

HOWARD FINE ACTING STUDIO

AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS AND SELECTIONS FOR MALES

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY

- Prepare two (2) monologues: The first must be from the following selections provided by the Studio. The second one can be your choice or it can also be from the Studio selections. *(Your selection may be contemporary or classic, prose or verse, by any playwright from any country. Please, nothing from film or television or motivational presentations. However, a selection from a novel, short story or poetry would be acceptable.)* Choose material that you can identify with and that is age-appropriate. Keep in mind that we're learning about you through the material you've chosen and prepared for this audition.
- Do the appropriate research and preparation for both monologues, including reading the full play/script from which your monologue is taken. If you are unable to find a full copy of the script, use Google to research summaries, notes and character breakdowns to help understand the context of the pieces you've chosen.
- It is strongly suggested that you read Howard Fine's book FINE ON ACTING: A Vision of the Craft in preparation for your audition. You will find that his 8 Steps are an invaluable tool. *(The book is available at the Studio or on-line.)*
- Bring extra copies of your monologues with the following information on the top of each page: Your name, Title of play, playwright, and role.
- Please attach the monologues to your headshot & resume and bring this with you to the audition.

*Remember - Preparation gives you freedom.
We look forward to seeing your audition.*

*Thank you.
Howard Fine Acting Studio - Australia*

BALM IN GILEAD by Lanford Wilson

“Flick” – Young adult

Flick and Tig (a male prostitute) are at an all-night coffee shop in New York City

FLICK

I mean, I was just walking down the street and they came up on me like they was important, and they start pushing me around, you know. And they pushed me into this alley, not an alley, but this hallway and back down the end of that to this dark place at the end of the hallway and they start punching at me, and I just fell into this ball on the floor so they couldn't hurt me or nothing. But if I came down there with a couple of fighters, a couple of guys, like my friends, it wouldn't have to be you or anything, but just a couple or three guys, big guys, like walking down the street, you know. Just so they could see I got these buddies here.

See I'm on H, I mean, I'm flying and I gotta talk man, but I'm serious now; just a few guys and they'd leave me be, maybe, because they'd think I had these buddies that looked after me, you know; cause I – you know – they kicked me up, if I wasn't on H, man, they'd be pains all through me – you know – walking down the street by myself – I start looking around and wondering who's out there gonna mess me up, you know. I get scared as hell, man, walking down around here, I mean, I can't protect myself or nothing, man. You know what I mean? You know what I mean? You know what I mean? You know? I mean if I had these couple – of big buddies – fighters – you – you know – if I had a couple of guys – like – big guys – that - you know, there's like nothing – I could – like, if you walked around with these buddies, I mean you could do, man – you could do anything . . .

DEATH OF A SALESMAN by Arthur Miller

Act 2

BIFF

Now hear this, Willy, this is me.

You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was jailed. I stole myself out of every good job since high school. And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! It's goddamn time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it!

Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw - the sky. I saw the things that I love in the world. The work and the food and the time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy?

Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you! I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ashcan like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it! A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing home any prizes any more, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home! Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all. Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phoney dream and burn it before something happens?

FAT PIG by Neil LaBute

CARTER

Dude, I understand. Like, totally.

I used to walk ahead of her in the mall or, you know, not tell her stuff at school so there wouldn't be, whatever. My own mom. I mean ... I'm fifteen and worried about every little thing, and I've got this fucking sumo wrestler in a housecoat trailing behind me.

That's about as bad as it can get! I'm not kidding you. And the thing was, I blamed her for it. I mean, it wasn't like a disease or like some people have, thyroid or that type of deal ... she just shovelled shit into her mouth all the time, had a few kids, and, bang, she's up there at 350, maybe more. It used to seriously piss me off. My dad was always working late ... golfing on weekends, and I knew it was because of her. It had to be!

How's he gonna love something that looks like that, get all sexy with her?

I'm just a kid at the time, but I can remember thinking that. Yeah, it's whatever, but ...

this once, in the grocery store, we're at Albertsons and we're pushing four baskets around – you wanna know how humiliating that shit is? – and I'm supposed to be at a game by seven, I'm on JV, and she's just farting around in the candy aisle, picking up bags of “fun size” Snickers and checking out the calories. Yeah. I mean, what is that?!

