



Everyone Dies is a scripted science-fiction podcast about weird worlds, strange people, and hungry girls who hurt all over. This is an **unpaid** production, done for the love of collaboration and weird experimental fiction.

Production Location: Remote

Length: One season of 22 episodes, of approximately 20-30 minutes each

General Content Warnings: dehumanization, mortality, extinction events, and the occasional brutal murder. Every episode of this show contains some amount of death, and may contain traumatic or tense situations where that death occurs.

Audition Deadline: 31st October, 2025 (6AM EST)

All roles are open casting - meaning that anyone of any gender, ethnicity, or accent can and should audition! Any age/gender/other character notes given should be taken as suggestions, not strict rules. If you want to audition for a certain part, do it. **ETA 13/10/25:**

Trans/nonbinary/genderqueer actors are welcome and encouraged!

Auditioners must have access to recording equipment, recording software (Audacity is fine!) and a quiet environment. Please use your intended location and setup for auditions. Actors of any ethnicity and gender are welcome to audition, and all accents are welcome.

- No previous voice acting experience required. We encourage new VAs to audition!
- There are no especially adult themes in the story, but all auditioners **must be 18+**.

- State your name and the character you're recording for at the top of your audition. Please record each line **once only!**
- Submit files as a mp3, named Character-YourName.mp3
- Separate files for each character, if you're auditioning for multiple.
 - If you're auditioning for multiple characters, upload them all in the same form.
 - No more than five auditions per person!
- ETA 1/10/25: If you're doing an accent that isn't your natural accent for any character, and you want to have two versions - one with accent, and one without - you may do that, although it's not necessary. Include them both in the same audio file.
- Submit files via [this google form.](#)

Additionally, there are many more minor roles that haven't been listed here (for the sake of not getting overwhelming, or because they only have one or two lines). If you're interested in getting cast into one of these minor roles even if you don't get the role you auditioned for, please indicate accordingly on your audition form!

Callbacks for auditions will occur after we've listened through all of the submissions - depending on how many there are, this may take a little bit! You will be notified via email accordingly.

If you have any additional questions, comments, or clarifications to make, feel free to email everyonediespod@gmail.com - but please **don't send auditions via email.**

Major Roles

The Prototype

Young woman-shaped being, she/her. Protagonist.

Recently-escaped lab experiment out to explore the multiverse. Strange and offputting, speaks in a somewhat stilted, careful manner. Is very good at describing and analyzing but not so great at speaking with other people. Doesn't fully understand how to act like a person, and is learning how to do so through interactions with other people. Beneath this mask of curiosity and uncertainty lies something *very* dangerous and *very* hungry.

The Prototype has by far the largest role in this audio drama, and does a *lot* of talking. Please only audition for her if you're prepared to commit to (at least) 15 full episodes' worth of acting!

1. There are many strange buildings here. I have never seen anything like them.
2. (*curious but detached*;) You are picking up bottles of clear, cheap liquid. What is the purpose of this liquid?
3. (*struggling for control*) I do not want to be you. I am – *me*. I do not have to be part of something else. I do not have to be *anything else*!
4. (*upset about it*) I do not want to destroy you. I only know how to destroy.

Amalia “Mal” Malarra

Human woman, early 20s, she/her. Deuteragonist.

College dropout and visual artist. A chronic pain sufferer – often is in severe pain due to her misaligned spine, and is very used to spending long stretches of time in bed. Earth has been completely destroyed recently, and she's the only survivor, and she's not dealing with that well. Frequently swings between intense curiosity and genuine joy at the worlds/people/thing she encounters, and complete crushing despair.

Mal is the second-largest role in this audio drama, clocking in at 9 full episodes' worth of acting. Again, please only audition for her if you're prepared to commit to that!

1. (*having a crisis*) Is this like the Matrix? Are you from the real world, are you what real people look like? (*thoughtfully*;) You know, I've never seen the Matrix.
2. (*panicked, calling out*;) Trill?! There's someone climbing through the window! Is this normal here?!
3. (*FURIOUS*) I want you to DIE. (*rapidly changing her mind*) I want you to stop us falling! And *then* I want you to die!
4. (*broken*) I'm just too small to deal with this. That's what it is. My body is too small to contain enough grief for an entire universe of people.

