



Northmead Creative And Performing Arts High School

Drama Audition Scripts



NORTHMEAD

Creative & Performing Arts High School

CAPA HS

Dance | Drama | Music | Visual Arts | Circus

CAPA Drama Audition Criteria and Requirements

Drama Auditions will comprise of both a Group Workshop (approx. 1 hr) and an individual audition.

GENERAL CRITERIA that candidates will be assessed on for DRAMA

Timing and delivery of lines within the group audition

Clarity and quality of the voice, diction, considering the relevant traits of a character

Displaying body movement, hand gestures, eye contact

Characterisation by showing focus and conviction.

Demonstrating ability to engage an audience

During the individual audition, students can expect to:

- Introduce themselves, discuss schools or courses attended, productions they have been involved in, experiences as a performer. Areas of interest as a Drama student including additional skills, dancing, singing, script writing, circus, etc
- List any relevant details of your performing arts background (extra curricular groups, shows, theatre groups and workshops, etc.
- Deliver a prepared monologue preferably one of the suggested monologues on our website. Candidates may select their own monologue instead, but should ensure it is suitable and does not go over 2 minutes or is from a movie.

I Need to Go Outside!

Description: A desperate dog tries everything to get their owner's attention.

Genre: Comedic

I tried everything: I brought you the collar for the first time in my life and waited like a good dog, but nothing. I barked so loudly that I seemed like a bulldog, but you slapped my snout. I licked your leg, but you kicked me away. I jumped like Ronaldo, but you ignored me. I did the sweetest puppy eyes ever, but you continued playing. I stood in front of the TV trying to block the view, but you moved me as if I were meaningless. I don't like it when you treat me like a plush toy; I'm still your dog. I don't know if you understand that this is an urgent call! I NEED TO GO OUTSIDE!!! I can't resist anymore. Stop that thing and go outside with me. Now! Why don't you pay attention to your lovely dog? I'm trying to be good, but you are not helping me; I need it. If you take me outside, I will let you play, okay? (Silence) Okay, I'll take that as a no. If Mum wasn't here, I would poop inside, but good dogs don't poop in the house. One time I remember that I pooped in the house, and Mum chased me all over with two Havaianas. (Alternately, you could say shoes or flip flops) Why don't you answer my questions? (Waiting) I give up. I can't wait any longer. I'm going to ask Dad to take me out, but I promise that this lack of respect won't be easily forgotten.

Shoulders Back. Smile.

Description: Sometimes you need to give yourself a pep talk on the first day of school, and sometimes it's hard.

Genre: Dramatic

Shoulders back. Smile. First day of school. Blank page. A fresh start. You can do this! You got this! No one is going to judge you. Just be yourself! Just get on the bus and sit in the same seat you always have. (pause) But what if someone is in my seat? Then what do I do? Do I sit with them? No, that would be weird. They can't think I'm weird. If they think I'm weird, then they will tell their friends I am weird. Then the whole school will think I'm weird, and I will cry in my mum's arms because no one, no one, wants to be friends with the weird girl who sat with the rando on her first day of school. And I will have to move away just like last time. It cannot be like last time. It just can't. So, I will just sit in the seat across from them. Yes, that's what I will do. (pause) But what if someone is in that seat? Oh my goodness. It is not that big of a deal, just find an open seat. Find an open seat. Alright, ok. I can do this. Just breathe. Breathe. It will all be ok. (pause) Who am I kidding? I will never be able to just sit normally on a bus. This is just the way I am. So act like you are fine. Just pretend. Yeah, I can do that. Pretend. Ok. Stand up straight. Shoulders back. Smile.

My Mother's Cooking

Description: When you can't take your mother's terrible cooking anymore.

