

DOUGLAS COLLEGE THEATRE DIPLOMA PROGRAM

AUDITION PACKAGE

INSTRUCTIONS

Please fill out each portion of this form completely. Once completed, submit this form, along with all package components listed below to performingarts@douglascollege.ca. Packages may be submitted by email, or by mail. **Audition dates and times will not be confirmed without receipt of a completed audition package.**

AUDITION PACKAGE CHECKLIST

- This Theatre Program Audition Form
- A recent photograph of yourself
- TWO letters of reference
- A clean copy of your own CHOSEN monologue

MAIL TO:

Douglas College, Performing Arts Department
C/O Administrative Associate, LLPA (Rm N3200A)
PO Box 2503
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5B2

AUDITION FORM

Name	Douglas Student Number
Preferred Name	Preferred Pronouns
Address	
City	Postal Code
Email	
Date of Birth	Current Age
High School	Post-Secondary
Name of Drama Instructors	

Drama or Theatre related courses taken at high school and post-secondary institutions:

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THEATRE EXPERIENCE

List of productions and your specific area of involvement in them. Continue on back of page if necessary. You may attach a resume if your list is extensive.

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CAREER GOALS

What are your career goals?

PROGRAM INFORMATION

- The Theatre Program is very demanding time-wise and this leaves little time for students to work unless they have an understanding employer who appreciates that school must come before work. Do you anticipate any financial problems?

- The Theatre Program is very demanding in terms of time and energy and physical health. All students are expected to participate fully in all classes. Do you have any health or physical problems that may affect your ability to be completely involved in the work?

- First-year Theatre students are required to take Voice, Movement, Acting, Theatre History, and Production in both terms of the first year. Four productions are done per year (two on the Main Stage and two in the Studio Theatre). All second-year students must audition and perform in the productions. All first-year students must take on a production assistant position for the first year. As a production assistant, you are expected to work a minimum of 60 hours during the term on some production aspect. How do you honestly feel about not being cast in a public performance during your first year?

- Do you plan on completing the full two years of the program?

- Do you intend to transfer to: UBC ___ SFU ___ UVIC___ OTHER _____
- What other training institutions (if any) are you applying to or auditioning for?

- Have you already been accepted at any other institution? If so, which one(s)?

How did you hear about the Douglas College Theatre Department? (Tick all that apply)

- Website
- High School Drama Teacher or Career Counsellor _____
- High School Visit/Presentation
- Billboard Advertisement
- From a previous grad, faculty/staff member or current student _____
- Facebook
- Twitter
- Instagram
- Douglas College Information Session
- Newspaper
- Production Program Advertisement _____
- Other _____

AUDITION REQUIREMENTS/ INFORMATION

The audition process is broken down into a **group workshop** and the **individual audition** in front of the Audition Panel.

GROUP WORKSHOP

On the morning of your individual audition, you will take part in a group workshop with other program applicants. This acting and movement intensive will help you prepare for your audition and introduce you to some of our faculty and other potential members of the ensemble.

You are expected to wear clothing that will allow you to move freely and comfortably. Most of the workshop will be done in bare feet.

INDIVIDUAL AUDITION

For your individual audition you will perform **two** monologues and approximately **thirty seconds** of a song in front of the audition panel. Keep in mind that the Audition Panel will be most interested in your ability to make the material meaningful and personal. Be honest and truthful. Pick something you feel is appropriate to your character, personality type, and age.

Required Monologues

- Select, memorize, and perform ONE of the *required monologues*, which are included in the next section.
 - **Female**
 - **Catherine** - *Waiting for the Parade* by John Murrell
 - **Eve** - *Waiting for the Parade* by John Murrell
 - **Male**
 - **Yock** - *Quiet in the Land* by Anne Chislett
 - **Jerry** - *Zoo Story* by Edward Albee
- Select, memorize and perform ONE *other theatre monologue* of your choice.
 - 1½ minutes in length.
 - **Monologue *must* be taken from a published play.**
 - NO film or television scripts please.
 - Original material *may not* be used.
 - No Shakespeare, accents or dialects please.
 - ***Please bring a clean copy of this audition piece for the Audition Panel.***
- Sing a maximum of **thirty seconds** of a song of your choice (a cappella).
 - No accompaniment permitted but a piano will be available to get your starting note. Please do not bring a CD, tape, or instrument.
 - Please note that your singing skill level will *not* determine your acceptance in the program.
- Please arrive at least **fifteen minutes** early for your individual audition. Space will be available for physical and vocal warm-up.
- Time restraints will be enforced for monologues and song.

