

# THEATER

## Fine Arts Scholarship Application AUGSBURG COLLEGE

### Example Scripts—Female

#### **FEMALE SCENE 1 *Our Town***

**Emily – a young woman about 24 or 25. In this scene she returns from the grave to visit her family.**

"I can't. I can't go on. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize. So all that was going on and we never noticed. Take me back – up the hill – to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look. Good-bye, good-bye world. Good-bye, Grover's Corners... Mama and Papa. Good-bye to clocks and hot baths... and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it – every, every minute? I'm ready to go back."

#### **FEMALE SCENE 2 *FOB***

**Grace speaks to the audience. She is a young Chinese-American in her early 20's.**

"It's true. I don't like being alone. You know, when Mom could finally bring me to the U.S., I was already ten. But I never studied my English very hard in Taiwan, so I got moved back to the second grade. There were a few Chinese girls in the fourth grade, but they were American-born, so they wouldn't even talk to me. They'd just stay with themselves and compare how much clothes they all had, and make fun of the way they all talked. I figured I had a better chance of getting in with the white kids than with them, so in junior high I started bleaching my hair and hanging out at the beach – you know, Chinese hair looks pretty lousy when you bleach it. After a while, I knew what beach was gonna be good on any given day, and I could tell who was coming just by his van. But the American-born Chinese, it didn't matter to them. They just giggled and went to their own dances. Until my senior year in high school – that's how long it took me to get over this whole thing."

#### **FEMALE SCENE 3 *The Seagull***

**Nina is in her early 20's, talking to Konstantin who is the same age.**

"He didn't believe in the theater – he did nothing but laugh at my ambitions – and gradually I stopped believing too – I began to lose heart... Then there were the burdens of love – the jealousy, the perpetual anxiety for my little boy... I became a paltry thing, a nonentity – my acting lost all meaning... I didn't know what to do with my hands, I didn't know how to stand, I couldn't control my voice. You don't understand what it's like when you feel you're acting badly. I'm the seagull. No that's not right... do you remember – you shot a seagull? (Rubs her forehead.) What was I talking about...? Acting, yes... I'm not like that now. I've become a real actress. I take pleasure in my performance – I delight in it. I'm in a state of intoxication up there – I feel I'm beautiful. And now, while I've been standing here I keep walking round – walking and walking, thinking and thinking – and I've the feeling that with every day my spiritual strength has grown... I know now Kostya, I understand now, that in our work – and it makes no difference whether we're acting or whether we're writing – the main thing is not the fame, not the glory, not all the things I used to dream of; it's the ability to endure. Learn to bear your cross; have faith, and for me the pain is less. And when I think about my vocation, I'm not afraid of life."

#### **FEMALE SCENE 4 *Nasty Rumors and Final Remarks***

**Max, a woman, talks to her lover Raleigh, who is in a coma.**

"The nurse said I could have a couple of words with you. I'll bet you just love that. Someone else giving me permission to come and go. Breaks every rule in the house doesn't it? Listen I can't find your Tiffany earrings anywhere. We're having a bitch of a time here with all your worldly goods, such as they are. I'm probably going to sell my car and buy yours from the kids. They could use the money. And besides, I like the way your car smells. This does not mean you have to take it seriously. You can change your mind. I'll keep my crummy car. I'm only telling you these things so you won't be worried about details. But you can sit right up and shock the hell out of everyone, as far as I'm concerned. This place could use a little slap in the face, you know. All miracles accepted. Shit, I believe in miracles. Clap your hands if you believe... (Pause) This is terrific. I could sit here all day and talk, repeat all my old stories and you can't even tell me to shut up. Except you aren't laughing, and that's really what kept me talking all these years. (Pause) Actually I'd love to hear you say SHUT UP. Go on, go ahead. Just for old time's sake. Give it to me good. C'mon. SHUT UP, MAX. Huh? How about it... please. (Pause) God, you're beautiful. You're not supposed to be beautiful. This is intensive care remember?"

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### Example Scripts—Male

#### **MALE SCENE 1 *Our Town***

**George – a nice, average young man about 18 who loves baseball and Emily.**

“Emily, I’m glad you spoke to me about that... that fault in my character. What you said was right, but there was one thing wrong in it, and that was when you said that for a year I wasn’t noticing people, and... you, for instance. Why, you say you were watching me when I did everything... I was doing the same about you all the time. Why, sure – I always made sure where you were sitting on the bleachers, and who you were with and for three days now I’ve been trying to walk home with you, but something’s always got in the way. Yesterday I was standing over against the wall waiting for you, and you walked home with Miss Corcoran.”

#### **MALE SCENE 2 *The Seagull***

**Konstantin is in his early 20’s.**

“It all started that evening when my play was such an idiotic failure. Women never forgive failure. If you knew how unhappy I am! It’s terrifying the way you’ve grown cold towards me – it’s unbelievable. You just said that you were too simple to understand me. Oh, what is there to understand? The play wasn’t liked, you despise my inspiration, you’ve begun to think of me as an ordinary person – a nonentity – someone like everybody else... (Stamps his foot.) I know what you mean, just exactly what you mean! It’s like having a nail in my brain, curse it – and curse this pride of mine, too, that sucks my blood, sucks it like a serpent...”

#### **MALE SCENE 3 *A Raisin in the Sun***

**Walter is in his 30’s. He is talking to his youngest son Travis.**

“You wouldn’t understand yet, son, but your daddy’s gonna make a transaction... a business transaction that’s going to change our lives... That’s how come one day when you ‘bout seventeen years old I’ll come home and I’ll be pretty tired, you know what I mean, after a day of conferences and secretaries getting things wrong the way they do... ‘cause an executive’s life is hell, man – (The more he talks the farther away he gets.) I’ll come up the steps to the house and the gardener will be clipping away at the hedges and he’ll say, ‘Good evening Mr. Younger.’ And I’ll say, ‘Hello, Jefferson, how are you this evening?’ And I’ll go inside and Ruth will come downstairs and meet me at the door and we’ll kiss each other and she’ll take my arm and we’ll go up to your room to see you sitting on the floor with the catalogues of all the great schools in America around you. And – and I’ll say, ‘all right son – it’s your 17th birthday, what is it you’ve decided?... Just tell me where you want to go to school and you’ll go. Whatever you want to be – Yessir! You just name it son... and I hand you the world!’”

#### **MALE SCENE 4 *The Ice Fishing Play***

**Junior, a fisherman and bait shop owner in his 40’s. An ice fishing house on a lake in northern Minnesota. A man of simple taste, Junior here reveals his dislike for artists.**

“You know, me and Cookie are trying out a new restaurant in town if you wanna go. We’ve been doing that. Went to one the other day “Peace Meal” it’s called. I look on the menu, where’s the basic food groups? And then you gotta ask for white bread. I got a plate of one of the terrible T’s I can’t remember tofu tamari tahini tabouli something. No offense to Irene but the artists ruined everything. Used to be there was no such thing as art. If there was a drawing it was to say how to kill something... or a song was to bring rain, people used to know why they beat drums, now you get these nincompoops coming up from the cities with a new shirt and a twenty dollar bill and they don’t care either, beat some drums in the woods for a week. And it was the goddamn artists come up here and turned us all into metaphors; once you’re a metaphor you can’t do nothing without meaning something. I got to hand it to Irene, though, she seen it coming. She was smarter than the rest of us. She turned your perfectly good resort into an artist colony.”