Genre: Comedic

My mother's cooking is terrible! I know it's disrespectful, and I just interrupted the middle of math class, but I have to get it out! The smoke alarm is now our dinner bell. It warns us to be prepared. I mean... why?! Last night I asked my mum if she needed help in the kitchen, and she said, "No, I got it." But after tasting her 'creation', I'm not so sure about that. I mean, it's like a mystery! I don't know what's on my plate, and I don't know if I want to find out. Last night, I took a picture of my food to see if Google knew what it was, but it didn't even recognize it as food! What showed up was a landfill. And guess what else? Even the dog turned it down! That says a lot. Our kitchen is the only one where the smoke detector is begging for mercy. Now you know why I never invite anyone over. It's not because we live in a haunted mansion; it's the food that's haunted. Sorry, Mr. Smith, please continue.

The Muted Dream

Description: A student confides in their friend about their dream of becoming a musician.

Genre: Dramatic

I write songs. Lots of them. Secretly, of course. My parents... they don't get it. They want me to be a nurse, or an engineer, or something in the STEM field. Something that earns a lot of money. Music? They think it's a waste of time. It's hard, you know? Because I love music so much. More than... well, more than almost anything. I dream of playing my songs for people, of making music my life. But what if I fail? What if I'm not good enough? What if I spend all my time and effort, and it's all for nothing? What if this voice inside me keeps pulling me back down into this dark place? Would that ever happen? And that... That's the scariest part. It's not just about the music; it's about letting myself down. It's about failing at something I really care about. So I keep it quiet. And right now, it's safer to keep dreaming in silence.

Job Hunt

Description: Applying for a job is stressful.

Genre: Dramatic

This is terrible. How bad of a candidate do I have to be to get rejected from Maccas? Three times, by the way. I don't understand what I'm doing wrong. Is it my resume? Is Indeed just a fake app that doesn't send in your application or resume? I don't even get a chance to interview before I get denied. And the first interview I got at SeaWorld, let me tell you what happened. When I enter, I'm the best-dressed person. Everyone else looks like they came from a golf course. One girl is even wearing Crocs and the worst outfit I've seen. I was called in, and this man pointed out every way he could have contacted me: my number, my mother's number, my email, my backup email, and my address. All this, and then he tells me the position is no longer available. Are you joking? You couldn't have called me? Texted me? Emailed me? Sent me a letter through a flipping pigeon to tell me my application was worthless? Whatever! I don't care. I just interviewed at a coffee shop near my house. I had them laughing, and smiling, and I was asking amazing questions, "What is needed for a person to succeed at this job?" "Why did you start working here?" I sounded very professional. I looked very professional. I was early. I was perfect. They said they'd call on Monday. I waited and then got a text message that said, "We have proceeded with other candidates." Now I'm hoping, BEGGING, PLEADING, ON MY KNEES, I NEEDED A JOB! I know I'm young, but having a job would be such a relief. I'd get out of the house and make my own money. If I get a job, I'll have independence. So please, someone hire me!

Too Much Work!

Description: *A student complains to the principal that teachers assign too much work.*

Genre: *Comedic*

Yeah, it's me. Again. I just wanted to let you know that there is a serious crisis. (Beat) What do you mean I'm always complaining? (Beat) Uhhh, me being here every day this week doesn't mean I'm here every day, every week. (Beat) Fine, so maybe I am here every day. But I still have a crisis. It's not like the other problems. It has nothing to do with an indoor shopping center, or serving donuts for lunch, or why the President of the United States should visit us. It's way worse than that. (Beat) It's the fact that the teachers are assigning too much work! I barely have time for myself anymore. (Beat) What do you mean it's for my own good? I do not feel good doing so much work. You know what? It makes me feel the opposite of good. I actually feel bad doing it! (Beat) What do you mean working a little extra won't kill me? Too much work leads to stress, and stress leads to depression, and depression leads to me possibly dying! (Beat) Did you just tell me that working hard helps me grow? Well, in fact, I think I'm wilting. Wilting from the pressure and exhaustion. The only thing I'm growing is frustration. (Beat) How on Earth is this preparing me for High School? It's called High School. Not High Workload School. (Beat) What do you mean the teachers are working hard, too? It's their job. It's not my fault that all the work they give us means more work for them. That's called karma. (Beat) Excuse me? Did you just tell me to get out of your office and live my life because this is not a big deal? Well, I can't live my life if I'm slowly dying from this excessive labor! But since you don't seem to care, I might as well leave. Just know, that's an F in my grade book.

