

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

Extracts for - *Catherine and Claire*

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 Claire – Extract 1

CLAIRE: Feel better?

CATHERINE: Yeah.

CLAIRE: You look a million times better. Have some coffee.

CATHERINE: Okay.

CLAIRE: How do you take it?

CATHERINE: Black.

CLAIRE: Have a little milk. (*She pours.*) Want a banana? It's a good thing I brought food: there was nothing in the house.

CATHERINE: I've been meaning to go shopping.

CLAIRE: Have a bagel.

CATHERINE: No. I hate breakfast. (*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: You didn't put on the dress.

CATHERINE: Didn't really feel like it.

CLAIRE: Don't you want to try it on? See if it fits?

CATHERINE: I'll put it on later.

(*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: If you want to dry your hair I have a hair dryer.

CATHERINE: Nah.

CLAIRE: Did you use that conditioner I brought you?

CATHERINE: No, shit, I forgot.

CLAIRE: It's my favorite. You'll love it, Katie. I want you to try it.

CATHERINE: I'll use it next time.

CLAIRE: You'll like it. It has jojoba.

CATHERINE: What is "jojoba"?

CLAIRE: It's something they put in for healthy hair.

CATHERINE: Hair is dead.

CLAIRE: What?

CATHERINE: It's dead tissue. You can't make it "healthy."

CLAIRE: Whatever, it's something that's good for your hair.

CATHERINE: What, a chemical?

CLAIRE: No, it's organic.

CATHERINE: Well it can be organic and still be a chemical.

CLAIRE: I don't know what it is.

CATHERINE: Haven't you ever heard of organic chemistry?

CLAIRE: It makes my hair feel, look, and smell good. That's the extent of my information about it. You might like it if you decide to use it.

CATHERINE: Thanks, I'll try it.

CLAIRE: Good. (*Beat.*) If the dress doesn't fit we can go downtown and exchange it.

CATHERINE: Okay.

CLAIRE: I'll take you to lunch.

CATHERINE: Great.

CLAIRE: Maybe Sunday before I go back. Do you need anything?

CATHERINE: Like clothes?

CLAIRE: Or anything. While I'm here.

CATHERINE: Nah, I'm cool.

(*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: I thought we'd have some people over tonight. If you're feeling okay.

CATHERINE: I'm feeling okay, Claire, stop saying that.

CLAIRE: You don't have any plans?

CATHERINE: No.

CLAIRE: I ordered some food. Wine, beer.

CATHERINE: We are burying Dad this afternoon.

CLAIRE: I think it will be all right. Anyone who's been to the funeral and wants to come over for something to eat can. And it's the only time I can see any old Chicago friends. It'll be nice. It's a funeral but we don't have to be completely grim about it. *If* it's okay with you.

CATHERINE: Yes, sure.

CLAIRE: It's been a stressful time. It would be good to relax in a low-key way.

Mitch says Hi.

CATHERINE: Hi Mitch.

CLAIRE: He's really sorry he couldn't come.

Catherine and Claire - Extract 2

CLAIRE: Honestly?

CATHERINE: Yes.

CLAIRE: I think in some ways it was the “right time.” If there is ever a right time.

Do you know what you want to do now?

CATHERINE: No.

CLAIRE: Do you want to stay here?

CATHERINE: I don’t know.

CLAIRE: Do you want to go back to school?

CATHERINE: I haven’t thought about it.

CLAIRE: Well there’s a lot to think about.

How do you feel?

CATHERINE: Physically? Great. Except my hair seems kind of unhealthy, I wish there were something I could do about that.

CLAIRE: Come on, Catherine.

CATHERINE: What is the point of all these questions?

(Beat.)

CLAIRE: Katie, some policemen came by while you were in the shower.

CATHERINE: Yeah?

CLAIRE: They said they were “checking up” on things here. Seeing how everything was this morning.

CATHERINE: *(Neutral)* That was nice.

CLAIRE: They told me they responded to a call last night and came to the house.

CATHERINE: Yeah?

CLAIRE: Did you call the police last night?

CATHERINE: Yeah.

CLAIRE: Why?

CATHERINE: I thought the house was being robbed.

CLAIRE: But it wasn’t.

CATHERINE: No. I changed my mind.

(Beat.)

