

## AUDITION PACKAGE

Talent Full Name:

Email Address:

Phone Number:

Where you (the talent) reside (please make sure to list the city, town, region etc)?

Citizenship:

***Only fill this part out if you are under 18 years of age***

Age:  Date of Birth:

Parent(s)/Guardian(s) Name(s):

Parent(s)/Guardian(s) Email(s):

Parent(s)/Guardian(s) Cell Number(s):

**If talent has an agent, please allow them to submit the audition.**

Agent Name:

Agent Email:

Agent Phone:

### **Parental/Guardian Consent (if talent is under 18 years of age)**

Parent/Guardian Name(s):

Parent/Guardian Email(s):

Parent/Guardian Cell Number(s):

I consent to have my child/ward  send their electronic audition for the casting! I understand that this is not a promise of employment. I agree to accompany my child/ward to any requested additional casting sessions, as needed.

Full Name:

Electronic Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date:

# **TIPS FOR SELF-TAPES**

1. Frame the talent from head to toe. Start off with an introduction (slate) looking into the camera (more information on what we need for your slate are on the cover page below on page four)
2. Zoom in so that the talent is framed from the top of the head to the mid-chest area **ONLY**, and keep that frame for the whole audition. There should be little to no space over the top of the talents head. Be sure that the lighting is bright. Make sure that the sound quality is clear. It is very important that we can clearly see and hear you!
3. Now, do the scene(s)! (scene(s) are attached at the bottom of this audition package)
  - Make sure to have a reader (this person reads all the other lines that are not the lines of the role you're auditioning for)
  - DO NOT have the reader read aloud any of the stage directions. The reader only reads the lines for the other role(s).
  - Reminder to look natural, be energetic, have fun, and just be yourself!
  - Make sure the slate and the audition scenes are **TWO SEPARATE** videos
4. Feel free to tape the scene's as many times as you'd like, but only send us **one** take, the **BEST** take for the final submission.
5. Send forms, and self-tape in **ONE** email to: [daveyjonesiecasting@gmail.com](mailto:daveyjonesiecasting@gmail.com)
  - Audition videos should be sent via a link such as YouTube or Vimeo.
  - Please make sure to set the privacy settings so that the video(s) are **UNLISTED**. Auditions must not be made public. Auditions must also **NOT BE LISTED AS PRIVATE**. If you send us a private link we will be emailing you to change it to unlisted.

**NOTE: DO NOT SEND WETRANSFER**

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**SEND SELF-TAPES DIRECTLY TO:** [daveyjonesiecasting@gmail.com](mailto:daveyjonesiecasting@gmail.com)

PLEASE READ THE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY BEFORE EMAILING ANY QUESTIONS, you do not need permission to submit.

# **SUBMISSION CHECKLIST**

\_\_ Talent Information Form

\_\_ Parent/Guardian Consent Form (if talent is under the age of 18)

\_\_ A recent photo of you (we need to see your face clearly; it does not need to be a professional headshot. This could even be a candid photo – as long as it looks just like you, and you are the only one in the photo! (No sunglasses and no filters, please)

\_\_ Your self-taped audition (sides for self-tape are on the last page)(please make sure to read the cover page that comes before the sides for any other details)

- The self-tape should be sent via a link such as YouTube, VIMEO, etc.  
*Please set the privacy setting so that the video is UNLISTED.*
- Auditions *MUST NOT* be PUBLIC or PRIVATE).

*NOTE: DO NOT SEND WETRANSFER*

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# AUDITION/SELF-TAPE: COVER PAGE

Searching ACROSS CANADA AND THE USA

For any talent that would need to travel to Canada if booked- both talent and Guardian must have valid passport(s)

Option: Davey and Jonesie will be Optioned at 1 + 3 (3 additional years).

## DAVEY & JONESIE'S LOCKER

NOTE: Due to COVID-19 we are only collecting self-tape for this project. Please stay safe!

