***Dominion* Audition Packet**

Thank you so much for your interest in auditioning for *Dominion*! Please find below most of the details you’ll need to prepare for auditions/callbacks for the show, and feel free to email our producer (ex1@yaledramt.org) or writer/director (catherine.alam-nist@yale.edu) with any further questions/concerns you may have.

What is *Dominion*?

A virtual adaptation of Shakespeare’s *Troilus and Cressida*, this play is set in a near-future world, in which the ever-expanding Greek colonial empire is besieging the city-state, Troy. The script follows several Trojan women, as they experience what Troy’s downfall means for them, due to their gender, sexuality, racial identities, and social class. It also directly confronts and responds to the traditional ‘hero’ narrative that pervades much of the commonly-taught Western canon.

As this will be an original script, during the rehearsal process, the play’s text can and will be developed by the ensemble. In addition, as the initial script is currently in development, we are eager to involve a multitude of different perspectives in the writing and production process. Women, BIPOC, LGBTQ+ theatremakers, as well as those who may not have been involved in theatre before but would like to, are particularly encouraged to get in touch.

*Dominion* is the Yale Dramatic Association’s Fall Ex. To become involved in this production, please email ex1@yaledramat.org.

***You do not need to be currently enrolled and/or living on campus or in New Haven to participate. The entirety of this production will be conducted in a remote, socially distant manner.***

Performance dates and times are subject to change depending on cast/crew’s availability, but will remain roughly in this mid-November time slot.

How are auditions going to work for this show?

We know that a lot of people might be new to auditioning for a virtual production, or even for Yale productions in general! We therefore want to make this process as accessible and non-intimidating as possible for everyone. So for the first round of auditions which everyone will participate in, we’ll have you film yourself performing a monologue from the script’s most recent draft, and then send the tapes to us by **11:59 ET, Friday 11 September.** In addition, by that date, please fill out [this audition form](https://forms.gle/cRcwnBFwRUfvnhaf6). We hope that this will take some of the pressure off for this first round, as you can send us what you feel is your best take, and you don’t have to worry about performing live to an audition panel! Please note: the monologues do not need to be memorised! (i.e. reading off of paper or your phone is totally fine!)

As the play is going to be performed live over Zoom, it may then also be useful for us to see how some of you perform live on a call, as well as how some different actors interact together when reading text for specific characters. We may then ask you to attend a live (on Zoom) callback with our director, producer and stage manager, as well as potentially a couple other actors. If we’d like to see you for a callback, we will reach out by **11:59pm ET, Sunday, September 13.** These will be scheduled for the **evenings (ET) of Monday September 14 and Tuesday September 15,** with the evening (ET) of **Wednesday, September 15** as a possible extension of callback time if we have too many people we need to see/cannot find a mutually suitable time on the earlier evenings. And we promise: not getting asked to attend a live callback does not mean we do not want you in the show!

We will be casting as part of the Yale Drama Coalition’s September casting cycle, which means that we will be calling auditionees to offer roles in the show from **12pm (Eastern Time) Saturday, September 20**. Please try to keep your phone on and at hand for this whole afternoon, as we don’t want to miss you if we try to call! If you are offered a role, it would be great if you could try to get back to us accepting/turning down the role within approx. 2 hours, so that we won’t all be there until midnight having to contact other actors. Thanks in advance :)

So, to summarise:

* Friday, Sep. 11, 11:59pm ET: Initial audition tapes + audition form due
* Sunday, Sep. 13, 11:59pm ET: *Dominion* Team will notify you if we’d like to see you at a callback
* Monday, Sep. 14 - Wednesday, Sep.16 - In-person (via Zoom) callbacks
* Saturday, Sep. 20, from 12pm ET: Casting cycle

Are you planning to hold audition workshops?

Yes! We will be holding two audition workshops, **Sunday, September 6 at 4pm Eastern Time** and **Monday, September 7 at 7pm Eastern Time**. These will be a chance to hear more about what we’re envisioning for this show going forward, meet some of us on the team, and hear more about what we’ll be looking for during the audition process. And of course, a chance for us to answer in-person (ish) any questions you may have! Please find the Zoom links below for both workshops:

**Sunday Audition Workshop (4pm ET):** [**https://yale.zoom.us/j/96299517561**](https://yale.zoom.us/j/96299517561)

**Monday Audition Workshop (7pm ET):** [**https://yale.zoom.us/j/97864862232**](https://yale.zoom.us/j/97864862232)

Where can I find what I need to prepare?

