



**AUDITION**

**PACK**

# ABOUT THE PLAY

Young Richard struggles with a breakup, a dead-end job, and the hilarity of suburban life.

As he stumbles through dating mishaps, awkward encounters, and a search for meaning on Brisbane's quirky Zig Zag Street, Richard's journey is both relatable and ridiculous.

Will he finally find his way, or is he destined to wander?

# ABOUT THE COMPANY

Villanova Players are a community theatre group in Morningside. Established in 1948, we perform four Mainhouse shows a year, and two Intermezzo productions. We produce plays of all varieties from classics to contemporary and have also been known to do the occasional musical.

Villanova Players acknowledges the tradition owners of the land we rehearse and perform on, the Yuggera and Turrbal people. We pay respect to elders past, present, and emerging, and are proud to continue the important traditions of storytelling on this land. We acknowledge that sovereignty was never ceded.



# CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

## Richard:

A 23-year-old lawyer who is struggling to take hold of his life after his long-term partner ended their relationship. He has recently moved into 34 Zigzag Street – his grandmother's old house – where his life is in boxes.

## Jeff:

Richard's 25-year-old best friend who often gives him advice.

## Rachel:

An aspiring 21-year-old artist who works at a nursing home. Richard's central love interest.

## Hillary:

Richard's successful boss. 25 years old.

## Sal:

Jeff's wife, the voice of reason. 25 years old.

## Deb:

The receptionist at Hillary and Richard's work. 20 years old.

## Greg/Kevin (V.O.):

Richard's doctor, 30 years old/Richard's elderly guitar-playing neighbor

## Renee/Girl/ Richard's Mother (V.O.):

A young journalist of the Village Voice in her early 20s who is interested in Richard/A 16-year-old intent on dating Richard/Often phones her son to check in on him.

# IMPORTANT DATES

|                              |  |   |
|------------------------------|--|---|
| <b>General Auditions</b>     | 26 <sup>th</sup> April                       | Time TBD  |
| <b>Table Read</b>            | 30 <sup>th</sup> May                         | Time TBD<br>All cast and crew required  |
| <b>Rehearsals</b>            | Rehearsals commence 30 <sup>th</sup> May     | 8 Week Rehearsal Period<br>Wednesday + Friday 6pm-9pm<br>Saturday 11am-3pm<br><br>Cast and crew will be called as needed          |
| <b>Tech/Final Rehearsals</b> | 29 <sup>th</sup> June - 3 <sup>rd</sup> July | Sunday - Bump In<br>Monday - Tech Plotting<br>Tuesday, Wednesday+ Thursday - Full Rehearsals                                      |
| <b>Performances</b>          | 4 <sup>th</sup> - 6 <sup>th</sup> July       | <u>4 Show Run</u><br>Friday evening - 7:30pm<br>Saturday matinee - 2:00pm<br>Saturday evening - 7:30pm<br>Sunday matinee - 2:00pm |

## AUDITION REQUIREMENTS

All auditions will be conducted in individual 20-minute slots.

Please prepare a 1-3 minute contemporary monologue (two examples are attached below). There will also be cold reads on the day.

If you are unable to make it on the day please send a self-tape to [jackson.j.r.paul02@gmail.com](mailto:jackson.j.r.paul02@gmail.com)

## **HER – Blackout Songs**

by Joe White

HER Yes, well, I couldn't communicate with the outside world you see, not for a long while. I was struck down with a rare affliction – exotic actually, almost entirely unheard of. I'd taken to river swimming, you see. Every morning I'd hop in the river and swim for hours at a time – upstream, downstream ... but I was noticing I was gaining weight. It was the strangest thing: the more I swam, the heavier I became, I was getting bigger and bigger. Turns out I hadn't been closing my mouth. I'd been taking in all that river water for months and months and months, and so there I was, with this giant belly, pregnant with a whole river, until eventually I sprung a leak, out of my bum, and someone had to plug me up with corks. Roll me into the hospital – a giant wobbly ball of a woman. They drained me. It took months and months, a year, maybe I don't know, but it was awful. I loved having the river in me. But they told me it was bad for me. They squeezed me dry, a vat at a time, and let me go ... Problem is. It's not like it's just done now. I'd gotten so used to it. My body had stretched. And now I feel all. Saggy. Empty. All this space to fill up again... And I so missed the art world. I've missed looking at it. Quite terribly. I forgot how beautiful it was... I don't suppose you'd like to go somewhere. And. Fill me in. Not like that. Cheeky -

## **HIM – Blackout Songs**

by Joe White

HIM I had a few sketches to go from, but it's mainly memory. So of course it's shit. It's fucking shit, it's nothing, and I've tried, over and over, but it's just nothing. It's because I'm happy. I'm so *happy* now. So I left the studio, this morning, and I walked, and I went and stood outside a pub. A pub we used to go to – I stood outside, thinking about going in, just have one, maybe, kept crossing the road, looking in, crossing back, fuck it, just one, see if it does anything, see if it stirs anything up. See if I can get that back. And then this old bloke came dribbling over to me, came spitting and dribbling, asking for money and then he stopped and looked at me... and asked how you were doing. Said your name, out loud, said what a great girl you were, great girl, he said, great girl, and for a second, I saw you, there, inside, Friday money clutched in your hand, 'next one's on me', some story, some character, everyone laughing, hoarse coughing, and me, watching you, and just. Loving you, like that, more than anything, more than ever, like that... And then I left. I gave the old fella a couple of quid, said have one for us, and then I came home... How was your day?