

VCASS THEATRE ARTS AUDITION INFORMATION

Before you start your online application to audition, we recommend you watch our auditions checklist video:

[VCASS Audition Information Video](#)

VCASS Auditions

All VCASS audition applications will be submitted as a video. This video will be uploaded directly to our online application portal.

VCASS makes accommodation and adjustments for students with additional needs. Please contact our auditions team for further information.

auditions@vcass.vic.edu.au

Subsequent Rounds

If needed, subsequent auditions/interviews will take place online or face to face onsite at VCASS.

AUDITION APPLICATION PROCESS

1. **Watch the checklist video**
2. **Assemble all required PDF or JPEG documents no bigger than 5MB**
 - Small photo (can be a JPEG)
 - Copy of Semester TWO report from previous year
 - Student Statement - (around 200 words) Why would you like to attend VCASS?
3. **Record one unedited MP4 format video no bigger than 400MB**
 - See the requirements outlined in this document below
 - Pausing a video is not considered as an edit
 - Make sure you follow the guidelines in the video. There is no need to add extra information

This video must include:

- A spoken introduction stating your name, current year level, program you are applying for and a brief summary telling us about yourself
 - Specific illustrations/demonstrations of your skills in line with the audition requirements below.
4. **Complete online application**
 5. **Upload your video into application**
 6. **Pay and submit your application**

TIPS FOR PREPARING YOUR VIDEO

We expect most applicants will be filming in a quiet workplace setting, using whatever device they have at their disposal. Do the best with what you have and remember these tips:

- Present an introduction of yourself at the beginning – stating your name, year level, application number and chosen specialisation (brief one minute maximum)
- Film in a clear, well-lit space so we can see you
- Do not wear colours that blend into the background
- Check the quality and / or sound of the image prior to submission
- Do not record outside of a building e.g. a park or garden with additional noise
- Your full body must be visible in the video at all times
- Your video should be filmed in one sitting and not edited (pausing the video is permitted)
- Students are encouraged to demonstrate movement skills in at least one of your pieces. It doesn't need to be "dance" but you should demonstrate your skills in movement and gesture

CONTENT OF VIDEO

Video footage must contain:

1. Introduction – one minute (Required)
2. One of the Short Text exercises (Required)
3. A self devised performance piece (solo) (Required)

SHORT TEXT EXERCISE FOR VIDEO

- Choose one of the short text monologue pieces provided below and learn it for the audition video
- When learning the speech, take time to understand what is being said
- We want to see how you connect with text and how you can draw character from the words provided
- Don't get caught up in elaborate staging or searching for subtext
- Students are permitted to portray and/or refer to the gender of a specified character(s) according to the original text or to change the gender of a specified character(s).

SHORT TEXT MONOLOGUES FOR VIDEO

TREPLEV

The Seagull

Anton Chekhov

TREPLEV *(pulling petals off a flower)*

She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. *(laughs)*

You see, Mother doesn't love me – to put it rather mildly. She likes excitement, romantic affairs, gay clothes – but I'm twenty-five years old and a constant reminder that she's not so young as she was. She's only thirty-two when I'm not around, but when I'm with her she's forty-three, and that's what she can't stand about me. Besides, she knows I've no use for the theatre. She adores the stage. Serving humanity in the sacred cause of art, that's how she thinks of it. But the theatre's in a rut nowadays, if you ask me – it's so one-sided. The curtain goes up and you see a room with three walls. It's evening, so the lights are on. And in the room you have these geniuses, these high priests of art, to show you how people eat, drink, love, walk about and wear their jackets. Out of mediocre scenes and lines they try to drag a moral, some commonplace that doesn't tax the brain and might come in useful about the house. When I'm offered a thousand different variations on the same old theme, I have to escape – run for it, as Maupassant ran from the Eiffel Tower because it was so vulgar he felt it was driving him crazy... What we need's a new kind of theatre. New forms are what we need, and if we haven't got them we'd be a sight better off with nothing at all.

