



ACADEMY OF CREATIVE ARTS



# Audition Essentials

2017 FEMALE MONOLOGUES



*'Strive for Excellence'*

## **1. ROSALIND - As You Like It by William Shakespeare**

ROSALIND

And why I pray to you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty -  
As by my faith I see no more in you  
Than without a candle may go dark to bed -  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No faith proud mistress, hope not after it.'  
Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her  
Like foggy South puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.'  
Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.  
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

## **2. HELENA - A Midsummer Night's Dream by William Shakespeare**

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us - O, is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

***We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling on one song, both in one key,  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on the one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due to the one, and crowned with one crest.***

And will you join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Thou I alone do feel the injury.

**Note:** It is recommended the section in Italics/ bold be cut for younger auditionees for easier learning. It will not detract from the meaning.

### **3. VIOLA - Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare**

VIOLA

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 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 t'untie.

#### **4. JULIET - Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare**

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay';  
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

## **5. JULIA - Two Gentlemen of Verona by William Shakespeare**

JULIA

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'  
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,  
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia:' that I'll tear away.  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one on another:  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

## **6. JOAN LA PUCELLE (Joan of Arc) - Henry VI, Part I by William Shakespeare**

JOAN LA PUCELLE

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:  
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.  
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

### ***She sees no change in their resolve***

Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?  
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

## **7. MEG - Away by Michael Gow**

MEG

I saw the carton. I saw it in the hall.

I saw it. It was near the telephone table, wasn't it?

You saw it too, didn't you? You saw the box sitting there.

You must have. It was sitting next to your vanity case.

Everything else that was in the hall got packed in the car. You did see it.

You were the last one out. You're the one who shuts the door, after you've made sure the stove's off and the fridge has been left open. You saw the carton and you left it there on purpose.

You left it behind.

And you knew what it was. You knew what was in it and you left it there.

Why did you do that?

Why would you do a thing like that?

I want to know why you did it.

Tell me why you deliberately left that box behind.

We have a game we play every year. We sneak presents home, we hide them, we wrap them up in secret even though we can hear the sticky tape tearing and the paper rustling; we hide them in the stuff we take away, we pretend not to see them until Christmas morning even when we know they're there and we know what's in them because we've already put in our orders so there's no waste or surprise. And Dad always hides his in a pathetic place that's so obvious it's a joke and we all laugh at him behind his back but we play along! You knew what was in that box. You left it behind. I want to know why.

What were you trying to do, what did you want to gain?

Did you want to have something we'd all have to be sorry for the whole holiday? There's always something we do wrong that takes you weeks to forgive.

You have to tell me.

## **8. GILLIAN - Dags by Debra Oswald**

GILLIAN

All right. I'm going to admit something I never thought I'd admit to anyone ever. I've got a crush on Adam. Head over heels. Uncontrollable passion, etcetera. Unrequited passion, of course. Now I know this sounds like I'm throwing away everything I've said so far. And I guess I am. I know every girl at school except Monica is in love with him. I know he'd never go for a dag like me. I know it's hopeless. I know all that. But I can't help it. Just thinking he might look at me, my heart starts pounding like mad. And then I worry about whether he can tell my hearts going crazy, and I have to act really cool. This crush - it's like a disease. Do you know - oh, I'm almost too embarrassed to admit this - Adam misses the bus sometimes. 'Cos he's chatting up some girl or something. And do you know what I do? I get off the bus after one stop and walk back to school, so I can hang around the bus stop hoping he'll turn up. Just so I can ride on the same bus with him. Isn't that the most pathetic thing you've ever heard? I'm crazy. I can lie here for hours thinking about him. Writing these movies in my head where Adam and me are the stars. I try to imagine how he'd notice me and fall hopelessly in love with me and all that. Like, one of my favourites is that the bus breaks down one day in this remote place and there we are stranded together. He discovers that I was this really fascinating woman all along. Far more interesting than all those silly girls at school. But - I say that I can't bear to be just another notch on his belt. So Adam has to beg me to go out with him. Grovel almost. That's a pretty over-the-top version.

## **9. SALLY BROWN - You're A Good Man Charlie Brown**

**Note:** This is particularly for younger auditionees – applying for Year 6 or 7.

SALLY

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coathanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coathangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

**Note:** This is for older auditionees – applying for Year 10.

## **10. CHERIE - Blackrock by Nick Enright**

CHERIE

*(at a cemetery by Tracy's grave)*

It was my fault. If we stuck together like we said, you and me and Leanne, you wouldn't be here. But I lost youse all. Now I've lost you. And no-one knows how. You should hear the rumours. Someone seen a black Torana with Victorian number plates. It was a stranger in a Megadeth T-shirt, it was a maddie from the hospital, even your stepdad. All these ideas about who did it, who did it, like it was a TV show. It is a TV show. Every night on the news. I want to yell out, this is not a body, this is Tracy you're talking about. Someone who was here last week, going to netball, working at the Pizza Hut, getting the ferry, hanging out. You were alive. Now you're dead. But I know you can hear me. I can hear you.

*(She plays a bit of a song)*

Your song. Times we danced to that, you and me and Shana, Shana singing dirty words, remember? Mum hearing and throwing a mental... I shouldn't laugh, should I? Not here. But all I can think of is the other words.

*(She turns off the song.)*

You were wearing my earrings. You looked so great. And some guy took you off and did those things to you. Wish I knew who. You know, Trace. Nobody else does.

## **11. CECILY CARDEW - The Importance of Being Ernest by Oscar Wilde**

CECILY

You silly boy! Of course I'll marry you. Why, we have been engaged for the last three months. It will be exactly three months on Thursday. Ever since dear Uncle Jack first confessed to us that he had a younger brother who was very wicked and bad, you of course have formed the chief topic of conversation between myself and Miss Prism. And of course a man who is much talked about is always very attractive. One feels there must be something in him after all. I daresay it was foolish of me, but I fell in love with you Ernest. The engagement was settled on the 14th of February last. Worn out by your entire ignorance of my existence, I determined to end the matter one way or the other, after a long struggle with myself I accepted you under this dear tree here. The next day I bought this little ring in your name, and this little bangle with the true lovers knot I promised you always to wear. You've wonderful good taste, Ernest. It's the excuse I've always given you for leading such a bad life. And this is the box in which I keep all your dear letters. I remember only too well that I was forced to write your letters for you. I wrote always three times a week, and sometimes oftener. The three you wrote me after I had broken off the engagement are so beautiful, and so badly spelled, that even now I can hardly read them without crying a little. You can see the entry if you like. "Today I broke off my engagement with Ernest. I feel it is better to do so. The weather still continues charming." But I forgave you before the week was out. I don't think I could break it off now that I have actually met you. Besides, of course, there is the question of your name. You must not laugh at me, darling, but it had always been a girlish dream of mine to love someone whose name was Ernest. There is something in that name that seems to inspire absolute confidence. I pity any poor married woman whose husband is not called Ernest.