

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-RECORD

1. Start off with an introduction (slate) (more information on what we need for your slate are on the cover page below – right before the audition scenes)
2. Now do the audition scenes! Make sure that the sound quality is clear. It is very important that we can clearly hear you!
(scene(s) are attached at the bottom of this audition package)
 - YOU DO NOT NEED A READER - Talent just need to read their lines
 - Reminder to sound natural, be energetic, have fun, and just be yourself!
 - Make sure the slate and the audition scenes are TWO SEPARATE audio files
4. Feel free to record 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-record in **ONE** email to: juliananimationcasting@gmail.com
 - *Auditions must not be made public*

SEND SELF-RECORDS DIRECTLY TO: juliananimationcasting@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-recorded audition (sides for self-record are on the last page)(please make sure to read the cover page that comes before the sides for any other details)

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AUDITION: COVER PAGE

SEARCHING FOR TALENT WHO ARE CANADIAN
TALENT MUST RESIDE IN CANADA

JULIÁN

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:
 - Please say your Name, age (and date of birth), and location
 - Please let us know if you can read, and what reading level!
 - Please tell us a bit about yourself! Keep this to under 1 minute. Keep it positive and be yourself!
 - Please let us know if you can speak Spanish at all! And if you can please let us know the level of Spanish you speak. If you don't speak Spanish that is fine; just tell us you 'do not speak Spanish.'
- SIDES (below)
 - *Talent please use your natural voice*
 - *Make sure the slate is one mp3 file, and the sides are a separate mp3 file*

NO phone calls, please!



JULIÁN GETS A HAIRCUT

INT. LA CASA – LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Abuela has managed to assemble a luxurious home salon of sorts right there in the living room. She holds a pair of gleaming hair shears in her hand. Julián sits on a stool in front of her, fidgeting in anticipation.

START Sc. 1

ABUELA

(determined)

1 Julián, Abuela is going to give you the Javi special. You are going to look so handsome, just like your *papi* did! 1

JULIÁN

(mumbled)

2 What's a ha-vee? 2

Abuela doesn't catch this as she walks over to her elegant wooden console and turns on her music player, which starts up a soft and peppy *merengue* track. Julián straightens up, at the ready, and Abuela starts to *snip snip* away at his curls. After the first layer, she grabs her spray bottle to spritz some water in and around Julián's hair. His wide eyes shine as he watches the water droplets twinkle in the afternoon sun. They seem to swirl and dance along to the music. *Wait... are those a pair of eyes, somehow shimmering in the mist?* Entranced, Julián reaches out, but --

ABUELA

3 Tch! *Quieto*. No moving while I cut. 3

-- Abuela swats at his hand, and just like that, the droplets disappear. Julián tries to stay still as the summer heat floats in hazy waves outside the window. After a moment:

JULIÁN

4 Abuela? 4

ABUELA

(preoccupied)

5 Yes, *amor*. 5

JULIÁN

6 Do you know about the mermaid parade? 6

He starts swinging his feet merrily.

7 JULIÁN (CONT'D) (CONT'D) 7
 My new friends told me about it.
 Can we go? Please?

8 ABUELA 8
¿Que te dije? No moving, Julián.
 (snip)

9 I am glad you are making friends. 9

10 JULIÁN 10
 Yeah! They're really cool! So I can
 go with them to the parade, right?

11 ABUELA 11
 Mm -- We'll see.

12 JULIÁN 12
 But I have an extra good super
 important reason!

13 ABUELA 13
¿Oh sí? And what's that?

Julián's voice drops to a conspiratorial whisper.

14 JULIÁN 14
 Abuela... can you keep a secret?

Abuela silently raises an eyebrow in response.

15 JULIÁN (CONT'D) 15
 (with dramatic flair)
 I can see magic.

Abuela goes still, but Julián, who's growing more excited,
 doesn't notice.

16 JULIÁN (CONT'D) 16
 Like for real! I saw it on the
 street, and in the bath, and at
 night, and -- just now, the spray --
 didn't you see it? I think it comes
 from water! So I need to go to the
 parade so I can see the ocean and
 get on Yemayá's float and show --

17 ABUELA 17
 (sharply)
 On what?

18 JULIÁN 18
 The Yemayá float! My friends said
 that's the best one, and we...

25 ABUELA Julián, listen to me. Mermaids are one thing! But the power of the sea... that is something else altogether. And it is not a game. 25

26 JULIÁN But Yemayá, she -- 26

Abuela takes Julián by the shoulders and swivels him around in his seat, re-establishing eye contact.

27 ABUELA ¡Ya no más! This conversation is over. 27

28 JULIÁN But -- 28

Abuela raises an eyebrow so high that Julián eats his words immediately. She takes a step back to admire the cut.

29 ABUELA A ver. I think we're all done here. 29

Abuela holds up a small hand mirror for Julián, who looks at his reflection... but what he sees doesn't quite align with the vision in his head. Julián deflates, his face crestfallen. Tears well in his eyes. Abuela frowns.

30 ABUELA (CONT'D) ¿Que pasa? 30

31 JULIÁN (burying his head) I want to look like a mermaid. But I just look like a regular boy. 31

32 ABUELA (dismissive) Ah, no seas tan dramático. Mira, it looks great! 32

She hands him the mirror, but Julián turns away, hiding his tears. Abuela huffs, unsure how to handle his reaction.

33 ABUELA (CONT'D) Pues, the good news is, if your hair is anything like your *papi's*, it will grow back in no time. 33

She gives him a quick pat on the head, then rises to sweep up hair and tidy up. Left to his reflection, Julián tugs at a short curly strand of hair.

