



## BISFA Theatre Admissions/Audition Packet

The Theatre Department of Barbara Ingram School for the Arts offers the distinction of a **conservatory-style** approach to training students in the craft of the **dramatic and theatre arts**. In our program, students communicate as active **creators and interpreters, designers and builders**. Their tools range from the **body as an instrument** to the lighting and soundboard as a **workbench**. It is our goal to nurture our student's creativity and to let each one know that what they are pursuing as storytellers is foundational to their artform and paramount to the human experience. **The actor-centric training is an immersive deep-dive** with opportunities to delve in **music, voice, dance and production techniques**. Through physical training and performance, every aspect of the actor's instrument is engaged, instilling a lifelong confidence that they will carry with them throughout their highly-adaptable, professional lives. **Designer, director, builder, performer, our multi-discipline theatre training, will become the tools to turn ideas into reality**. Taking classes alongside future architects, veterinarians, entrepreneurs and Oscar winners, we want our students to graduate from the BISFA Theatre program, recognizing that their options go well beyond the audition room.

### Theater Department Audition Process:

- **Apply** to Bisfa
  
- **4 Part Audition Process**
  - Prepared Monologue:
  - Interest Based Prepared Selection
  - Improvisation or movement to music
  - Interview - Applicants should be prepared to discuss:

### **4 PART AUDITION PROCESS**

1. **TEACHER LED GROUP WARM UP** (Improvisation and movement to music)
2. **Prepared Monologue:**
  - a. Choose and memorize **one monologue** (All applicants must present a monologue that is age-appropriate.)
    - i. Select from Approved monologues or from "The Monologuer", [www.backstage.com/monologues/teens](http://www.backstage.com/monologues/teens) limit 60 sec
    - ii. Applicants will be asked to tell adjudicators your name and the title of the monologue you selected

3. **Interest Based Prepared Selection** - (This part is specific to the interest of the auditioning student)
- a. **PICK ONE** (*You only need to select one from this part*)
    - i. Monologue - Prepare a second monologue from the suggested lists/website.
    - ii. Perform a musical selection of no more than 2 minutes in length.
      - 1. Your song must be fully memorized
    - iii. Choose and memorize **one poem** from Poetry Out Loud Anthology [www.poetryoutloud.org](http://www.poetryoutloud.org)
    - iv. **Optional:** You may prepare 90 additional seconds to share anything that is unique to you. We would love a song, dance, ukelele/guitar/piano solo, special project portfolio, etc.
    - v. Create and submit **Infographic Project: All About You!** Including photos of things you make and do!!! If you dance, if you play a sport, are in Scouts, in clubs, on teams, or play/dabble with an instrument... if you sew or build or shoot or draw or decorate...Whatever You DO! [www.canva.com](http://www.canva.com)
4. **Interview** - Applicants should be prepared to discuss:
- a. The extent of their experience/interest in theatre
  - b. Reasons for wanting to train in this program
  - c. Any related skills such as carpentry, sewing, painting, electronics, musical engineering, handicrafts, photography

[Lewisnico@wcps.k12.md.us](mailto:Lewisnico@wcps.k12.md.us) Contact Niki Lewis Theatre Lead Teacher

## Suggested Monologue Selections

These approved Monologues are taken from the following collection:

**More Short Scenes and Monologues for Middle School Students** by Mary Hall  
*Surface published by A Smith and Kraus Book*

### Female:

- Ariel
- Angelina
- Maria
- Michelle

### Female or Male :

- Alex/Alexia

### Male:

- Terrell
- Matt
- Eva

### Female:

#### **Ariel**

(Talking to her friend, Lana.)

Why is everybody so worried about me, Lana? I like to be by myself. I like my own company. Isn't that what everybody wants from a preteen? Our teacher is always telling us to be self-confident. And my mom tells me to be "true to myself" every other minute. Well, myself likes to be alone. See how I've decorated my room? Postcards from every cool place I've ever been. Did you see my mountain of stuffed animals? My shelf is full of books. My comfy chair in the corner where I snuggle up and read with my very own light. It's my paradise! Invaders stay out! Except you. Lana, wait, don't go! I'm sorry. I didn't mean you. You're the best invader — I mean, friend. AHHH! I'm horrible to people sometimes. Oh gosh, did I hurt your feelings? I'm really glad you came over. Please stay

#### **Angelina**

(Talking to her class)

This is not stupid, OK? We were all supposed to choose something really important to us, and this is important to me. My research project will be...hey Paco, I heard that. You think I'm going to do something about sports. So what if I do? Just because your project is about the homeless you think it's better than mine. Yeah, well six people in this class are doing the homeless! At least mine is original. My project... Timmy, the last time you laughed at me you paid for it on the playground, remember? Man, why does the teacher

have to leave the room during my turn? Like you yahoos can stay focused! She's always got something to "attend to." Well, right now, you're supposed to attend to me, so listen up! (They do) That's more like it. My project — (She checks for negative reaction. None.) Better. Ok... My research project is ...wow. You guys are listening. You're really listening. My project is really important to me. "Why women Should Make as Much Money as Men in Professional... Sports."