Trill

She/her. Alien bird-being, equivalent of human mid-30s.

Singers with jazz/blues experience especially welcome - if you have any experience or examples, please include links to your work in your audition submission! A vocal performance may or may not be written into the script, depending.

A birdlike alien musician from a dimension that greatly prizes music and art above all else. Haughty and proud, with a terribly short temper and a tendency to snap. Misanthropic and reclusive. Talented musician – plays every instrument you could imagine and quite a few you can't; a beautiful singer.

1. (*furious*;) Stop talking about *whatever* you're talking about and open the door for me!
2. (*sarcastic, but with a touch of humor to it*;) It may shock you to believe, but my heart was once full of wonder and whimsy before I became a black-drenched grieving crone.
3. (*weirdly affectionate*) A lot of the things you do seem incomprehensibly foolish to me. I couldn't possibly comment.

Morgan

He/him. Technically ageless, but probably young-sounding.

God of flight, doors, and pain from a dimension that has a massive pantheon of gods. Somewhat over-the-top, likes to make a grand performance out of things. Optimistic, jovial and friendly to nearly everyone he meets; has a gentler softer side for his very best friends. Loves birds. Loves climbing through windows – almost never uses the front door.

1. (*jovially furious*) And *hello* there, you dreadful *freak*. I never forget a face, and you're looking awful familiar. What do you think you're doing?
2. (*kind*) You deserve nice things. Such as friends. And feathers. And a little less pain.
3. You make such delightful assumptions about the length and finiteness of any given situation, darling. Nothing's really ever over.

Thomas Pavlovich

He/him, mid-20s. Probably British.

Humanoid from a dimension at war. A talented medic – but only for the dying and nearly-dead. Avoids confrontation wherever possible; a bit of a hypocrite and more than a bit of a coward. Loves his sister very much.

1. (*polite friendliness:*) I'm Thomas Pavlovich. Nobody calls me Tom. You can if you want, though.
2. (*resigned:*) This isn't going to be a normal supply run, is it?
3. (*to his sister*) You're not bad, when your feet are on the ground. In the sky, you're a terror, and I don't want to be related to you.

Jessica Pavlovich

She/her, mid-20s. Probably British.

Humanoid from a dimension at war. A fighter-plane pilot with a daredevil streak; Jess is well-known for reckless attacks and unorthodox moves. Loud and exuberant, confident even when she shouldn't be. Loves her brother very much.

1. (*cheerfully*) Seatbelts? What are seatbelts? (*pause*) Just kidding. I know what seatbelts are. We don't have them, though. Hold on tight.
2. (*somewhere between horrified and thrilled:*) Look at the size of those bitemarks!
3. (*sorrowful:*) I'm sorry, Tommy. I know you wanted to help.

Minor Roles (recurring)

Within the context of this season, these characters only appear for 1-2 episodes, or otherwise don't have very many lines. However, in the case of a hypothetical season two, they may reappear later!

Jane

He/him. Late 30s. Disabled actors encouraged.

Humanoid from a dimension that's solely made up of one massive library. Librarian and engineer. Uses a wheelchair that's heavily modified, builds clockwork creations for fun. Jane is eccentric and a bit full of himself – he thinks he's the smartest person in the room. He's right. Has a great fondness for reading, is always delighted to have new people in his library to share new books with.

1. (*pretty damn whimsical*) When I first came here, it was just the largest clockface you ever did see, all wound down and not ticking at all, and I thought, why not start it up?
2. (*stern, somewhat stiff*) I understand you're upset, about... I don't know what you're upset about. But it's clear enough that you are. And that's all right, that's perfectly all right, but it's also no excuse to be a thief.

The Researcher

Any/no pronouns. Mysterious.

Unknown entity from a higher dimension. Has a voice that wouldn't sound out of place on an old phonograph recording. Reads out sections from a treatise on ethical scientific experimentation. Lightly unsettling.