CLAIRE: First you call 911 with an emergency and then you hang up on them—

CATHERINE: I didn't really want them to come.

CLAIRE: So why did you call?

CATHERINE: I was trying to get this guy out of the house.

CLAIRE: Who?

CATHERINE: One of Dad's students.

CLAIRE: Dad hasn't had any students for years.

CATHERINE: No, he *was* Dad's student. Now he's—he's a mathematician.

CLAIRE: Why was he in the house in the first place?

CATHERINE: Well he's been coming here to look at Dad's notebooks.

CLAIRE: In the middle of the night?

CATHERINE: It was late. I was waiting for him to finish, and last night I thought he might have been stealing them.

CLAIRE: Stealing the notebooks.

CATHERINE: *Yes*. So I told him to go.

CLAIRE: Was he stealing them?

CATHERINE: Yes. That's why I called the police—

CLAIRE: What is this man's name?

CATHERINE: Hal. Harold. Harold Dobbs.

CLAIRE: The police said you were the only one here.

CATHERINE: He left before they got here.

CLAIRE: With the notebooks?

CATHERINE: No, Claire, don't be stupid, there are over a hundred notebooks. He was only stealing *one*, but he was stealing it so he could give it *back* to me, so I let him go so he could play with his band on the north side.

CLAIRE: His band?

CATHERINE: He was late. He wanted me to come with him but I was like, Yeah, right.

(*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: (*Gently*) Is "Harold Dobbs" your boyfriend?

CATHERINE: No!

CLAIRE: Are you sleeping with him?

CATHERINE: What? Euughh! No! He's a math geek!

CLAIRE: And he's in a band? A rock band?

CATHERINE: No, a marching band. He plays trombone. Yes, a rock band!

CLAIRE: What is the name of his band?

CATHERINE: How should I know?

CLAIRE: "Harold Dobbs" didn't tell you the name of his rock band?

CATHERINE: No. I don't know. Look in the paper. They were playing last night. They do a song called "Imaginary Number" that doesn't exist.

(*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: I'm sorry, I'm just trying to understand: is "Harold Dobbs"—

CATHERINE: Stop saying "Harold Dobbs."

CLAIRE: Is this . . . person . . .

CATHERINE: *Harold Dobbs exists.*

CLAIRE: I'm sure he does.

CATHERINE: He's a mathematician at the University of Chicago. Call the fucking math department.

CLAIRE: Don't get upset. I'm just trying to understand! I mean if you found out some creepy grad student was trying to take some of Dad's papers and you called the police, I'd understand, and if you were out here partying, drinking with your boyfriend, I'd understand. But the two stories don't go together.

CATHERINE: Because you made up the "boyfriend" story. I was here *alone*.

CLAIRE: Harold Dobbs wasn't here?

CATHERINE: No, he— *Yes*, he was here, but we weren't partying!

CLAIRE: You weren't drinking with him?

CATHERINE: No!

CLAIRE: (*She holds up the champagne bottle.*) This was sitting right here. Who were you drinking champagne with?

(CATHERINE *hesitates.*)

CATHERINE: With no one.

CLAIRE: Are you sure?

CATHERINE: Yes.

(*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: The police said you were abusive. (CATHERINE *doesn't say anything.*) They said you're lucky they didn't haul you in.

CATHERINE: These guys were assholes, Claire. They wouldn't go away. They wanted me to fill out a report . . .

CLAIRE: Were you abusive?

CATHERINE: This one cop kept spitting on me when he talked. It was disgusting.

CLAIRE: Did you use the word "dickhead"?

CATHERINE: Oh I don't remember.

CLAIRE: Did you tell one cop . . . to go fuck the other cop's mother?

CATHERINE: *No.*

CLAIRE: That's what they said.

CATHERINE: Not with that phrasing.

CLAIRE: Did you strike one of them?

CATHERINE: They were trying to come in the house!

CLAIRE: Oh my God.

CATHERINE: I might have *pushed* him a little.

CLAIRE: They said you were either drunk or disturbed.

CATHERINE: They wanted to come in here and *search my house*—

CLAIRE: *You called them.*

CATHERINE: Yes but I didn't actually *want* them to come. But they did come and then they started acting like they owned the place, pushing me around, calling me "girly," smirking at me, laughing: they were assholes.

