



## DRAMA DEPARTMENT Admissions Requirements

**All students applying for admission to the Arts High School Drama Department must audition.**

**The 2021-22 Drama Audition Requirement consists of  
- A PREPARED MONOLOGUE VIDEO SUBMISSION.**

### **MONOLOGUE VIDEO SUBMISSION**

- Select 1 monologue from the 10 provided in the bank below that is either gender-neutral, or that suits your gender expression.
  - Choose the monologue that best suits your personality, but is a little bit challenging.
  - Prepare and memorize that monologue.
    - If asked, students should be able to explain, in their own words, the meaning of the monologue, and the mood of the character.
    - Posture, gesture, and facial expression **MUST** be exhibited.
    - Changes in mood, and how clearly candidates speak will be evaluated.
  - Record yourself performing the monologue you have prepared.
    - Place yourself in front of a blank light-colored wall.
    - Make sure you are not in the dark, and that your face can be clearly seen.
    - Place the camera (or phone) in a position where at least your entire upper body can be seen in the video.
    - Start the video by looking into the camera, and clearly stating your full name, your current school, your age, and which monologue you will be performing.
    - Take a moment, and then perform the entire monologue, in one take, from memory. **MONOLOGUES MUST BE MEMORIZED.**
    - There should be no editing of the video. The monologue must be performed in a single take, as if you were on stage during a performance.
  - Submit the video on FlipGrid, at the link provided in the confirmation email you received, when you signed up for the audition on SignUp Genius.
  - If you experience technical difficulties when submitting video, email [edones@nps.k12.nj.us](mailto:edones@nps.k12.nj.us)
-



<b>Monologue #1: The Quality of Mercy</b>	<b>Gender: Neutral</b>
<b>Play: The Merchant of Venice</b>	<b>Playwright: William Shakespeare</b>
<b>Character: Portia</b>	

PORTIA: The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: It is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this;  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

---



<b>Monologue #2: Metamorphosis</b>	<b>Gender: Neutral</b>
<b>Play: Dog Sees God</b>	<b>Playwright: Bert V. Royal</b>
<b>Character: CB's Sister</b>	

CB's SISTER: Metamorphosis. Transformation. Evolution. Change. Evolution. Change. Changing evolution. I am a teenage caterpillar. I know of these things. For soon, I'll spin a cocoon. And from the silk-like craft that I will create, a magnificent creature will emerge. No. Not a butterfly. For butterflies are a dime a dozen. Destined to flit about for a day or so, then drop dead. Or have its wings ripped off by a demented child. Or have its body pinned to a piece of cheap foam core and matted underneath a cheap frame and hung in the bathroom of an elderly woman who reeks of Preparation-H and Vicks VapoRub. *(Beat)* This will not be my fate. This CANNOT be my fate. I will become a platypus. It's not impossible. It's just never been done before. It's only a matter of time, you see. If I stay in my cocoon longer, I'll change from a butterfly to a swallow to a duck and then from a duck to a platypus. It's all just a matter of time. And time I have. I will wait to become a platypus. I will be an extraordinary creature. *(The lights fade as she pulls a silk scarf from her pocket and begins to wrap it around herself.)*

---



<b>Monologue #3: Puck</b>	<b>Gender: Neutral</b>
<b>Play: A Midsummer Night's Dream</b>	<b>Playwright: William Shakespeare</b>
<b>Character: Puck</b>	

*Puck reports to Oberon that the trick they are playing on Titania has been successful. He tells Oberon that he found Bottom rehearsing a play near where Titania was sleeping, gave him the head of a donkey, and the love-spell on Titania caused her to fall in love with this transformed man.*

PUCK: My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nolle I fixed on his head:  
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;  
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;  
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.  
I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

---



<b>Monologue #4: White Crayon</b>	<b>Gender: Female</b>
<b>Play: Common Ground</b>	<b>Playwright: Brendon Votipka</b>
<b>Character: Teenager</b>	

**TEENAGER:** I've been trying very hard to put into words the way I'm feeling right now. But I'm drawing a blank. I feel blank. "Blank" is almost something, but I fear it may be nothing. Nothing is an awful feeling. It's the absence of feeling. I don't feel nothing. Nothing is not what I feel. I feel something. Definitely something. I don't feel the absence of feeling, but I think I may feel the absence of color. Until I got out my art supplies from kindergarten, I couldn't decide what it was. Then, it hit me.

I feel like a white crayon. No, I don't. I am a white crayon. Exactly. I am completely and totally a white crayon. I guess I always identified with the white crayon. The thing is, the white crayon just sits in the box. You following me? I mean, I know that all the other colors sit in the same box. Back in grade school, when you bought your school supplies at the beginning of a school year you could be sure that every color would be present. But while you can be sure they're all there, does it matter that every color is in the box? Does it matter if you have a white crayon? No.

