



*Welcome to the Langley Fine Arts School  
Drama Major Audition Process!*

**PART ONE: Monologue Audition**

Choose a monologue from the 4 selections listed at the end of this package.  
Ensure your monologue is within 1-2 minutes.

Q: Can I prepare something I have written myself or something that is not from a play?

A: Please select a piece from the selections listed in this package.

Q: What should I wear to the audition?

A: Wear something comfortable that you can move in. Avoid jewelry and bulky costumes.

**Grade 9 – 10**

Prepare one 1-minute contemporary monologue from the selection at the end of the document.  
You will perform it twice. The first time you will perform it as you have prepared it.  
The second time you will receive direction and will need to adapt to the given directions. We are looking for actors who can take and apply direction. You also will possibly be performing in front of drama teaching staff as well as other students who are auditioning.

**PART TWO: Improvisational Exercises/Cold Read**

This will be in a class environment with others who are auditioning for the drama program. You will receive information for how to book an audition time if you haven't already been notified.

**PART THREE: Interview**

We will try to do this one on one however, based on time, we may ask questions of you in a class situation with others present.

## DRAMA AUDITION Monologue Selections

### Going into Grade 9/10

**(choose one of the following to memorize and perform with blocking).**

#### Monologue A NORA - from “Brighton Beach Memoirs”

*Nora – daughter of Blanche, Cousin to the Jerome boys*

*– She is a very beautiful and ambitious 16-year-old girl with dreams of Broadway. She is often resentful of her younger sister who is pampered due to heart flutters. In addition, she is angry at her father for dying and leaving her with a weak mother. She and her sister Laura are having a conversation in her room. She is talking about her father who passed away.*

NORA:

When I was six or seven he always brought me home a little surprise. Like a Hershey or a top. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to the closet and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and movie stubs and nickels and pennies and rubber bands and paper clips and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the wintertime.

(pause)

Then I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry cleaned and it felt cold... And that's when I knew he was really dead. ...Oh God, I wish we had our own place to live. I hate being a boarder. Listen, let's make a pact... The first one who makes enough money promises not to spend any on herself, but saves it all to get a house for you and me and Mom. That means every penny we get from now on, we save for the house... We can't by anything. No lipstick or nail polish or bubble gum. NOTHING... Is it a pact?

#### Monologue B from “You're a Good Man Charlie Brown”

LUCY:

Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and... and... in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can't be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people....well.... if I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen.

## **Monologue C – from “You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown”**

CHARLIE BROWN:

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her? She'd probably laugh right in my face... it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. All I have to do is stand up... I'm standing up! I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment? SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunch bag over his head.) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. (he removes his sack) Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with... only 2,863 to go.

## **Monologue D – from “Brighton Beach Memoirs”**

EUGENE:

Let me explain Aunt Blanche's situation . . . You see, her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from . . . (He looks around.) . . . this thing . . . They never say the word. They always whisper it. It was- (He whispers) Cancer! . . . I think they're afraid if they said it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID THE DREAD DISEASE! -(He points finger down.) JUST FOR THAT, I SMITE YOU DOWN WITH IT!!" . . . There are some things that grown-ups just won't discuss . . . For example, my grandfather. He died from (He whispers)-Diphtheria! . . . Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. And she couldn't support herself because she has (He whispers.) Asthma . . . So my big-hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. My father thought it would just be temporary but it's been three and a half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blanche's situation, my father is developing — (He whispers.)— High blood pressure!