Female choices, choose one

1. *Waiting for the Parade* by John Murrell — Catherine

When Billy and I were first married—we fought all the time. About everything. My clothes. His clothes. My friends. His friends. Whether or not to have children. How many to have. Girls or boys. We fought about baseball teams, which I didn't know anything about. We fought about religion and politics, which neither of us knew anything about. We fought about whether or not it was healthy for us to fight so much. (Pause.) One day—we'd only been married a few months—Billy borrowed some rope and came home from work early. I was having a nap. When I woke up I was bound—hand and foot! I couldn't move an inch! And Billy was standing there—grinning like a halfwit. "From now on," he said, "no more fighting. We're going to make love instead. Whenever we feel a fight coming on, we're going to make love instead. And if you don't agree, I'm going to strangle you and sink your remains in the river!" (She laughs. Pause.) When I think about those times, I can almost see Billy again. At least, I can see his eyes. I can see his hands. I can see his teeth. He has perfect teeth. Not like mine. That's something else we fought about. (Pause.) But the rest of the picture—is in shadow. (Pause.) Listen. If they want to make the Hollywood blockbuster of all time—one of those stories of tragic romance—sure to have every woman in the theatre reaching for her hanky—they should tell the story of a woman—whose husband goes away—but he goes away, one piece at a time. First an arm vanishes. Then a leg. Then his eyes. His hands. His teeth. Finally she can't remember what he looks like—at all. (Pause.) That's what hurts. (Pause.) That's what's—peculiar. (Pause.) Losing him—a little at a time.

2. *Waiting for the Parade* by John Murrell — Eve

I always said politicians are a little lower than one-celled parasites in the natural order of things. But I never thought the Prime Minister of Canada would renege on a promise made to his people. No matter how many stupid people wanted him to! Now they can call up whomever they like, whenever they like! Farm boys, law office clerks, college students. Call them all up! Take them all! (Pause.) Of course, Harry was dancing on air. "That goddamn, softhearted Scotsman finally woke up to the fact there's a war on! And that means manpower! That means bodies!" Yes, Harry. That means bodies on top of more bodies on top of more bodies. (Pause.) I didn't put any sugar in his grapefruit juice this morning. He hates that. It makes his whole face pucker up. I said, "It was an accident, Harry." (Pause.) It wasn't.

Male choices, choose one

1. *Quiet in the Land* by Anne Chislett — Yock

Pa, I have to talk to you...I have to. Open the door. Open it! I been half way 'round the world and I've come back. I've come to tell you something and you're going to listen. You never listened to me in your life, did you? Well, listen now. I killed a man. Do you hear me, Pa? I killed a man. They tell me I killed more, but there was only one I ever saw. We were going up this hill and he came at me. I stuck out my bayonet like it was my arm, and I got him in the gut. He was lying in the mud, screaming and bleeding. Everybody else kept going on, but I just stood there shaking. He was going to die right there in that mud and he knew it. He was afraid, Pa. He was afraid of facing God. He started screaming for a preacher. I wanted to tell him I understood, that I was Christian, that I was German too. I wanted to say all those words I used to hear you read from the Bible, but I was ashamed. So I let him die like that in the mud. That was the war, Pa. That's what it was. You know, I thought I was going off to save you all from something. I bet he did, too. I thought the King of England was going to be there like in the school books, cheering me on. Somehow I even thought I was going to put the legs back on Paddy O'Rourke. But all I did was put a knife into a man...and Pa, he looked like Zepp. If he'd had a beard, he could have been Zepp. And right at the end, he cried out for his father to come and take him home, and I started crying for you. I wanted you to come over the hill and take me home. Because I knew, if I'd just stayed home...I guess that's what I...what I wanted to tell you, Pa...If I'd just stayed. I'm going away now. You don't have to worry. I'll keep out of your way....

2. *Zoo Story* by Edward Albee — Jerry

What were you trying to do? Make sense out of things? Bring order? The old pigeonhole bit? Well, that's easy; I'll tell you. I live in a four-story brownstone rooming-house on the upper West Side between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West. I live on the top floor; rear; west. It's a laughably small room, and one of my walls is made of beaverboard; this beaverboard separates my room from another laughably small room, so I assume that the two rooms were once one room, a small room, but not necessarily laughable. The room beyond my beaverboard wall is occupied by a colored queen who always keeps his door open; well, not always, but always when he's plucking his eyebrows, which he does with Buddhist concentration. This colored queen has rotten teeth, which is rare, and he has a Japanese kimono, which is also pretty rare; and he wears this kimono to and from the john in the hall, which is pretty frequent. I mean, he goes to the john a lot. He never bothers me, and he never brings anyone up to his room. All he does is pluck his eyebrows, wear his kimono and go to the john. Now, the two front rooms on my floor are a little larger, I guess; but they're pretty small, too. There's a Puerto Rican family in one of them, a husband, a wife, and some kids; I don't know how many. These people entertain a lot. And in the other front room, there's somebody living there, but I don't know who it is. I've never seen who it is. Never. Never ever.