

# **SELF TAPE AUDITION PACKAGE**

## **MADD PSA “NO TOMORROW”**

by Blain Watters

This is a 30 minute film that teaches students across Canada the dangers of impaired driving. We're seeking actors with musical performance skills to play the roles of high school students.

### **CHARACTER DESCRIPTION MARCUS CAVANAUGH:**

Male, 16-19 years old. The lead lyricist and vocalist for a four-person rock band, Marcus is the son of single mother Linda Cavanaugh, and he makes second-hand clothes look good. A genuinely talented perfectionist who believes in twice as much rehearsal as his bandmates prefer, Marcus works them strenuously when they record a demo at the Metalworks recording studio, and he's the real reason they get a collective audition for the Metalworks music school. But only is Marcus is tapped to go forward by the head of the school, and bandmate Trevor is in such a foul, bitterly vindictive mood afterwards that he crashes the band's van, killing Marcus...

LEAD

**\*\*\*YOU MUST BE A STRONG SINGER AND MUST PLAY GUITAR\*\*\***

**\*\*\*YOU MUST BE A TORONTO LOCAL\*\*\***

### **DETAILS:**

**Production Company:** MJM Media/MADD

**Producers:** Laure McCurlie and Marci McCurlie

**Callbacks:** October 4<sup>th</sup>

**Outside Dates:** November 6<sup>th</sup>-10<sup>th</sup> \*We will also need the talent for a day or two for prep prior to filming.

**Rate:** \$206.25 per day.

**Shoot Location:** Mississauga and Halton

**MADD Website:** <http://madd.ca/pages/>

### **DEADLINE FOR SELF-TAPES:**

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2017 by 3:00PM EST**

Any questions can be sent to [notomorrowcasting@gmail.com](mailto:notomorrowcasting@gmail.com)  
PLEASE READ THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE WEBSITE CAREFULLY BEFORE  
EMAILING.

You do not need to email for permission to submit!

*NO phone calls please!*

## **PSA SYNOPSIS**

High school kids Marcus and his band mates (Trevor (bass), Corina (lead guitar) and Lee (drums) have scored big. They won a battle of the bands and got a free recording session at Metalworks, Canada's leading recording studio. Marcus has written a special song "No Tomorrow".

When they record the demo, the studio owner Gil Moore thinks they have real talent and invites them to audition to enroll at the Metalworks Institute, a school for serious musicians. Before the audition, Trevor starts drinking to calm his nerves and gets drunk. After the audition, Metalworks only wants Marcus in the school; they are not impressed with Trevor's behaviour. Trevor overhears them offering Marcus a position at the Institute , and he leaves in anger.

Marcus and the drummer Lee try to console him, and get into the car with him, Trevor lights up a joint, and drives recklessly scaring the other passengers. Ultimately, they crash, killing Marcus & Lee, and injuring Trevor. Marcus' mother Linda is devastated.

A few weeks later, Cory goes to visit Linda to offer condolences and give her an unplugged acoustic mix of Marcus' song. Linda refuses to open the door, but later picks up the USB stick to play the music. The film ends with a montage of Linda in Marcus' room, listening to the poignant song her dead son had written as she sits alone in his room full of his memories.

**CONTINUE TO FOLLOWING PAGES FOR  
AUDITION FORMS AND REQUIREMENTS**

# **Actor Information Form**

**For Talent Over 18 Years old**

Full Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_

City You and Province Live In: \_\_\_\_\_ Citizenship: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Cell Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Please send us your headshot and resume when sending your audition tape!

## **If you have an agent:**

Agent name: \_\_\_\_\_ Agent contact: \_\_\_\_\_

(If you have an agent, please allow them to submit your audition package).

# **Actor Information Form**

**For Talent UNDER 18 Years old**

*(Parents must fill this out for their child/children)*

Full Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_ Grade: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_

City You and Province Live In: \_\_\_\_\_ Citizenship: \_\_\_\_\_

Parent's Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Parent's Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Parent's Cell Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Have they ever acted before (school plays, classes, etc)? If so, please specify:

Special skills (Languages they can speak, anything extra special they can do):

## **If they have an agent:**

Agent name: \_\_\_\_\_ Agent contact: \_\_\_\_\_

(If they have an agent, please allow them to submit your child's audition package).