The selection of monologues from the script are attached below in this packet - you only need to prepare one for the initial round, and again: it does not have to be memorised! And if there’s anything we would like you to prepare before a live callback, we will send it to you beforehand via email.

How should I prepare my self-tape?

We’re really not going to be too picky about how your self-tape is formatted for this show - the most important thing is that we can see and hear you clearly, so we can focus on how you’re interpreting the text and the character. Ideally, we’d like to be able to see you from the hips/waist upwards and have as little background noise as possible, but we know many people only have limited control over this in the current circumstances, so please don’t worry too much! If you could give us your name at the start of your tape (either say it before your monologue, or edit in a bit of text), that would also be really helpful!

When you have a finished audition tape, please send it to ex1@yaledramat.org and CC catherine.alam-nist@yale.edu and sophia.dopico@yale.edu. The subject line should be “[Full Name]’s Audition Tape.”

In addition to the audition tape, please fill out this google form: <https://forms.gle/cRcwnBFwRUfvnhaf6>.

What if I don’t get offered a part?

Do not despair! One of the core elements of this production is wanting to get as many people involved as we can in a variety of capacities, and performing is only one of many ways we’re excited to have people come on board. We will be recruiting an Assistant Director after auditions have been completed, so if you’re interested in this role, keep a lookout for more info coming out soon.

*Dominion* is also very excited to be implementing a shadowing program as part of our prod team structure, particularly aimed at incoming first-years, but ideal for anyone new to the Yale theatre scene or the Dramat. While we cannot offer everyone full/assistant roles on the production team, we do definitely want to create lots of opportunities for people to get a closer look at how putting together a show works (albeit a virtual one!), and to meet some of the other people working on the show. Therefore, if you reach out to our producer Jenan at ex1@yaledramat.org and let us know if there’s a specific department/aspect of the production you’re interested in observing, we’ll be happy to assign you to shadow them. This will be a low time commitment and very flexible: it will mostly just involve you being able to sit in on some rehearsals and production meetings, as well as potentially having one-to-one conversations with people working in that department. Doing so will allow you to learn more about the work they’re doing for this show or the work they’ve done for shows in the past.

**Monologues for audition self-tapes**

1. **Cressida - 17, F, Trojan woman**

**Cressida:** It’s odd. Feeling like you’re a head detached from a body. Or rather, that your mind and your body are no longer required to act as one - they are now separate warriors, wanted and needed for different purposes, by everyone around you. Including you, after a while.

I think that all really started once confinement kicked in, and the only way to speak to anyone - unless you were being very risky, which of course my situation still required me to be now and then - was in your little bubble on the screen. When suddenly, ‘body language’, as they call it, meant nothing any more - depending on how stable your connection was, all that I could take of you for certain was the words coming out of your, with maybe a vague outline that alerted me at most to whether or not you’d tried to cut your own hair recently. Maybe some sense of a facial expression here and there, but even those were hard to gauge. I suppose even just seeing a shape on the screen matters - perhaps as proof that you still physically exist… somewhere. But it’s the words that count. They’re the only thing of you that I can hold onto firmly, take for absolutely what you mean - or at least, what you meant in the moment - and the only thing you can really try and grasp of me. And it makes me feel like I’m turning into a computer myself.

Just having to spin certain words into certain phrases, and blurt them out for him… let him hear what he wants to hear… string it all together in the manner that I know my uncle demands and Troilus expects. Sweetly, blindly expects. He has a good heart. Troilus, not my uncle. My uncle only cares for his own hide, as far as I can see. But Troilus cares for the people around him, and he cares for Troy.

I don’t regret taking that first call he made to me out of the blue, so much as I regret informing Pandarus before it was about to happen. From there it was not a long stretch to get to where I currently find myself.

A lonely face on a screen spewing what a man with all the power I lack on the other end… that is, until he and uncle decide to organise a ‘visit’ between the two of us. Then, if I ever felt before like my head was all that mattered, and my body was rendered useless, then suddenly, if anything, the two roles are abruptly reversed.

