



Toi Whakaari
New Zealand Drama School

TOI ACTING Audition Workshop Scripts 2020

Learn and prepare the following -

- **ONE** monologue from the choice of three provided
All 3 monologues can be played by any gender.
- **ONE** 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.

THE CAPE *By Vivienne Plumb*

Eb

..... and night was coming, man, and me and my brother we didn't know where we were going to sleep. No one came, not one single fucker turned up to give us a lift. We'd been hitching all day but you know the lifts can have a way of drying up. That's what happens – they're there and then they're not. It's like a kind of hitchhiking curse, man. It can be going swell and then suddenly, whammo, it's all over rover. Dry. Cursed. It's a weird kind of magic. You're in tune with the hitchhiker's muse and then, whammo, that's it for the day. Nothing. Man we didn't know what to do. So my brother he says, let's just sleep here. You know my brother, eh, bro. He's a big tall one, eh? Man, I miss him. I love my brother, man. I mean I love that guy more than anything else. When we're together it's like anything is possible. Any mission – throw it at us, we're like superheroes when we're together, fuckin heroes without the capes.

THE BOY WHO CAUSED 9/11 *By Ken Mizusawa*

Kevin

You see, the universe, like any system, has its own checks and balances that keeps things in place, as they are, and running according to plan. I've worked it all out in my Universe Book. But you see, the problem is, they aren't enough sometimes. And you need people; people who know exactly what's

going on, have done the calculations, and know exactly what they should do, to maintain the order in the universe. Because I've worked it out, I have a duty to the universe. I have to establish patterns of behaviour that actively challenge the countless, random, everyday things that people do without thinking; that obviously go against the grain of what's been anticipated, and planned for in the universe. So please don't ask me to stop what I'm doing because it's the same for a human being as it is for a bowl of cereal. They are made from the same numerical building blocks and can be just as consequential to the universe as what happens to a human being. In fact, a bowl of cereal is, if anything, *more* important.

MO AND JESS KILL SUSIE *By Gary Henderson*

Mo

I was in this pub in Dunedin, New Year's Eve, just off the Octagon where all the uni crowd used to hang out. Five minutes to midnight, the place is fucking thumping. Wall- to- wall bodies, I can hardly breathe let alone move. Everyone's dancing, rolling in this big molten sweaty mass. And I'm right into it, ripped off my skull, yelling and thrashing and having a great time, except I keep getting this elbow in the ass or something and it's starting to piss me off, so I twist round, and there's this guy behind me. Completely out of it He's got this dead joint all soaked with spit, sort of hanging down from his mouth, stuck to his chin and he's dribbling. He's right behind me staring into space and doing this spastic kinda dance. I look down to check out his tartan boots and Jesus Fuck! He's not dancing. He's wanking. Right there in the middle of the crowd. Gripping his cock so hard it's gone the colour of raw steak. I think just get the fuck away from him, but the crowd's too thick and there's this fat bitch with an arse like a hippo right in front of me, and her shitfaced friend who was laughing like a hyena all the time. And I can't get away. Can't even get my arm up to hit the guy. I can feel him, chugging away, speeding up and slowing down. I look at him again and he's still staring into space, except now I notice he's actually looking at the clock. It's about twenty seconds to midnight. And suddenly I realise what he's trying to do...