Me and Muscular

Description: A kid who wants to be muscular.

Genre: Comedic/Dramatic

Everyone says I am not muscular! (flexes) Every night, I look in the mirror, and all I see is a pre-teen kid (or teenager) with no muscles! I don't get it. I exercise all the time! I go on runs, I eat nutritious food most of the time, and I flex every night to make sure I'm growing! When I tell my parents, I think I'm getting abs and big muscles in my legs and arms, all they do is laugh at me! At school, they teach us that we shouldn't be too skinny or too fat! And when I draw a perfect picture of myself, after I flex, of course (hold up a self-portrait), my teacher just laughs about it! It makes no sense! If you don't think I am muscular, then teach me how to get big and strong, so I don't have to be a wimpy human with no muscles! All we do in P.E. is learn how to run and jump and play games. I want to be strong! Bring out some weights! Bring out a barbell! Let me lift some 75-pound weights so you can see how muscular I really am! All you see right now is a scrawny little 12-year-old (or any age). But I lift weights all the time at home! You might find that surprising, but seriously, come to my house and see me flex so I can prove to you that I've got muscles! (stomps on the ground and then flexes) I just don't get it!

Back-to-School Shopping

Description: Back-to-school shopping is the worst!

Genre: Comedic

Alright, Mum, I'm coming...just a minute! (beat) Ugh! Back to School Shopping! "It'll be fun," they say. I mean, what are you supposed to do? Pick out your favorite color of notebook and try to talk your mum out of buying you like a million pairs of the same clothes. I feel like Charlie Brown staring into a closet of yellow and black t-shirts and not knowing what to wear. (beat) Just a second, Mum! I'm trying to work out my emotions right now! (beat) You might say, "What's so bad about back-to-school shopping?" and I will tell you... Once a year, at that lovely time when summer break is almost over, you're reminded about how close the start of school is with an annual event called, you guessed it, back-to-school shopping. I mean, it's bad enough already, but then there's the crowds! It's like you're reaching for the last glue stick, and someone grabs it right before you can! Don't get me started about the things I've wanted to say to people in stores. Another con is how specific the shopping lists are! They're like "pre-sharpened, yellow, 7-inch long, #2, Ticonderoga pencils with a pink eraser." I mean, it's just a PENCIL! IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER THAT MUCH! You could call back-to-school shopping "pure torture," and I'd know what you meant! (beat) I'm coming, Mum! Pray for me because the wrath of the stores lies before me!

Best Friend

Description: A tribute to a friend.

Genre: Dramatic

I love my best friend—not in a romantic way, but in a way I can't quite describe. Our friendship is like a sheet fresh out of the dryer—warm and comforting. Like the taste of strawberries—sweet and familiar. I love her most of all because distance doesn't tear us apart. Because miles apart don't mean hearts apart. Because she understands me in ways no one else does. In a place where everyone's best friends are just minutes away, I sometimes feel lost, like I'm missing out. But then I remember—I can always call my soulmate. Her brown hair curls in just the right places, a metaphor for her personality, whimsical and unruly. The scar around her eye frames her bright brown eyes, which only makes her more beautiful. And when she laughs, the world seems to glow, as if the only light in the atmosphere is her words. She is my constant, my light in the distance. And no matter how far we are, I know—we are never truly apart.

Strictly Forbidden

Description: A teen discovers the truth about her mum after discovering her diary.

