

BOOKER T.

WASHINGTON

THEATRE

AUDITION INFORMATION

Students are happy here because they are learning about what interests them. They enjoy being with other students who share some of the same goals and dreams. Our students are challenged by their teachers as well as their peers. They enjoy a comfortable, accepting atmosphere.

The Theatre Conservatory offers a variety of courses in acting, diction, technical theatre, mime and movement, children's theatre, playwriting, lighting, stagecraft, costume construction, set and design, and musical theatre. These courses combine to provide an extraordinary opportunity to develop student talents to the highest possible potential.

First-year students enroll in Introduction to Plays and Playwrights, Mime, Elements of the Arts, Diction, Beginning Acting, Make-up and Introduction to Technical Theatre. Second-year students take Intermediate Acting and their choice of Intermediate courses in performance, playwriting and/or technical theatre. Third-year and fourth-year students enroll in advanced courses for performance, playwriting, and technical theatre. The Conservatory is run like a professional theatre, with students responsible for all production work. This past year we have had the pleasure of having the DTC/BTWHSPVA Acting Lab co-taught by Kevin Moriarty and Christie Vela of the Dallas Theater Center and a teacher in our Conservatory. In addition, we have had internships with the Dallas Theater Center, Shakespeare Dallas, Big Thought, Theatre Three and Dallas Children's Theater

BTW graduates are in colleges, repertory companies, and in professional theatre throughout the United States. Our students have attended Northwestern, Juilliard, New York University, UCLA, Parsons, USC, Ithaca, Webster, Marymount, University of Minnesota, O.U., S.M.U., as well as many other Texas schools. In Dallas there are continuous job opportunities for film, commercials, and stage work. The Theatre Conservatory also performs in a public service capacity throughout Dallas. The Conservatory produces over twenty-five performances annually.

What Makes Us Revolutionary?

The Theatre Conservatory has seven artist/teachers. Because we are situated in the Dallas Arts District other artists are brought in during the year for workshops, lectures, demonstrations, master classes and performances. In addition, students have the opportunity of viewing shows in many of the Arts District venues.

Conservatory Contact Info

Guinea Bennett-Price, *Director*
972.925.1291
gubennett@dallasisd.org

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4-Year-Course Sequence

Sample Sequence

	Freshman Year	Sophomore Year	Junior Year	Senior Year
1st	!PAP English 1	!PAP English 2	<i>English 3</i>	<i>English 4</i>
2nd	‡Algebra 1	<i>Geometry</i>	<i>Algebra 2</i>	<i>Pre-Cal</i>
3rd	!PAP Biology	!PAP Chemistry	<i>Physics</i>	<i>Science Elective</i>
4th	!PAP-World History -or- AP Human Geo	<i>US History</i>	^Integration of Abilities & Portfolio	*Government & Economics
5th	+LOTE 1	+LOTE 2	Academic or Arts Elective	Academic or Arts Elective
6th	Acting Methods 1: (Beginning Acting & Mime/Movement)\$	First Focus Area Class 1	First Focus Area Class 2	First Focus Area Class 3
7th	Tech Theatre 1: Intro to Costumes/Intro to Sets	Second Focus Area Class 1	Second Focus Area Class 2	Second Focus Area Class 3
8th	Theatre 1: Beginning Diction/Intro to Play & Playwrights	Theatre 2: Acting Problems/Comedy	Third Focus Area Class 1	Third Focus Area Class 2

!All students take an honors level of English, Social Studies and Science Freshmen & Year; English and Science Sophomore Year.

‡Algebra 1 is commonly taken in middle school. If so, slide math requirements to left. Fill senior year course with arts or academic elective.

*Government & Economics is taken by many students over the summer. If so, an arts or academic elective can be substituted.

+Only 2 levels of LOTE are required, though many selective universities recommend a 3rd course.

^Integration of Abilities & Portfolio is BTWHSPVA's Signature Course required of all students Junior Year.

\$ Counts as a PE Substitution Credit under House Bill 5

Italicized courses are those that different options exist to fulfill this Academic Credit.

Students should make certain that at least two focus areas of theatre are scheduled each semester

Focus Areas - You may have up to 3 focus areas (Acting, Theatre Management, Technical Theatre, Lighting/Sound, Design, Playwriting, Physical Theatre) . The sequence of courses (available in the campus course catalog) must be completed in order unless otherwise approved by the Conservatory Director.

Day of Audition

When you arrive for your audition, you will need to check in. Then you will be given an identification number which you need to wear during the entire audition process. You will be assigned to a group of between five to ten students.

The audition will consist of five stations. You will audition in each station.

