

AUDITION CALL – “Café Trauma”

A poetic one-act play about healing, memory, and the invisible weight we carry.

To be performed at the **FEATS Fringe Festival**, June 6–9, 2025, in Hamburg. The exact date of the performance will be announced once it's determined. The performance takes place once.

We are seeking:

- **5–6 actors** of any gender, age 20–50
 - **5 dancers** (contemporary or physical theatre background encouraged)
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Audition Details

Dates & Times:

- **April 15 (Online):** 18:00 – 20:00 (*Zoom link will be provided upon request*)
- **April 16 (In Person – IAAK):** 17:00 – 19:00 (*Acting-focused*)
- **April 17 (In Person – AiB):** 17:00 – 19:00 (*Dance workshop + movement-based auditions*)

Locations:

- **IAAK:** Rabinstraße 8, Bonn
- **AiB:** Wilhelmstraße 27, Bonn

Note: April 17 includes the dance workshop. Dancers and movement-based performers are especially encouraged to attend this session.

What to bring/wear:

- Comfortable clothing for movement
 - A bottle of water
 - (Optional) headshot or resume
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Actor Audition Texts

Monologue Option 1

What is hell? Is it fire? A pit of torment? A prison built from the sins we refused to repent? Or is it something... softer? Something that lingers not in the depths below, but within us?

Dante tells us it is a place of precision. A kingdom of suffering, measured and deliberate. In his *Inferno*, the guilty descend in rings of despair, each punishment crafted to mirror their crime. The lustful are swept by violent winds, never at rest. The greedy, forced to push great weights, colliding endlessly. It

is a grand design of justice, a terrible symmetry. But Dante's hell is built on consequence—on the idea that what we do *here* shapes what we suffer *there*.....

And yet, Dostoevsky whispers something more frightening still. In *The Brothers Karamazov*, Ivan tells us that hell is not a place at all. "*Hell is the suffering of being unable to love.*" No demons, no flames—just a heart locked away from kindness. A soul that has lost the ability to reach another. What worse prison could there be than a world without love?.....

And then... there is C.S. Lewis. His hell is not grand like Dante's, nor suffocating like Sartre's. His hell is *small. Petty*. In *The Great Divorce*, souls refuse heaven—not because they are punished, but because they *choose* their own misery. They clutch their grievances, their pride, their bitterness, until they shrink into shadows of themselves. His hell is not fire—it is refusal. Refusal to let go. Refusal to grow.

So what is hell, then?

Is it fire, or silence? Is it regret, or resistance? Is it punishment, or the prison of our own minds?

Or perhaps...

Perhaps hell is merely a question—one that we each must answer for ourselves.

Monologue Option 2

You think I'm angry, don't you? Everyone does. It's the first thing people see. Like a flashing neon sign—ANGER, RIGHT THIS WAY! But they don't ask why. No one ever asks why. They just flinch or roll their eyes or tell me to calm down. Like that's some kind of magic spell. Calm down. As if it's that easy.

Do you know what it feels like? To carry something so heavy it grinds you down, but no one else can see it? They just see the smoke, not the fire that's eating you alive. And yeah, maybe I lash out. Maybe I throw punches or words or whatever I've got because it's the only way I know to feel real. To feel anything.

But the truth? The truth is, I'm not angry. Not really. I'm scared. Scared that if I stop fighting, if I stop clawing and pushing and screaming, there'll be nothing left. Just this... void. A big, empty black hole where I used to be.

You know what's funny? People think rebellion is freedom. Like, "Oh, look at her. She doesn't care about anything. She's so fearless." But that's not it. That's not it at all. Rebellion isn't freedom. It's a cage. A bigger one than the one you're already stuck in. Because you're not fighting the system, or the world, or whatever. You're fighting yourself. And you never win.

But what else am I supposed to do? Sit quietly? Let it swallow me whole? No. No way. I can't do that. If I stop moving, if I stop burning, then it wins. It *wins*.

And if it wins... then what was the point of any of this?

Monologue Option 3

You know, people always say, “Just let it out.” Like it’s this easy thing. Like words are some kind of magic spell that’ll make everything... lighter. But what if you don’t have the words? What if they’re stuck somewhere deep, coiled around your ribs, squeezing so tight you can’t breathe?

I try. I do. But every time I get close, it’s like standing at the edge of a cliff. My body freezes. My tongue goes still. And I think, what if I jump? What if I fall so far there’s no coming back?

People look at me and think I’m fine. They see someone who gets up, goes to work, maybe even smiles at strangers in line. But they don’t see the weight. God, the weight. It’s like dragging a shadow that’s heavier than me. Some days, I swear it’s going to pull me under.

And you know the worst part? It’s not even the thing that happened. It’s not. It’s the silence afterward. It’s the way you look at people you love and think, “If I tell them, they’ll look at me different.” Or worse, they’ll try to fix me. Like I’m broken glass they can glue back together, but the cracks will always be there.

I hate this. I hate that I can’t scream or cry or... or even say it. I hate that it’s inside me, like a splinter buried so deep you can’t pull it out. And I hate—

(Pauses, voice trembling now.)

—I hate that some part of me doesn’t want to.

Because if I let it out, if I speak, then it’s real. And if it’s real... I don’t know who I’ll be after that.

Dancer Audition Material

Choreographed Phrase

You will learn a short phrase in the audition, focused on grounded, expressive movement—no technical background required, but contemporary/physical theatre experience is helpful.

Improvisation Prompt

Theme: *Shedding and Becoming*

“Use your body to explore the moment when something inside you breaks open. How does that feel in your spine? In your hands? Let it be slow, personal, and honest. This is not a performance—this is a process.”

You’ll have 30 seconds of silence, followed by music (ambient/electronic) to transition into movement.

MODERATOR/CONTACT

Directed by: Sepideh Tafazzoli

Choreographed by: Vanessa Basilio de Luca

Contact: hello@circetheatre.eu

Rehearsals will begin in **late April**, with a flexible schedule to be coordinated with the cast following auditions.

Given the short preparation period, **full attendance at all scheduled rehearsals is mandatory**. We aim to create a cohesive and unified performance where the **theatrical and choreographed elements are fully synchronized**—this requires commitment, consistency, and collaboration from the entire ensemble.

Please only audition if you are able to **prioritize and adhere to the rehearsal schedule**.

Performance: FEATS Festival, June 6–9 (as of now travel & accommodation costs are covered by the individuals but we will try to find the cheapest available options).

Since the play will be performed during the day, the transfer back to Bonn on the same day is possible. Overnight stay is not a requirement.