



UNIVERSITY
OF WOLLONGONG
AUSTRALIA

UOW Bachelor of Performance and Theatre (Acting)

Audition Pieces

SELECT ONE PIECE TO MEMORISE AND PERFORM FOR ENTRY IN 2023

<p><i>Fat Pig</i> By Neil La Bute Character: Tom</p>	<p><i>After the End</i> By Dennis Kelly Character: Mark</p>
<p><i>Wasted</i> By Kate Tempest Character: Charlotte</p>	<p><i>The Call</i> By Patricia Cornelius Character: Denise</p>
<p><i>Silent Disco</i> By Lachlan Philpott Character: Tamara</p>	<p><i>Single Asian Female</i> By Michelle Law Character: Mei</p>
<p><i>Tender</i> By Nicki Bloom Character: Patrick</p>	<p><i>Tender</i> By Nicki Bloom Character: Yvonne</p>



Fat Pig by Neil La Bute

TOM

I'm weak. That's what I basically learned from our time together. I am a weak person, and I don't know if I can overcome that. No, maybe I do know. Yeah. I do know that I am, and I can't... overcome it, I mean. I think you are an amazing woman, I honestly do. And I really love what we've had here. Our time together... But I think that we're very different people. Not just who we are - jobs or that kind of thing- but it does play into it as well. Factors in. We probably should've realized this earlier, but I've been so happy being near you that I just sorta overlooked it and went on. I did. But I feel it coming up now, more and more, and I just think- No, that's bullshit, actually, the whole work thing. Forget it. (Beat) I'm just, I feel that we should maybe stop before we get too far. It's weird to say this, because in many ways I'm already in so deep. Care about you a lot, and that makes it super hard. But- I guess I do care what my peers think about me. What I'm sure of is this- we need to stop.



After the End by Dennis Kelly

MARK

Look, it wasn't about the shelter. It was because I got the shelter. I mean if it'd been someone else everyone'd be all 'Oh, isn't that great, isn't that funny' and all that old whatever, but because I get it they all think I've been paranoid.

Paranoid! They've just let off a nuclear bomb!

Who do you think did this then?

Well I can tell you what, whoever it was, you can bet your life they had beards! Alright, sorry, no I mean, well, actually, who do you think did this? You can't bury your head in the sand!

Which is what I refused to do, and which is what I was laughed at for. And you can sit there and criticise governments and politicians and whatever, and that's easy, to do from pubs and trendy bars and sitting rooms, but at the end of the day you have to do something,

It's a war! It's a war and just because there hadn't been an attack like this didn't mean there wasn't going to be, and what do you want to do with that time, just sit and accept...just wait there drinking, laughing, and smoking!



Wasted by Kate Tempest

CHARLOTTE

I'm stood at the front of the class and I feel like I'm drowning. I'm staring out at them, and I'm thinking who the fuck are you lot anyway? I look at them, but I can't see children, I can just see the colour of their jumpers, smudges where their faces should be.

Behind me, today's date is written on the board. I'm trying to pretend I don't know what it means.

It's hot and the classroom stinks, and the clock's broken and the work stuck up on the walls is old and the corners are coming away and the kids are screaming.

I'm trying to remember why I wanted to do this in the first place. You can't inspire minds on a timetable like this.

I think I'm miserable, Tony.

I mean, I stand in the staffroom in between classes and smile along with the others, but they're all so bitter, Tony. They're all so fuckin' hateful. Thirty years in the job, and they hate everything about it, but it's too late for them to get a new job and I'm pretty sure that secretly they hope the kids'll come to nothing. I mean it. You should hear the way they talk about them. No wonder the kids are killing each other over postcodes, or getting sick at the thought of not being famous.



The Call by Patricia Cornelius

DENISE

This mother thing sucks. I hated it right from the start. Complete strangers came up and patted my belly as if it was going to bring them luck. And after the birth, which was fucking torture, mad people cooed and gurgled and talked in high-pitched voices. They smiled at me and expected me to smile back. Like, what the fuck! It's this 'You've got a little baby' stuff. I go crazy while she sleeps in her cot and you're at work and my friends have got a life and I'm on my own and I think, 'Jesus Christ, what have I done. How in hell am I going to get through this?' I push her in the pram to the shops because I have run out of baby wipes. I push her to the shops to buy disposable nappies and spend my last fifteen bucks. I push her to the shops because I can't think of anywhere else to push her. Sometimes I think if I leave her there someone nicer might come and get her and it'd be much better.