### **Maria**

(talking to her dad)

They're going to search my purse? In a museum?! I can't open up my purse to that guy. I've got... stuff in there. And all my earrings, they'll fall out if he turns it upside down or shakes it or something. And my diary, what if he reads my diary? And there's a three-day-old banana! He'll be grossed out completely. You didn't tell me they'd search my purse. This is crazy! Next they'll make us take off our shoes like at the airport. I claim my constitutional rights against unwarranted search and seizure! Dad. Lets just not go in. Dad, honest. I'm not making up excuses. I'm totally creeped out . I mean... I just came to see the painting and now I gotta think about bombs and crazy terrorists and ... Can we just go? Please?

### **Michelle**

(talking to her friend, Ashley)

Ashley, I told you! If you'd only listen to me I could save you so much heartache. But, no, you had to go steady with Derrick and now look at you. He's seeing somebody else and you are a miserable mess! (Her cell phone rings.) Hang on. My phone. (She looks at the number.) OMG, it's Derrick. Don't let him know you're here. Just use hand signals. Don't say a word (Answering the phone.) Hello. Derrick, what a surprise. I thought you were out of town this weekend. Yeah. That's what you told Ashley. But I saw you at the mall with — (Ashley is hand-signaling.) — uh yeah the mall, uh with — (To Ashley) Why can't I say who with? (To Derrick) Uh, Derrick, how about you tell me who you were with! (Ashley starts hand-signaling again wildly.) Don't you want to make him confess? (To Derrick) What? Uh, I was talking to you, Derrick. (To Ashley) What ? Slow your hands down. (To Derrick ) About that girl you were with — (To Ashley, totally not getting her signals) Slow down! ( To Derrick) So Derrick. Derrick? You still there? (He's not) You, my friend, must have flunked hand-signal school. Here, you call him back.

### **Female or Male:**

**Alex / Alexia**

(Talking to a tutor)

I can't open it. The math textbook. I can't even reach toward it, or look at its shiny purple cover or thick black lettering or, worse, the squiggly white numbers that rise off the page like ghosts— laughing horrible ghosts! (Tutor starts to leave) Wait! You don't have to get the counselor. I'm fine, Mrs. Preston, I just got a little dramatic. My uncle was an actor, so drama runs like a river through my veins. Did you see me in the school play? (No reply) Right. Back to math. OK. Math. It paralyzes me, like a jellyfish or a giant fury tarantula or —there I go again! I should be on the Nature Channel. I get really carried away when I talk about animals. When I talk about anything....except math. It's all those numbers. How they turn into equations and quotients. It's like I'm trying to decipher hieroglyphics or a secret code! I... Mrs. Preston. I honestly don't ...I wish I could describe it. It's a frustrating...awful feeling. When I open my book, I'm lost . Help me.

**Male:**

**Terrell**

(Talking to his dad)

What do you mean, Dad? The lady is gonna go wild for you Look at you. New shirt. Been to the barber. Ain't nothing better lookin' ever gonna come that lady's way. She's no fool. Go , find your car keys. You're making her wait. Ladies don't like to be kept waiting no matter how good-lookin' a man is . Take it from me. Yeah, I'm all over the lady thing. Trying to set an example for you. I ain't been sitting around all mope-y since Momma left I been making my own way. You dot to do the same. (Dad is headed out the door) Hey Dad. You won't be out too late, will you? We're going fishing in the morning, remember? Don't forget. All right? Have fun, Dad.

**Matt**

(Talking to his Dad)

Lay off me, Dad! Sometimes you just have to swear! Like when you stub your toe really hard, or you drop your lunch tray, or when you are in the car and somebody cuts in front of you! Or is swearing one of those things grown-ups can do but kids can't?! What would you say if you really "messed" something up in a play-off game! But fine, I'll do your little exercise . You say swearing limits my vocabulary? OK, let's see. "You know that pass in the game, I really 'tanked' it." (Dad gives him a look.) You want better than that? OK. "I 'extremely missed' it." ( Dad gives him another look) More? "I 'failed to catch it.' I did not connect in a victorious way with the ball. " Hey, that's a good one. How about: "I 'sacrificed the advantage of the team by my insufficient effort to retrieve the ball.' Or I 'valiantly leapt to block the hurling ball but, alas, to no avail!'" This is fun, Dad. Thanks!