1. Any being imbued with such small essence could fool the passive observer... but it is a mere facsimile of life, nothing more.
2. Accordance two begins: you, as the researcher, are the most important being in the known universe. Above all else, you must protect yourself. Remember that now.

Beckett “Bec” the Seventeenth

They/them.

Alien scientist collecting information on different species of animal across the multiverse. Overworked and snappish. Not particularly kind.

1. (*matter-of-fact*) And tell her to stop being selfish. She's hoarding all of those instruments, and won't let the rest of us in for the life of her.

2. (*angry and exhausted*) Ate it *whole*. Fucking hell. And now all I want is a song and a drink before the rest of us die too... but I can't have that either, can I? Can't have anything around here.

Minor Roles (non-recurring)

All of these characters will only be present for a single episode, and will not show up in future episodes. If you're interested in participating, but don't think you can commit to many recording sessions, these are the roles for you!

The Hiker

No pronouns/any. 60s-70s. Kindly older person prepared to share a sandwich with a stranger. Getting on in years, getting close to death, not too worried about it though.

1. You're not cold? (*worried*;) Goodness gracious, kid, I can barely see you and your skin's still paler than the sun.
2. (*laughs*) That's kids for you. Always rushing off to get the next thing done. Always so worried about the time you have left.

Tied To A Bird

No pronouns/any. A middle-aged loser sitting in a gutter. Melancholy and strange, somewhat bitter about their circumstances.

1. (*resigned*) You never know. There's no way of knowing. It could be a person. Your mother, your sister, some person you've never met; usually it's that last one, usually it's someone you don't know.
2. I don't want to take it home with me, that wouldn't be right; I don't want to put it up on the mantelpiece or keep it in a pot or anything. I don't want that at all. But it's still my bird.

Leoni

She/her. Alien psychic reporter with a habit of talking to ghosts on the trail of a murder mystery. Confident conwoman, snuck her way into a murder's house without a problem. Overconfident to a fault.

1. (*threatening*) Keep your voice down! Tell me who you are, and *quietly*. I – I have a bolter. Hold still or I'll use it. I will, don't test me, I won't hesitate.
2. (*affectionate*) You're a weird one, Proto. But I've gotta admit, it feels a little better having someone here with me for it all.

The Climber

It/its. Weird little freaky bug. An insectoid CREATURE whose only goal is to CLIMB up the Spire that is its home. Blunt and strange, very insistent on CLIMBING being the only thing worth doing.

1. (*very upset*) No no. No no NO! You are too BIG too FAST! Ports not an option! Not for YOU!
2. (*curious*) YOU. Strange and wrong. Still here? And you are not larger at ALL. And you are STILL damaging the SPIRE. But you climb, too. Is this the only way you can CLIMB?
3. (*sad, dying*) The SPIRE. It is beautiful.

Advertisers

Multiple roles, any, A variety of television/radio advertisers for a city obsessed with both consumerism and religious ecstasy.

1. Better feel, better taste, better you. Indulge yourself. Feel better. Die better. *Be* better.
2. Side effects of martyrdom may include nightmares, visions, veneration, sainthood, and/or religious ecstasy. These are expected. And irreversible.

Emory Glais

She/her, late 30s/early 40s.

A cold, calculating scientist from a higher dimension whose head is gradually turning into a dead animal's. She's unrepentant about the ethical crimes she's committed, but genuinely distressed about the gruesome transformation.

1. Did anyone ever tell you your eyes glow in the dark? Bioluminescence, I'd assume. Fuck knows why they gave you that.
2. (*taunting*) And how do you turn away from your purpose? How does a parasite decide to leave its host? (*laughs, chokes*) You don't, is the answer. You can't stop. How could you?

Gestalt

They/them/???. A terrible being that possesses and speaks through the bodies of eight decillion living entities. Curious, amoral, very matter-of-fact. At least nine different actors will be cast for this one role.

1. (*aching curiosity*) What is Spring City? I never built a Spring City. Such a strange name. Is that where you come from? Spring City?
2. A purpose? I've gone through a few. Recently, I've thought it might be a numbers game. A game of efficiency. To see how tightly I could run my own ship. But that became tedious half a century ago.