So, I suddenly go off on her, like, this sophomore in high school, but I'm all screaming in her face ... “Don't look at the package, take a look in the mirror, you cow! PUT 'EM DOWN!” Holy shit, there's stock boys – bunch of guys I know, even – are running down the aisle. Manager stumbling out of his glass booth there, the works.

But you know what? She doesn't say a word about it. Ever. Not about the swearing, the things I called her, nothing. Just this, like, one tear I see ... as we're sitting at a stoplight on the way home. That's all.

FOOL FOR LOVE by Sam Shepard

EDDIE

And we walked right through town. Past the donut shop, past the miniature golf course, past the Chevron station. And he opened the bottle up and offered it to me. Before he even took a drink, he offered it to me first. And I took it and drank it and handed it back to him. And we just kept passing it back and forth like that as we walked until we drank the whole thing dry. And we never said a word the whole time. Then, finally, we reached this little white house with a red awning, on the far side of town. I'll never forget the red awning because it flapped in the night breeze and the porch light made it glow. It was a hot, desert breeze and the air smelled like new cut alfalfa. We walked right up to the front porch and he rang the bell and I remember getting real nervous because I wasn't out for a expecting to visit anybody. I thought we were just out for a walk. And then this woman comes to the door. This real pretty woman with red hair. And she throws herself into his arms. And he starts crying. He just breaks down right there in front of me. And she's kissing him all over the face and holding him real tight and he's just crying like a baby.

And then through the doorway, behind them both. I see this girl. She just appears. She's just standing there, staring at me and I'm staring back at her and we can't take our eyes off each other. It was like we knew each other from somewhere but we couldn't place where. But the second we saw each other, that very second, we knew we'd never stop being in love.

KEY EXCHANGE by Kevin Wade

Act I, Scene 4

PHILIP

So great. So we get keys made for each other's apartments. So then you know what happens? I'll tell you what happens. Maybe one night I'm at a party, a bar, whatever, and I meet a girl, and right off we know it's a mutual attraction situation, and we have a little chat and a drink maybe, and next thing you know we're in a cab, and there's a physical thing that's happening, and we're chewing each other's faces and trying to decide where to go, you know, your place or mine, only hold the phone here, there is no decision to be made, because you've got a key to my place, and I don't know if you've dropped by or what, and I don't want to chance putting either you or me in that awkward situation, so it's off to her place somewhere in the East Eighties where I've got to climb over her two roommates and three cats to do it on a foam mattress on the floor real, real quiet like because Sally my roommate has a commercial callback at nine-thirty in the morning and this whole time I'm having some resentment towards you because your having a key meant that it had to be the cats and the floor and Sally the roommate asleep or nothing.

KEY EXCHANGE by Kevin Wade

Act I, Scene 5

MICHAEL

If you really want to know, married life sucks. My wife left me.

The composer. The guy she's been working with. He tells her he can't help himself.

And she can't help herself. So they're out there somewhere helping themselves.

I can't believe it. We're in bed. I'm trying to get something started, and she up and turns on the light and starts to cry and says we've got to talk. "There's this man, Michael. You've met him. Eric. The musician. I don't know how this happened. I have, we have feelings for each other. I've been trying to rationalize them away, pressure from the wedding, the intimacy of working together, but I can't. I'm with you now, but I'm thinking about him, and that's not fair to either of us. I can't sneak around on you. I have to figure out what I'm doing. I can't just live in this limbo." Then we're in the bathroom, and she's putting all her makeup and shit into a bag, and she's telling me that it's nothing I've done, this Eric guy is totally different, they connect on a whole other level. I still can't believe it. She starts to pack up her diaphragm and jelly, and I say can't you hold off on the fucking until you know a little better just what the fuck you are doing? And she says physical attraction is part of what's between them, and it's her body. We fight. She's really crying hard now, and she goes back into the bedroom. I see the tube of diaphragm jelly lying next to the sink. I'm nuts, you know, I'm really crazy. I empty the tube of jelly into the toilet, take my tube of muscle liniment, hold the two tubes nozzle to nozzle, and fill up the jelly tube with Tiger Balm.

RED by John Logan

Quiet Ken has been a dutiful apprentice to the very demanding and difficult - but brilliant modern artist – Mark Rothko.