**Evan**

(Talking to a friend, Sarah.)

Who was Boo Radley, really? He's the spookiest character in the book, that's for sure. Hanging around in the shadows, creeping out Scout and Jim. Then these little treasures start to appear in a tree knot. Jim thinks they're from Boo, but Scout won't believe him 'cause Boo's this crazy creepy guy locked up in his basement down the street. Know what I think? I think it's the rest of the town that's crazy. Except Scout and Jim's dad, Atticus Finch. He's the hero of the book. But—oh, Sarah, how am I supposed to choose one character from a book like *To Kill a Mockingbird* to write about as my favorite? Why do teachers always ask you to do that? What does "favorite" mean? Most like somebody you know? Most like you? Who's gonna admit he's like Boo Radley—the guy nobody understands and everybody's mean to and afraid of. Who's gonna admit that? (He thinks about that.) Maybe me.

### **Other Suggested Monologue Selections**

#### **Female:**

March in Line

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

The Fantasticks

#### **Female or Male:**

I Am Shark Male:

Class Action

Single Crutch

Lunchtime

#### **Female:**

**MARCH IN LINE** by Tara Meddaugh

(Stephanie is a teenager who does not have many friends in her community or school. She is in her bedroom and speaks to her stuffed animals.)

#### **STEPHANIE**

I'm thrilled you all could make it tonight, gentlemen. I know I ask a lot of you, but I hope you all realize, I notice everything. Every tiny smile, every command obeyed, every sacrifice given. You're my men, aren't you? And tonight, you're going to prove it. Now, I want you all to pick up your instruments and line up in—You! Stand up straight, please. I said, stand up! Would you like the whole town to see you in a wrinkled band uniform? Don't answer, just listen. (pause) Now, form that single line and reflect on your assignment tonight. Remember, you're more than simply clarinet players or baton twirlers. You have a mission, a purpose—and while you may not be here to witness the difference you make, know that I will. And that's really what matters most, now isn't it?

So all those people who said I didn't have a voice, who said no one would ever listen to me—those awful people, with their awful taunts in my head—“She called ‘fire’ and no one heard her!” “Have you noticed how the waiter never stops at her table?” “She can't even get a dog to lick her hand!” –Well, Awful People's Taunts! Look at me now. Listen to me now! I have all these gentlemen right here. Haven't I, gentlemen? Don't answer, just think! You're all prepared to march out that window, march out with flutes and heads held high, and fall to your fated death...all for me. All for me. Ready? (pause) Oh, no! Mr. Teddy, your stuffing is seeping out again! I want you to look perfect when they all witness my power over you. I'll grab a needle. But the rest of you, begin marching. (pause) Begin marching!

### **ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND** by Lewis Carroll

(Alice is falling down the rabbit hole.)

Well, after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs. How brave they'll all think of me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house. (She continues her fall, down and down.) I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time? I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down. I think. Yes, that's about the right distance – but then I wonder what latitude or longitude I've got to? I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think, but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is the New Zealand or Australia? (She tries to courtesy.) And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere. (She continues falling down and down.) Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think. I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder? (She becomes sleepy.) Do bats eat cats? Do bats eat cats? Do bats eat cats? Do bats eat cats? (She is dozing off and beginning a dream about her cat Dinah.) Now Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?

### **THE FANTASTICKS** by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt

(Luisa (sixteen) speaks of the awakening wonder of life).

This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark or a peacock, or something like that. Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard. And I said “hello.” And it vanished: flew away. The very minute that I said “hello.” It was mysterious. So do you know what I did? I went over to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times without stopping. And as I was brushing it, my hair turned gold! No, honestly! Gold! And then red. And then some sort of blue when the sun hit it. I'm sixteen years old, and every day something

happens to me. I don't know what to make of it. When I get up in the morning to get dressed, I can tell: something's different. I like to touch my eyelids because they're never quite the same. Oh! Oh! Oh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, then I close my eyes and I cry and cry till the tears come down and I taste them. Ah! I love to taste my tears!! I am special. I am special. Please God, please – don't let me be normal!

**Female or Male Monologue:**

**I AM A SHARK** By Tara Meddaugh

Jaime is a child or teen (may be played by a male or female actor), anywhere from 10-20 years old. Jaime is standing at a beach when confronted by a group of bullies.

