



CASTING CALL

About She Was Walking Home

It is impossible to ignore the increase in discussions around girls and women's feelings of safety and experiences of fear and harassment when walking through the places they live. With even more people asking 'what can I do to help?'

This is why She Was Walking Home was created. In 2021 we interviewed 33 women living, working and studying in York to amplify their experience and to raise awareness of the impact our actions can have on those around us. Now a touring production and workshop package that explores women's safety in different situations, at different stages of life and with different outcomes, we are bringing She Was Walking Home to schools, colleges and universities to engage students in these vital conversations and to empower them to know they can make a change both now and in the future. This follows an extremely impactful tour in Autumn/Winter 2023 engaging over 1000 students across York and North Yorkshire.

To familiarise yourself with the content of the production, you can listen to the 4 monologues that make up She Was Walking Home, [here](#), and a short trailer from last year's tour can be found [here](#).

The performance is 1 hour long, made up of 4, 10-15 minute monologues.

Casting Breakdown

Next Door But One is looking to recruit 2 actor/facilitators, to join the company as swings (covering 2 of the 4 roles each). Ideally based in York/North Yorkshire due to locations of the tour.

Role 1 -Millie/Cate: Female identifying actor, playing age 18-25.

This actor will be playing Millie and Cate in some performances on the tour as well as understudying both roles.

- Millie - Millie is a young woman, a college student, and we meet her on her way to work early one morning. We hear all the thoughts that go through her head, and all the things that she has been told about walking on her own. She is ultimately upbeat and positive but the world around her and what other people have said make her fearful and feel paranoid.
- Cate - Cate is a university student who has just got home after a night out. She tells her housemate all about what happened to her. Being followed home has made her understandably confused, but ultimately angry; at what happened, about how she has been spoken to and where blame is being placed.

Role 2 - Female identifying actor, playing age 40-55

This actor will be playing Jackie and Joanne in some performances on the tour as well as understudying both roles.

- Jackie-Jackie has gone to the police station to report an incident. Her friend, Mags, has come with her. Jackie is clearly hurt from her experience, but feels like she is an inconvenience to the police. In recounting what happened to her, she moves through her feelings of upset and shame by deflecting with humour and anecdotes.
- Joanne- Joanne is talking about her experience of sexual assault in a school assembly in an all boys school, to raise awareness. She is articulate, empowered, yet informal and approachable.

Notes on Who We Are Looking For

To represent the diversity of the young audiences we will be engaging, we are particularly interested in hearing from Global Majority and LGBTQ+ actors.

Both actors will be taking part in workshops after the production, facilitated by NDB1's Artistic Director and Associate Director. Experience of facilitation, working with teenagers/young adults is essential, as well as feeling comfortable working in a range of school settings and with challenging subject matter. DBS check essential, driver with own car preferable as the show will be touring across York and North Yorkshire.

Dates And Fees

- Rehearsal Dates: 7 days from 9th-20th September
- Tour Dates: 10 days across October 2023-February 2025 (exact dates TBC but confirmed before contracting. Aiming to give 2+ performance dates to Swings as minimum).
- Location: York (venue TBC) for rehearsals and schools/colleges/universities across North Yorkshire for touring.
- Fee: Equity/ITC, plus travel expenses for touring. Actors will be paid for all rehearsals and then a day rate for every performance date taken up. This is a freelance contract and actors will be responsible for paying their own tax.

About Next Door But One

Next Door But One (NDB1) are an award-winning LGBTQ+ and disability-led theatre company based in York, promoting creative skills and encouraging community cohesion, particularly with those who face barriers to accessing theatre.

Our established programme focuses on workshops and performances for and with cohorts of the community with disabilities, mental ill health, those experiencing bereavement, unpaid carers, girls and women from lower socioeconomic backgrounds, and individuals from the LGBTQ+ community. Our activity ranges from workshops to touring performances, training programmes and professional development opportunities. Our partners currently include The Snappy Trust, Camphill Village Trust, Converge, York Carers Centre, IDAS and Clifton Green Primary School. Our mission is to connect people to their creativity and community through the theatre we make and the stories we tell. Our vision is for the arts to play an integral role in unleashing the true potential of every community; to tell every story, to hear every voice and champion the contribution every person makes. Through theatre we can show a world where everything is possible!

In 2023 we joined Arts Council England's Investment Programme as a National Portfolio Organisation, became a Visit York Tourism Award Winner in 'Resilience and Innovation', and recently won the award for 'Outstanding Talent' in the York Mix Hero Awards. For more information visit:

www.nextdoorbutone.co.uk

As an equal opportunities and [Disability Confident Committed](#) employer, and [PiPA Charter Partner](#) we are always happy to discuss solutions that allow people to balance and contribute all aspects of their identity with their working life. We will always endeavour where possible to put in place practices for all our company members to contribute their fullest. If you need any support in applying, please do not hesitate to get in touch.

To Apply

Please complete [this Equal Opportunities Monitoring Form](#), and send the following to ndb1arts@gmail.com:

- CV or Spotlight/Mandy link or equivalent.
- Showreel (optional).
- A short statement on your relevant experience both as an actor and facilitator.
- Selftape of the 2 short character speeches relating to the role you are applying for (see appendix). Please note this can be read and does not need to be learned. Please do not worry about selftape quality - a video of you reading the short texts, recorded on a smartphone or similar will suffice.

