

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

Extracts for - *Catherine and 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

Catherine and Hal – Extract 1

HAL: Champagne, huh?

CATHERINE: Yes.

HAL: Celebrating?

CATHERINE: No. I just like champagne.

HAL: It's festive.

CATHERINE: What?

HAL: *Festive. (He makes an awkward "party" gesture.)*

CATHERINE: Do you want some?

HAL: Sure.

CATHERINE: *(Gives him the bottle.)* I'm done. You can take the rest with you.

HAL: Oh. No thanks.

CATHERINE: Take it, I'm done.

HAL: No, I shouldn't. I'm driving. *(Beat.)* Well I can let myself out.

CATHERINE: Good.

HAL: When should I come back?

CATHERINE: Come back?

HAL: Yeah. I'm nowhere near finished. Maybe tomorrow?

CATHERINE: We have a funeral tomorrow.

HAL: God, you're right, I'm sorry. I was going to attend, if that's all right.

CATHERINE: Yes.

HAL: What about Sunday? Will you be around?

CATHERINE: You've had three days.

HAL: I'd love to get in some more time up there.

CATHERINE: How much longer do you need?

HAL: Another week. At least.

CATHERINE: Are you joking?

HAL: No. Do you know how much stuff there is?

CATHERINE: A week?

HAL: I know you don't need anybody in your hair right now. Look, I spent the last couple days getting everything sorted

out. It's mostly notebooks. He dated them all; now that I've got them in order I don't have to work here. I could take some stuff home, read it, bring it back.

CATHERINE: No.

HAL: I'll be careful.

CATHERINE: My father wouldn't want anything moved and I don't want anything to leave this house.

HAL: Then I should work here. I'll stay out of the way.

CATHERINE: You're wasting your time.

HAL: Someone needs to go through your dad's papers.

CATHERINE: There's nothing up there. It's garbage.

HAL: There are a hundred and three notebooks.

CATHERINE: I've looked at those. It's gibberish.

HAL: Someone should read them.

CATHERINE: He was crazy.

HAL: Yes, but he wrote them.

CATHERINE: He was a graphomaniac, Harold. Do you know what that is?

HAL: I know. He wrote compulsively. Call me Hal.

CATHERINE: There's no connection between the ideas. There's no ideas. It's like a monkey at a typewriter. A hundred and three notebooks full of bullshit.

HAL: Let's make sure they're bullshit.

CATHERINE: I'm sure.

HAL: I'm prepared to look at every page. Are you?

CATHERINE: No. *I'm* not crazy.

(*Beat.*)

HAL: Well, I'm gonna be late . . . Some friends of mine are in this band. They're playing at a bar up on Diversey. Way down the bill, they're probably going on around two, two-thirty. I said I'd be there.

CATHERINE: Great.

HAL: They're all in the math department. They're really good.

They have this great song—you'd like it—called "i"—lower-case I. They just stand there and don't play anything for three minutes.

CATHERINE: "Imaginary Number."

HAL: It's a math joke. You see why they're way down the bill.

CATHERINE: Long drive to see some nerds in a band.

HAL: God I hate when people say that. It is not that long a drive.

CATHERINE: So they are nerds.

HAL: Oh they're raging geeks. But they're geeks who, you know, can dress themselves . . . hold down a job at a major university . . . Some of them have switched from glasses to contacts. They play sports, they play in a band, they get laid surprisingly often, so in that sense they sort of make you question the whole set of terms: geek, nerd, wonk, dweeb, dilbert, paste-eater.

CATHERINE: You're in this band, aren't you?

HAL: Okay, yes. I play drums. You want to come? I never sing, I swear to God.

CATHERINE: No thanks.

HAL: All right. Look, Catherine, Monday: what do you say?

CATHERINE: Don't you have a job?

HAL: Yeah, I have a full teaching load this quarter plus my own work.

CATHERINE: Plus band practice.

HAL: I don't have time to do this but I'm going to. If you'll let me. (*Beat.*) I loved your dad. I don't believe a mind like his can just shut down. He had lucid moments. He had a lucid year, a whole year four years ago.

CATHERINE: It wasn't a year. It was more like nine months.

HAL: A school year. He was advising students . . . I was stalled on my Ph.D. I was this close to quitting. I met with your dad and he put me on the right track with my research. I owe him.

CATHERINE: Sorry.

HAL: Look. Let me— You're twenty-five, right?

CATHERINE: How old are you?

HAL: It doesn't matter. Listen.

CATHERINE: Fuck you, how old are you?