Silent Disco by Lachlan Philpott

TAMARA

Leanne comes over stands at the door tells Laurence she's leaving and that's the end of taking me on weekends and the end of the money.

He goes apeshit – lashes out – goes mental.

Breaks things says things breaks things windows and shit throws stuff slams up Johan's car he's just sitting in it waiting for her to drop her bombs.

Windscreen smashes glass showers all over everything.

Front door off its hinges.

People up the street come down-stare at it all happening.

Me saying frig off don't need youse all lookin'.

Mum screaming one minute sobbing the next. Sirens.

Josie from two doors up putting her arm round me pulling me into her sitting room making tea saying I should stay inside for a while till it settles down but I can hear everything anyway the smashing and Dad yelling and Johan shouting and Mum screaming all of them at once and then nothing but sirens. Police come.

They can tell what happened all they see is broken glass and blood on the wall in the hall on Mum's white dress.

Police take Dad away.

What if they lock him up? It wasn't his fault that's all and when I was ... I don't want them to take me 'cause ...

This is shit. Will they take me? This has happened before and they took me.

Not his fault. He needs me. Dad, he ... Quiet in the street now. Jerry on his porch looks the other way - front door hanging. Don't shut properly. Won't lock. Silent inside the house. Nothing. Dad's string thing broken with everything else.

Don't know where Dad is.

He needs me. Dad needs me. But when I ask where he is if he's still at the cops-
no-one says nothing.



Single Asian Female by Michelle Law

MEI

I never thought about being the only Asian kid at school until people started pointing it out to me. Even when I talk I get a lot of looks from people who can't believe an Asian person is speaking with a full, ocker accent. You should see their reactions; it's like they've seen a talking fish.

Pause.

When I started high school I got bullied pretty badly. Before Katie - Katie's my best friend – before she moved to our school I didn't really have friends. I just ate alone in the quadrangle.

Pause.

And even though she was working seven days at the restaurant, Mum came and volunteered at the tuckshop most days. She actually did a really good job of introducing healthier food options, so they have veggie stir-fries and noodle soups now. You should write that down. She never said so, but I know she only came so she could eat lunch with me. And she'd bring me *cheong fun* to eat. That's my favourite.

She stands up for what's right! Last year, a guy wolf-whistled at me on the street for no reason. I was wearing a school uniform. It was gross. Anyway, Mum made a huge scene.

As her mother

Excuse me! You are a very sick man. You do not speak to girls like that. If you try and rape my daughter I will chop off your dick! Do you understand?! My daughter is still at school too, so you will be locked up for life. Then you will understand how scary rape can be.



Tender by Nicki Bloom

PATRICK

Beautiful

These plants these

Sensitive plants

I've heard the light is strange here

At night

I haven't been here at night

I stay away

The gardens have a

Reputation

Unsavoury things

At night

They have lights in the undergrowth

That illuminate the trees and bushes

I'd be frightened

To tell you the truth

I'd be frightened

Things are more enormous at night

A pebble becomes a boulder

Daytime is easier

These plants are

Beautiful

Not enough people take advantage

Of our public space

The gardens.



Tender by Nicki Bloom

YVONNE

She's lying
It's not true
She's a pretender
She remembers
She knows
A mother's intuition
I knew
I know
Something in the water
She was doing
Something by the water
She lured him
He never
Would have
He knew I was
We were
At home
The baby
She planned it
I could tell
That night
I saw it
I saw it in her eyes that night
I saw something
Only I didn't
Know
So I didn't
He drowned
She drowned him
In the water by the gardens
He went to the wall
Overlooking the water



(Yvonne cont...)

The sea wall
She had a rock
A big nasty rock waiting there
She'd prepared
He wasn't
He didn't
Suspect
He wasn't looking
She picked it up
It was heavy
She swung it
Into his head
I can hear
The dull thud of rock on skull
His soft
Baby head
She threw him
She's strong
From her shoulder
Over the wall
Into the water
He landed on rocks
And she could see him
His precious head
On its side
Blood
Clotted
Clumps
Of hair
The waves
The waves
Swept him out
Sharks probably
Or fish
Fish in the harbour
Crabs.

