

New Zealand Audition Workshop Scripts 2017

Learn and prepare

- One monologue from *The Seagull* option offered (Men - Konstantin and Women - Masha)
- The male or female text from *The Laramie Project* according to applicant's gender. Please note, we would like you to learn this text but **DO NOT** make locked choices re performance as we will work with this under direction in the room. Just learn the lines.
- One contemporary monologue of your own choice, no longer than 1-2mins MAX

The Seagull

By Anton Chekhov

MASHA:

I'm telling you this because you're a writer. You can use it. I'm telling you in all honesty, if he'd seriously wounded himself I wouldn't have gone on living another minute. It's not for lack of courage, mind you. I've decided - I'm going to tear this love out of my heart, just tear it out by the roots.

I'm getting married. To Medvedenko.

Loving without hope – waiting years on end for something, you don't know what...Better off married and forget about love, I'll have new troubles to blot out the old ones – and anyway, anything for a change. Shall we have another drink?...Oh, come on. You don't have to look at me like that. Lots of women drink – more than you think. Not so many openly like me - mostly in secret. Vodka or brandy for preference. Here's to you! You're all right, I approve of you. I'm sorry you're leaving.

My schoolteacher's not very clever but he's kind and he's got nothing. He's devoted to me. I'm sorry for him. I'm even sorry for his old mother, Well – time to wish you all the best. Spare me a thought now and then. Thank you for very much for being nice to me.

KONSTANTIN:

I sank low enough today to kill this seagull. I lay it at your feet...

Soon I am going to kill myself in the same way.

You aren't like you were. You look at me from so far away. You find my presence an embarrassment.

It's all since that night when my play was such a fiasco. Women can forgive anything but failure. I've burned it, every last shred of it. You can't know how unhappy I am. Your detachment is literally terrifying, something inconceivable, as if I were to wake up one morning and this lake had gone, simply evaporated, or run away into the ground. Not clever enough? – what's there to make out? My play was a failure, you despise my inspiration, now you think I'm just another insignificant nobody just like they all – oh, I know about this!, believe me I do know about this! It's like having a

nail hammered into my brain. To hell with it all! – and my pride, too – that feeds on my blood, sucks it out of me like leeches!

Oh here he comes the genuine article! Walking like Hamlet. He's even got the book. 'Words. Words. Words.' ...you're already smiling...well let me not stand between you and the sun.

The Laramie Project

- a play by Moisés Kaufman and members of Tectonic Theater Project

MALE:

Okay, no. They stated that Matt approached them, that he came onto them. I absolutely, positively disbelieve and refute the statement one hundred percent. Refute it. I'm gonna give you two reasons why.

One. Character reference.

Why would he approach them? Why them? He wasn't approaching anybody else in the bar. They say he's gay, he was a flaming gay, he's gonna come on to people like that. Bullshit. He never came onto me. Hello?!? He came onto them?

I don't believe it.

Two. Territorialism is—is—is the word I will use for this. And that's the fact that Matt was sitting there. Russell and Aaron were in the pool area. Upon their first interaction, they were in Matt's area, in the area that Matt had been seen in all night. So who approached who by that?

FEMALE:

When I got there, the first---at first the only thing I could see was partially somebody's feet, and I got out of my vehicle and raced over---I seen what appeared to be a young man, thirteen, fourteen years old because he was so tiny laying on his back and he was tied to the bottom end of a pole.

I did the best I could. The gentleman that was laying on the ground, Matthew Shepard, he was covered in dry blood all over his head, there was dry blood underneath him and he was barely breathing...he was doing the best he could.

I was going to breathe for him and I couldn't get his mouth open---his mouth wouldn't open for me.

He was covered in, like I said, partially dried blood and blood all over his head---the only place he did not have any blood on him, on his face, was what appeared to be where he had been crying down his face.

His head was distorted---you know, it did not look normal---he looked as if he had a real harsh head wound.