

Station Arcadia

Voice Acting Auditions

Disclaimer:

Please note that at this point in time no one is making any money off of the podcast Station Arcadia. As much as we'd love to pay voice actors, it's extremely unlikely that we will ever be able to. If you chose to audition and you are cast in this podcast, please understand that you will not be financially compensated for your time. Thank you.

- Eli Esdi and Cecil M., Producers of Station Arcadia

What is Station Arcadia?

Station Arcadia is a podcast, that tells stories from a dystopian world where dieselpunk, steampunk, cyberpunk and solarpunk societies exist side by side. These stories are told through a radio station on a shifting island named Station Arcadia which broadcasts diverse stories from across the land that together, tell the story of a revolution, and hope in the face of a dying world. Also, it's queer.

Each episode will consist of a story told on the radio by the narrator, Kass, interspersed with government surveillance audio. These stories told through surveillance (aka "bugged segments") follow four main protagonists and the people around them.

How Does this Audition Work?

To audition for Station Arcadia, please email stationarcadia.podcast@gmail.com with an audio file containing your monologues, and, in writing, the information specified below. The deadline for submission is Monday June 8th.

If you have any questions or concerns you can email us, or message us on twitter @StationArcadia.

We will contact you about callbacks if necessary, but please keep in mind that a callback does not indicate if you will be cast. We will let you know whether or not you have been cast in the podcast, and if you are not initially cast we will keep your audition on file and you will be kept in mind for future roles.

Thank you in advance for your interest in this podcast! We eagerly await your submissions.

Required Information:

Name

Pronouns

Age (If you do not feel comfortable specifying, please state whether you're a minor or adult)

Genders that you wouldn't feel comfortable portraying, if any

Are there any subjects that you would not feel comfortable voice acting?

Given the choice, would you like a small, medium, or large role? (Small would likely be non-recurring, Medium would only be a few lines but on a recurring basis, and Large could include the main narrator)

Would you be alright with a small role if that was all that was available?

Time Zone

How is your availability? What times / days of the week are you generally free?

Relevant Experience (If you have none, this will not exclude you from getting a role, or limit the size of role available to you)

Can you do any accents? (If you write it here, please send in a clip of the accent in your audition tape)

How did you hear about this podcast? Do you personally know anyone who's involved in the project, and if so, who?

Anything else you would like us to know when considering your audition / additional notes

Monologues:

Please record one narration monologue and one dramatic monologue, with the best audio quality you can produce. State your name and title of the monologue before you begin recording. If you specified that you could do one or more accents, include a few sentences in the accent(s) after the monologues.

Narration

1. A Christmas Carol (Orson Welles, 1938).

Marley was dead: to begin with. There's no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. Scrooge and Marley were partners for I don't know how many years. Ah! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind-stone, was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! And once upon a time -- of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve ...

... old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house, a grim, cheerless place if ever there was one. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open so that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, Bob Cratchit, who in a cold and dismal little cell beyond, worked at his ledgers.

2. Things Got Worse.

And so they prepared themselves for the most dangerous feat that had ever been performed. The great escapologist had to escape from the cage, lean out, catch his wife with one hand, grab a fire extinguisher with the other, and put out the flames on her specially designed dress within twelve seconds, before they reached the dynamite and blew his wife's head off!

The trick started well. The moment the specially designed dress was set alight the acrobat swung into the air. The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects - one second, two seconds - they watched as the flames crept up the dress - three seconds, four seconds - she began to reach out her arms towards the cage - five seconds, six seconds - suddenly the padlocks pinged open and the huge chains fell away - seven seconds, eight seconds - the door flung open and the escapologist reached out one huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and the child - nine seconds, ten seconds... eleven seconds--and he grabs her hand and, and, and suddenly the flames are covered in foam before they can both be blown to pieces.

Maybe it was the thought of their child. Maybe it was nerves. But the escapologist used just a touch too much foam and suddenly their hands became slippery... and she fell.

She broke every bone in her body except the ones at the ends of her little fingers. She did manage to live long enough to have their child. But the effort was too great. 'Love our little girl' She said 'Love our daughter with all your heart. She is all we ever wanted.' And then she died.

And then... things got worse.

3. War of the Worlds.

As I watched, the planet seemed to grow larger and smaller and to advance and recede, but that was simple that my eye was tired. Forty millions of miles away from us-more than forty millions of miles of void. Few people realize the immensity of vacancy in the dust of the material universe swims.

Near it in the field, I remember, were three faint points of light, three telescopic stars, infinitely remote, and all around it was the unfathomable darkness of empty space, You know how that blackness looks on a frosty starlight night. In a telescope it seems far profounder. And invisible to me because it was so remote and small, flying swiftly and steadily towards me across that incredible distance, drawing nearer every minute by so many thousands of miles, came the Thing they were sending us, the Thing that was to bring so much struggle and calamity and death to the earth. I never dreamed of it then as I watched; no one on earth dreamed of that unerring missile.

4. Two Types of Secrets.

Teccam explains there are two types of secrets. There are secrets of the mouth and secrets of the heart.

Most secrets are secrets of the mouth. Gossip shared and small scandals whispered. Their secrets long to be let loose upon the world. A secret of the mouth is like a stone in your boot. At first you're barely aware of it. Then it grows irritating, then intolerable. Secrets of the mouth grow larger the longer you keep them, swelling until they press against your lips. They fight to be let free.

Secrets of the heart are different. They are private and painful, and we want nothing more than to hide them from the world. They do not swell and press against the mouth. They live in the heart, and the longer they are kept, the heavier they become.

Teccam claims it is better to have a mouthful of poison than a secret of the heart. Any fool will spit out poison, he says, but we hoard these painful treasures. We swallow hard against them every day, forcing them deep inside us. There they sit, growing heavier, festering. Given enough time, they cannot help but crush the heart that holds them.

