

TOI WHAKAARI ACTING

Audition Workshop Scripts 2023

Kia ora , we are looking forward to seeing you at the audition workshop , please learn and prepare the following -

- ONE monologue from the choice of four provided *All 4 monologues can be played by any gender.*
- ONE SHORT monologue of your own choice, 1-2mins. 2 minutes MAX
We encourage you to choose a text for live performance that shows more of your range as an actor, beyond the texts we've provided

Please learn these texts by heart but DO NOT make locked choices. During the workshop you will work with these pieces under direction in the room. It is essential you can explore multiple offers of the character in performance.

Lashings of Whipped Cream by Fiona Samuels

Oh, there was one guy, he was a bit different, he wanted me to be a parking attendant. Had to be that. So I rang up the City Council and asked if I could hire the outfit, y'know, just for a day, but they were a bit suspicious, wanted to know what it was for, wouldn't give me one. What did they think I was gonna do, march around town getting my rocks off talking into my radio and having people towed off clearways at two minutes past four? I'm not *that* sadistic. In the end I poached one. I saw this parking warden in town, she was just a young chick and I thought she might be into it, it was a cow of a day so I just asked her back to my place, gave her a pair of trackpants and a jersey, sat her out the back with a pile of magazines and gave her a cut afterwards. Worth it for her. And the guy knew it was the real thing. He got a real charge out of it, asked me where I got it. So I said — 'Slave! You think I make a living on what the Council pays me?' Must have been one of those things he just wanted to get out of his system.

If I was gonna pick the outfit of my sexual fantasy though, it's not what I'd go for.

Rushing Dolls by Courtney Sina Meredith

I've won all kinds of awards. I started writing when I started blinking and once I could write I could fly. Head girl, ball committee, law school, English, politics, events, production, research, big money, you see where I'm going. And now you're all switched off, because you think I'm a brat right? That I'm a trust fund baby, living in a big white house with a tiny dog. Wrong.

I grew up in Glen Innes, in a big state house with everyone from Ma to mum to uncle Pop, cousins, aunties, the neighbours' kids who seemed to live in the lounge. My dad wasn't around. We lived off love, if something happened to someone, it happened to everyone. Ma pushed out the sun every morning, she hoisted the moon at night with her bare hands.

See I'm just like you. I know the struggle, what it feels like to never have anything new, what it's like to switch on the TV and there's all these shiny fucking lives further than Jupiter. It's true that we have to work harder, save more, walk some kind of line, because we *are* tempted, there's drugs on offer that will never be banned in our culture. I'm talking about quick fixes, your uncle in Hamilton with hook-ups at the plant, the dole, that guy you don't really love who's promising the world. Trust me it's in his pants.

***Nga Pou Wahine* by Briar Grace-Smith**

After JT, I'm just not interested. JT with his leathers and the only pick-up line he knows. *(she speaks as JT would)* 'CHER! You're alright, eh? Aw yeah, you into a cruise then? I gotta smoke. CHER.' JT and the way he used to ask me for a date. *(as JT)* 'Hey, are you into drinking? Wanna come down the clubrooms and scull a few beers after the game? WARRIORS, WARRIORS aarh, your shout, eh?' For about a month I thought JT was the Luke Perry of the sauce factory. He could even pop one eyebrow up by itself. He was beautiful. His dark eyes, his sideways smirk. *(pause)* The way he was always chewing Juicyfruit. Every time he walked into the tearoom my heart would pound like a hammer, and I could hear the blood racing through my veins. I wanted to be his fantasy. *The fantasy begins.*

My legs would be wrapped in tight leather pants. Dressed in a tasselled jacket and studded belt, I'd come roaring into the tearoom on the meanest, shiniest Harley Davidson he'd ever seen. Cool as, I'd swing my boot over the seat and go to him, mincing all the way. Then I'd sweep him up into my arms and give him the wettest, longest, hottest kiss ever. Yeah, I'd shove my tongue so hard down his throat he'd choke. The tearoom would be stunned. There'd be wide eyes and cigarettes left hanging in mid-air with the ash just dropping off the end. And finally, after I'd kissed the life out of him, I'd drop him onto the floor and walk. Leaving him a smoking, seething pulp of black leather.

The Cape by Vivien Plumb

I love it up here in the north. People call it the far north cause you're as far north as you can go. One road. There's no turning back once you're up here. Palms for sale outside some bungalow house on the edge of every wee town. The sky a low dark rain cloud with red hibiscus growing underneath. Nature comes at you fast, tenderloin hills cut like beef steaks fattening on the grill. A bare arm hanging out of a car window.

And sure, a car window can be a sheet of taped plastic, or some cardboard, but there's an expansiveness up here, a sweet smell in the air. More whites in the palette. Horse shit for sale. An optimistic desperation. Some kid on a bike in the middle of the road looking both ways, like a sentry at his post. Stalls of feijoas with honesty boxes. Hawks feeding on roadkill. Wild hens. Cabbage trees. A man who can do stump-grinding. The atmosphere seeps in and absorbs itself into every crack and crevice.

It's like a disease - you pick it up on your hands, you inhale it, it imprints itself on your body system, it moves itself in. *(Pause)* I won't be here this time next year.

***IRIRANGI BAY* by Riwia Brown**

You want to know? *He walks to the table.* You see, he owned a large block of farmland. He found himself struggling through a couple of harsh winters. Then out of nowhere this man turns up from a bank and offers him a loan to see him over the rough patch. Then the same man turns up, the bank wants its money back. Dad couldn't read, let alone the small print. He was forced to sell the land, bit by bit, until there was nothing. *Pause.* Jesus! Mum used to say that things would get better, if I could get a good education. Forget the land, get a job. She was always on at me to work hard at school. My father worked two jobs. He was determined to make things right. He would even dream up fantastic ways to get the land back. He wanted to live to see his grandchildren running barefoot and free on their own land. He was basically working himself into an early grave. Mum worked in a factory She'd come home at night, cook, then she'd be up before dawn. Mum would be up scrubbing the old place whether' needed it or not. Always looked the same to me. You could eat off her floor.