

Audition Workshop Pack – Proof – Sunday 16th November 2025 – 1pm at Roomfield Baptist Church

Extracts for - *Catherine – Claire - Hal*

Need to know:

- The auditions will take the form of a workshop where extracts will be run multiple times with differing combinations of auditionees. It may not be the case that every possible combination will be seen in every extract due to time constraints of the audition process.
- You are not required to have learnt these extracts but a familiarisation with them would be strongly encouraged ahead of the audition.
- Should you be successful you will need to become a member of TAODS if you are not already a member.
- You must be able to commit to rehearsals up to 3 times a week. This will comprise of two weekday evenings (tbc) and Sunday afternoons. The Sunday rehearsals will not begin immediately but you will be required once they begin.
- You must be available on the following dates. Thursday 5th, Friday 6th, Sunday 8th and Monday 9th March 2026 – These comprise the technical and dress rehearsals. It may be that one of these dates is not required but this can only be confirmed closer to the date. You must also obviously be available 10th – 14th March 2026.
- Please note that we will not be able to provide detailed individual feedback following the auditions

CLAIRE: Tell it to Hal.

CATHERINE: (*Taking the book*) We could talk through it together. It might take a while.

CLAIRE: (*Taking the book*) You can't use the book.

CATHERINE: For God's sake, it's forty pages long. I didn't *memorize* it. It's not a muffin recipe.

This is stupid. It's my book, my writing, my key, my drawer, my proof. Hal, tell her!

HAL: Tell her what?

CATHERINE: Whose book is that?

HAL: I don't know.

CATHERINE: What is the matter with you? You've been looking at his other stuff, you know there's nothing even remotely like this!

HAL: Look, Catherine—

CATHERINE: We'll go through the proof together. We'll sit down—if Claire will *please* let me have my book back—

CLAIRE: (*Giving her the book*) All right, talk him through it.

HAL: That might take days and it still wouldn't show that she wrote it.

CATHERINE: Why not?

HAL: Your dad might have written it and explained it to you later. I'm not saying he did, I'm just saying there's no proof that you wrote this.

CATHERINE: Of course there isn't, but come on! He didn't do this, he couldn't have. He didn't do any mathematics at all for years. Even in the good year he couldn't work: you *know* that. You're supposed to be a scientist.

(*Beat.*)

HAL: You're right. Okay. Here's my suggestion. I know three or four guys at the department, very sharp, disinterested people who knew your father, knew his work. Let me take this to them.

CATHERINE: What?

HAL: I'll tell them we've found something, something potentially major, we're not sure about the authorship; I'll sit down with them. We'll go through the thing carefully—

CLAIRE: Good.

HAL: —and figure out exactly what we've got. It would only take a couple of days, probably, and then we'd have a lot more information.

CLAIRE: I think that's an excellent suggestion.

CATHERINE: You can't.

CLAIRE: Catherine.

CATHERINE: No! You can't take it.

HAL: I'm not "taking" it.

CATHERINE: This is what you wanted.

HAL: Oh come on, Jesus.

CATHERINE: You don't waste any time, do you? No hesitation.

You can't wait to show them your brilliant discovery.

HAL: I'm trying to determine what this is.

CATHERINE: I'm telling you what it is.

HAL: You don't know!

CATHERINE: *I wrote it.*

HAL: *It's your father's handwriting. (Beat. Pained)* At least it looks an awful lot like the writing in the other books.

Maybe your writing looks exactly like his, I don't know.

CATHERINE: *(Softly)* It does look like his.

I didn't show this to anyone else. I could have. I wanted you to be the first to see it. I didn't know I wanted that until last night. It's *me*. I trusted you.

HAL: I know.

CATHERINE: Was I wrong?

HAL: No. I—

CATHERINE: I should have known she wouldn't believe me but why don't you?

HAL: This is one of his notebooks. The exact same kind he used.

CATHERINE: I told you. I just used one of his blank books.

There were extras.

HAL: There aren't any extra books in the study.

CATHERINE: There were when I started writing the proof. I bought them for him. He must have used the rest up later.

HAL: And the writing.

CATHERINE: You want to test the handwriting?

HAL: No. It doesn't matter. He could have dictated it to you for Chrissake. It still doesn't make sense.

CATHERINE: Why not?

HAL: I'm a mathematician.

CATHERINE: Yes.

HAL: I know how hard it would be to come up with something like this. I mean it's impossible. You'd have to be . . . you'd have to be your dad, basically. Your dad at the peak of his powers.

CATHERINE: I'm a mathematician too.

HAL: Not like your dad.

CATHERINE: Oh, he's the only one who could have done this?

HAL: The only one I know.

CATHERINE: Are you sure?

HAL: Your father was the most—

CATHERINE: Just because you and the rest of the geeks worshipped him doesn't mean he wrote this proof, Hal!

HAL: He was the *best*. My generation hasn't produced anything like him. He revolutionized the field twice before he was twenty-two. I'm sorry, Catherine, but you took some classes at Northwestern for a few months.

CATHERINE: My education wasn't at Northwestern. It was living in this house for twenty-five years.

HAL: Even so, it doesn't matter. This is too advanced. I don't even understand most of it.

CATHERINE: You think it's too advanced.

HAL: Yes.

CATHERINE: It's too advanced for *you*.

HAL: You could not have done this work.

CATHERINE: But what if I did?

HAL: Well what if?

CATHERINE: It would be a real disaster for you, wouldn't it?

And for the other geeks who *barely* finished their Ph.D.'s, who are marking time doing *lame* research, bragging about the conferences they go to—*wow*—playing in an *awful* band, and whining that they're intellectually past it at twenty-eight, *because they are*.

(*Beat*. HAL *hesitates*, then *abruptly exits*. *Beat*. CATHERINE is *furious* and so upset she looks *dazed*.)

CLAIRE: Katie. Let's go inside. Katie?

(CATHERINE *opens the book*, tries to *rip out the pages*, *destroy it*.

CLAIRE *goes to take it from her*. They *struggle*. CATHERINE *gets the book away*. They *stand apart*, *breathing hard*. After a moment, CATHERINE *throws the book to the floor*. She *exits*.)

fade

Scene 3

The next day. The porch is empty. Knocking off. No one appears. After a moment HAL comes around the side of the porch and knocks on the back door.

HAL: Catherine?

(CLAIRE *enters*.)

HAL: I thought you were leaving.

CLAIRE: I had to delay my flight.

(*Beat*.)