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS: Monday 29th April, 9:00am

- Shortlisted, in-person auditionees will be notified by the end of Tuesday 7th May.
- Audition date - Wednesday 22nd May (45 minute slot, at a York city centre location)

Appendix

Text for Role 1 - Millie/Cate

Millie:

[Millie is walking to work. It is early morning. It is dark. She has missed her bus]

What's that? Something moving behind that car. Is it a dog? Oh my god. What's he doing? Oh god, what a weirdo. Crouching behind a car. What's he doing? Has he seen me looking at him? Just keep walking. Maybe he dropped something. Don't look round. Just walk. A bit faster. Faster. Lalalaa. It's just you, Millie. Just in your head. Just in your head. Oh my god is he following me? He's not following me. He's not following you, Millie, no one's following anyone. You've been watching too many Netflix crime shows with Mum. Just get to the main road. It'll be fine on the main road - oh god. I can hear footsteps. Don't look round. Don't pretend you've noticed - I'll ring Mum. Oh no she'll kill me. She'll kill me for walking to work on my own. She'll say you should've got up earlier then you wouldn't have missed your bus. She always says, always says don't walk home on your own. Like I'm five - Oh frig he's behind me... Oh god, call Mum. But she says, she always says never get your phone out when you're out on the street, makes you an easy target - I can smell chip fat. Oh god. Chip fat? Crap.

Cate:

[Cate has had an unpleasant night out with her uni friends, and on her way home she has been stopped by the police. She is telling the story to her housemate]

So I'm pulling my phone out of my bag when (she takes a breath) this car pulls up beside me. I think it's a taxi dropping someone off, so I carry on, but then they wind the window down. 'Excuse me?' And, honest to god, my heart lurches. I don't look round, I just carry on walking, but they follow. 'It's all right, it's all right.' And I look and... it's the police. It's the soddin' police / No don't laugh. So I stop and he says 'you're being followed', and I think, yeah, by you two you weirdos. He says 'there's a man following you'. I turn round, I can't help it. But he's gone. Whoever he is. 'How far have you got to go?' So I tell him I'm in halls. He says, 'we'll make sure you get home ok' I just nod and then he adds, 'didn't you have a friend you could walk back with?' but I'm too busy trying to work out who's been following me to answer him / I don't know, do I?

Text for Role 2 - Jakie/Joanne

Jackie:

[Jackie sits in a police interview room, sat next to her best friend Mags. She is clearly uncomfortable about being there]

It's a long time since I walked home with my keys between my fingers. I'm not a victim. I don't know why I'm here. I can handle myself. If it had just been about the bag, then I wouldn't be here. I'd be over it now. Forgotten. Actually, for the record, I was doing fine regardless. But it's her who's made the fuss. Her that's made me come. I don't know what to say. / What did they look like? Lads. They were just lads, officer. Messing about. / Oh, young, I don't know, everyone looks young to me these days. A bit younger than Our Michael. He's just finished his first term at uni, you know. Liverpool. He's loving it. / Let me think. They were wearing hoodies. That narrow it down? Four of them, there were four of them. One was on a bike. You know, those little bikes that look far too small for them. I mean, they look ridiculous, like they've borrowed their little brother's trike. Knees wide. Riding up and down. Apparently it's cool. What do I know? I was never cool. You were quite cool, at school, weren't you Mags? Me, not me. I'd watch the boys eyeing you when you walked past. You pretended you didn't notice. Pretended to hate it. What I would've given for someone to look my way - I couldn't say that to you though, it'd only set you off on one of your feminist rants. But then, that's what made you cool, I suppose. Any little attention my way, I lapped it up, even though I knew it was second hand / I'm just saying, Mags. Right, yes, officer, sorry I diverge. Is that everything, can I go? / What happened? Oh what happened.

Joanne:

{Joanne is telling her experience to a school hall of boys. She is animated, engaging, yet extremely clear and articulate with what she is saying and why.}

I pass under the bridge and out back into the early evening summer sky, and there's cars about and people walking their dogs after work. And I'm dreaming about the weekend and campervan shopping with Alex - she's persuaded me that it'll be a trial run for living together - and I turn the corner off the main road into a quieter street, and there's this man sat at a bus stop. And as I walk past he says something I don't catch. I look round and I panic, because I think he must recognise me and I haven't a clue who he is, but then I think he must be one of the men that come into the hostel where I volunteer, so I said, 'Hello'. And he says, 'Are you working?' 'No, I'm just on my way home.' And then he said 'Pity.' Which I thought was odd at the time, but it didn't ring alarm bells until he said 'Would you make an exception?' and pointed to his crotch. Well, I just laughed. I mean, it was just so retro. Trying to pick up a sex worker off the street, I thought that was all done online now. So I said something to that effect and started to make a hasty retreat, but, from nowhere, there's this other man appeared behind me. Blocking my way. And even then, even then I don't properly clock what's going on. 'Excuse me,' I said. Excuse me. So polite.