



SELECTED RECORDINGS OF US

Casting Call Information Pack

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for **Undone Theatre's** upcoming project, *Selected Recordings of Us*. We are seeking two queer-identifying actors between 18-30 years old to bring this non-linear two-hander to life - and we hope that that's you!

Selected Recordings of Us is about all the photos, misremembrances, and possessions left behind, sealed up, and packed away after a couple disassembles. It's the re-enactment of lost love. It's a story that cannot find a stable form and demands that the audience interact, take sides, and be pictured alongside it.

Written by a pair of queer-identifying writers, we are committed to casting actors who identify likewise. As the show's themes focus heavily on storytelling and authenticity, queer identity is at the forefront of the creative process and the eventual performance.

Performers interested should be available from **Thursday 6th May to Saturday 29th May inclusive**, for a full-time rehearsal schedule and run. The show will run for six nights from Monday 24th May to Saturday 29th May.

DEADLINE: Sunday 31st January 2021 12PM

ONLINE CALLBACKS: Saturday 6th + Sunday 7th February

Please note, we are currently in the process of applying for Arts Council England funding and would like to assure potential applicants that this will be a paid opportunity. If we fail to secure the funding necessary, we will adjust the performance timeline to allow time to reapply to Arts Council England. This role will be paid in accordance with the ITC rates of pay.

Please prepare and record yourself performing ONE of the following monologues. Upload your audition tape to the application form on the Undone Theatre website (undonetheatre.com).

Character A Audition Piece 1:

A. *(to the audience)* If you could take a picture of every single moment of my existence, if you could put those pictures in order, if you could see them all at once—do you think you'd know me better?

.
The second I fell in love with you I decided I needed to save every gesture, every single word, flinch, blink.

It was an afternoon where we sat on the grass for hours and said nothing. Happy to be beside each other, our skins bright under the sun—I could picture every fold of your skin, I could grasp you, understand the whole being of you. Isn't that something worth remembering? The sunlight so bright it carved the shape of your body out of the grass...? Sometimes I think the there-ness of things is the only proof we truly existed.

.
(handing the picture to B) Put it in the scrapbook, will you?

.
On some days it rains. And it rains. And then it keeps raining and my memories wash away. But there was the grass, the photo, and the sun, bright, and us! Look at us. You promised me, then.

Character A Audition Piece 2:

A. I want someone to want me so much it causes them a crisis of themselves.

I want someone to want me more than air. I want someone to want me like blood, buckets, vats of the stuff, I want them to chug me in glugs and bloat at the sides in excess of me, I want to feel myself push up against the bounds of someone else's body and lap against their walls.

I want my body to meet another body and say DANCE DANCE DANCE, have us spin like a spinning top when the world's clock breaks and we just keep going, round and round, an eternal circuit of need-want-lust-lust, need-want-need.

Beat.

I want someone to want me so much it causes them a crisis of themselves.

**UNDONE
THEATRE**

Character B Audition Piece 1:

And I don't love you.

I don't know. Is it possible to entertain two contradictory thoughts at the same time? I want to believe that there are rules to love like there are rules to telling a story. Like there's an intrinsic logic to things.

But then again you need to assume that one thing follows another and of that I'm not so sure. I can only cling to that notion—irrationally.

I'm running out of words. I'm breaking up. I'm moving out. I'll do it today, tomorrow. I just can't put into words how I'm—

[...]

Everything is lost. There is no meaning no memory. Nothing not a thing none.

When we are gone, what will be left of us?

It'll be the post-it notes, the fading pictures, nothing.

Not a thing none.

I'm running out of words. I'm breaking up. Moving out. I'll do it today, tomorrow.

Character B Audition Piece 2:

B. *(to A, slowly)* No, I don't regret them. If they'd never been invented I couldn't look at a photo of you before we disappointed one another. In that first flush when you were still self-conscious with me. I remember my heart lurching for you on our third, fourth date... not sure... when you dropped my mug, the one you knew I liked, because the heat of the handle gave you a shock... And you were so embarrassed, and that was how I knew I mattered...

Beat. Who told you it looked good when you smiled like that for a picture?