

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

Extracts for - *Catherine – Robert - 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: Take it however you want. I believed you'd get better.

ROBERT: Well thank you very much.

CATHERINE: Don't thank me. I had to. I was living with you.

ROBERT: All right, that's enough, Catherine. Let's stay on the subject.

CATHERINE: This is the subject! There were *library books* upstairs stacked up to the ceiling, do you remember that? You were trying to decode *messages*—

ROBERT: The fucking books are gone, I took them back myself. Why do you bring that garbage up?

(*Knocking offstage. Beat. CATHERINE goes inside to answer the door. She returns with HAL. He carries a manila envelope. He is nervous.*)

ROBERT: Mr. Dobbs.

HAL: Hi. I hope it's not a bad time.

ROBERT: Yes it is, actually, you couldn't have picked worse.

HAL: Oh, I uh—

ROBERT: You interrupted an argument.

HAL: I'm sorry. I can come back.

ROBERT: It's all right. We needed a break.

HAL: Are you sure?

ROBERT: Yes. The argument was about dinner. We don't know what to eat. What's your suggestion?

(*A beat while HAL is on the spot.*)

HAL: Uh, there's a great pasta place not too far from here.

ROBERT: *No!*

CATHERINE (*with* ROBERT): That is a *brilliant* idea.

ROBERT: Oh dear Jesus God, no.

CATHERINE (*with* ROBERT): What's it called? Give me the address.

ROBERT: No! Sorry. Wrong answer, but thank you for trying.

(*HAL stands there, looking at both of them.*)

HAL: I can come back.

ROBERT: Stay. (*To CATHERINE*) Where are you going?

CATHERINE: Inside.

ROBERT: What about dinner?

CATHERINE: What about him?

ROBERT: What are you doing here, Dobbs?

HAL: My timing sucks. I am really sorry.

ROBERT: Don't be silly.

HAL: I'll come to your office.

ROBERT: Stop. Sit down. Glad you're here. Don't let the dinner thing throw you, you'll bounce back. (*To CATHERINE*) This should be easier. Let's back off the problem, let it breathe, come at it again when it's not looking.

CATHERINE: Fine. (*Exiting*) Excuse me.

ROBERT: Sorry, I'm rude. Hal, this is my daughter Catherine. (*To CATHERINE*) Don't go, have a drink with us. Catherine, Harold Dobbs.

CATHERINE: Hi.

HAL: Hi.

ROBERT: Hal is a grad student. He's doing his Ph.D., very promising stuff. Unfortunately for him, his work coincided with my return to the department and he got stuck with me.

HAL: No, no, it's been—I've been very lucky.

CATHERINE: How long have you been at U. of C.?

HAL: Well I've been working on my thesis for—

ROBERT: Hal's in our "Infinite" program. As he approaches completion of his dissertation, time approaches infinity. Would you like a drink, Hal?

HAL: Yes I would. And uh, with all due respect . . .

(*HAL hands ROBERT the envelope.*)

ROBERT: Really? (*He opens it and looks inside.*) You must have had an interesting few months.

HAL: (*Cheerfully*) Worst summer of my life.

ROBERT: Congratulations.

HAL: It's just a draft. Based on everything we talked about last spring. (ROBERT *pours a drink*. HAL *babbles*.) I wasn't sure if I should wait till the quarter started, or if I should give it to you *now*, or hold off, do another draft, but I figured fuck it, I, I mean I just . . . let's just get it *over* with, so I thought I'd just come over and see if you were home, and—

ROBERT: Drink this.

HAL: Thanks. (He *drinks*.) I decided, I don't know, if it feels done, maybe it is.

ROBERT: Wrong. If it feels done, there are major errors.

HAL: Uh, I—

ROBERT: That's okay, that's good, we'll find them and fix them. Don't worry. You're on your way to a solid career, you'll be teaching younger, more irritating versions of yourself in no time.

HAL: Thank you.

ROBERT: Catherine's in the math department at Northwestern, Hal.

(CATHERINE *looks up, startled*.)

HAL: Oh, who are you working with?

CATHERINE: I'm just starting this fall. Undergrad.

ROBERT: She's starting in . . . three weeks?

CATHERINE: A little more.

(Beat.)

ROBERT: They have some good people at Northwestern. O'Donohue. Kaminsky.

CATHERINE: Yes.

ROBERT: They will work your ass off.

CATHERINE: I know.

ROBERT: You'll have to run pretty hard to catch up.

CATHERINE: I think I can do it.

ROBERT: Of course you can. (Beat.)

HAL: You must be excited.

CATHERINE: I am.