**Parental/Guardian Consent Form**  
**For Talent UNDER 18 Years old**  
*(Parents must fill this out for their child/children)*

Parent/Guardian Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Parent/Guardian Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Parent/Guardian Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

I consent to have my son/daughter/ward \_\_\_\_\_  
send their electronic audition for the casting! I understand that this is  
not a promise of employment. I agree to accompany my  
son/daughter/ward to any requested additional casting sessions, as  
needed.

Full Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Electronic Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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ALL INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO SELF-TAPE ARE ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS  
AUDITON PACKAGE

Any questions can be sent to: [notomorrowcasting@gmail.com](mailto:notomorrowcasting@gmail.com)

PARENTS, PLEASE READ THE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY BEFORE EMAILING.  
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*NO phone calls please*

# TIPS FOR SELF TAPES

## PLEASE READ CAREFULLY!!!

1. Frame yourself (the talent) from head to toe. Start off with a brief introduction into camera: state your **NAME**, **HEIGHT**, and **LOCATION**.  
*\*\*\*In order to be considered you must be a Toronto Local\*\*\**
2. Now, zoom in so that you're framed from the top of the head to the mid chest area **ONLY** and keep that frame for the entire scene. There should be little to no space over the top of your head. Be sure that the lighting is bright. Make sure that the sound quality is clear (especially for the **MUSIC** portion). It is very important that we can clearly see and hear you.
3. For the **READER**- Stand beside the camera opposite the talent, and make sure the talent is using you, the reader, for their eye line and **NOT** looking into the camera. Make sure to use a nice clear voice, make it easy for the actor to respond to you
4. Now, perform the attached scenes, your choice of music on the appropriate instrument! Feel free to tape the scene as many times as you'd like, but only send us **one** take, the **BEST** take for the scenes, and your playing. **ALL SCRIPTED MATERIAL IS ATTACHED!**
5. Remember to look natural, just like yourself and have fun!
6. Send everything in **ONE** email to [notomorrowcasting@gmail.com](mailto:notomorrowcasting@gmail.com). Audition videos should be sent via a link such as YouTube. **Please make sure to set the privacy settings so that the video is UNLISTED. Auditions must not be made public. Auditions must also NOT BE LISTED AS PRIVATE. If you send us a private link we will be e-mailing you to change it to unlisted.**

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**SEND SELF-TAPES DIRECTLY TO: [notomorrowcasting@gmail.com](mailto:notomorrowcasting@gmail.com)**

*Due to the large number of respondents, we ask that there be  
NO PHONE CALLS, please!*

## **SUBMISSION CHECK LIST**

This is everything you will need to send us in order for you to be considered!

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Actor Information Form

Parent/Guardian Consent form (for talent under 18 years old)

An acting resume if you have one (if not the information sheet above will be fine!)

A recent photo (we need to see your face and teeth clearly; it does not need to be a professional headshot. This could even be a candid photo – as long as it looks just like you and you're the only one in the photo!)

Your self taped audition (sides, and musical performance)  
(This should be sent via a link such as YouTube. *Please set the privacy setting so that the video is UNLISTED. (Auditions MUST NOT be PUBLIC or PRIVATE). SCRIPTED AUDITION MATERIAL IS ATTACHED.*

NOTE: Your audition submissions will NOT be considered if any of the forms are missing. If you have an agent please allow them to submit you.

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## AUDITION/ SELF-TAPE PACKAGE

for

MADD PSA “NO TOMORROW”

### **ROLE: MARCUS CAVANAUGH**

#### **CHARACTER DESCRIPTION:**

Male, 16-19 years old. The lead lyricist and vocalist for a four-person rock band, Marcus is the son of single mother Linda Cavanaugh, and he makes second-hand clothes look good. A genuinely talented perfectionist who believes in twice as much rehearsal as his bandmates prefer, Marcus works them strenuously when they record a demo at the Metalworks recording studio, and he’s the real reason they get a collective audition for the Metalworks music school. But only is Marcus is tapped to go forward by the head of the school, and bandmate Trevor is in such a foul, bitterly vindictive mood afterwards that he crashes the band’s van, killing Marcus... LEAD

**\*\*\*YOU MUST BE A STRONG SINGER AND MUST ALSO PLAY GUITAR\*\*\***

**\*\*\*YOU MUST BE A TORONTO LOCAL\*\*\***

#### **AUDITION REQUIREMENT:**

Please prepare everything in this audition package.

Everything you need to have a successful audition is in the audition package

#### **AUDITION NOTES:**

##### **FOR YOUR SELF-TAPE**

- SLATE (NOTE: Please make sure in your slate to state your NAME, HEIGHT, AGE (this is only if you are younger than 18 years old), and where you live in Canada
- Please perform the sides (make sure your sides are memorized)
- Then sing a song of your choice, and play the guitar.