### AUDITION NOTES FOR TALENT SENDING IN A SELF-TAPE:

- **SLATE:** Name, age and birthday, height (inches and feet), and location. \*\*If you are 18+ please DO NOT say your age\*\*
  - In your slate, please tell us a bit about yourself! Keep it positive, no more than 1 minute. If you have any other special skills, let us know! If you do, please share them in a separate video

**SINGING:** In a separate file, please sing your favorite upbeat song! Belt it out even if you don't normally sing. We just want to see you having fun and letting loose! (If talent do not sing, we still would like talent to submit a song. We need to see talent not being afraid to be silly, rocking out, let's see some energy!) Keep to under a minute in length.

**SIDES** (below)

*Accent note: Please use your natural voice*

*NO phone calls, please!*

1

EXT. SCHRÖDINGER HIGH - FIELD - DAY (UNIVERSE 6689)

1

A dreamy overhead shot. Two ninth grade girls lie head to head, gazing up. These are best friends: DAVEY (energetic, dramatic, goofy) and JONESIE (sarcastic, dry, weird).  
(NOTE: Their dialogue is fast-paced, offhand and natural. Think the dynamic between the leads in Booksmart, or the breakfast scene at the beginning of Bridesmaids).

**START SC. 1** →

DAVEY

Okay, where do you wish we were right now?

JONESIE

Literally anywhere. Cleveland. The belly of a whale. Prison.

DAVEY

Pfft. We're already in prison. Basically.

JONESIE

Basically. If you had told me a year ago that high school would be *this* boring, we'd be in a motorcycle gang right now. Just wild hoggin' it on the open road.

DAVEY

We were fools back then. Sweet, young, beautiful fools.

JONESIE

I blame my older sisters. But mostly popular media.

DAVEY

Yeah, this is clearly TV's fault. We watched too much *Glimmer High* in middle school--

JONESIE

Ludicrous show.

DAVEY

Completely bonkers. It's the best. So naturally we're disappointed that high school *isn't* full of hot 25 year olds running speakeasies out of the local soda shoppe.

JONESIE

A reasonable ask, I think. But no. Instead it's...mostly algebra?

2.

DAVEY

And everybody just accepts it.  
(sigh)  
Why is everyone boring but us?

JONESIE

We just have to get through the  
next three and a half years, then  
we can do whatever we want.

DAVEY

Don't we kind of already do  
whatever we want?

JONESIE

Almost constantly. But when we're  
adults, everyone will stop giving  
us a hard time about it.

DAVEY

Love that. As you know, I plan to  
become a reclusive pop star that  
never records anything, but who the  
internet is always a \*bit\* worried  
about.

JONESIE

Yes. Perfect. And I'll become a  
famously difficult conceptual  
artist who everyone pretends to  
respect but secretly no one gets or  
likes.

DAVEY

That or we'll plan needless complex  
heists and then become famous  
detectives when no one else can  
solve them.

JONESIE

We are known for our schemes. Seems  
like the logical next step.

DAVEY

Totally. All we need is each other,  
our famously healthy disregard for  
the rules, and the possibilities  
are endless.

← END SC. 1 |

They both sigh contentedly at the prospect, when suddenly  
their reverie is interrupted by a sharp WHISTLE.

GYM TEACHER (O.S.)

Davey. Jonesie. Seriously?

4.

Jonesie fist bumps her supportively. TITLE CHYRON: "Davey and Jonesie's Locker." Needle drop "Pretend We're Dead" (L7) as Davey and Jonesie make their way off the field TOWARDS:

2

EXT. SCHRÖDINGER HIGH - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

2

Davey and Jonesie approach their high school, passing a dilapidated sign reading "Schrödinger High" next to a sad net-less basketball hoop where a couple of ND students mess around. Then Davey stops, spotting: ABBOTT (broody-hot, with perfect floppy hair and the masculine physique of a ninth grader who was clearly held back a year). He drinks a CAN of pop in big gulps as Davey gawks. Her focus zeroes in on: his hairline, his Adam's apple chugging away, a tiny bead of sweat clinging to his minimal teen boy stubble. He finishes and tees up to shoot it into a nearby trash can. ON Jonesie.

JONESIE

(SMDH)

START SC. 2

Again?

DAVEY

(lustily)

He's just so...ya know?

ON Abbott, who spots her staring at him.

ABBOTT

Oh. Hey Davey-

STUDENT (O.S.)

Heads up!

An errant basketball hits Abbott in the head. Beat. He looks down at the pop can, confused.

