Hello!

Thank you for taking an interest in auditioning for ‘The Unwritten Truth’. The auditions will take place on Wednesday 25th November at 2pm, room TBC. If you have any issues attending this date, please inform us and we will endeavour to arrange an alternative date for you.

Please take time to read through this audition pack and look over any monologues you wish to perform. Don’t feel pressured to learn the lines, but please familiarise yourself with the text so you feel confident and prepared.

We are going to have lots of fun and Jen will bring cake!!

Good luck, and we look forward to seeing you soon!

If you need to get hold of any of us, you are welcome to call or text on these numbers;

Danielle Johnson – 07950250170
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Synopsis

‘The Unwritten Truth’ chronicles an adaptation of a true story based on an English Teacher Trisha Gatiss working with students other teachers deemed ‘unteachable’. Trisha quickly realised that the students go home to gang warfare, drugs, gunfire and a host of other difficult situations. The students were convinced that they had nothing to learn from a white woman who had never experienced first-hand violence, discrimination and hatred that was part of their everyday lives.
Trisha intercepted a note being passed between students; the paper revealed a racist caricature full of hate. She told her class that this sort of revulsion and misunderstanding was what led to the Holocaust and other historical events.

Trisha decided to provide every student with a journal so that they can discuss their thoughts, feelings, fears and experiences. The students began to take an interest in academics which led to them writing accounts of their lives, they revealed the true emotions of their youth, for example being sentenced to Juvenile Hall, being left homeless and witnessing death.

The parallels between the students’ lives and historical events will create a dynamic performance exploiting true facts through the era of the 1990’s.

**Character Description**

**Major Roles**

**Trisha Gatiss** is a 23 year old teacher. She’s is from a white middle class family, she is the driving force to change young people’s lives. She motivates her class to change their ways and leads them to graduation and further study. She has a passion that shows them there is a life outside of gangs.

**Mariah Jackson** is a troubled teenager whose attitude and self-destructive behaviour was the result of being sexually abused by a white police officer, she now finds it difficult to trust white authoritative professionals. She is an independent and head-strong leader that is not afraid to say what she thinks.

**Tyson Manning** is an arrogant and cocky teenager on the outside, but once we learn about his past and he opens up we see him as a sensitive and emotionally transparent character. He has to deal with a troubled home life, his mum is an abusive drug addict which eventually leads to her death. He spends some of his time homeless.

**Minor Roles – These roles are just as important as the major roles, you will be in lots of scenes as different characters.**

(The minor roles will also be multi-rolling for various other characters such as; a drug addict-mother of Tyson, sheriffs, Nazi soldiers, Anne Frank and others.)

**Lea Herridge** is a teenager who was born with Cystic Fibrosis, she lives with day to day struggles of being ill, she also had to come to terms with finding out a relative was killed in the L.A Riots.

**George Wilson** is a teenager who is coming to terms with finding out he is going to be a father. Shy and intimidated by the other students around him.

**Morgan Matthews**, a non-specific gendered teenager, he/she has spent time at juvenile hall for a hit and run offense. The driver was the gang leader, after the offense the driver crashed, but pulled Morgan into the driver’s seat so it looked as though he/she was driving.
Audition Monologues

For the major characters we have given a choice of two monologues each, please look over both of them but you only need to prepare one, we may ask in the audition for you to read the other as well.

Trisha - Monologue One

Maybe we should talk about art. Brandon’s got real talent, don’t you think? You know something, I saw a picture just like this once in a museum. Only it wasn’t a black man, it was a Jewish man, and instead of the big lips he had a really big nose, like a rats nose, but he wasn’t just one particular Jewish man this was a drawing of all Jews and these drawings were put in the newspapers, by the most famous gang in history, you think you all know about gangs? You’re amateurs, this gang will put you all to shame and they started out poor and angry and everybody looking down on them until one man decided to give them some pride and identity... and somebody to blame. You take over neighbourhoods? That’s nothing compared to them, they took over countries, and you want to know how? They just wiped out everybody else. Yeah, they wiped out everybody they didn’t like and everybody they blamed for their life being hard and one of the ways they did it was by doing this. See they print pictures like this in the newspapers Jewish people with big long noses, blacks with big fat lips. They also published scientific evidence that proved that Jews and blacks were the lowest form of human species, Jews and blacks are more like animals and because they were just like animals it didn’t matter if they lived or died. In fact life would be a whole lot better if they were all dead. That’s how a holocaust happens and that’s what you all think of each other.

