



Bachelor in Performing Arts and Screen Acting

GENERAL COMPETENCIES AND REQUIREMENTS

TAI students must possess or be inclined towards creativity, curiosity, inquisitiveness, artistic sensibility, effort and perseverance, humility, and have the ability to share and work in teams, make decisions, accept risk and learn from mistakes.

In addition, TAI requires its students to demonstrate:

- * commitment and thoroughness in their work and in the learning process
- * a capacity for reflection, critical reasoning, and critical analysis
- * clarity and precision of thought in written and verbal expression, correct grammar and spelling
- * critical and self-critical thinking, commitment to excellence and capacity for self-improvement
- * a foundation in general culture
- * a basic knowledge of the specific culture for their particular field of interest

SPECIFIC COMPETENCIES AND REQUIREMENTS

Acceptance to the Bachelor in Performing Arts and Screen Acting is not dependent on any single one of the following points. However, applicants should be able to:

- * identify the main genres and currents in the performing arts throughout history.
- * name the main authors and masterpieces of theater throughout history.
- * adapt their performance of a monologue to new directions, showing flexibility and a positive attitude.
- * associate the movements of the body to the meaning of the text.
- * sing or hum a simple melody, on key.



Prior to the academic orientation interview, applicants must:

- * Present a prepared theatrical monologue, not to exceed 5 minutes in length, chosen from any one of the six texts in the attached documents.
 - It will be considered an advantage if the candidate has read the play from which the monologue is taken for his or her proposal.
 - Applicants must not base their performance on films or recordings of the work.
 - The proposal must be based exclusively on the text of the work. It will be appreciated that is a personal proposal.
 - During the orientation interview, applicants may be asked about the characters in the work, how they relate to one another, and the given circumstances or the dramatic setting of the work.

- * Prepare and perform a song of your choice. It is recommended that you do not try to imitate the artist. Your own adaptation and interpretation of the song will be valued.

ENROLLMENT PROCESS

In the enrollment process, successful applicants must provide the following academic documentation:

- * For applicants having completed their high school education in the Spanish education system, one of the following:
 01. University Access Exam (CAU, EvAU, PAU, etc.): official transcript.
 02. *Ciclo Formativo de Grado Superior*: official transcript and diploma or application for receipt of the diploma.
 03. University degree: official transcript and diploma or application for receipt of the diploma.

- * For international students, one of the following:
 01. European Union education system or International Baccalaureate Diploma: UNED Certification.
 02. All other students: certificate of recognition of equivalence (*homologación*) of their high school studies and diploma, issued by the Spanish Ministry of Education.



Admission Separata's

Official Bachelor in Performing Arts and
Screen Acting

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Option 1. Hamlet de William Shakespeare.

(Tragedy)

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,

Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors- he comes before me.
He took me by the wrist and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their help
And to the last bended their light on me.



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Option 2. La Hija del Capitán (Martes de Carnaval) de Valle-Inclán.

(Tragicomedy)

Sir: Spanish women have never been oblivious to the pain and anguish of the Homeland. We are daughters of Teresa de Jesus, Maria Pita, Agustina de Aragon and Mariana Pineda.

Like them we feel, and interpreters of those refined hearts, we cannot help but join the regenerative action initiated by our glorious Army.

A Prince of Militia raises his sword in victory and his lights flood the hearts of the spanish mothers! We, angels of the homes, gather our weak voices to the martial anthem of the Military Institutions.

Lord, in unanimous choir we offer you our fervent prayers and the most cordial impulses of our souls, strengthened by the blessing of the Church, Loving Mother of Your Dynasty!

As in the past, the student of the Salamanca classrooms carpeted the steps of his lady with the torn cloak, we carpeted your steps with our hearts.
Yours are, take them! Anointed by divine right, you symbolize and embody all the national glories!

How to deny you anything, say what Calderon wants



Option 3. Bodas de Sangre de Federico García Lorca.