**\*** *Note - Pandarus is Cressida’s uncle.*

1. **Helen - 34, F, Greek queen now living in Troy**

**Helen:** We’re getting what we deserve, aren’t we? In a way. You have to admit there is a small part of you that feels like that. You’re a very good person - a better one than I am, without a doubt. And I’m wracked with shame daily now, so I can’t imagine how you must be feeling.

It didn’t feel wrong to begin with.  Meeting you… going away with you… learning for the first time what richness life had to offer, well outside of the bounds which had been set for me growing up. You showed me all of that. You *were* all of that for me - you epitomised everything beautiful that I’d ever been told not to touch, or seek, or crave. And yet you were so undeniably good, that everything I’d ever been told about Trojans, or ‘women like you’... faded away. You were so much kinder, and more decent, and more generous to your people than those who taught me to hate you ever could have been. And I just knew that I wanted to be around you. I needed to *continue* to be around you. I couldn’t watch you go and not… say something. Do something.

I don’t know if I realised at the beginning where things would lead… exactly how bad things would get, not just for those around us but for people we have never met, the people have died for a dispute that had nothing to do with them, but that people like you and people have made them unwillingly become a part of. To them we’re so far off we might as well be a set of unhinged Gods, firing our lightning bolts out recklessly and aimlessly, with no concern for the human lives they might affect beneath us. Isn’t that a terrible way to go about things? And isn’t that exactly what we’ve done?

Just - answer me one thing, won’t you? If you had to do it all again… would you?

1. **Troilus - 20, M, Trojan prince**

**Troilus:** But it’s not like that with her. Even with where she comes from, she just this… beautiful, bright bright thing, so completely unlike anything or anyone I’ve seen before in my life. She just has this - this - *joy* that’s so central to her being. She’s the kind of person who is genuinely grateful that there’s a sun in the morning and clouds in the sky and stars at night, even she can’t actually, you know, see any of them right now. She loves life and life loves her. And to think that I could have someone like that, really fully have her heart and her soul, beyond just… you know… well, that felt like a fucking miracle, to tell you the truth. Not just Hector and Paris’s spunky little brother anymore. When I glanced down into her eyes, and saw myself reflected back up, in that reflection for the first time… I saw my own worth.

But not any more. Something’s wrong now and I know it and she knows it and I hate it. There’s something out of step… or out of line… or whatever it is.

Sometimes, we’ll be lying together in bed after... you know, and she’ll say something so delightful and witty and smart, with that little trill of a laugh she has, and I’ll have... absolutely nothing that feels worth saying back. Nothing that I feel can match the incredible... genuineness that she has to offer. Everything in me feels cold and stilted. And she’ll roll over on her side and she’ll peer at me through those large round eyes like she’s waiting, waiting for me to say the thing I would have said three months ago and I just... can’t. I don’t know. I just can’t.

I’m losing my fucking mind.

1. **Achilles - 29, M, Greek general**

**Achilles:** I don’t understand it. I really can’t understand it all, to be honest.

Helen is taken from Menelaus, and there’s bloody international upheaval. Ships sail, men die, cities are burned to the ground. And all this is seen as an apt and just response, on our side, that is. Or at least that’s how we have to speak about it.

Patroclus is taken from me, and there’s… nothing. Silence. Not a sound, not a murmur. Not the slightest whimper. No noise may be made which could suggest what we were together… *how* we were together. Even when our relationship is dead it must stay quiet. Not the blink of an eye out of place. Just like always.

I don’t understand why something from the earth doesn’t come up and roar out in fury. Or in anguish. Why a forest doesn’t burn or a river doesn’t floor or just *something*. If men cannot cry for him then at least nature ought to. It would only be just.

But no. Ajax and Agamemnon and all the rest of them simply bow their heads for a moment in a ‘that’s too bad’ sort of way, before moving onto the next thing on the agenda so they can get back to their women as quickly as possible. And I… I play along as one of them, lest any questions be asked. Sometimes I wish they would just ask the fucking questions, and get it all over then. Then at least I could finally have an excuse to proclaim it aloud - to dignify it all with words and names, the same ones they use to speak of the women they love. Or however it is they actually feel for the wives that sit so patiently for them home.

I would, except I don’t think I deserve to at this point. I am not worthy of feeling that freedom, that joy, that long-awaited end to all this silence and whispering. I waited too long, until he could no longer be here to feel that joy with me. And now I am too disgusted by myself to ever sample it.