

“And Then They Were Gone”

A Cauldron of BATS

Introduction:

Hi! I'm so glad you've stumbled across this application pack!!! My name is Amy, and I'm a second year philosopher at Lucy Cavendish! I'm SO excited to stage a small extract of my play, “And Then They Were Gone” at the Cauldron of BATS this November 4th, and am looking for a director and four actors to direct and perform the 15 minute excerpt! This is really low commitment, and a great way to be introduced to Cambridge theatre if you haven't acted or directed before! You will be required for a few rehearsals, a tech rehearsal, the performance, and that's it! So I'd absolutely love it if you applied :)

Content warnings (highlight to reveal):

About the play:

Donna and Joanie are best friends. They always have been, but when it is announced that they have a day to live before nuclear missiles are expected to hit all major cities in the UK, their friendship begins being tested.

“And Then They Were Gone” is a dark comedy about the end of the world, how people would react to it, and the absurd things that would take place if everyone only had a single day left to live. The extract that will be performed takes place at the beginning of the play, where the two friends find out that they are going to die.

About the characters:

Joanie:

Joanie is skeptical, sarcastic, and tired of everyone. When the end of the world comes, she cannot bring herself to feel anything except mildly inconvenienced. Donna's optimism irritates Joanie to the core.

Donna:

Donna is overly optimistic in the face of apocalypse, and hates how Joanie doesn't seem to care in the slightest about her feelings. Empathetic, bubbly, and energetic, Donna is a force of light in one of the darkest situations the world could ever face.

Allison:

Allison is Joanie's mum. She's a little confused, often doesn't know what's going on, but her heart is always in the right place. Allison will absolutely not let apocalyptic nonsense get in the way of her daily routine, and she is determined to get some medicine for her cat's stomach problems.

James:

James doesn't know how he got on the news, but now he's here, and he's just happy to be here. But also quite confused. With a bigger role in the wider play, this extract has him as a crew member for Joanie and Donna's local news station. Joanie and Donna find him quite pitiful, and James is inclined to agree with them.

How to audition:

To audition, please send a self-tape to aas226@cam.ac.uk reading the extract of the part you're auditioning for! These extracts will be on the next few pages! Don't worry about finding another person to read the other lines for the script. Awkward gaps between lines is absolutely fine!

The deadline for self-tapes will be Wednesday 21st October, but if you need a little more time please feel free to email me!

How to apply to direct:

To apply to direct, please send an answer to aas226@cam.ac.uk for these questions:

1. Why do you want to direct this extract?
2. Pick an extract and tell me what ideas you have for it when staging!

These don't have to be long answers! Just a few lines is fine! And no experience is needed to direct - I simply want another opinion to help make this extract the best it can be!!

Audition extracts:

Joanie OR Allison

Joanie: Hey Mum. How was your day?

Allison: Fine. Lots of people at work banging on about nuclear war. I think they're all just sad and are trying to find a way out.

Joanie: Mum!

Allison: It's ok! I'm not referring to me, love.

Joanie: Still, you can't call the entirety of your work suicidal. Donna's here!

Donna: (to Joanie) Oh no, that's okay. I like it when your mum talks suicide.

Joanie: When has she ever-

Allison: So are we ready for the news?

Joanie: I wonder how they'll word it. "You're all gonna dieeee! LOLLLLL!!!"

Allison: (suddenly very serious) That would be incredibly unprofessional, darling.

Joanie: I was joking.

Donna

Donna: Joanie. I know you've always been too cool to pretend you give two shits, but the world is quite literally going to end and so I find it baffling that you don't even have the capacity to give two shits now. Even the people who give one shit will be out now. Even the people who give half a shit will be saying goodbye to their families or having some kind of "last supper". So unless you give under half of a shit, I do not understand how your feathers aren't just a teensy weensy little bit ruffled by this news. Call me crazy, but I am ruffled. My feathers are all over the place. I am going to be abysmally, violently, painfully, awfully shattered into little pieces tomorrow. Or maybe they fancy a surprise! Maybe they'll give us a little starter consisting of a nuclear warhead now, tonight, just to "warm us up". LITERALLY. Why wait, huh? We're all going to die anyway!

James

James: Apologies for that little.... incident. I imagine it's already spoilt the news. We are expecting the launch of nuclear missiles to hit all major cities in the United Kingdom. Tomorrow. We won't go into the politics of why this is happening because... well... I don't know what the politics are. We also won't go into how you deal with nuclear weapons. Because I also don't know that. We didn't really have time to compile a polished report, so... (he laughs weakly) Well, sorry to be the one to break the news. See you in...uhh... hell? Also I love you Mum.

Thank you so much for considering applying to act or direct! I really look forward to hearing from you!