in their family home where their deceased father lies. Helen reflects on her life.

Helen: After the storms gone I wander into the backyard to see if there's any damage.

I like the backyard after the rain.

It smells different.

An acidic smell comes out of the earth.

The people next door have a chook pen.

The smell from the pen is very high after the storm.

It reminds me of here.

The smell of chook shit.

(Pause)

I play a lot of patience.

I do crosswords.

I pick my lotto numbers.

I phone through my bets.

I watch all the news on T.V.

Don't read.

Don't go out much.

I keep the house closed all day.

I open it up at night.

Keep it closed all day.

Keep things out.

Dust!

Keep the dust out.

(Pause)

The kids have both moved away and I'm there with him.

He's in the house and I'm in the house.

Sometimes I don't know where he is.

I make meals and he's there to eat them.

It doesn't matter.

The kids matter and now they've moved away.

I telephone them.

I keep them informed.

Everything was for the kids and now they've moved away.

Sunday nights I prepare a baked dinner just to remember the kids.

He eats it.

He seems to like it.

He doesn't know why I do it.

What's it matter.

(Pause)

Yeah!

It's like having nowhere to go.

That's what it's like for me.

Just a good little woman.

A good little woman doing her ironing.

A good little woman.

***A Sweet Life* by Norman Price**

Character: Peter (male)

Context: Peter talks with his wife after he has lost his job at the local Sugar Mill. Not coping with being unemployed, he is already secretly planning to kill his family and himself.

Peter: They've been good to us.
They helped us with the loan for this old farmhouse.
We made good friends.
You don't count on this.
I didn't see it coming.
You don't count on this.
It's different.
I don't know what I'll do.
I honestly don't know.
There's nothing out there.
It's hard.
There's a bloody war going on out there.
People fighting one another for jobs.
The council aren't taking anybody on.
Where do you go at my age?
It's changed.
It's different.
I walk down the street now and I don't know anybody.
When we first came here.
We'd walk down the street and you'd know everybody.
It's not the same.
Shops closing down.
Lots of vacant buildings.
Downsizing.
That's what they call it.
Downsizing.
It's not the same.
It's different out there now.
Yes we'll have to talk about it.
Have to make some decisions.
I never thought it would come to this.
You start off in life with hope.
Eager.
Want to get into it.
You give it your best.
You think it'll be there.
But it isn't true.
It's a lie.
You didn't see it at the time.
But it's a lie.

Debris by Dennis Kelly

Character: Michelle (female but can be played by any gender)

Context: A brother and sister try to make sense of their dysfunctional childhood. They conjure up elaborate false stories about their past. Michelle tells the story of her mother's death.

Michelle: My mother died of joy. On the day that I was born, while I sat there hanging in my mother's fluid, suspended in aspic, my thumb in my mouth, my father and mother experienced a wave of joy so profound that as it washed over them and frothed on their skins they instinctively knew that not to find expression for this heat would mean the end of all three of us, the fabric of our bodies collapsing on a molecular level in the face of such extremes of energy and so my dad cooked a chicken. He had to do this because a bundle of life wrapped up in my mother's belly – me, yes me – a mess of skin, flesh, bone, placenta and God's holy bounty about to become detached and walk amongst them bringing happiness and purpose to their lives. That was how they felt. It was.

Chicken was definitely the answer. When this man on the telly cooked chicken you could tell that he understood joy, you could tell that that man there was life, that man there with the chicken, that man that understood joy, that man there on the telly cooking that chicken who understood joy, that man there, that there, that there was life and my dad knew that, which is why he cooked a chicken for my mum, just like the man there on the telly because of joy, and the joy was me, I was the joy, you see, I was the joy. Me. I was their joy.

My dad brings in the chicken in triumph. They begin to eat the chicken. And then a bone gets caught in my mother's throat and she begins to die. My mother died there in my father's arm as his soul exploded and the TV found itself crashing through the window and smashing into the concrete four floors below.