Act 1, Scene 4

KEN

Bores you?! Bores you?! — Christ almighty, try working for you for a living! — The talking-talking-talking-Jesus-Christ-won't-he-ever-shut-up titanic self-absorption of the man! You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and let's-look-at-the-fucking-canvas-for-another-few-weeks-let's-not-fucking-paint-let's-just-look. And the pretension! I can't imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be SIGNIFICANT!

You know, not everything has to be so goddamn IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Sometimes you just want a fucking still life or landscape or soup can or comic book! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your goddamn hermetically sealed submarine here with all the windows closed and no natural light — BECAUSE NATURAL LIGHT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! ...

THE MATCHMAKER by Thornton Wilder

CORNELIUS

Isn't the world full of wonderful things.

There we sit cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs Molloy are walking around in New York and we don't know them at all. I don't know whether - from where you're sitting - you can see - well, for instance, the way (pointing to the edge of his right eye) her eye and forehead and cheek come together, up here. Can you? And the kind of fireworks that shoot out of her eyes all the time.

I tell you right now: a fine woman is the greatest work of God. You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids; they aren't in it at all. Of course, up there at Yonkers they came into the store all the time, and bought this and that, and I said "Yes, ma'am", and "That'll be seventy-five cents, ma'am"; and I watched them. But today I've talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal, and to the finest one that ever existed, in my opinion.

They're so different from men! Everything that they say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. Golly, they're different from men. And they're awfully mysterious, too. You never can be really sure what's going on in their heads. They have a kind of wall around them all the time - of pride and a sort of play-acting: I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without ever being really sure whether she liked you or not. This minute I'm in danger. I'm in danger of losing my job and my future and everything that people think is important; but I don't care. Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch-digger who once had a wonderful day.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T DANCE by Jason Katims
ERIC

I don't know why I can't dance. But it's - I can't. I can't make my body move in these ways that the music is demanding that I move. It's just so goddamn embarrassing. The situation. I mean, standing in public around hundreds of people who are displaying their purist, truest selves. I mean, it takes them no more than two drinks and their souls are out there on the dance floor. Their goodness. Their sensuality. They're sharing and loving. I watch that, look at that. But my body fights it. I start to analyze the music. The rhythm. The time signature. I understand the theory of dancing. The idea of spontaneously sharing in this moment that exists now and only now. The give and take with your partner. Two mirrors on a land where gravity holds you to this point and then leaves you free. And that the universe happens right there and then. Like, truth. I understand this intellectually. But Gail, I never have experienced it. I can't dance. Because it was the dam holding the water. If I let that out. That one thing, everything would follow. I couldn't dance. I couldn't have a normal talk about the weather with a neighbour without getting into a conversation about God, love and eternity. I mean, after all, the weather has these huge connotations. I couldn't act correctly in social situations. I couldn't sacrifice truth for a relationship. I couldn't hold you when you needed to be held because I wanted you to be stronger. Because I wanted to be stronger. I couldn't ask you for the warmth of your touch out of need. I couldn't let myself. I would only ask for your touch out of strength. Out of something that wouldn't become sick and interdependent and symbiotic. I wasn't able to do these things.

I don't know, Gail. I mean, you marrying Fred didn't really say anything to me. It was like something in this continuum. This cycle. I mean, it was this thing that happened in my life. The love of my life got married to another man. It didn't seem permanent. But the fact that Elizabeth ... The fact that this angel ... this unbelievable gift isn't mine. And will never be mine. This is killing me.

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

KONSTANTIN TREPLEV

(Pulling off the petals of a flower, one by one). She loves me – she loves me not...She loves me – she loves me not... Loves me - loves me not. *(Laughing.)* You see, my mother doesn't love me. And why should she indeed? She wants to live, to have love affairs, to wear light coloured blouses, and here I am, twenty-five years old already. I'm always reminding her that she isn't young any longer. When I'm not about she's thirty-two, but when I'm with her, she's forty-three, and she hates me for it. Moreover, she knows that I have no use for the theatre. She loves the theatre, she imagines that she's serving humanity, whereas in my opinion the theatre of today is in a rut, and full of prejudices and conventions. When I see the curtain rise on a room with three walls, when I watch these great and talented people, these high priests of a sacred art depicting the way people eat, drink, make love, walk about and wear their clothes, in the artificial light of the stage; when I hear them trying to squeeze a moral out of the tritest words and emptiest scenes – some petty little moral that's easy to understand and suitable for use in the home; when I'm presented with a thousand variations of the same old thing, the same thing again and again – well, I just have to escape, I run away as Maupassant ran away from the Eiffel Tower which so oppressed him with its vulgarity.

