

*Instructions: Please record yourself performing these lines. You can record in something like Audacity, if you don't already have appropriate software. If possible, record your audio in a place with lots of furniture/things on the walls to help with echoing. I recommend recording in a closet if possible. Save the recording as an MP4, and make the file name either your name or your discord username, and then send it to Alice either through discord (username is Alyshara), email ([alicesimmsmangian@gmail.com](mailto:alicesimmsmangian@gmail.com)), or by uploading it to something like Google Drive and then giving her access through Google drive. Please be aware that these audition tapes are NOT private, and will be reviewed by both Alice & Kingthingg extensively as they go through the casting process.*

*State your name, and then read your lines. When you are finished, please also give an example of a grunt, a shout, a growl, and if you feel comfortable, sexual moans. If you don't feel comfortable, that's fine, but be aware that you will be reducing possible casting options, as some character will have explicit sex scenes (for example, Neena Brando in season 1.)*

*If you are comfortable with performing both masculine & feminine characters, please do this TWICE, once in a masculine voice and once in a feminine voice. Please record this as two separate audio files, and then name them appropriately.*

Example:

AlysharaFemme.mp4

AlysharaMasc.mp4

Art Direction: Please read this with as much or little emotion as you deem appropriate.

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Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth, whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul, whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet, and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword, I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.