*NOTE: We need to get a sense of your voice and guitar skills. Pick a song that shows the best of your abilities*

NOTE: Please make sure in your slate to state your NAME, HEIGHT, and where you live in Canada.

**NO PHONE CALLS PLEASE**



Blue Rev. (mm/dd/yy)

11.

LINDA  
Burning the midnight oil?

MARCUS  
The candle, actually, but both  
ends.

Linda clears some stuff off of his amp and sits on it.

LINDA  
I still haven't heard it.

MARCUS  
Once our guy masters the demo, I'll  
play it for you.

LINDA  
You could play it for me now...?

MARCUS  
Mom. I'm just trying to get some  
lyrics down.

LINDA  
Isn't the song done?

Marcus looks up, then sighs. He leans back.

→  
START Sc. 1

MARCUS  
I just want to make sure it's good  
enough for the audition. It's a big  
opportunity. I don't wanna let 'em  
down.

LINDA  
I know. Did I mention how proud of  
you I was?

MARCUS  
One hundred and forty seven times.  
You're closing in on a world  
record.

LINDA  
But no matter how proud I am of you--  
-

MARCUS  
--One forty eight--

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

LINDA

You still need sleep. You have all day tomorrow to write to your heart's content, but tonight, you sleep. Fair?

MARCUS

Fair.

Marcus shuts his notebook as his mom gets up and puts the empty glass on the counter.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)

This could be big.

LINDA

Yeah.

MARCUS

If we nail this audition at Metalworks, then. Mom, I could actually do this. I could play music for a living, my music, in front of people that don't go to my school. Heh. How cool would that be? And if I don't nail the audition...

LINDA

You're scared.

MARCUS

I don't want to be.

Marcus peeks at his mom. She's thinking.

LINDA

When your dad left. I was terrified.

Marcus just nods tentatively: this is new territory.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I just stared at that note for hours until you got home from school. And I knew I'd be allright. We'd be all right.

MARCUS

How?

LINDA

I uh. I closed my eyes. Counted from one to ten. And I imagined our tomorrow. You and I, how we'd be. I imagined us happy. And laughing. And okay. And I knew if I could picture it, I could make it happen.

\*  
\*

MARCUS

Mom...

Linda has extended herself too far. She reels it in:

LINDA

So. If you're a little scared. Just picture it all working out. Count to ten. And it will.

\*  
\*

Marcus nods.

\*

MARCUS

Thanks, mom. For everything.

Now it's Linda's turn to nod as she walks to the doorway.

\*

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Cool if everyone comes over before the audition?

\*

LINDA

If you clean the basement afterwards.

MARCUS

Deal. Night.

She disappears around the corner, heading downstairs.

\*

LINDA (O.S.)

I'm proud of you!

\*

MARCUS

That's it! I'm calling Guinness!



END Sc. 1

\*

Marcus shakes his head with a smile and looks around his room. Could he really join these gods?

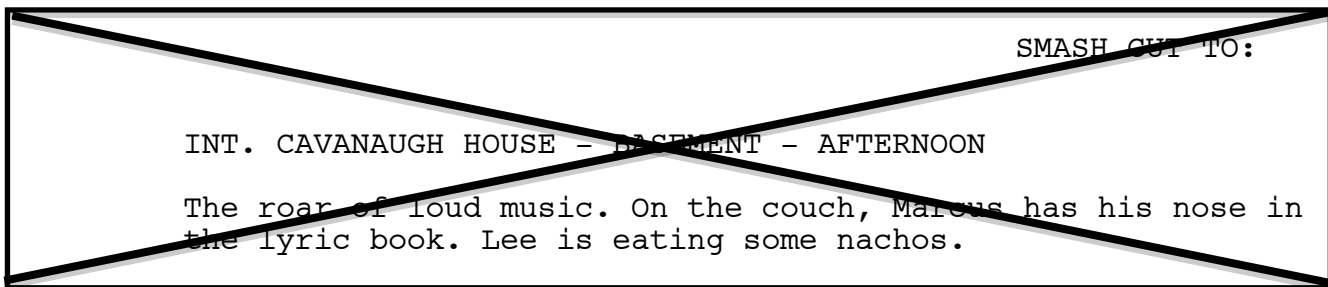
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\*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAVANAUGH HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

\*

The roar of loud music. On the couch, Marcus has his nose in the lyric book. Lee is eating some nachos.