The other colors get so much more action. Of course they get more action. Take a color like green. I wish I was green. Green is used in so many pictures, so often. How frequently does a kid use green. Pretty frequently. It gets a lot of action. Red is the same way. You use red for an apple, or a heart, or lips. Purple can be grapes, or flowers, or a sunset. Yellow, blue, brown, black, pink, any color, you name it! People use those colors all the time. A kid uses every crayon in the box.

Except white. No one ever picks up the white crayon. It sits in its box, completely sharpened and ready to go, but it's destined to remain in the stupid box. No one needs it. It has no use. I know, I know, "people use the white crayon sometimes." But rarely. Rarely. And besides, the white crayon is the crayon no one cares if they break. If they snap it in two, no big deal. It's not like it's necessary for survival. No one needs a white crayon.

---



<b>Monologue #5: The Turkey Story</b>	<b>Gender: Female</b>
<b>Play: Good People</b>	<b>Playwright: David Lindsay-Abaire</b>
<b>Character: Margaret</b>	

MARGARET: Did I ever tell you the turkey story? Up at Flanagan's? When I worked up there and she came in? She never told you that turkey story? Huh. She was pregnant with you. No, Jimmy actually – she was pregnant with Jimmy – because it was near Christmas, and your father was locked up in Walpole again, so she didn't have any money for anything. She had nothing. So your mother comes into Flanagan's, and she's out to here. (Indicates belly.) When's Jimmy's birthday? January. Right, so she's out to here, and in this big coat. Remember that blue coat she always wore? And she's walking up and down the aisles, slipping things in the pockets – potatoes, and cans of cranberry sauce, cookies, because you guys gotta eat, right? So she comes waddling up to my register. And I'm like, "Hey Suzie, how are the kids?" And she doesn't wanna talk obviously, she's just trying to push through the line, "Oh they're good, I was just looking for something, but you don't have it, so I'm gonna try someplace else." And then there turkey falls out of her coat. It hits the floor right between her legs. A turkey. Boom. And I swear to god, she didn't miss a beat. She looks up, real mad, and yells, "Who threw that bird at me?!" (Really laughing now). Oh we died. Everybody there. Ya had to laugh. "Who threw that bird at me?!" She was a funny sonofabitch. Pardon my French. God she was funny. I think about her all the time. Your mother was a good lady. It's a lesson though. You're lucky you don't smoke. Too young, your mother.

---



<b>Monologue #6: Yunomi, Teacups</b>	<b>Gender: Female</b>
<b>Play: The Ballad of Yachiyo</b>	<b>Playwright: Phillip Kan Gotanda</b>
<b>Character: Yachiyo</b>	

*Yachiyo, a poor peasant girl with not much hope of raising herself beyond working in the sugar fields of Hawaii, is sent by her father to live with a pottery artist, Hiro Takamura, and his wife, Okusan. Okusan hopes to teach Yachiyo proper Japanese language and customs, and before long Hiro finds new inspiration for his work through the girl. Eventually the young Yachiyo and Hiro develop a deep relationship that leads to tragic outcome.*

Time and Place: Kauai, Hawaiian Islands, 1919

The scene: Yachiyo paints a picture of Takamura practicing his art.

**YACHIYO:** In front of him sits a mound of clay which he is squeezing into a tall cone, he pushes it down, then squeezes it into a tall cone again. This helps to even the consistency of the clay and makes it easier to work with. All during this time he is pulling on the base of the wheel with his feet to keep it turning...He is making yunomi, teacups.

Takamura-san does this by working the clay back into a tall cone and by fashioning a measured portion at the top into a ball. He's done this so many times he knows just the amount to use by the feel. Then by inserting the thumb of his right hand he makes a deep pocket, drawing the clay up to make the walls of the cup with the same thumb and middle finger. It's all done in one motion. Now he starts to use some tools. First, he inserts a flat spatula tool to make sure the yunomi has a clean face on the inside. Then, he takes a tombo, dragonfly, because of the way it looks--

---



<b>Monologue #7: Night Luster</b>	<b>Gender: Female</b>
<b>Play: Night Luster</b>	<b>Playwright: Laura Harrington</b>
<b>Character: Roma</b>	

