

Audition choices for the IN-Person ACTING Theatre Pathway on January 20th.

- 1) Please prepare ONE of the following audition pieces. Pieces must be memorized. Pick One to **Memorize, create a character, rehearse and then present live)**
- 2) Check out the RUBRIC for the Audition
- 3) Present your audition January 20th. Wear loose fitting clothing so you can move.
- 4) Be prepared to do IMPROVISATION the day of in large groups.

Audrey From Little Shop of Horrors

Oh no. It's just a daydream of mine. A little development I dream of. Just off the Interstate. Not fancy like Levittown. Just a little street in a little suburb, far, far from urban Skid Row. The sweetest, greenest place-- where everybody has the same little lawn out front and the same little flagstone patio out back. All the houses are so neat and pretty. . ." Cause they all look just alike. Oh, I dream about it all the time. Just me. And the toaster. And a sweet little guy. Like Seymour

Alice (As in Alice in Wonderland):

What a lazy day. With nothing to do. Perhaps I should have followed my sister when she left. " Come along. Back to the house and I'll fix you some tea. Don't you want some tea, Alice?" I replied, "Not yet dear sister. I'm going to stay here for a while. By the stream. In the sunshine. I'll have my tea later, thank you" (she sighs) Oh I do wish something unusual would happen. Something very unusual indeed

Matilda from Matilda

He's over there under those coats. Where he's been for the last hour. You see, unfortunately, Nigel suffers from the rare but chronic sleep disorder, narcolepsy. The condition is characterized by the sufferer experiencing bouts of chronic fatigue and falling suddenly asleep, often without knowing or any warning at all. You see he fell asleep, and we put him under the coats for safety. Didn't we? Didn't we??

Narrator from PUFFS:

Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes...they *are* born. On a gloomy night, in a far away, magical land called: England. Ah! A giant! Aw, a baby. His parents: dead. But he lives. He is *the boy who lives*. He has a *scar*. On his *forehead*. Shaped like...*you know*. You get it? You are familiar with this boy? Forget about him. This story is not about *him*. Ah! Another orphan. His parents: also, dead. Killed in a freak chocolate frog accident. *Please don't ask*. This boy is whisked away to live with his uncle in the even more magical land of Cattlepoke Springs, New Mexico.

Bruce from Matilda

Okay, look, alright, I stole the cake. And honestly, I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up...maybe? But the thing was I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see, the Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick and now it was beginning to fight back.