Trisha - Monologue Two

My primary focus this fall will be to get the senior year thinking about their future. Where they want to go to school and what kind of career they want to pursue. When Secretary Riley told my students everybody deserves a college education. I interpreted it as a personal challenge to make sure that all of the senior year would go to college. Our trip to Washington and Riley’s speech made the kids feel almost anything was possible. But the idea of going to college is completely foreign for a lot of my students. Since for many of them it will be the first in their family to graduate from high school, their parents aren’t pushing them to go to college. Since being a mum to 150 college bound kids will be overwhelming, I’ve decided to rally the troups and elicit more help. Since my education classes at national university have become so popular I was able to create a special college forum in the fall. The seminar will have 75 graduate students who will each be paired up with 2 of my students, the idea is to have them be a case study for the graduate students and in exchange my grad students will help mentor them. Not too shabby!
**Mariah - Monologue One**

My uncle Joe was unlike any other uncle. He was nice, caring, a good listener, understanding very handsome and best of all he always knew just what to say whenever I was miserable. He was always there for me when I needed a warm sincere loving hug. Basically he was my hero. I loved Uncle Joe with all my heart. We lived in a very small apartment complex so Uncle Joe, my younger brothers and I all slept in the same living room. Moonlight filled our tiny room and the scent of a freshly cut Christmas tree filled my nostrils, life couldn’t have been better, or so I thought. Hmm, what is that? Who’s touching me? Whatever it was, I didn’t like it, and it was Uncle Joe, what was he doing to me? Whatever it was, I wanted him to stop. I opened my mouth to tell him to stop. It was as if a ton of bricks had fallen on me, knocking the air from my lungs. Making me unable to speak. I felt his body right next to mine and his breathing got stronger and stronger. He was touching me in places I didn’t know could make me feel so dirty. I didn’t move a muscle I made my body as hard as a rock as he slowly slid his hand up my shirt, caressing my back and the side of my breasts. He got closer and closer. I could feel his skin touching mine. The feel of his sweat and his lips on my skin made me want to cry. Uncle Joe wasn’t being rough with me, which made it hard for me to decide whether or not what he was doing to me was wrong.

**Mariah - Monologue Two**

“Fuck”!! That’s the first word that came to mind when I saw those stupid motherfuckers coming toward me today after school. I knew I was going to get my ass kicked because there were three guys and two girls against me. I wasn’t afraid of anything, it’s not like it was the first time and I know it sure as hell won’t be the last. But why today? It’s the first day of school and I don’t feel like dealing with this shit. I knew I didn’t wanna come to this school, but my probation officer thinks he’s slick. He swears he’s an expert on gangs, that dumbass actually thinks that the problems going on aren’t going to affect me. If it was up to me I wouldn’t even be in school. But he threatened me, telling me it was school or boot camp. I figure it’s less painful to go back to school. Soon enough you have little wana-bes trying to hit up you at school, demanding respect they haven’t been earned. ‘Cause I refused to bow down to them, I looked them up and down, laughed, paused, and then said ‘Mi barrio es primo’ I thought of how much they look like people they hated. They might think they’re winning by jumping me now, but soon enough they’re all going down.
Tyson - Monologue One