HAL: I'm twenty-eight, all right? When your dad was younger than both of us, he made major contributions to three fields: game theory, algebraic geometry, and nonlinear operator theory. Most of us never get our heads around one. He basically invented the mathematical techniques for studying rational behavior, and he gave the astrophysicists plenty to work over too. Okay?

CATHERINE: Don't lecture me.

HAL: I'm not. I'm telling you, if I came up with one-tenth of the shit your dad produced, I could write my own ticket to any math department in the country.

(Beat.)

CATHERINE: Give me your backpack.

HAL: What?

CATHERINE: Give me your backpack.

HAL: Why?

CATHERINE: I want to look inside it.

HAL: What?

CATHERINE: Open it and give it to me.

HAL: Oh come on.

CATHERINE: You're not taking anything out of this house.

HAL: I wouldn't do that.

CATHERINE: You're hoping to find something upstairs that you can publish.

HAL: Sure.

CATHERINE: Then you can write your own ticket.

HAL: What? No! It would be under your dad's name. It would be for your dad.

CATHERINE: I don't believe you. You have a notebook in that backpack.

HAL: What are you talking about?

CATHERINE: Give it to me.

HAL: You're being a little bit paranoid.

CATHERINE: *Paranoid?*

HAL: Maybe a little.

CATHERINE: Fuck you, *Hal*. I *know* you have one of my notebooks.

HAL: I think you should calm down and think about what you're saying.

CATHERINE: I'm saying you're lying to me and stealing my family's property.

HAL: And I think that sounds paranoid.

CATHERINE: Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean there isn't something in that backpack.

HAL: *You just said yourself there's nothing up there*. Didn't you?

CATHERINE: I—

HAL: Didn't you say that?

CATHERINE: Yes.

HAL: So what would I take? Right?

(Beat.)

CATHERINE: You're right.

HAL: Thank you.

CATHERINE: So you don't need to come back.

HAL: *(Sighs.)* Please. Someone should know for sure whether—

CATHERINE: *I lived with him.*

I spent my life with him. I fed him. Talked to him. Tried to listen when he talked. Talked to people who weren't there . . . Watched him shuffling around like a ghost. A very smelly ghost. He was filthy. I had to make sure he bathed. My own father.

HAL: I'm sorry. I shouldn't have . . .

CATHERINE: After my mother died it was just me here. I tried to keep him happy no matter what idiotic project he was

Catherine and Hal - Extract 2

HAL: No, you're right. Really original work—it's all young guys.

CATHERINE: Young guys.

HAL: Young people.

CATHERINE: But it is men, mostly.

HAL: There are some women.

CATHERINE: Who?

HAL: There's a woman at Stanford, I can't remember her name.

CATHERINE: Sophie Germain.

HAL: Yeah? I've probably seen her at meetings, I just don't think I've met her.

CATHERINE: She was born in Paris in 1776.

(Beat.)

HAL: So I've definitely never met her.

CATHERINE: She was trapped in her house.

The French Revolution was going on, the Terror. She had to stay inside for safety and she passed the time reading in her father's study. The Greeks . . . Later she tried to get a real education but the schools didn't allow women. So she wrote letters. She wrote to Gauss. She used a man's name. Uh—Antoine-August Le Blanc. She sent him some proofs involving a certain kind of prime number, important work. He was delighted to correspond with such a brilliant young man. Dad gave me a book about her.

HAL: I'm stupid. Sophie Germain, of course.

CATHERINE: You know her?

HAL: Germain Primes.

CATHERINE: Right.

HAL: They're famous. Double them and add one, and you get another prime. Like two. Two is prime, doubled plus one is five: also prime.

CATHERINE: Right. Or $92,305 \times 2^{16,998} + 1$.

HAL: (Startled) Right.

CATHERINE: That's the biggest one. The biggest one known . . .

(Beat.)

HAL: Did he ever find out who she was? Gauss.

CATHERINE: Yeah. Later a mutual friend told him the brilliant young man was a woman.

He wrote to her: "A taste for the mysteries of numbers is excessively rare, but when a person of the sex which, according to our customs and prejudices, must encounter infinitely more difficulties than men to familiarize herself with these thorny researches, succeeds nevertheless in penetrating the most obscure parts of them, then without a doubt she must have the noblest courage, quite extraordinary talents, and superior genius."

(Now self-conscious) I memorized it . . .

(HAL stares at her. He suddenly kisses her, then stops, embarrassed. He moves away.)

HAL: Sorry. I'm a little drunk.

CATHERINE: It's okay. *(Uncomfortable beat.)* I'm sorry about yesterday. I wasn't helpful. About the work you're doing. Take as long as you need upstairs.