Trevor pushes Marcus back and leaves the studio. \*

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON \*

Trevor storms into the parking lot with his bass in the bag,  
he's a little in the bag himself. \*

He wipes his lips clean with a sleeve. Marcus is hot on his  
tracks.

Corina and Lee run out after them. Trevor gets in his car.  
Marcus is at the driver's door. Lee goes to the passenger  
door. \*

START Sc. 2 →

MARCUS  
C'mon, Trev. You can't drive like  
this man. \*

Trevor looks at Marcus through the window and revs up the  
car. \*

CORINA  
Lee. \*

LEE  
What, am I going to take a taxi?  
I'm not made of money. \*

Lee gets in. The passenger side door is still open as Marcus  
rounds the car. \*

MARCUS  
Julian doesn't know what he's  
talking about man. You know how to  
play, you just got a little too  
'relaxed'. \*

TREVOR  
Whatever. \*

Trevor takes the car out of park. He grits his teeth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
In or out. \*

Marcus looks back to Corina. She makes a drinking sign.  
Marcus swivels back to Trevor.

MARCUS  
You shouldn't drive, man... \*

TREVOR  
In or out, Marcus.

Marcus looks back at Corina and she shakes her head slightly.

MARCUS  
I can't let him go like this.

CORINA  
But, Marcus I--

Marcus climbs in and before he shuts the door.

MARCUS  
The things we do for our friends. ← END Sc. 2

He smiles at her confidently, as they take off on screeching wheels.

Corina watches them tear out of the parking lot.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Music is blaring on the radio \*

Lee is thrown around in the back with the sharp turns.

LEE  
Hey, watch it, man. I'm sitting on sticks.

Marcus reaches over and turns down the music, Trevor reacts, swatting his hand away. \*

START Sc. 3 →

MARCUS  
Turn it down man, you can't hear yourself think. \*

Trevor, distraught, sighs, as he over-reacted, and turns the music down. Then he reaches into the glove compartment and takes out a joint and a lighter. \*

TREVOR  
It's just so unfair man...

Trevor takes another sharp turn, the speedometer sinks.

MARCUS  
I know dude.

TREVOR  
I practice, I take lessons. What do you do? Just scribble in that book!

Trevor tries to light up without his hands on the wheel. \*

MARCUS

Yeah, okay... Just, maybe you should slow down, you know. Or pull over.

TREVOR

When am I gonna get a break? Huh?

Trevor sucks in some smoke.

\*

MARCUS

That's right, man. It's hard. I know that. I've been there with you. But look, like, Julian said we could all audition again next year. We just practice up and... You know? Or maybe the demo will--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TREVOR

Julian. He hated me, man. And he loved you. You got in. You got that.

\*  
\*

His foot pushes further on the pedal.

LEE

Trev, man, slow down. My turn's coming up.

TREVOR

(to Marcus)

You get everything! You get everything and you don't even want it. You get in, but no, you don't want that.

\*

LEE

That's. Okay, now you missed my street.

TREVOR

You even get Corina, but do you want her? Do you?

Lee gets out her phone. She starts to dial 911.

MARCUS

Corina?

LEE

Yea, hello, I need to report an impaired driver---

\*  
\*

TREVOR

What the hell are you doing?

Trevor reaches back for the phone and the car veers to the side on the road.

MARCUS

Trevor... Trevor! Hang up the phone!

\*  
\*

Trevor's reaching for the phone, there's a car coming, headlights blowing them up.

Lee hangs up the phone.

\*

TREVOR

What the hell, Lee!? You called the cops on me?

\*  
\*

Trevor turns his bleary eyes back to the road and swerves back into their lane, avoiding getting hit by the car. Lee and Marcus scream in fright as it narrowly misses them.

\*

LEE

Let me out of the car!!

MARCUS

Trev. C'mon man.

The car just goes faster and faster. There are tears in Trevor's eyes. Trevor's a little frightened now.

\*

TREVOR

I'm sorry. Okay. I'm sorry. I got a little out of control.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARCUS

It's cool, man. Right Lee? It's cool. Just pull the car over. We can talk it out, just pull over he car.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TREVOR

It's okay. I got this--

← END Sc. 3

And the car hits the passenger side of the shoulder: Trevor over-adjusted. The tires tread up dust, the steering wheel jerks, Trevor jerks it back, eyes wide and--

We're thrown into slow motion as the car skids sideways and they start to roll.