Nothing hurts more than celebrating your mother’s birthday on Christmas Eve when she’s not around. It’s been eight days since she passed away today, she would have been 48. The holiday season is meant to be a time of happiness, that you can spend with your family but this year turned out to be tragic. Normally, as Christmas Eve is my mother’s birthday she would get twice as many presents, I told her this year would be different because she wouldn’t have to do anything on her birthday. I was wrong. I found out she was sick. I knew she didn’t have long to live but I didn’t know it was going to happen so soon. I was hoping she could spend Christmas with the family for one last time. This year we didn’t get a tree, there might not be a Christmas dinner and I don’t know what to do with my mother’s gifts. While other people are opening their presents I’ll be packing my mother’s things in boxes. With my mother dying so suddenly and unexpectedly I didn’t get the chance to talk to her it’s the worst thing that could ever happen because I never had the chance to say goodbye. I have no closure, no “I love you”, timing is everything, and a death couldn’t have come at a worse possible time. A few months before graduation.

Tyson - Monologue Two

A couple of days ago my closest friend was laid to rest. He was 15 years old. His funeral was like any other, someone said “Not another one”. But I wasn’t going to let this go, I had to get revenge. An eye for an eye. Paybacks a bitch! I still remember exactly what happened that night he died, I watched them pull the trigger and I froze, nothing I could do would help him. I stared down at his limp limbs and his blood ridden body soaking into the floor. In that moment I knew this wouldn’t be the end, nobody kills one of my gang and gets away with it. No motherfucker in this stupid fucking town kills someone I love and gets away with it!! He was going to get it and I was going to make him suffer, I would make him wish he was never fucking born!

The next day, I pulled up my shirt, put the gun into my waistband and headed for school, the cold metal against my bare skin resembled a feeling I knew all too well. I was going to kill this motherfucker in front of all of his friends, so they can feel the way I felt that night! In this undeclared war, you either kill or be killed. Risking life, dodging or taking bullets and pulling triggers. It’s all worth it. I saw him, standing there and laughing. How could he stand there and fucking laugh after all the shit he has put us through? I grab the gun, pull it from my waistband and point it into his fucking head. Silence.
Minor Character Monologues

For the minor characters you have a choice of six monologues and you can chose any one you would like to perform. It may be a good idea to read over them all as we may ask you to read another one.

Monologue One

What the hell am I doing in here? I’m sitting here in the corner of the classroom looking at the schedule and thinking ‘Is this really where I am supposed to be?’ I know I’m supposed to meet all different kinds of people, but this isn’t exactly what I had in mind. Just my luck, I’m stuck in a classroom full of troubled kids who are from bad neighbourhoods. I feel really uncomfortable sitting in here with all these rejects. This school is just asking for trouble when they put all these kids in the same class. It’s a disaster waiting to happen. I noticed that everything is separated by race. Each race has its own section and nobody mixes, everyone including me eats lunch with their own kind and that’s that. There is a section known as ‘Beverly Hills’ or ‘Disneyland’ where all of the rich white kids hang out. Then there’s ‘China Town’ where all the Asian kids hang out, the ‘Hispanic’ section is referred to as either ‘Tijuana Town’ or ‘Run to the Border’. The black section is known as ‘Da Ghetto’. Then there’s the freak show in the middle and that’s for the druggies also called ‘Tweakers’ and the kids who are into the Goth scene. It’s obvious the divisions carry into the classroom. I already know it’s going to be survival of the fittest. I’m just waiting to get jumped.

Monologue Two

I told my friends I was going to pledge a sorority because it looked like fun. I told my mum I was doing it because it was community service, but I don’t think she bought it. I try to justify to myself by saying that it was only because my friends were pledging and I didn’t really care much about this stupid club. At first pledging was really fun, all the members were really friendly and they gave us gifts and sweatshirts with the sorority symbol on it like they were trying to lure us in. But, after the novelty wore off things started getting hard. They took us into a room in twos and ask the most embarrassing questions imaginable, as my partner Sarah and I waited to go in we saw previous couples come out crying, we soon found out why. Fortunately I am practically sinless, everybody knows that I’m the girl who’s really shy and practically faints at the sight of a boy. So when the members started asking about our sexual experiences I had nothing shameful to say. The rest of the pledges and myself thought the worst was over, little did we know the worst was yet to come.
Monologue Three

