

Thank you so much for your interest in Fábrica de Sueños!!! To audition for the roles of Don Carlos/Juan or Luis, please read the following monologue for your character. You are more than welcome to read both of them if you would like to be considered for both. You can take a look at the [Audition Packet](#) for more information. Additionally, please fill out this [Google Form](#) so we can know how to contact you best!

Auditions can be in person (please arrange a time with Joaquín) or you can send a video audition to joaquin.medrano@yale.edu. To audition, you have two options, you can read the monologue for your character(s) in both the Spanish and English versions or just in one of the languages. The monologues can be found below. After completing the reading, please answer the following: What is your biggest dream? What lengths would you go to achieve it? How would your life change?

Best of luck and we're looking forward to your audition!!!

-The FdS team 

DON CARLOS:

DON CARLOS: (*Siempre para sí, como olvidado completamente de la presencia de Luis.*) Un tambor, de esos sencillos, de los más baratos... ¡Cómo era de bonito! Cuando corría con los diarios bajo el brazo sentía la alegría de vender, porque en cada centavo me sabía más cerca... al darle el dinero a mi mamá guardaba un poquito y nadie lo sabía, era mi tesoro, el camino al tambor. Cuando tuve los dos pesos era mucho más rico que ahora. Me acuerdo bien, llovía por el camino a la casa pero no me di cuenta. Cuando me dijeron en la puerta lo que le pasó a mamá, la historia de la caída y todo aquello, no me impresionó tanto como la noticia de la plata que hacía falta para la medicina. Creo que sentí ganas de no dar los dos pesos: ¡era mi tambor! ¿entiendes? (*Transición*) ¿Que no sabes que pueden fatigar mucho más los recuerdos? Si se llevan adentro, cansa, hacen estallar los pulmones... como sentía yo los míos cuando corría a la farmacia. Pobrecito el tambor –iba pensando– ¡pero mi mamá se va a curar! Cuando regresé, ni tambor... ni mamá. Pero, ¡cómo estalló el frasco de la medicina contra la pared!

DON CARLOS: (*Still to himself, as if totally forgetting of Luis' existence.*) A drum, from those simple ones, the cheap ones... How beautiful it was! When I ran with the newspapers down my arm and I felt the joy of selling them, because for every cent I earned, I was closer... When I gave my mom the money, I saved a little bit and told nobody, it was my treasure, the road to the drum. When I had the two pesos I was richer than I am now. I remember it well, it was raining when I headed home but I didn't notice. When I got to the door, they told me what happened to mom, the story of how she fell and all, it didn't surprise me as much as how much money we needed for the medicine. I didn't want to give away my two pesos: it was my drum! You understand? (*Beat.*) Don't you know that memories are more tiring? You carry them inside you, it's tiring, they make your lungs collapse... like how mine almost collapsed when I got to the pharmacy. Poor drum –I kept thinking– but my mom will get better! When I returned, no drum... and no mom. But, oh, how that bottle shattered when I threw it against the wall!

LUIS:

LUIS: Espere un momento... sí, es cierto, hay una, pero me parecía tan poca en comparación con los fracasos... Es un caso de amor, usted debe recordarlo bien. Se trataba de una pobre mujer cuyo amante iba a morir. Ella deseaba con todas las fuerzas que viviera. Parecía imposible, pero el señor envió a la muerte y conseguimos negociar su salud. Para ocultar la verdadera causa, pagamos un médico por la operación que parecía inútil y el enfermo sanó inmediatamente. Puedo asegurarlo. Recuerdo bien cuando vino a agradecerme. Ah, señor, ¡si usted hubiera visto la cara de júbilo! Era como si todas las primaveras le hubieran florecido en los ojos... *(Suena en ese momento el teléfono)* Con su permiso señor, voy a ver quién llama. *(Va hacia el escritorio y toma el teléfono.)* Aló, ¿habla el portero? Pero... ¿no le he dicho que no recibo a nadie...? ¿Que insiste? ¿Quién es? ¿La señora...? ¡Un momento! *(Cubre el receptor con la mano.)* ¡Señor, qué casualidad, es ella precisamente, es la amante feliz! ¿Quiere verla?

LUIS: Just wait a moment... yes, that's right, there is one, but it seems so insignificant next to all failures... It's a case of love, you must remember it well. It's about a woman whose lover was on his deathbed. She wished with all her strength for him to live. It seem impossible, but you sent death herself, sir, and we were able to negotiate his health. To hide the truth, we paid a doctor to perform a useless surgery and the sick man healed immediately. I can assure you. I remember well when she came to thank me. Ah, sir, if you would've seen the joy in her face! It was as if spring had blossomed in her eyes... *(The telephone rings for an instant)* With your permission, sir, I'll see who's calling. *(Goes towards the desk and grabs the telephone.)* Hello, is this the doorman speaking? But... didn't I tell you I'm not seeing anyone...? She insist? Who is this? The missus...? One moment! *(He covers the phone with his hand.)* Sir, what are the odds, it's her, it's the happy lover! Would you like to see her?