JANINE

Scorched (Incendies)

Wajdi Mouawad

JANINE There's no way of knowing today how many of you will pass the tests ahead of you. Mathematics as you have known them so far were all about finding strict and definite answers to strict and definitively stated problems. The mathematics you will encounter in this introductory course on graph theory are totally different since we will be dealing with insoluble problems that will always lead to other problems every bit as insoluble. People around you will insist that what you are wrestling with is useless. Your manner of speaking will change and even more profoundly so will your manner of remaining silent, and of thinking. That is exactly what people find the hardest to forgive. People will often criticise you for squandering your intelligence on absurd theoretical exercises, rather than devoting it to research for a cure for AIDS or a new cancer treatment. You won't be able to argue in your defence, since your arguments themselves will be of an absolutely exhausting theoretical complexity. Welcome to pure mathematics, in other words, to the world of solitude... Introduction to graph theory.

EDMOND

Bernhardt/Hamlet

Theresa Rebeck

EDMOND I am here because I cannot seem to survive away from you. I told myself I could, I must, I can live on memory, I can hoard the smell of you in a handkerchief I stole from your boudoir six months ago, sorry, I can read and read again the words I wrote for you, and your voice is there but it is an echo, or worse, a fabrication. It is not you. It is only a dream of you, and I am not alive, anywhere. Anywhere but here! I cannot separate what you are and what I am one from the other anymore. How many times have I watched you, standing out here alone knowing that it is my words you say, while they are hanging on your lips and your looks, it is my heart beating, it is my will, and soul, it is I who have taken years of my life to write our masterpiece only to disappear into the silence behind you.

Away from you, I disappear. I am nothing; I am a wraith in a dark wind. The only time I am fully alive is when I see you here, on the stage, launching yourself into eternity. But then it all comes back, my life, life itself, comes, in a rush that is so powerful I fear it might destroy me. And yet, there is no place for me here now. I cannot, I cannot be a part of any of this.

ZUZU

Dance Nation

Clare Barron

ZUZU

People say I dance with a lot of *grace* and that I'm beautiful and above-average and stuff. Here's what they don't say. They don't say I'm sensational. They don't say I take their breath away. They don't say they could watch me forever. They don't say they cry when they watch me dance. When they watch Amina dance, they cry. I know. Because I cry when I watch Amina dance.

My Mom asked me to dance for her cancer. She saw a documentary about this woman who did a dance and it cured her cancer and so she asked me if I would do a dance for her and my Mom is not normally like that but she was feeling really emotional at the time and she kept breaking down all the time so I did this solo at the year-end recital for my Mom and her cancer. And I tried to make it the best dance I had ever done. I tried to like *feel things* with my arms and my legs. I tried to make people feel things with my arms and my legs...

But it was just an ordinary dance, really. A lot of people didn't know it was about my Mom's cancer at all. They thought it was about whatever our dances are usually about. Flowers. Or sailors, you know. Not cancer. I didn't make them cry. I didn't make myself cry. I don't think I even made my Mom cry. She told me that she liked it. But she didn't cry. And it didn't cure her cancer, so. Her cancer actually got worse after that, so. It was just an ordinary dance.

JESS

Cost of Living

Martyna Majok

JESS

Most people assume my name's Jessica. It's not.

My mother came to the country with no English, very little, and she's in this hospital in Newark – it's not there anymore, this is clearly like a few years – and the nurse hands me to my Mom for the first time. She was here alone.

No family. And the nurse asks my Mom like, what'll you call her? And my Mom just looks at her. She said that's the moment it hit her, how alone she is.

How little English. How everything now it's hers. Her shoulders. And she thought the nurse said – When my Mom was asked a question, she'd usually either just say 'yes' or 'no' or okay like judgin' on if it was a man or a woman she was answerin', or if they looked nice, I mean most people just asked her like, do you want a bag or are you okay and so she says 'yes' or 'no' or I'm okay. And so my Mom, when the nurse asked my name, she, I think she meant to say yes but, in her, y'know, her accent...

