

CHOSEN

Audition Sides — a short film by Michelle E. Farley

ROLE: JANICE — Lead · Woman · 70s (mid-60s–70s) | \$300/day × 2 days | Shoot: Oct 10–11, 2026,
Columbus OH | Self-tape due Mon, Aug 31

This role is written for an African American performer. Extensive credits are not required — all experience levels are welcome.

Self-tape: slate (name, role, city), film horizontally chest-up, use an off-camera reader, make a strong choice. Send an unlisted link named LASTNAME_FIRSTNAME_ROLE.

Submit to: **chosenauditions@gmail.com**

Everyone auditioning for this role reads the same material. Please tape only the scene below — there is nothing else to prepare. If we invite you to callbacks, we'll send additional scenes then.

SELF-TAPE SIDE — Janice & Cadence (the morning after)

What we're watching for: comic timing, deadpan delivery, and a woman who refuses to be scolded by her own granddaughter. Janice has just told her granddaughter there's a dead man on her couch and she is not remotely sorry.

INT. JANICE'S HOME – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Cadence surveys the room and locks eyes with a very stiff Harold.

CADENCE

(reader)

NJ... why is this man sitting here like— Oh shit!
How long has he been like this?

JANICE

I woke up a few hours ago to start the coffee pot,
and there he was. I shook him a little, and when I
realized he was dead, I didn't know what to do or
think, so I called you.

CADENCE

(reader)

So, how long did the ambulance say it would be
here?

JANICE

Didn't you hear me? I only called you. I figured I
might need a lawyer and knew my Cadence could
help.

CADENCE

(reader)

Me? Grandma, I'm not a lawyer. I'm barely a
paralegal.

JANICE

You know the law, and I know if needed, you would
help me move a body. Same thing.

CADENCE

(reader)

No, no, it's not the same thing! There will not be any dead bodies in my car today.

JANICE

Do you remember Cleveland?

CADENCE

(reader)

Oh, here we go again with Cleveland!

JANICE

Yup, good ole NJ. Picking up a body and dropping it off like a FedEx package.

JANICE

(turning on Harold)

Do you think I wanted this? Harold was alive last night. We had a beautiful evening; we danced, laughed, talked, and made love... FUCK – HAROLD! You ruined a fantastic evening.

CADENCE

(reader)

Please don't yell at the dead man.