CLAIRE: These guys seemed perfectly nice. They were off-duty and they took the trouble to come back here at the end of their shift to check up on you. They were very polite.

CATHERINE: Well people are nicer to you.

(*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: Katie. Would you like to come to New York?

CATHERINE: Yes, I told you, I'll come in January.

CLAIRE: You could come sooner. We'd love to have you. You could stay with us. It'd be fun.

CATHERINE: I don't want to.

CLAIRE: Mitch has become an *excellent* cook. It's like his hobby now. He buys all these gadgets. Garlic press, olive oil sprayer . . . Every night there's something new. Delicious, wonderful meals. The other day he made vegetarian chili!

CATHERINE: What the fuck are you talking about?

CLAIRE: Stay with us for a while. We would have so much fun.

CATHERINE: Thanks, I'm okay here.

CLAIRE: Chicago is dead. New York is so much more fun, you can't believe it.

CATHERINE: The "fun" thing is really not where my focus is at the moment.

CLAIRE: I think New York would be a really fun and . . . safe . . . place for you to—

CATHERINE: I don't need a safe place and I don't want to have any fun! I'm perfectly fine here.

CLAIRE: You look tired. I think you could use some downtime.

CATHERINE: Downtime?

CLAIRE: Katie, please. You've had a very hard time.

CATHERINE: I'm *perfectly okay*.

CLAIRE: I think you're upset and exhausted.

CATHERINE: I was *fine* till you got here.

CLAIRE: Yes, but you—

HAL: (*From off*) Catherine?

Catherine and Claire – Extract 3

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.

CLAIRE: (*Surprised*) You're welcome. You're in a good mood.

CATHERINE: Should I not be?

CLAIRE: Are you kidding? No. I'm thrilled. (*Beat.*) I'm leaving in a few hours.

CATHERINE: I know.

CLAIRE: The house is a wreck. Don't clean it up yourself. I'll hire someone to come in.

CATHERINE: Thanks. You want your coffee?

CLAIRE: No, thanks.

CATHERINE: (*Starting in*) It's no trouble.

CLAIRE: Hold on a sec, Katie. I just . . . (*She takes a breath.*) I'm leaving soon. I—

CATHERINE: You said. I know.

CLAIRE: I'd still like you to come to New York.

CATHERINE: Yes: January.

CLAIRE: I'd like you to move to New York.

CATHERINE: Move?

CLAIRE: Would you think about it? For me? You could stay with me and Mitch at first. There's plenty of room. Then you could get your own place. I've already scouted some apartments for you, really cute places.

CATHERINE: What would I do in New York?

CLAIRE: What are you doing here?

CATHERINE: I live here.

CLAIRE: You could do whatever you want. You could work, you could go to school.

CATHERINE: I don't know, Claire. This is pretty major.

CLAIRE: I realize that.

CATHERINE: I know you mean well. I'm just not sure what I want to do. I mean to be honest you were right yesterday. I do feel a little confused. I'm tired. It's been a pretty weird couple of years. I think I'd like to take some time to figure things out.

CLAIRE: You could do that in New York.

CATHERINE: And I could do it here.

CLAIRE: But it would be much easier for me to get you set up in an apartment in New York, and—

CATHERINE: I don't need an apartment, I'll stay in the house.

CLAIRE: We're selling the house.

(*Beat.*)

CATHERINE: What?

CLAIRE: We—I'm selling it.

CATHERINE: *When?*

CLAIRE: I'm hoping to do the paperwork this week. I know it seems sudden.

CATHERINE: No one was here looking at the place, who are you selling it to?

CLAIRE: The university. They've wanted the block for years.

CATHERINE: *I live here.*

CLAIRE: Honey, now that Dad's gone it doesn't make sense. It's in bad shape. It costs a fortune to heat. It's time to let it go. Mitch agrees, it's a very smart move. We're lucky, we have a great offer—

CATHERINE: Where am I supposed to live?

CLAIRE: Come to New York.

CATHERINE: I can't believe this.

CLAIRE: It'll be so good. You deserve a change. This would be a whole new adventure for you.

CATHERINE: Why are you doing this?

CLAIRE: I want to help.

CATHERINE: By kicking me out of my *house*?

CLAIRE: It was my house too.

CATHERINE: You haven't lived here for years.

CLAIRE: I know that. You were on your own. I really regret that, Katie.