So my name's Jess. Just Jess.

They were nice enough to put in two s's.

TOM

The Glass Menagerie

Tennessee Williams

TOM

I didn't go to the moon. I went much further—for time is the longest distance between two places. Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoebox. I left St. Louis. I descended the steps of the fire escape for a last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space. I travelled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly coloured but torn away from their branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something. It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass. Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of coloured glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colours, like bits of a shattered rainbow. Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes. Oh Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be! I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into the movies or a bar, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger—anything that can blow your candles out! For nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blow out your candles, Laura – and so goodbye...

ALEX

The Great Fire

Kit Brookman

ALEX Oh, thank you. Thank you for building this house that Lily and Michael now live inside like penitents, that you will be instilling us with this idea that poverty is noble, telling us how organic vegetables really do taste better and they're so much better for the environment, how amazing Japan is, well you can afford it!

We swallowed up this dream, this fantasy that you were able to spin but were wise or lucky enough to avoid yourselves. We'll never be able to build anything of our own, we'll just live in your home with your bones under the floorboards until we die. But we won't die soon. Because as soon as we can make our way we'll have to be supporting all you old people clinging onto life, lifting you above our heads in the manner to which you have become so exquisitely accustomed, wading into the sea as it rises around us!

And you've polluted and ruined the planet, but we're the ones who have to suffer, we'll be the ones who have to dig the human race out of that particular hole, if we can, doing our best to keep things less than completely catastrophic! That's the best margin we can aim for! And you think that our generation has a disproportionate sense of entitlement?!

EDDIE

Fool For Love

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.

PUCK

A Midsummer Night's Dream

William Shakespeare

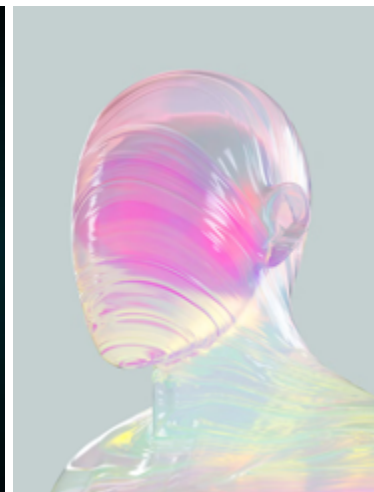
PUCK: Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon and make him smile
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
 And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Devised Performance

- Responding to one of the three stimulus images provided, devise a 1.5-2 minute solo performance
- You may respond literally or metaphorically to any aspect of the image you choose
- Your devised performance should demonstrate skilful use of voice, movement, gesture, and facial expression
- Choose a prop object or symbolic object to manipulate during the performance
- You may incorporate the use of costume, sound design and other production areas, but this is not required
- Please introduce your devised performance by stating the image you used and one sentence about the central ideas behind your performance
- For those with an interest in Musical Theatre, you can consider demonstrating your skills through this devised performance

*Remember, there are no right answers or approaches here.
Take a risk, be as genuine as you feel you can.
Keep it simple.*

Stimulus Materials for devised piece



Source: Open Source and Art Collections

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

- After viewing your video and reading your application, the panel may request a follow-up audition/interview. This will be either at VCASS or online
- Auditionees receive an email advising them of their outcome
- You will be asked to provide documentation to confirm age and year level appropriateness
- The outcome of the audition is final and not subject to appeal
- It is VCASS School Policy that we do not offer any feedback to applicants regarding their audition

PLEASE NOTE:

You are applying to audition for an extension program that provides education above the standard school curriculum. This extension program attracts a fee of approximately \$860 per term plus a voluntary curriculum contribution of approximately \$720 per annum.

FURTHER INFORMATION

To view detailed information about the Theatre Arts curriculum at VCASS, please visit the Theatre Arts page on our website: [Theatre Arts Handbook](#)

General Enquiries: For any general enquiries call our office on 03 8644 8644