ROMA: I don't think people see me. I get this feeling sometimes like i'm invisible or something. I can be standing there in a room and I'm talking and everything, and it's like my words aren't getting anywhere and I look down at myself and sometimes my body isn't getting anywhere either. It's like I'm standing behind a one-way mirror and I can see the guys and I can hear the guys, but they can't see me and they can't hear me. And I start to wonder if maybe I'm ugly or something, like maybe I'm some alien species from another planet and I don't speak the language and I look totally weird. But I don't know this, you see, because on this other planet I had this really nice mother who told me I was beautiful and that I had a voice to die for because she loved me so much, not because it was true. And I arrive here on earth and I'm so filled with her love and her belief in me that I walk around like I'm beautiful and I sing like I have a voice to die for. And because I'm so convinced and so strange and so deluded, people pretend to listen to me -- because they're being polite or something -- or maybe they're afraid of me. And at first I don't notice because I sing with my eyes closed. But then one day I open my eyes and I find out I'm living in this world where nobody sees me and nobody hears me. I'm just looking for that one guy who's gonna hear me, see me, really take a chance. I mean, I hear them. I'm listening so hard, I hear promises when somebody's just sayin' hello. If anybody ever heard what I've got locked up inside of me...I'd be a star.

---



<b>Monologue #8: Eugene</b>	<b>Gender: Male</b>
<b>Play: Brighton Beach Memoirs</b>	<b>Playwright: Neil Simon</b>
<b>Character: Eugene</b>	

EUGENE: (*writing, says aloud*) That's-what-they-have-gutters-for....(*to audience*) If my mother knew I was writing all this down, she would stuff me like one of her chickens...I'd better explain what she meant by Aunt Blanche's – "situation" ...You see, her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from ...(*He looks around,*)...this thing...They never say the word. They always whisper it. It was – (*He whispers*) - Cancer!....I think they're afraid if they said it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID THE DREAD DISEASE! (*He points finger down.*) JUST FOR THAT, I SMITE YOU DOWN WITH IT!!!" ...There are some things that grown-ups just won't discuss....For example, my grandfather. He died from - (*he whispers*) - Diphtheria!...Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. Not even insurance...And she couldn't support herself because she has - (*he whispers.*) Asthma...So my big-hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. So they broke up our room into two small rooms and me and my brother Stan live on this side, and Laurie and her sister Nora live on the other side. My father thought it would just be temporary but it's been three-and-a-half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blanche's situation, my father is developing- (*he whispers*) - High blood pressure! (*He resumes his writing*)

---



<b>Monologue #9: Belize</b>	<b>Gender: Male</b>
<b>Play: Angels in America</b>	<b>Playwright: Tony Kushner</b>
<b>Character: Belize</b>	

BELIZE: You know what your problem is, Louis? Your problem is that you are so full of piping hot crap that the mention of your name draws flies. Up in the air, just like that angel, too far off the earth to pick out the details. Louis and his Big Ideas. Big ideas are all you love. "America" is what Louis loves. Well I hate America, Louis. I hate this country. It's just big ideas, and stories, and people dying, and people like you. The cracker who wrote the National Anthem knew what he was doing. He set the word "free" to a note so high nobody can reach it. That was deliberate. Nothing on earth sounds less like freedom to me. You come to room 1013 over at the hospital, I'll show you America. Terminal, crazy, and mean. I live in America, Louis, that's hard enough, I don't have to love it. You do that. Everybody's got to love something.

---



<b>Monologue #10: A Single Tear</b>	<b>Gender: Male</b>
<b>Play: Water by the Spoonful</b>	<b>Playwright: Quiara Alegría Hudes</b>
<b>Character: Elliot</b>	

ELLIOT: My sister and I had the stomach flu, right? For a whole day we couldn't keep nothing down.

Medicine, juice, anything we ate, it would come right back up. Your co-worker here took us to the Children's Hospital.

It was wall-to-wall packed. Every kid in Philly had this bug. ERs were turning kids away. They gave us a flier about stomach flu and sent us home. Bright blue paper. Little cartoon diagrams. It said give your kids a spoonful of water every five minutes.

A small enough amount that they can keep it down. Five minutes. Spoon. Five minutes. Spoon. I remember thinking, Wow, this is it. Family time. Quality time. Just the three of us. Because it was gentle, the way you said, "Open up." I opened my mouth, you put that little spoon of water into my mouth. That little bit of relief. And then I watched you do the same thing with my little sister. And I remember being like, "Wow, I love you, Mom. My moms is alright." Five minutes. Spoon. Five minutes. Spoon. But you couldn't sit still like that. You had to have your thing. That's where I stop remembering.

A Department of Human Services report. That's my memory. Six hours later a neighbor kicks in the door. Me and my sister are lying in a pile of laundry. My shorts was all messed up. And what I really don't remember is my sister. Quote: "Female infant, approximately two years, pamper and tear ducts dry, likely cause of death, dehydration." Cuz when you dehydrate you can't form a single tear.