The stations are:

10 Points	<u>Personal interview:</u> You will be asked to talk about yourself. We want to know what your interests are, what theatrical work you have done and what you want to accomplish at BTWHSPVA.
20 Points	<u>Playwriting:</u> You will be asked to write a one-page character monologue from a given situation.
25 Points	<u>Theatrical Design:</u> You will be given materials and asked to manipulate those materials in a creative way. After completing your design, you will be asked to do a sketch from a still-life.
25 Points	<u>Performance:</u> You will be asked to perform a one-minute memorized monologue from any American play written in the last 50 years. The monologue can come from any published play or from the packet of approved monologues provided by the BTW Theatre Department. You will also be asked to perform a cold reading of a monologue given to you as you enter the performance area. Please do not include any language that makes you uncomfortable.
20 Points	<u>Movement:</u> You will be asked to participate in a warm-up. You will then be given a simple situation and asked to act it out without talking. Finally, you will be allowed to select a character mask and perform improvised movement using that mask.

Your audition will last approximately two and one-half hours (2 ½)

At the conclusion of your audition, please turn in your number and collect anything that you brought with you.

Pick One of Following Approved (or select your own qualifying piece)

Title: Be Aggressive	Author: Annie Weisman
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Laura: I hate my dad! I'm sorry, but I hate him so much! How could he just keep going? I don't understand how he could just keep going! *(Beat.)* Is that what happens? You're young, and you believe in things, and then you, what? You get married, you have kids, you move into a Spanish stucco ocean view unit and you forget? One day you wear your white streak like a peacock's tail, and the next day you're letting them paint it with bleach and toner and wrap it in tinfoil and sitting under a hair dryer to cook for an hour while you learn lip-lining tips from a beauty magazine! Like everybody else! When you sit under those dryer domes, you can't see or hear a thing. You just have to sit there quietly and let all that stuff soak into you. *(Beat.)* She's really kind of been gone for a long, long time. *(LAURA finishes tearing the brochure and starts to scatter the pieces.)* I don't want to be a dead girl. I want to be a person who's alive. *(She turns and starts to slowly walk away.)*

Title: Defying Gravity	Author: Jane Anderson
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Elizabeth: The day my mother actually left, a reporter asked me what I thought of my mother going into space. I didn't want to answer so I hid my face behind my grandmother's purse. My brother laughed at me so I hit him on the arm. My grandmother gave us Lifesavers to quiet us down. I put it in my pocket for later.

Then she showed the reporters some of the things she was taking up to space. She had a journal and in the journal was a bookmark that I made for her. I had drawn a rocket and stars and Saturn with the rings and I ironed it between two pieces of wax paper so it would be protected from the gamma rays. Then she showed the reporters something her class had given her. I was jealous and I wanted to give her something else. So I took out the Lifesaver. It was fuzzy from the lining of my pocket. While my mother and the reporters talked, I tried to make the Lifesaver presentable. I told myself I had to pick all the lint off the Lifesaver or my mother wouldn't come back. Finally my mother crouched down next to me. She was wearing her blue space suit. I touched the patches on her shoulders. She looked so beautiful. Suddenly I couldn't grasp that this was the woman who every morning sliced banana on my granola. My grandmother kept saying, say good-bye, honey, say good-bye to your mother. But all I could manage to do was hold out the Lifesaver. My mother took it and put it in her pocket and I knew everything would be all right.

Title: The Dancers	Author: Horton Foote
Inez: Well, you've got to get right out of it. You've got to call her up and explain just what happened. You've got to do it, Horace. They told me they are spending all kinds of money for that dress. I practically had to threaten Elizabeth with never speaking to her again to bring this all about. Why, she will never forgive me now if I turn around and tell her you can't go...Horace. Don't look that way. I can't help it. For my sake, for your sister's sake you've got to get out of this date with Mary Catherine Davis...tell her...tell her...anything. I don't know, Horace. Say...well just tell her the truth. That's the best thing. Tell her that Emily's mother is your sister's best friend and that Emily's mother has taken her into Houston to buy her a very expensive dress. Honey, you'll be the envy of every young man in Harrison, bringing Emily Crews to the dance...Why, everybody will wonder just what it is you have.	

Title: A Young Lady of Property	Author: Horton Foote
Arabella: Wilma...I have to tell you something...Well, promise me you won't hate me, or stop being my friend. I never had a friend, Wilma, until you began being nice to me, and I couldn't stand it if you weren't my friend any longer. Well...I don't want to go see Mr. Delafonte, Wilma...I don't want to be a movie star. I don't want to leave Harrison or my mother or father...I just want to stay here the rest of my life and get married and settle down and have children. I just pretended like I wanted to go to Hollywood because I knew you wanted me to, and I wanted you to like me. Don't hate me, Wilma. You see, I'd be afraid...I'd die if I had to go see Mr. Delafonte. Why, I even get faint when I have to recite before the class. I'm not like you. You're not scared of anything.	