DAVEY

And yet so...

JONESIE

Dumb?

DAVEY

Just crazy dumb.

JONESIE

He does get hit in the head a lot.

DAVEY

If only I weren't such a slave to my hormones. Or he wasn't *such* a Basic B.

(OFF Jonesie's look)

B for Boy.

5.

JONESIE  
Ahhh. Right.

Davey sighs. Jonesie slings an arm around her leading her into the school.

JONESIE (CONT'D)  
Come on, ya big freak. I'll buy  
your hormones a coke.

← END SC. 2 →

Davey giggles. Then groans as they step through the scuffed front doors into...

2 INT. SCHRÖDINGER HIGH (UNIVERSE 6689) - HERO HALLWAY 3

Looking like a pair of confident, deliberate misfits, D&J make their way past ND Students towards their locker. Jonesie nudges Davey who follows her gaze up to a student-made POSTER for a school dance...

DAVEY  
(reading it)  
"A Night of Enchanted Tolerance?"  
Woof.

JONESIE  
This school is determined to  
humiliate itself.

DAVEY  
I know. They would never do this on  
*Glimmer High*.

JONESIE  
Wait, aren't they constantly having  
dances on that show?

DAVEY  
Yeah, but it's always like a  
haunted masquerade ball run by the  
teen mafia or something, so it  
zhuzhes up the vibe.

They approach LOCKER 314 (aka Davey & Jonesie's Locker). Jonesie puts in the combination when their friend EMILE wanders over (confident, queer, fashionable beyond his years - basically a fully adult man in a teen's body). He leans languidly on the lockers beside them.

EMILE  
Davey. Jonesie.



11.

PRINCIPAL NEIGHBORS (CONT'D)

And I support all the...off kids.  
But I just need you two to find a  
way to be more...

She gestures to their general vibe - long beat.

PRINCIPAL NEIGHBORS (CONT'D)

Less. Yes? Starting with the dance  
committee. I mean it, girls. And  
who knows? Your other classmates  
might just surprise you!

OFF their sullen looks...

5

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

5

Davey and Jonesie walk through the halls in haunted silence,  
processing. Davey finally breaks it:

START SC. 3

DAVEY

Ok. I'm just gonna say it, and I  
know this is gonna sound dramatic,  
but: This. Is. Textbook child  
abuse. I mean, is she even allowed  
to separate us?! Like...legally?

JONESIE

If she can't our parents for sure  
will. Mine already think you're a  
bad influence.

DAVEY

Why? Because of the *lightly* erotic  
stop motion film I made with your  
sisters' old barbies?

JONESIE

It didn't help.

DAVEY

Only because you microwaved their  
heads first.

JONESIE

It was the only way to stop Ken's  
demonic possession of their minds.

DAVEY

(sigh)  
Such a layered film.

The bell rings. They share a defeated look as the hall  
empties around them.

12.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
So we're...doing this.

JONESIE  
What choice do we have? Davey, if  
you think this place is a boring  
hellhole now...

Jonesie spins Davey around and grips her shoulders seriously.

JONESIE (CONT'D)  
Imagine going through it not  
together.

Davey gasps like she's been slapped, clutching her heart.

DAVEY  
How dare you... You know my  
imagination is too powerful for  
hypotheticals like that.

JONESIE  
Desperate times, D. Which is why we  
are just gonna find a way to get  
through this. One afternoon with  
Sierra. One lil dance. How bad  
could it be?

DAVEY  
You're right. Obviously. But the  
dance committee? It's so...

JONESIE  
Basic. I know. But what do you  
expect from a school that would  
rather churn out mindless  
automatons than support a single  
original thought?

← END SC. 3 |

OFF Jonesie's line, we linger ominously on the science lab  
door, TRANSITIONING INTO:

6

**INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS**

6

The lab benches are empty. The windows to the hallways have  
the blinds drawn. The wall clock ticks next to a poster of  
the FOOD PYRAMID (*NOTE: The Science Lab Food Pyramid poster  
will be a running Easter egg gag throughout the season, with  
the contents of the pyramid changing to reflect each world*).  
We drift to the front of the classroom, where a man pulls  
back the white board, his face suddenly illuminated by a  
glowing O.C. screen.