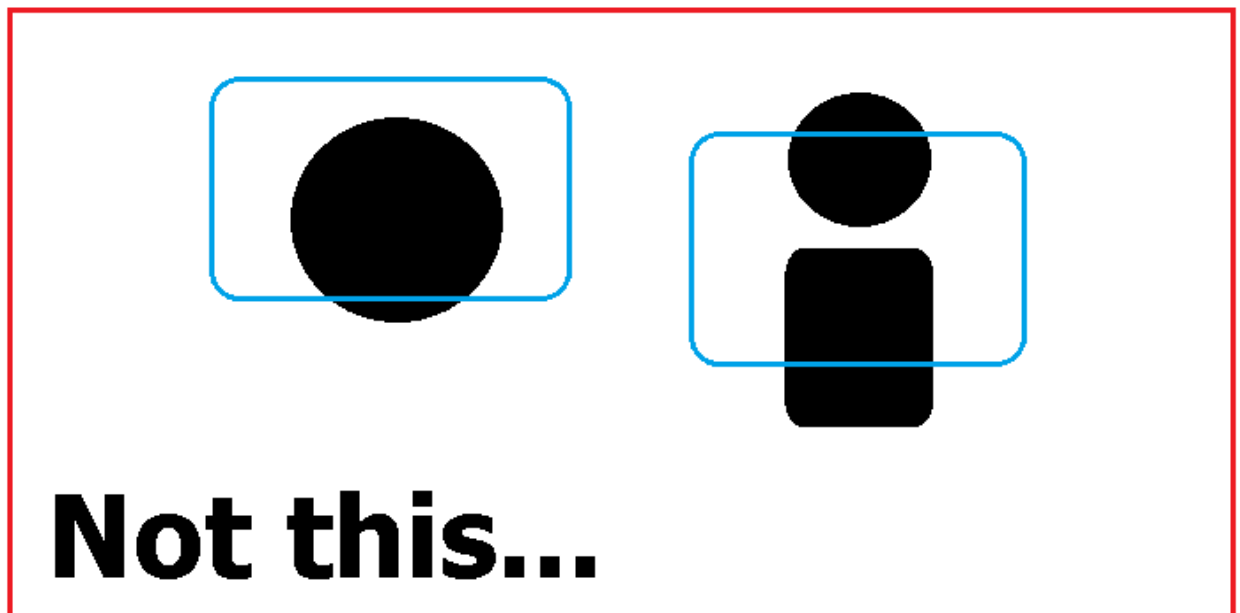


How to create an Audition Video for Next Actors: 2021

Step 1: The camera set-up

Set up your camera so that we can see your face – ideally, we'd like to see you at least from your shoulders up. You can also record yourself from your head to your toes.



Any background behind you is fine – if you are outdoors, be sure to check and make sure that we can hear you in your video.

Step 2: What's a “slate?”

A slate is what you say before you dive into your audition piece. Please look at the camera and say something that includes your name, loudly and clearly, and what you'll be doing for your audition. Here's an example of a slate:

Hi, my name is Grace DeWolff, and I'm auditioning for the Next Actors AND the Shakespeare program. My monologue is from Proof by David Auburn, and my poem is Shakespeare's sonnet number twenty three.

Step 3: What should I do?

Pick **two** from the following list!

A monologue

A poem

A song

A speech

A paragraph from your favorite book

A musical instrument solo

If you're auditioning for the Shakespeare program, a sonnet or a Shakespearean monologue is encouraged but not required.

Please make a video that is no longer than 6 minutes.

Ideas or questions about the content of your audition? Contact grace@nextactors.org

Step 3: Upload your video to youtube

Upload to YouTube

1. Go to [YouTube](https://www.youtube.com).
2. Select “Create a video and more” in the upper right corner, then click “Upload video.” If you do not already have an account, you will be prompted to create one when you select “Upload video.” Follow the prompts to do so, then proceed to the next steps below.
3. Click “select file” and locate the file you’d like to upload OR drag the file into the popup window.
4. Follow the prompts and ensure your video is uploaded as “Unlisted.” If it is private, no one but you will be able to view it.

5. Once the video is uploaded, copy the hyperlink (click the “share” icon under the video, and then click “copy” by the link) and paste the hyperlink into the google form

Remember to post the video as Unlisted!!!

- We will not be able to view the video if it is *Private*.
- By posting the video as Unlisted, only people you share the link with will be able to view your video.
- Due to youth protection laws, Next Act does not endorse sharing of videos outside this audition. We will ONLY share your audition internally within the Next Act administration offices – we will not copy or publish your video.

Having trouble finding a monologue or a poem? Here are some you could do...

Blood at the Root by Dominique Morisseau

You know what day today is? - Today a hot as hell day at school. Today the day my ten-page paper in Miss Lawson's class is due and I over-wrote and have eleven. My brother say I'm the only person he know do MO' homework than I'm given. Today I don't care what's on the lunch menu cuz I probly ain't eatin' it no way. Today different. Today got a weight to it. Today makes three years since my mama passed. Today I woke up to the sound of my dady cryin', even though he pretended like he wunn't. Today my brother walked outta the house befo' breakfast was finished talkin' 'bout he wunn't hungry. Today I ate extra flapjacks just so I wouldn't waste no food cuz Mama used to hate that. Today gonna mean something different, y'heard. Today can't be like no other day. Today gotta count for somethin'. Today a day fo' change. Today I'm gon break a rule. Or ten. To stamp out apathy. Today, I'm announcing my decision to run for class president.

The Princess Bride, from the novel by William Goldman

I love you. I know this must come as something of a surprise to you, since all I've ever done is scorn you and degrade you and taunt you, but I have loved you for several hours now, and every second, more. I love you so much more now than twenty minutes ago that there cannot be comparison. There is no room in my body for anything but you. My arms love you, my ears adore you, my knees shake with blind affection. My mind begs you to ask it something so it can obey. I will be quiet for you or sing for you, or if you are hungry, let me bring you food, or if you have thirst and nothing will quench it but Arabian wine, I will go to Araby, even though it is across the world, and bring back a bottle for your lunch. Anything there is that I can do for you, I will do for you; anything there is that I cannot do, I will learn to do. Tell me that I have a chance to win your love.

There Are Birds Here, a poem by Jamaal May

For Detroit

There are birds here,
so many birds here
is what I was trying to say
when they said those birds were metaphors
for what is trapped
between buildings
and buildings. No.
The birds are here
to root around for bread
the girl's hands tear
and toss like confetti. No,
I don't mean the bread is torn like cotton,
I said confetti, and no
not the confetti
a tank can make of a building.
I mean the confetti
a boy can't stop smiling about
and no his smile isn't much
like a skeleton at all. And no
his neighborhood is not like a war zone.
I am trying to say
his neighborhood
is as tattered and feathered
as anything else,
as shadow pierced by sun
and light parted
by shadow-dance as anything else,
but they won't stop saying
how lovely the ruins,
how ruined the lovely
children must be in that birdless city.

Turtle Came to See Me, a poem by Margarita Engle

The first story I ever write
is a bright crayon picture
of a dancing tree, the branches
tossed by island wind.

I draw myself standing beside the tree,
with a colorful parrot soaring above me,
and a magical turtle clasped in my hand,
and two yellow wings fluttering
on the proud shoulders of my ruffled
Cuban rumba dancer's
fancy dress.

In my California kindergarten class,
the teacher scolds me: REAL TREES
DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT.

It's the moment
when I first
begin to learn
that teachers
can be wrong.

They have never seen
the dancing plants
of Cuba.

Shakespeares sonnet number 23:

*As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.*

Shakespeare's sonnet number 106:

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.