

THE INSTRUCTIONS

Hello! Thank you so much for choosing to audition for this project. My goal is to find 6 capable voice actors to record the pilot episode of my new comedic fantasy audio drama podcast, Fayrel & Co, about a law office set in a D&D setting. Information about each character's voice type (and name pronunciation) is included on their page.

For your audition, please first read the small paragraph bio in the character's voice—as **narration**, not dialogue (so still in character voice, but more like an internal monologue!) Then please record **all three** of the dialogue lines, taking cues from the parentheses if provided. Do not provide more than one take. You are, however, allowed to audition for more than one character—but they **must** be separate submissions. Please title your submission "First Name Last Name - Character Name."

The due date for submissions is December 20th, but if you need more time, please reach out to me! When you submit, please email (NOT DM!) your mp3 file to astorysmith@gmail.com. I will confirm it is received. From then on, *please refrain from asking about the status of your submission*—I don't know how long it will take to review these auditions. Depending on the volume of submissions, there may be a second round.

As this project is currently entirely self-funded, pay for this pilot episode will be \$25 an hour. Once the pilot episode has been recorded, I plan to seek funding from external grants, artist funds, and sponsors, to allow me to produce a full series. Being picked for the pilot does not guarantee being picked for the full series, but if you're great to work with, I'll love working with you again!

Thank you for taking the time to carefully read these instructions. Good luck out there!

- Eloise Fayrel (Ell-oh-ees Fae-rell)
 - 300-year-old elvish attorney-at-law
 - older feminine voice: aloof, refined, stoic, serious, perhaps slightly British
- Eloise Fayrel spent the last two and a half centuries living to spite her father-building a successful career was a pleasant side effect. She started this law firm as a way to help the Common people, because the Dwarf courts were too shouty and the Elvish courts took actual centuries to resolve matters. The Halflings didn't even *have* proper courts, and the humans-well. The less said about them, the better.
- Shut up. This is a serious matter. Not only was the Cup a Legend-Grade artifact that took you all *days* to recover, but it's also a crucial piece of evidence in our case. Which, I shouldn't need to remind you, goes to trial TOMORROW.
- That depends. Was that a confession?
- Unfortunately for both of us, you still have a debt to work off.

- Strauss Berryroot (Strah-ss Berry-root)
 - 400-year-old gnomish retired rogue
 - older male voice: fussy, stressed, quivering, higher-register, perhaps slightly British

- Strauss Berryroot just wants everyone to fill out their timesheets by the end of the day. No fighting, no drama, no ledger book that turned out to be a mimic again-just a simple and easy payroll collection. The desk job was supposed to help him ease into retirement, yet every day feels just as stressful as that old Copperhill heis- job. Copperhill job.

- If I may posit a theory, perhaps we could turn our attention back to the resident angsty teen?
- DON'T RUSH ME!!! IT'S BEEN 200 YEARS SINCE I LAST NEEDED TO DO THIS; I'M RUSTY!!!
- BOTH OF YOU STOP IT!! THIS IS SUCH A HR VIOLATION; GET BACK HERE BOTH OF YOU!!! YOU NEED TO FILL OUT MORE PAPERWOOOOOOORK!!!

- Shaloriel Penzar (Shall-or-ee-yuh-l Pen-zahr)
 - 30-something aasimar paladin
 - adult feminine voice: cheery, motherly, a bit fake, needs RANGE, capable of dropping the affect and talking sad/normally or going gruff and angry

- Shaloriel Penzar fought a war she didn't believe in because her mother told her to. It's hard to argue with her; she is an archangel after all. And no one on the battlefield could really swing it like Shal could. So it was really weird for her when the war finally ended! Like, what do you do after that!? No, seriously. What do you do after that?

- (calm to shrill) Now, now. There's no need to make hasty assumptions-OR THERE WILL BE DIVINE SMITES FOR EVERYONE, is that clear?
- Val, sweetie. I promise you're not in trouble. No one's gonna be mad at you if you tell the truth.
- (growl if you can haha) EXPLAIN? **EXPLAIN?!?** I'M ABOUT TO EXPLAIN WHAT A **LONGSWORD** IS TO YOUR **GODDAMNED SKULL**. GET OVER HERE!

- Panic Carvahall (Panic Carve-a-hall)
 - tiefling artificer of indeterminate gender
 - young adult gender-ambiguous voice: flirty, snarky, screechy when excited
- Panic Carvahall got kicked out of every boarding school across the Mythic Steppe. As expected, nothing was capable of keeping their genius contained! So maybe they lost their trust fund and couldn't buy machine parts anymore, and maybe they happened to be in the wrong robbery at the wrong time, but hey! Wouldn't you?
- Oh baby, you can Divine Smite me any time of night.
- Yeah kid, we all steal from the supply closet now and again, but you should still let us know where the cup is.
- What's so private about being a warlock? The real juice is that he's banging his patron.

- Quilliam Lockhe (William but with a Qu, Lock-hee)
 - suspicious warlock in a cowl
 - adult male voice: WESTERN DRAWL, lower-register, calm
- Quilliam Lockhe decided that witness protection was something he could probably DIY. And it worked well, for the most part. He tipped his hat to his crew and rode off into the night. Didn't stop running till the horse gave out-then he ran some more. The horse is fine, by the way.
- (bored) Not an assumption if it's correct-
- No. Because this is a defense office, and I'm not legally allowed within 15 feet of a courtroom. What are you even saying.
- ...I should have never gone out drinking with you.

- Valexis (Val-ex-iss)
 - 16-year-old gothy human druid
 - teen feminine voice: edgy, goth, emotional

- Valexis didn't realize that her cult was preparing her for sacrifice until she was already on the altar. But like, you can't really blame her. When you grow up in a cult priming you to be all "Othkara! Othkara!", it warps your brain a little bit. And hers wasn't even fully formed. At least, that's what Shal says.

- GET OUT OF MY ROOM!!
- (sad to sharp) You guys, I...if that's the case, I guess I should probably tell you that-wait. Quilliam hasn't said anything in a while.
- And in that time, has anyone ever seen him and the prosecution in the same room?