MAKING MANGÚ

INT. LA CASA - KITCHEN

Julián follows Abuela into the kitchen and watches uncertainly as she retrieves a large pot from the cabinet.

→
START Sc. 2

ABUELA

Pues, como te gusta tanto tocar las cosas... you are going to help me cook today, little rascal.

JULIÁN

(gulping)

Sí, Abuela.

Abuela turns on the faucet. As the pot fills with water, she looks Julián up and down -- and notices something odd.

ABUELA

¿Y eso? What's that?

Julián follows her gaze downward, angling his feet inward sheepishly. He pulls out the photo and holds it close.

JULIÁN

I... I just wanted to know...

(holding the photo out)

Is this you? Back on the island?

Abuela sighs and turns off the water. She carries the pot to the stove, clicks the burner on high, then finally turns and approaches Julián. She looks tired, but is almost smiling.

ABUELA

Sí. Soy yo.

(then)

Kinda like your picture, eh?

Abuela gestures to his drawing, which is pinned on the fridge, then takes out a knife and cutting board.

ABUELA (CONT'D)

Take out the butter, *por favor.*

Julián nods and retrieves the butter from the fridge. When he shuts the door, he pins the photo next to his drawing and stares at them side by side. He turns back to Abuela, wide eyes brimming with questions -- but gets distracted as he take out a bunch of green plantains.

9 JULIÁN
 Uh, Abuela...? I don't think those
 bananas are ripe. 9

10 ABUELA
 (chuckling)
No son bananas dulces, Julián.
 These are *plátanos verdes* --
 they're supposed to be green. And
 we're going to use them to make a
 tasty dish that our people call...
mangú. 10

Julián giggles with delight at the name.

11 JULIÁN
 "Mahn-goo"? What's that? 11

12 ABUELA
 You're about to find out, *chiquito.* 12

Abuela fills a plastic bowl with water and puts it down on
 the table in front of Julián.

13 ABUELA (CONT'D)
 You wash, I'll chop. 13

Julián jumps into action, washing one of the plantains and
 passing it to Abuela, who skins and slices it effortlessly.
 They repeat this in silence for a few moments, until Julián
 can't swallow his curiosities any longer:

14 JULIÁN
 (re: the photo)
 Abuela... who's that next to you?
 Wearing the shell necklace? 14

Abuela doesn't answer at first. She focuses instead on
 sliding the knife down the length of the plantain, cracking
 it off the flesh with ease. Julián bites at his fingernails
 nervously, until finally she looks up at him, sighing.

15 ABUELA
 That... is Amalia. My little
 sister. 15

16 JULIÁN
 Wow... I didn't know you had a
 sister! Is that where you lived?
 The water looks so pretty -- you
 guys must have gone swimming ALL
 the time. 16

ABUELA

17 Well, there was a lot of work to be done in my house -- but yes, we would swim whenever we got the chance. Amalia especially -- she loved the water. 17

Julián passes her the last plantain. Abuela smiles sadly.

ABUELA (CONT'D)

18 You know, this was my sister's favorite dish. We used to help our *mami* make it, just like you're helping me now. 18

JULIÁN

19 Cooool! So is she like, my grand-aunty? 19

(getting excited)

20 Did she move here too? Can I meet her?! 20

Abuela is silent for a moment as she slides the sliced plantains into the now-boiling pot on the stove. When she turns back to Julián, her eyes seem somewhere far, far away.

ABUELA

21 No, she didn't. I had to say goodbye to her a long time ago. 21

Julián cocks his head, frowning.

JULIÁN

22 Oh. 22

(then)

23 Abuela...? Why did you leave? Wasn't it hard to go so far away from your family? 23

Abuela looks thoughtfully at Julián.

ABUELA

24 Of course. It was the hardest thing I've ever done. 24

(touching her belly)

25 But staying there would have been even harder. 25

Abuela checks on the boiling plantains, prodding them with a big fork to check the texture. Julián contemplates her words.

JULIÁN

26 Do you ever go back? Like, to visit, and see your sister? 26

27 ABUELA
I used to visit whenever I could. 27
But it's been a while. And my
sister... well, she's not there
anymore, I'm afraid.

(then)
28 She's... no longer with us. 28

JULIÁN
(concerned)
29 What do you mean? Did something 29
happen to her?

ABUELA
(sighing)
30 Amalia was a firecracker of a girl. 30
She was joyous, and brave. And she
liked to break the rules a little --
just like you.

She ruffles Julián's head of curls affectionately.

ABUELA (CONT'D)
31 But sometimes she was a little too 31
brave, broke a few too many rules.
And one day...

She can't quite finish the sentence. Julián watches her with those ever-wide eyes, unwittingly holding his breath. Abuela turns away from him as she gathers her composure.

ABUELA (CONT'D)
32 Well. Perhaps that's a story for 32
another day. At least I know she's
in a better place now.

(beat)
33 But still, I miss her very much. 33
Tanto, tanto...

Abuela turns the stove off, lifts up the pot, and expertly drains out most of the water into a large bowl in the sink.

ABUELA (CONT'D)
34 *¿Pero sabes qué?* Whenever I miss 34
her the most, there are small
things I can do to remember her. To
feel closer to her. Like making her
very favorite food --

JULIÁN
35 Mangú! 35

36 ABUELA
That's right. And sharing it with
my favorite grandson. 36

JULIÁN
(giggling)
37 Abuela, I'm your *only* grandson. 37
(then)
38 Right? 38

ABUELA
(laughing)
39 Yes, that is true. But you are
still my favorite. 39

← END Sc. 2

Abuela lifts the pot back over to the table, showing Julián
the cooked plantains inside. He sniffs them; they smell good!

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Larissa Mair Casting