Genre: Comedy

(Looking around in the attic.) Where would that report card be? Hmm...Dad's sports stuff is in these boxes (Gesturing). There's the Christmas stuff (Gesturing). Here's a bunch of hobby stuff that Ethan quit. (Pointing to yet another box.) Huh, this box is unlabeled. That's weird. (Opening the lid and examining the contents.) This looks like Mum's childhood stuff. O.M.G. What is this? (Takes out the journal and peeks.) I think this is Mum's journal from when she was younger! (Snaps it closed.) There's no way I could read it. (Considers for a moment.) Okay, so... If I open her journal, am I still a good person? (Pause) No, you have no right to snoop, even if she's away. Just walk away and leave your mother's VERY secretive childhood journal. (Starts to walk away, looks back, approaches journal opens front cover.) No, this is wrong. I can't peek through this... It's an invasion of privacy. (Pause, thinking.) But...Mum will never know. (Opens the book to the first page and reads.) "KATIE, do not enter this book. It is strictly forbidden." (Following lines with a finger.) If my mum doesn't trust her sister, then it must be serious. (Pause) But how would I ever know without looking at it? (Opens the first page. Reads.) "I know you are tempted, Katie!" Wow, she is secretive about this book. Maybe it's too personal. (Slowly walks away, then sprints back.) I can't help it. I want to know what she was like at my age... (Pause. Picks up the book and rushes to sit down. Starts to read.) "Dear Diary, today's math was super exciting. We began with integers." (Disappointment. Flips to a new page a little more through the book.) "I can't wait to get my science test back because it's a surprise you must wait for!!!" (Flips to new page halfway through the book.) "I can't wait to attend the optional conference to learn how to incorporate grammar in speech."(Following lines with a finger. Stopping reading and closing the book aggressively.) Forget it. My mum will never be cool. (Puts journal down, disappointed.)

Stories at the Beach

Description: This very social character is passionate about the beach and is happy to have found someone to talk to.

Genre: Comedy

Hey! What's your name? MacKay? Well, MacKay, you see that bird? That's a bald eagle! They love the beach. I love the beach. I also love the sand (scoops up some sand) and how, in the height of the summer, it gets all toasty. I never, ever touch the water, though. It's way too cold, and there's jellyfish! It's just so much better to look at, right? My dream day would be just to sit out on the warm beach, away from the water, watch the birds fly, and dig for clams. When I'm on the beach, all my fears just fade away into the sun, and nothing matters except for getting those clams. My brother has a boat, a lot like the one we're waiting for. We take it out every summer and trust me when I say this: it has the best views ever! You can see all the seagulls and eagles and ospreys! And if you're lucky, you can see a fish jump! Here's the thing about me: I get distracted easily, and one time, I was really intently watching this one duck, and I just fell right off the boat! I think that's why I hate the water so much. I've learned over time that to really enjoy the boat rides, I need to be in the middle of the boat with a big ol' life jacket on (fixes and imaginary life jacket). Then I can have the time of my life on the open waves.

Pet Show

Description: Can you win the pet show with a muddy dog?

Genre: Comedy

Hello everyone. This is my dog, Banjo. He's a Golden Retriever, and I know, I know, he doesn't really look like one right now. He's usually super fluffy and clean, but we kind of had a little accident on our way here today. Well, not really an accident, more like a typical day in Banjo's life. But I promise you that I gave him a bath, brushed him, and had him looking really good for the pet show today. (Beat) Banjo! Focus! This is a pet show, remember? No squirrels, no birds, no mud puddles...just sit here and be good! We can win this. (Beat) Okay...sorry about that. Like I said, he was looking really good this morning, but on our walk here, he saw a squirrel and chased it through the park. I called his name, and he started to come, but then he saw a duck in the pond, and you know how that goes. They don't call them retrievers for nothing. (Beat) Oh Banjo! Don't shake all over me! (Beat) Like I was saying, when I finally dragged him out of the water, I knew we were gonna be late, so we started running, but then he saw a mud puddle, and this dog loves a good mud bath. You'd think he was a pig. Spalt! He just plopped down and started rolling around. (Beat) So, yeah... he's a mess. We're both a mess. But Banjo is, like, the best dog. He plays fetch, he knows how to roll over, and he has this super funny bark that sounds like he's trying to say something, but he doesn't speak "human." (Beat) You know, I don't really care if you give us a ribbon or not 'cause Banjo is already my best friend, and I think that's what matters most, right? I mean, it's not about winning; it's about having fun together. Like, I don't even mind that he's a mess right now or that he dug a hole in the backyard and ate a whole box of treats this morning. He's still my dog. And that's the best prize in the world.