CATHERINE: Don't.

CLAIRE: I know I let you down. I feel awful about it. Now I'm trying to help.

CATHERINE: You want to help *now*?

CLAIRE: Yes.

CATHERINE: Dad is dead.

CLAIRE: I know.

CATHERINE: He's dead. Now that he's dead you fly in for the weekend and decide you want to help? *You're late*. Where have you been?

CLAIRE: I—

CATHERINE: Where were you five years ago? You weren't helping then.

CLAIRE: I was working.

CATHERINE: I was *here*. I lived with him *alone*.

CLAIRE: I was working fourteen-hour days. I paid every bill here. I paid off the mortgage on this three-bedroom house while I was living in a studio in Brooklyn.

CATHERINE: You had your life. You got to finish school.

CLAIRE: You could have stayed in school!

CATHERINE: How?

CLAIRE: I would have done anything—I told you that. I told you a million times to do anything you wanted.

CATHERINE: What about Dad? Someone had to take care of him.

CLAIRE: He was ill. He should have been in a full-time professional-care situation.

CATHERINE: He didn't belong in the nuthouse.

CLAIRE: He might have been better off.

CATHERINE: How can you say that?

CLAIRE: This is where I'm meant to feel guilty, right?

CATHERINE: Sure, go for it.

CLAIRE: I'm heartless. My own father.

CATHERINE: He needed to be here. In his own house, near the university, near his students, near everything that made him happy.

CLAIRE: Maybe. Or maybe some real professional care would have done him more good than rattling around in a filthy house with *you* looking after him.

I'm sorry, Catherine, it's not your fault. It's my fault for letting you do it.

CATHERINE: I was right to keep him here.

CLAIRE: No.

CATHERINE: What about his remission? Four years ago. He was healthy for almost a year.

CLAIRE: And then he went right downhill again.

CATHERINE: He might have been worse in a hospital.

CLAIRE: And he *might* have been *better*. Did he ever do any work again?

CATHERINE: No.

CLAIRE: *No.* (*Beat.*) And you might have been better.

CATHERINE: (*Keeping her voice under control*) Better than what?

CLAIRE: Living here with him didn't do you any good. You said that yourself.

You had so much talent . . .

CATHERINE: You think I'm like Dad.

CLAIRE: I think you have some of his talent and some of his tendency toward . . . instability.

(*Beat.*)

CATHERINE: Claire, in addition to the "cute apartments" that you've "scouted" for me in New York, would you by any chance also have devoted some of your considerable energies toward scouting out another type of—

CLAIRE: *No.*

CATHERINE: —living facility for your bughouse little sister?

CLAIRE: *No!* Absolutely not. That is not what this is about.

CATHERINE: Don't lie to me, Claire. I'm smarter than you.

(*Beat.*)

CLAIRE: The resources . . . I've investigated—

CATHERINE: Oh my *God*.

CLAIRE: —if you *wanted* to, all I'm saying is, the doctors in New York and the people are the *best*, and they—

CATHERINE: *Fuck you*.

CLAIRE: It would be entirely up to you. You wouldn't *live* anywhere, you can—

CATHERINE: I hate you.

CLAIRE: Don't yell, please. Calm down.

CATHERINE: *I hate you. I—*

(HAL enters, holding a notebook. CLAIRE and CATHERINE stop suddenly. Beat.)

CLAIRE: What are you doing here? . . .

(CLAIRE stares at CATHERINE.)

HAL: How long have you known about this?

CATHERINE: A while.

HAL: Why didn't you tell me about it?

CATHERINE: I wasn't sure I wanted to.

(Beat.)

HAL: Thank you.

CATHERINE: You're welcome.

CLAIRE: What's going on?

HAL: God, Catherine, thank you.

CATHERINE: I thought you'd like to see it.

CLAIRE: What is it?

HAL: It's incredible.

CLAIRE: What *is* it?

HAL: Oh, uh, it's a result. A proof. I mean it looks like a proof.

I mean it is a proof, a very long proof, I haven't read it all of course, or checked it, I don't even know if I *could* check it, but if it *is* a proof of what I think it's a proof of, it's . . . a very . . . *important* . . . proof.

CLAIRE: What does it prove?

HAL: It looks like it proves a theorem . . . a mathematical theorem about prime numbers, something mathematicians