5. Light Was Fading.

Light was fading when he woke. Frodo sat propped against the rock behind, but he had fallen asleep. The water-bottle was empty. There was no sign of Gollum. Mordor-dark had returned, and the watch-fires on the heights burned fierce and red, when the hobbits set out again on the most dangerous stage of all their journey. They went first to the little spring, and then climbing warily up they came to the road at the point where it swung east towards the Isenmouthe twenty miles away. It was not a broad road, and it had no wall or parapet along the edge and as it ran on the sheer drop from its brink became deeper and deeper. The hobbits could hear no movements, and after listening for a while they set off eastward at a steady pace.

After doing some twelve miles, they halted. A short way back the road had bent a little northward and the stretch that they had passed over was now screened from sight. This proved disastrous. They rested for some minutes and then went on; but they had not taken many steps when suddenly in the stillness of the night they heard the sound that all along they had secretly dreaded: the noise of marching feet. It was still some way behind them, but looking back they could see the twinkle of torches coming round the bend less than a mile away, and they were moving fast: too fast for Frodo to escape by flight along the road ahead.

Dramatic

1. Dear Orpheus.

(Eurydice writes one last letter to Orpheus before she dips herself in the River Lethe to forget him forever)

Dear Orpheus,

I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I'm not worthy of you. But I still love you, I think. Don't try to find me again. You would be lonely for music. I want you to be happy. I want you to marry again. I am going to write out instructions for your next wife.

To My Husband's Next Wife:

Be gentle.

Be sure to comb his hair when it's wet.

Do not fail to notice

that his face flushes pink

like a bride's

when you kiss him.

Give him lots to eat.

he forgets to eat and gets cranky.

When he's sad,

kiss his forehead and I will thank you.

Because he is a young prince

and his robes are too heavy on him.

His crown falls down

around his ears.

I'll give this letter to a worm. I hope he finds you.

Love,

Eurydice

2. I Wanted A Task.

No, you don't know.

I wake up in the morning, and I wish that I would sleep through the whole day but there I am, I'm awake.

So I get out of bed. I make eggs for my husband. I throw the eggshells in the disposal. I listen to the delicate eggshells being ground by an indelicate machine. I clean the sink. I sweep the floor. I wipe coffee grounds from the counter.

I might have done something different with my life. I might have been a scholar. I might have described one particular ruin with the cold-blooded poetry of which only a first rate scholar is capable.

Why didn't I?

I wanted something-big. I didn't know how to ask for it.
Don't blame Matilde. Blame me. I wanted-a task.

3. A Doll's House.

(Christine, an old friend, has come to see if Nora's husband has any work at his new employer, a bank. As Nora and Christine talk, Nora reveals how she borrowed money and has been slowly paying back the debt.)

But it was absolutely necessary that he should not know! My goodness, can't you understand that? It was necessary he should have no idea what a dangerous condition he was in. It was to me that the doctors came and said that his life was in danger, and that the only thing to save him was to live in the south. Do you suppose I didn't try, first of all, to get what I wanted as if it were for myself? I told him how much I should love to travel abroad like other young wives; I tried tears and entreaties with him; I told him that he ought to remember the condition I was in, and that he ought to be kind and indulgent to me; I even hinted that he might raise a loan. That nearly made him angry, Christine. He said I was thoughtless, and that it was his duty as my husband not to indulge me in my whims and caprices--as I believe he called them. Very well, I thought, you must be saved--and that was how I came to devise a way out of the difficulty--No, never. Papa died just at that time. I had meant to let him into the secret and beg him never to reveal it. But he was so ill then--alas, there never was any need to tell him. Good Heavens, no! How could you think so? A man who has such strong opinions about these things! And besides, how painful and humiliating it would be for Torvald, with his manly independence, to know that he owed me anything! It would upset our mutual relations altogether; our beautiful happy home would no longer be what it is now.

4. The Little Guy.

Oh, it's no use, we might as well come clean; he's going to get us anyway. But before we get arrested and spend the next thirty years in prison, making pen pals in Nebraska, I want to say a few things: This place was hell until we fixed it.

(Beat. Quietly furious and growing stronger and more certain.)

We all do the work of keeping things running around here as best we can, Mr. Tinsworthy, not him. He plays golf and drinks scotch and takes the credit. Any why? 'Cause he's "The Guy".

No, you wait a minute! I've been waiting my whole life! See - we're not The Guy. We're just the "Little Guy". The little guy doesn't play golf... he plays catch up. The little guy is late picking the kids up from school because of work - and late getting to work because of the kids. The little guy cooks and coaches ball and balances budgets and squeezes a dollar as far as it can go, and works her ass off, and if that doesn't qualify her to be heard and seen and respected, well WHAT DOES?

And so, yeah, we kidnapped Mr. Hart and threw him in the back of my Buick... We tried to make everything better and now he's going to get all the credit and we're gonna get ten to life.

5. Tilly's Aria.

(Tilly is explaining the intense melancholy she experiences in her day to day life. The monologue starts off happy, then takes a sharp turn at "And then you're falling")

Do you ever have this feeling when you wake up in the morning that you're in love, but you don't know with what? It's this feeling... Like you want to love strangers, that you want to kiss the man at the post office, or the woman at the dry cleaners- or you just want to wrap your arms around life, life itself, but you can't, and this feeling wells up, and there's nowhere to put this great happiness.

And then you're floating... And then you're falling... And then you become unbearably sad. And you have to go lie down on the couch.

It's funny, people are always asking me "Tilly are you still in therapy?" and I say something like I've had a bad day, and they say "Tilly, are you still in therapy?" I go to therapy and my therapist falls in love with me. I have to be careful.