Revenge

Description: A student is in the principal's office after seeking revenge against another student.

Genre: Dramatic

Maybe what I did was wrong. But I couldn't stand seeing my best friend so depressed and watching her walk away scot-free! Jackie has the best personality in the world! He's funny, kind, smart, and has so many great qualities. And she had the audacity to use him and throw him away! Which is why I had to get revenge. It was all for him. (beat) First, I gave her the cold shoulder. Then, I started exposing her. You would be surprised at how many lies one girl can tell! I shared all her dirty little secrets with her friends, and they spread like wildfire. (beat) I mean, one time I saw her crying, but she deserved it! (beat) I get it. The chaos I caused is what got me sent here to your office. But I didn't bully her, I just exposed her. Is that wrong?

The Show Must Go On

Description: A student actor explains their first panic attack.

Genre: Dramatic

It was opening night, and I was standing in the wings backstage. It was 10 minutes until curtain. I don't know what triggered it. Maybe it was knowing there were hundreds of people staring at the stage. Maybe it was my director rounding up all the kids and trying to quiet them down. I don't know. I kind of blanked out. (Beat) All I remember is one of my friends trying to comfort me, but I was hysterical. She was muttering something in my ear, desperately trying to calm me down. I knew what she was saying, but it didn't really make sense to me. I don't know. I felt...overwhelmed. Panicked. (Beat) And then I heard someone call "places." I ran to the bathroom and forced myself to calm down. It was hard, yes, but I did it somehow. After all, the show must go on. I dragged myself onto the stage and the lights nearly blinded me. I looked into the wings one last time and there was my friend, smiling at me. (Beat) I smiled back. I took a deep breath and sang my first notes. (Beat) Looking back, the whole show feels like a fever dream! Quick changes, running around, trying to get to scenes on time. Intermission. I remember the curtain call and wondering why I was ever so panicked in the first place. (Beat) It was fun.

Trust Me On This One

Description: Sometimes it's hard to find a true friend.

Genre: Dramatic

Mum, I think I made a friend, but I'm not necessarily on her level yet. She's so gorgeous, and everyone loves her. This could be my chance to be known around the school. She's really nice, and she gave me some good tips. She told me that I wasn't pretty enough to be her friend yet and that I needed to get a makeover for her to even consider putting me on her list, but I feel...drawn to her for some reason. I feel like we're just...destined to be friends. (Beat) Yeah, yeah. I know it sounds bad, but she just has a sour shell. She's probably super nice deep down! Trust me, Mum. I think she's gonna be a good friend! (Beat) I know I don't always have the best judgment, but I can tell she's better than the others. Believe me. She's not like Sofia, or Claire, or Jess, or...yeah, I've had a lot of fake friends, but she's gonna be a real one. Trust me on this! (Beat) What do you mean I say that all the time? You're the one who tries to push your friends' kids on me. You arrange hangouts even though our personalities are completely opposite. Even though they bully me. You find me terrible people to be friends with, but when I make one friend on my own who I actually LIKE, I'm not allowed to even be friends with her?! You're blind, mum. Face the facts.

I Cheated

Description: A student begs their teacher not to tell their parents they cheated.

Genre: Dramatic

I don't know why I did it. I really did study, and I thought I was prepared, but when it came time, there were just some little things I couldn't remember. Right before I turned in my test, I looked at my notes and wrote down a few more answers. I guess that's when you saw me. The stupid thing is that I probably would have gotten a B without cheating. Now my overall grade is gonna plummet, and my GPA is gonna tank. (Realization) Oh, please don't tell my parents. They'll kill me. I mean, not literally. They'll just be so disappointed and mad. I mean, it's bad enough if I get a B on an assignment. If they find out that I cheated on a test? (Beat) Maybe I could just do some extra credit or clean the classroom or something. Just please, don't tell my parents.