Pick One of Following Approved (or select your own qualifying piece)

Title: Mass Appeal

Author: Bill C. Davis

MARK: *(To Tim)* I had a tank of tropical fish. Someone turned up the tank heater and they all boiled. *(Moving slowly to the pulpit.)* I woke up on a Friday morning – went to feed them – and there they were – all of my beautiful fish floating on the top. Most of them split in two. Others with their eyes hanging out! It looked like violence, but it was such a quiet night. And I remember wishing I had the kind of ears that could hear fish screams because they looked as if they suffered and I wanted so badly to save them. That Sunday in church, I heard that Christ told his apostles to be fishers of men. From then on, I looked at all the people in the church as fish. I was young so I saw them as beautiful tropical fish and so I knew they were all quiet screamers. Church was so quiet. And I thought that everyone was boiling. And I wanted the kind of ears that could hear what they were screaming about, because I wanted to save them. *(Pause.)* A few years later, the people in the church lost the stained glass look of tropical fish, and they were only catfish to me – overdressed scavengers. So I drowned out whatever I might be able to hear. I made my world – my tank – so hot that I almost spit. So now I’m back – listening – listening for the screams of angels.

Title: Take a Giant Step

Author: Louis Peterson

Spence: Today (in history class) we started talking about the Civil War and one of the smart little skirts at the back of the room wanted to know why the Negroes in the South didn't rebel against slavery. Why did they wait for the Northerners to come down and help them? And this Miss Crowley went on to explain how they were stupid and didn't have sense enough to help themselves. Well, anyway, Gram, when she got through talking they sounded like the worst morons that ever lived and I began to wonder how they'd managed to live a few thousand years all by themselves in Africa with nobody's help. I would have let it pass-see-except that the whole class was whispering and giggling and turning around looking at me- so I got up and just stood next to my desk looking at her. She looked at me for a couple of minutes and asked me if perhaps I had something to say in the discussion. I said I might have a lot of things to say if I didn't have to say them in the company of such dumb jerks. Then I asked her frankly what college she went to.

Title: You're A Good Man Charlie Brown	Author: Clark Gesner
Schroeder: I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you're take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything. <i>(awkward exit)</i>	

Title: I Hate Hamlet	Author: Bill C. Davis
Andrew: Last night, right from the start, I knew I was bombing. I sounded big and phony, real thee and thou, and then I started rushing it, hi, what's new in Denmark? I just could not connect. I couldn't get a hold of it. And while I'm...babbling, I look out, and there's this guy in the second row, a kid, like 16, obviously dragged there. And he's yawning and jiggling his legs and reading his program, and I just wanted to say, hey kid, I'm with you, I can't stand this either! But I couldn't do that, so I just keep feeling worse and worse, just drowning. And I thought, okay, all my questions are answered -- I'm not Hamlet, I'm no actor, what am I doing here? And then I get to the soliloquy, the big job, I'm right in the headlights, and I just thought, just do it! And I kept going, I finished the speech, and I look out, and there's the kid -- and he's listening. The whole audience -- complete silence, total focus. And I was Hamlet. And it lasted about ten more seconds, and then I was in Hell. And I stayed there. But for that one little bit, for that one speech -- I got it. I had it. Hamlet. And only eight thousand lines left to go.	

Title: Of The Fields, Lately	Author: David French
Bill: It takes many incidents to build a wall between two men, brick by brick. Sometimes you're not aware of the building of the wall, and sometimes you are, though not always strong enough or willing enough to kick it down. It starts very early, as it did with my father and me, very early. And it becomes a pattern that is hard to break until the wall is made of sound brick and mortar, as strong as any my father ever built. Time would not level it. Only death. I don't know if my father ever remembered one such incident. He never spoke of it to me, but I often thought it was the emotional cornerstone of the wall between us. He rushed out the door and down to the schoolyard, the first game he had ever come to, and my mother put his supper in the oven, for later... I hadn't reminded my father of the game. I was afraid he'd show up and embarrass me. Twelve years old, and ashamed of my old man. Ashamed of his dialect, his dirty overalls, his bruised fingers with the fingernails lined with dirt, his teeth yellow as old ivory. Most of all, his lunch pail, that symbol of the working man. No. I wanted a doctor for a father. A lawyer. At least a fireman. Not a carpenter. That wasn't good enough... And at home my mother sat down to darn his socks and watch the oven.	