***Saint Joan* by George Bernard Shaw**

Character: Joan of Arc (female)

Context: 16 year old Joan is a peasant girl who believes she has been chosen by God to save the French nation. She had successfully led the French army, but has finally been captured by the English and is put on trial for heresy and witchcraft. Urged to make a confession and threatened with torture, she addresses the Court.

Joan: Yes, they told me you were fools and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust to your charity. You promised me my life but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear: bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky, and the sight of the fields and flowers, to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness, and keep me from everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him. All this is worse than the furnace in the Bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse, I could drag about in a skirt. I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

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***Diving for Pearls* by Katherine Thompson**

Character: Verge (female)

Context: In this play about a community and its people undergoing considerable change, Verge is the daughter of Barbara the lead character. Verge is mildly intellectually disabled having suffered from a lack of oxygen at birth. She concentrates hard when talking, and at times has unusual tempo/rhythms. In this speech she is talking to her mother.

Verge: I'm wrecked. How was I meant to find you. It could have been an emergency. I wouldn't have started if I'd known – it's been very bloody hard. Don't think it hasn't. I'm right, I got off the right train. The taxi was parked where you get off so I didn't have to wave all over the roadside. I went to that, that Buena Vista place but they were all stupid. So I said to the taxi we'd go to....to your old house and Barry, says, he says, she live somewhere else now. Turn up the books or something. I didn't know what he was talking about. I actually want my mother, actually Barry. And he says I'll drive you, and his breath all had beer on it. Under oh-five and stay alive. No thank you. So I say the taxi's still here I can manage. So he looks up the phone book and writes down the address. Something or other Bethlehem Street. I tell the driver who was quite nice and he can't read the number either. Drunk writing. I'm fed up but I have to knock on all these doors. Do you know where my mother lives? Speak English why don't you. And the driver's waiting and I'm cross – and lucky for me you start screaming. There she is. So. Nice House.

Richard III by William Shakespeare

Character: Lady Anne (female)

Context: Lady Anne is accompanying the coffin containing the body of King Henry the Sixth, which is being carried to be buried and stops to lament his death, and curse Richard who has killed the King as well as her own husband.

[Enter Lady Anne in mourning, with the hearse of King Henry VI, carried by pallbearers, and with guards]

Lady Anne:

Set down, set down your honorable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
[The hearse is set down.]

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster,
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood;
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabbed by the selfsame hands that made these holes,
Lo, in those windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes,
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it.
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping, venomous thing that lives.
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!

Henry V by William Shakespeare

Character: Chorus (can be played by any gender)

Context: The narrator describes the two armies, the confident French, and the outnumbered and fearful English, as they wait and prepare at night before the Battle of Agincourt, a battle that will seal the fate of the young King Henry.

Chorus:

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night, The
hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive The
secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents, The
armorers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And
the third hour of drowsy morning named. Proud
of their numbers and secure in soul, The confident
and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice, And
chide the cripple tardy-gaited night, Who
like a foul and ugly witch doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English, Like
sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminare
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts.

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***Love me Tender* by Tom Holloway**

Character: Chorus (can be played by any gender)

Context: A play that explores what happens when catastrophic bushfires hit individuals, their communities and way of life. Here a member of the chorus portrays a member of the police force discussing the pressures of their job.

Chorus: I'm a cop, right? It's my job. It's just my job. But it means I see things. I sit there in the patrol car and I drive around the streets of this town both day and night, yeah? And I go everywhere... The good parts of town, the bad parts of town... And so I see... Well... everything. Really. Everything. You know what I mean? All kinds. All sorts. And the thing is, you see... I see us. You and me. I see us doing amazing things. Saving. Rescuing. Loving. Caring. Supporting.

Sacrificing. Going without. Working hard. Being there for each other. Being pretty bloody amazing to each other. Really. Amazing. But I also see... because of my job... I also see us... I see us like... as if we were animals. As if we're still animals. Tearing. Ripping. Killing. But worse. Worse than animals because they have a need. Some kind of need. You know? But us? But for us? And that makes me ask myself this question... if we do all... If that is what we're really like... Good and bad and all that... How do we cope with that? How do we try to come to terms with something like that?