HAL: You were fine. I was pushy.

CATHERINE: I was awful.

HAL: No. My timing was terrible. Anyway, you're probably right.

CATHERINE: What?

HAL: About it being junk.

CATHERINE: *(Nods.)* Yes.

HAL: I read through a lot of stuff today, just skimming. Except for the book I stole—

CATHERINE: Oh God, I'm sorry about that.

HAL: No, you were right.

CATHERINE: I shouldn't have called the police.

HAL: It was my fault.

Catherine and Hal – Extract 3

CATHERINE: Especially when your adviser's crazy.

HAL: Especially then.

(Kiss.)

CATHERINE: You came here once. Four years ago. Remember?

HAL: Sure. I can't believe you do. I was dropping off a draft of my thesis for your dad. Jesus I was nervous.

CATHERINE: You looked nervous.

HAL: I can't believe you remember that.

CATHERINE: I remember you. *(Kiss.)* I thought you seemed . . . not boring.

(They continue to kiss.)

fade

Scene 4

The next morning. CATHERINE alone on the porch, in a robe. HAL enters, half-dressed. He walks up behind her quietly. She hears him and turns.

HAL: How long have you been up?

CATHERINE: A while.

HAL: Did I oversleep?

CATHERINE: No.

(Beat. Morning-after awkwardness.)

HAL: Is your sister up?

CATHERINE: No. She's flying home in a couple hours. I should probably wake her.

HAL: Let her sleep. She was doing some pretty serious drinking with the theoretical physicists last night.

CATHERINE: I'll make her some coffee when she gets up.

(Beat.)

HAL: Sunday mornings I usually go out. Get the paper, have some breakfast.

CATHERINE: Okay.

(Beat.)

HAL: Do you want to come?

CATHERINE: Oh. No. I ought to stick around until Claire leaves.

HAL: All right. Do you mind if I stay?

CATHERINE: No. You can work if you want.

HAL: *(Taken aback)* Okay.

CATHERINE: Okay.

HAL: Should I?

CATHERINE: If you want to.

HAL: Do you want me to go?

CATHERINE: Do you want to go?

HAL: I want to stay here with you.

CATHERINE: Oh . . .

HAL: I want to spend the day with you if possible. I'd like to spend as much time with you as I can unless of course I'm coming on *way* too strong right now and scaring you in which case I'll begin backpedaling immediately . . .

(CATHERINE laughs. Her relief is evident; so is his. They kiss.)

How embarrassing is it if I say last night was wonderful?

CATHERINE: It's only embarrassing if I don't agree.

HAL: Uh, so . . .

CATHERINE: Don't be embarrassed. *(They kiss. After a moment she breaks off. She hesitates, making a decision. Then she takes a chain from around her neck. There is a key on the chain. She tosses it to HAL.)* Here.

HAL: What's this?

CATHERINE: It's a key.

HAL: Ah.

CATHERINE: Try it.

HAL: Where?

CATHERINE: Bottom drawer of the desk in my dad's office.

HAL: What's in there?

CATHERINE: There's one way to find out, Professor.

HAL: Now? (CATHERINE *shrugs*. *He laughs, unsure if this is a joke or not.*) Okay.

(HAL *kisses her quickly, then goes inside*. CATHERINE *smiles to herself*. *She is happy, on the edge of being giddy*. CLAIRE *enters, hungover*. *She sits down, squinting.*)

CATHERINE: Good morning.

CLAIRE: Please don't yell please.

CATHERINE: Are you all right?

CLAIRE: No. (*Beat*. *She clutches her head.*) Those fucking physicists.

CATHERINE: What happened?

CLAIRE: Thanks a *lot* for leaving me all alone with them.

CATHERINE: Where were your friends?

CLAIRE: My stupid friends left—it was only eleven o'clock!—they all had to get home and pay their babysitters or bake bread or something. I'm left alone with these lunatics . . .

CATHERINE: Why did you drink so much?

CLAIRE: I thought I could keep up with them. I thought they'd stop. They didn't. Oh God. "Have another tequila . . ."

CATHERINE: Do you want some coffee?

CLAIRE: In a minute. (*Beat.*) That *band*.

CATHERINE: Yeah.

CLAIRE: They were terrible.

CATHERINE: They were okay. They had fun. I think.

CLAIRE: Well as long as everyone had fun. (*Beat.*) Your dress turned out all right.

CATHERINE: I love it.

CLAIRE: You do.

CATHERINE: Yeah, it's wonderful.

CLAIRE: I was surprised you even wore it.

CATHERINE: I love it, Claire. Thanks.