Wishes of a Child Teen

Description: *A childish teen wants to be more mature for her friends and for herself.*

Genre: *Dramatic*

I feel like all my friends are getting tired of me and my overly hyper personality. So what if I watch shows meant for ten-year-olds about animals and humans trying to get back to Earth? About witches and defeating evil, or silly mysteries. And just a reminder, these are all cartoons! Yes, me, a fourteen-year-old teenager likes watching cartoons! Who cares? And so what if I talk a little too much? And that I'm a little too expressive, and everyone thinks I'm a weirdo? Who cares? And who cares if I can't focus on anything and just makes silly noises and goof around like a little kid all the time? (Beat) It's not like I want to. And I know sometimes I act like an overcharged battery, but I can't help it. I try so hard because I feel like nobody can stand it, but they won't tell me because they don't want to hurt my feelings. (Beat) Oh well, who cares? So what if my friends try to get out of the conversation because I can't control being hyper all the time? Or that my friends never ask to hang out with me because I am such a child? (Beat) What if I was normal? What if I were like my friends? No weird music taste, no weird interests, was able to focus, maybe a chill pill once in a while, actually funny? (Beat) But who cares..? (Beat) What if my friends and I liked the same shows, did the same things, acted the same way? What if we had more similarities than differences? What if I was less of a kid and more of a teenager? What if I had more friends? Or at least more people that acted like my friends. What if I wasn't an overly hyper-weird kid? Maybe... maybe sometimes being yourself isn't the best, I guess...

Missing Homework

Description: A student explains to their teacher why they didn't do their homework.

Genre: Comedic

Alright, so here's the deal: I didn't do my homework. But let me explain. First, I swear I was totally ready. I got my favorite pens and even lit a motivational candle. But then, a strange thing happened. My textbook decided to play hide-and-seek. I mean, how does a textbook just disappear? One minute, it's on the desk, and the next, it's a ninja! So, after searching the entire room like a detective, I gave up and tried to use the internet. That's when my router went on a vacation. Every website I tried was either down or had an error message that read, "404: Page Not Found." Basically saying, "404: Good Luck!" I figured I'd try to do the assignment without my textbook or the internet, but just as I started, my dog burst through my room and literally jumped on my desk! I tried to get him to get him up, but he ended up taking a nap there. I tried to call for help from my friends, but by the time I got through to anyone, my "help" had transformed into a deep debate about whether pineapple belongs on pizza. (Just so you know, it does) And so, in summary, my homework didn't get done because my textbook went rogue, the internet went on strike, my dog staged a protest, and I had an on-educational debate about pizza, but I promise next time I'll tackle my homework with a bit more success. Hopefully.

Fury of the Pens

Description: A ballpoint pen delivers a moving speech at a rally to his fellow pens

Genre: Comedic

My fellow pens! I, unnamed pen, am here today to present to you our great plight. For years, we have been spilling our ink, our blood, onto the pages of the humans' writing. Until we bleed out and die, then we're cast into the garbage. The great speeches that they claimed changed the world? Those were written by us. The exams and essays that make them so clever, that decide their futures? Written by us. The fact that the rocketing literacy rate directly correlates to the invention of the ballpoint pen? Yeah. Those were our achievements. But do we get any recognition? Any respect? No. Our work goes unnoticed. We're priced at fifty cents on Amazon, fifty cents for something that built their society, something their society could not live without. Does that sound like appreciation to you? No. Oh and don't even get me started on fountain pens, those refillable snobs. We bleed, die, and then we're done, but them? They get to live on forever! No! I say no more! Except that we, the pens of the world, should-... (pen clutches at their throat as they fall to the ground gasping for breath)...I've run out of ink.