**JAMIE**

Sometimes, when I stand on the beach and look out at the ocean, I imagine I'm a shark. My feet are hot, so hot they're burning. Burning so much, I start to not feel the pain anymore. I take several deep breaths, and I breathe out the heat through my nose. I can feel it leaving me. My feet are tingling. A little numb. But I feel no pain. I am a shark. I'm swimming through the water and you can cut me with your knives, but my skin is hard and I am tough. And I feel no pain. A boy, this boy I know, but wish I didn't, runs out of the ocean and past me. I feel the cold water he's brought in on my legs. He's tossed sand on me too and it's sticking to me. I reach my hand down to feel the roughness on my legs. It's like sandpaper. His friend runs out of the water too, chasing him, and he bumps into me. Pushes past me. My body turns with him, but my feet stay grounded. Like a rooted flower blowing in the wind. I don't fall over. He yells something. Freak...Try again..Knock...but I can't make out these words. I can't understand them. My head is under water. Sound is muted down here. I am swimming fast. I am a shark. As two bodies now run past me, run into me, there is the sound of laughter. My roots were not deep enough. My face is burning hot against the floor of the beach. My hands push my body up and I taste sand in my mouth. It's rough in my mouth now. Like my legs, my arms, my chest. I feel a kick to my side, but it is nothing to me. I am strong. My skin is tough. I feel nothing. I am a shark

**Male:**

**CLASS ACTION** by Brad Slaight

(A collage of encounters and solos occurring outside the classroom, reveals the difficulties of coming-of-age in the complex environment of high school. Dennis confesses the dilemma of life as a genius.)

My name is Dennis Gandleman. Around this school I am the object of ridicule from most of the students, simply because I have an extremely high I.Q. It's 176. My father wanted me to enroll in a special school that deals with geniuses like myself, but Mother was firmly against that. She wanted me to have a normal education, and not be treated as some kind of freak...Which is ironic, because that's exactly what is happening to me

here. The whole concept of education is a paradox: High School is supposed to celebrate education and knowledge, but what it really celebrates is social groups and popularity. In a perfect world, a kid like me would be worshipped because of my scholastic abilities, instead of someone who can throw a forty – yard touchdown pass. I suppose I could complain, and bemoan the unfairness of it all. But I am bright. I know something that the others don't... That, once we leave High School and enter the real world, all the rules change. What matters is power. Financial power. Power that comes from making a fortune on cutting-edge computer software. Software that I am already developing. (Pause.) Some call me a nerd. I call myself... ahead of my time. See you on the outside.

**SINGLE CRUTCH** BY Tara Meddaugh

(After a bully steals Ben's crutch, he asks his friend to borrow one so he can make marching band auditions in time. Ben is a teenage student with one crutch.)

**BEN**

I've been practicing my clarinet all morning and I really thought I was gonna get in this time. I know marching band is competitive, especially for the hockey team, but I had a good feeling about it all morning. Fifth time's a charm, my mom said. Then that guy who wears all the jewelry stole my crutch. My mom said it was okay for me to practice my song outside, since it wasn't raining and I was only playing marches. But he ran up to me from across the street. He was yelling something like, "shut the hell up!" or something. And he knocked my stand over and grabbed one of my crutches. I tried to run after him, but I'm not very fast on one crutch. I didn't let him get my clarinet though! I had to toss it under the picnic table, and I'm sure I broke the reed, but at least I saved it. Anyway, now I have to sort of hop and walk to get anywhere. I don't think I can make it to the gym on time with only one crutch. And since you have that crutch you used in fourth grade when you were Tiny Tim, I was wondering if I could maybe borrow it. I know you want it to stay in mint condition, but I won't mess it up. I'd have to bend over a little, since it's a kiddie crutch, but my mom said I have a strong back. I don't mind. Hey, you're the reason my leg is broken anyway. You're the one who told me to jump off the truck so Lisa would see and fall in love with me. But since the truck was going 30 miles an hour—and you weren't supposed to be going that fast—I just got this broken leg instead. Fine, it wasn't all bad. The hospital did have HBO Plus. I saw Austen Powers two times in one day. But Lisa didn't fall in love with me and now I have to hop and walk. So I don't care if you don't want fingerprints on your Tiny Tim crutch. I think you owe me! This is my chance to get in the marching band and show Lisa I'm worth something. So give me your crutch or I'm gonna tell your mom!

**Lunchtime** – from *You're a Good Man Charlie Brown*

## **Charlie Brown**

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She'd probably laugh right in my face...it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment?...SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunchbag over his head.) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. (he removes his sack) Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with...only 2,863 to go.