They started trying to make me angry calling me names, it wasn’t what they were saying that made me mad. I was angry that they chose to pick on me because they thought I would just take it. As far as I was concerned the fact that they were all bigger than me was not important. I had to prove to them they did not have the right to pick on me because I was smaller than they were. One of them swung at me and missed, that was his bad. When I felt the rush of air from his fist whizzing past my face I went crazy, I started kicking him in the head, the only thing that made me stop was when I saw his eyes roll back in his head as though he was dead. I didn’t realise I had done something really wrong until I saw the flashing lights of the police and paramedics coming. When I arrived at juvenile hall it was scary, they treated me like a criminal they even took a mugshot. I was unlike any of the people surrounding me. Caged like beasts. Murders, rapist, gangsters and robbers. The first night was the scariest, I heard sounds I’d never heard before, inmates banging on walls, throwing up their gang signs, yelling out who they are and where they are from. I cried all night.

Monologue Four

If you look into my eyes, you will see a loving girl. If you look at my smile, you will sense that nothing is wrong. If you look in my heart, you will see some pain. If you pull up my shirtsleeves and look at my arms, you will see black and blue marks. This reminds me of the abusive relationship I had with my boyfriend. Sometimes id crawl into bed, lie there and think about what I had done to cause this. Where would I draw the line? The first shove, the first time he slapped me, when he started calling me names or the time he squeezed my arm so hard I had a bright red handprint around it? Over time it became more intense. One false move and he was a time bomb waiting to explode. He made me so nervous, I would get sick, literally sick. He just thought I had a nervous stomach. He never knew it was because of him. The worst point was him running after me with a knife, screaming “I’m going to kill you!” I couldn’t leave him because we gave each other what we needed, he had to release anger and I needed someone to love me. Then all of a sudden it was over, the flame burnt.

Monologue Five

It is terrifying to feel your breath slip away and no matter how hard you fight no air can reach your lungs. And even worse is the false sense of security you get when you come up, only to be pushed right back under. My grades were at an all-time high, my mother and I were getting along better than we had in years, I was going to be on varsity swim, I had a job as a lifeguard, I was starting college in the fall, I was graduating in a couple of months, and I had a boyfriend who was good to me. I was gasping for air, waiting for the tidal wave to push my head underwater again, only to let me up for my next gasp of preciousness. Then I found out I was pregnant, after already having an abortion at 14, I knew I wanted to keep this baby. I was told it would stop me from going to college, I couldn’t be a lifeguard and I couldn’t compete as it was too dangerous. Back to the beginning. Then I stopped wallowing in self-pity, I re-arranged my plans, I would go to college in the spring, I would get a better job and I could take summer classes! I realised I could breathe again, I was blessed, not everyone managed to escape that life. No longer was I choked with fear. Instead I breathed deep, exhilarating breaths.
Monologue Six

Damn! School just started and I have to go to the hospital again. This time I have to have sinus surgery. The doctors say I will be out of school for a week or two. I hope they are right.

I am frequently hospitalised for a lung disease called Cystic Fibrosis. CF has been a constant part of my life. My breathing sucks! I have coughing attacks every five to fifteen minutes that last about five minutes each. I lose my concentration and I can't even breathe. The lack of oxygen gives me a migraine. My weight is also a problem. Since I can't digest what I eat, I can't gain weight, I have to take pills to help digest my food and perform breathing treatments. If I don't, I get severe stomach-aches. Most of the time I end up losing weight.

I have been on a transplant list for over 6 months, and I probably only have a few years left to live unless I receive new lungs. It makes me wonder if I will survive this. I know I will, but it's a tough, scary road ahead for me. Anything can happen to me, and hopefully I will be prepared.