Bride (To the neighbour) Let her go; I came here so that she could kill me, so that they could take me with them. (To the Mother)

But not with your bare hands; with shears, with a sickle, with whatever force might break my bones.

Let her be! I want her to know, in her anger, I am pure, and that they'll bury me without any man having gazed on the whiteness of my breasts.

Bride Because I ran with another, I ran! (Anguished) You too, you would have gone.

I was a woman on fire, wounded inside and out, and your son was a stream of water that could give me sons, land, health; but the other was a dark river, filled with branches, that brought me the murmur of its reeds, and its song between clenched teeth.

And I went with your son who was like a child born of water, cold, while the other sent flocks of birds that prevented me walking, and sent frost into the wounds of a poor withered woman, a girl scorched by the flames. I did not want it. Listen to me! I did not want it. Do you hear? I did not want it.

Your son was my goal, and I did not betray him, but the other seized me in his arms like a wave of the sea, struck me like the kick of a mule, and I must be dragged along forever, forever, forever, forever, even if I had been old and all your son's sons had held me back by the hair!

Bride No more. No more! Take your revenge; here I am! Look how tender my throat is; it would cost you less effort to cut it than to cull a dahlia in your garden. But, what you say is not so! I'm as chaste and pure as a new-born babe. And with the power to prove it. Light a fire.

Let's put our hands into its flames; you for your son, I, for my body. You'll be the first to withdraw.

Option 4. El Mercader de Venecia de William Shakespeare.
(Comedy)

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says 'No; take heed,' honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo, or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.

' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience.

'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' ' Fiend, say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself.

Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.



Option 5. La Petición de Mano de Antón Chéjov.

(Comedy)

It's cold... I'm trembling all over, just as if I'd got an examination before me.

The great thing is, I must have my mind made up. If I give myself time to think, to hesitate, to talk a lot, to look for an ideal, or for real love, then I'll never get married.... Brr!... It's cold!

Natalya Stepanovna is an excellent housekeeper, not bad-looking, well-educated.What more do I want? But I'm getting a noise in my ears from excitement. And it's impossible for me not to marry....

In the first place, I'm already 35—a critical age, so to speak. In the second place, I ought to lead a quiet and regular life.... I suffer from palpitations, I'm excitable and always getting awfully upset....

At this very moment my lips are trembling, and there's a twitch in my right eyebrow....

But the very worst of all is the way I sleep. I no sooner get into bed and begin to go off when suddenly something in my left side—gives a pull, and I can feel it in my shoulder and head....

I jump up like a lunatic, walk about a bit, and lie down again, but as soon as I begin to get off to sleep there's another pull! And this may happen twenty times.



Option 6. El Zoo de Cristal de Tennessee Williams.

(Drama)

I'm glad to see that you have a sense of humor. You know – you're – well – very different!
Surprisingly different from anyone else I know! Do you mind me telling you that?

I mean it in a nice way –
You make me feel sort of – I don't know how to put it! I'm usually pretty good at expressing
things, but – this is something that I don't know how to say!
Has anyone ever told you that you were pretty?

Well, you are! In a very different way from anyone else. And all the nicer because of the
difference, too.

I wish that you were my sister. I'd teach you to have some confidence in yourself. The different
people are not like other people, but being different is nothing to be ashamed of. Because other
people are not such wonderful people. They're one hundred times one thousand.

You're one times one! They walk all over the earth. You just stay here, they're common as –
weeds, but – you – well, you're – Blue Roses!

In all respects - believe me ! Your eyes - your hair are pretty! Your hands are pretty !
You think I'm making this up because I'm invited to dinner and have to be nice. Oh, I could do
that!

I could put on an act for you, Laura, and say lots of things without being very sincere. But this
time I am. I'm talking to you sincerely. I happened to notice you had this inferiority complex that
keeps you from feeling comfortable with people.

Somebody needs to build your confidence up and make you proud instead of shy and turning
away and - blushing