***Slut* by Patricia Cornelius**

Character: Chorus Member (female)

Context: In this play about the lives of young women, a friend of the main character Lolita, describes an idyllic holiday that the two of them shared.

Chorus Member: Lolita and I stayed with my grandmother during the Christmas holidays. I'd invited Lolita a few months earlier and now I was dreading it. My grandmother was old, her house was nowhere near a town, she didn't have a television, and there was nothing, absolutely nothing to do. On the train, I warned Lolita. I told her, you might want to go home. You might only want to stay a few days. You can go whenever you want, you know? When you've had enough, just say so. For three weeks me and Lolita swam every day in my grandma's dam. Every day we picked leeches off each other before we swam again. One day we took off our bathers and covered each other completely in mud. We baked dry and when we moved we cracked. Lolita said we were coming out of our shells. Born again, anew. Every day we looked for lizards and one day we found a snake and scrambled. We sat on warm rocks and sang bits of songs. We helped my grandma in the garden, with the cooking, with feeding the animals. At night we played Scrabble and pieced together old jigsaws. We listened to music, we listened to the radio, we listened to my grandma's stories and finally we came home. We were fourteen.

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Appropriate by Branden Jacobs-Jenkins

Character: Cassidy (female- but can be played by any gender)

Context: In a play about a dysfunctional extended family dealing with the possible racism of their recently deceased patriarch, Cassidy, who is thirteen, is talking to her slightly older cousin, after asking him for a favour to return some photographs that have caused conflict within the family.

Cassidy: You're the best. Are you feeling better? Yeah...Did you know that cicada's are the oldest bugs on earth? Or, like, they live longer than any other bugs. These bugs outside, they're thirteen years old. I just realized...they're as old as I am. But this is, like, the end of their life. They're about to die. Can you imagine if I just died this year? And do you know why they're singing? It's because they're trying to find each other to mate...They spend like all this time underground becoming teenagers, waiting to hatch, and then they just sing for a few weeks in the summer so they can find another cicada to do it with and then they die before the children are even born? Isn't that so messed up? That this song is the whole point of their existence...Do you think I have a crush on you? (Pause)
How do you think the baby cicadas learn the song? Is it just something that's programmed into them? Or maybe they just pick it up somewhere, listening when they're eggs. Maybe they're hearing it in their sleep, and that's how they learn? And their parents are dead, but they have the memory of a song that they think is just a part of them...

***Jasper Jones* based on the novel by Craig Silvey, adapted by Kate Mulvany**

Character: Charlie (male)

Context: Set in a small rural Australian town in 1965, the play tells the story of disturbing events that occur within it and their effects on the young people living there. Charlie is a bookish teenager who is sneaking out of the house after being asked for help by Jasper Jones, the part Aboriginal boy, “the naughty kid” in the town.

Charlie: You have to understand, I’ve never snuck out before. I’m a virgin to this kind of thing. Actually, I’m pretty much a virgin to every kind of thing. Except books. So me sneaking out with Jasper Jones, who is known throughout Corrigan as the worst kid in town, well, it’s fair to say this is particularly out of character for me.

In this town, Jasper is the first to be blamed for everything. Whatever the misdemeanor - nicking lollies from the store, throwing lit matches down the mines, or sneaking through fences to push over cows – no matter how clear their own child is guilty, parents ask immediately, ‘Were you with that motherless half-caste Jasper Jones?’

And the kids always nod, because Jasper’s involvement instantly absolves them. Their parents think their poor little child has somehow been waylaid by a demon. Momentarily led astray. And so the case is closed with just one simple instruction, ‘Stay away from Jasper Jones’. So me being here, under a full moon, being led by Jasper Jones past the brown lawns and gardens of my sleeping neighbourhood, past the cricket pitch, past the railway, past the power station, over the bridge, through the farm district, and knowing what my mother would do if she found out where I was...Well, let’s just say this is something way more adventurous than anything Huckleberry Finn ever did