THIS IS OUR YOUTH by Kenneth Lonergan

Act 2

WARREN

I don't really get what you're upset about. I thought we had a really good time together and I was actually in a fairly Up state of mind for once.

Well, I didn't mean that in any kind of lascivious way, so I don't know why you want to take it like that. I really like you.

I'm sorry I said anything to Dennis. I definitely caved in to the peer pressure. But I also definitely said as little as possible and was totally respectful of you in the way I talked about you. Even though I was pretty excited about what happened last night, and also about like, maybe like, the prospect of like, I don't know, like going out with you – Which I would be very into, if you were. But if you want to think the whole meant nothing to me, then go ahead because that's not the case.

It's totally weird, like, taking all your clothes off and having sex with someone you barely know, and then being like "What's up now?" You know? Like it's such an intense experience but then nobody knows what to fuckin' say, even though nothing really bad actually happened. You know?

I really like you... I don't really agree with most of your opinions...but I don't meet a lot of people who can actually make me think, you know? And who can hold their own in an interesting discussion. And who I'm totally hot for at the same time. You know?

It's a fairly effective combination.

THIS IS OUR YOUTH by Kenneth Lonergan

Act 2

WARREN

It is sort of amazing that one of us actually died. You know? *(Pause.)* It's like my Dad's always saying, "Do you know how bad you guys would have to fuck up before anything really serious ever happened to you? *(Pause.)* You and all your friends from the Upper West Side who went to that fuckin' school where they think it's gonna cripple you for life if they teach you how to spell? *(Pause.)* Do you know what happens to other kids who do the kind of shit you guys do? They die, man. And the only different between you and them is *my money*... It's like a big fuckin' safety net, but you can't stretch it too far, man, because your sister fell right through it." *(Pause.)* But the fact is, he's just so freaked out of his mind that he did so well, and it all blew up in his face anyway. Like he did this great enterprising thing for himself and his family, and made a fortune in this incredibly tough racket, and got a house on the Park without any help from anyone, and he never felt bad for anyone who couldn't do the same thing. But when he was at the height of his powers, he totally lost control of his own daughter, and she ended up getting beaten to death by some guy from the world next door to us. And there was nothing he could do about it. *(Pause.)* So...for the last nine years, he'd been trying to literally *pound* his life back into shape. But it's not really going too well, because he's totally by himself. *(Pause.)* You know?

ALL MY SONS by Arthur Miller
Act 1

CHRIS KELLER (late 20's to mid 30's)

Chris is speaking to Ann who he's planning marry. Ann was engaged to Larry, Chris's brother. He has died in the war.

CHRIS:

You remember, overseas, I was in command of the company?

Well, I lost them.

Just about all.

It takes a little time to toss that off. Because they weren't just men. For instance, one time it'd been raining several days and this kid came to me, and gave me his last pair of dry socks. Put them in my pocket. That's only a little thing ... but ... that's the kind of guys I had. They didn't die; they killed themselves for each other. I mean that exactly; a little more selfish and they'd have been here today. And I got an idea—watching them go down. Everything was being destroyed, see, but it seemed to me that one new thing was made. A kind of ... responsibility. Man for man. You understand me?—To show that, to bring back onto the earth again like some kind of a monument and everyone would feel it standing there, behind him, and it would make a difference to him.

And then I came home and it was incredible. I ... there was no meaning in his here; the whole thing to them was a kind of a—bus accident. I went to work with Dad, and that rat-race again. I felt ... what you said ... ashamed somehow. Because nobody was changed at all. It seemed to make suckers out of a lot of guys. I felt wrong to be alive, to open the bank-book, to drive the new car, to see the new refrigerator. I mean you can take those things out of the war, but when you drive that car you've got to know that it came out of the love of a man can have for man, you've got to be a little better because of that. Otherwise what you have is really loot, and there's blood on it. I didn't want to take any of it. And I guess that included you.