

JURANGO

Casting Call



Trudy (“Tru”) Garranger

Instructions:

- **DO NOT SHARE THIS DOCUMENT WITH ANYONE.** The screenplay is still in draft and will change before Season 1 recordings begin this Fall.
- Your character's lines for the audition are highlighted in yellow.
- Bring your imagination to the performances. Use the character's backstory below, their appearance, and the details in the screenplay to bring the character's voice and movements to life as you envision them.
- Feel free to peruse the Jurango website to glean other information about the story if you wish.
- Upload the resulting video to the cloud where it can be accessed (e.g., YouTube, Vimeo, Google Photos, Apple iCloud). If you set permissions to private, please be sure that I have access to the file! If you don't have a means to upload your performance, send me an email and we'll work out a means to get the video to me.
- Email a link to your video to: jdhart.author@gmail.com, and include a resume of acting experience if you have any.
- Don't forget that you can submit recordings for as many characters as you wish.
- Email me (Jim Hart) with your questions and comments, and I'll get back to you as soon as possible: jdhart.author@gmail.com
- **The deadline for submitting your video recordings is April 15th!**

Character's Backstory:

Tru's inquisitiveness and powers of observation have landed her as the Inspector General (I.G.) of the citadel, Jurango. She is also an experienced fighter in the Rangers League. Having been in many brutal campaigns beyond the walls, she has learned to not develop attachments. She prefers working alone, which makes her job as IG the perfect assignment, that is, until Erik shows up at her doorstep. She is suspicious of everyone and their motives, and believes punishment is the only way to reform a bad person. Easily angered, she works hard to keep her emotions in check.

Audition Script:

Setting: As I.G., Tru has taken on a perplexing investigation: to discover why there has been a sudden uptick of goblin encounters beyond the citadel walls. On this afternoon, while sitting at the top of the village windmill (her favorite secluded spot) and pondering how to proceed, a young Cleric appears, throwing her whole world into chaos.

EXT. JURANGO VILLAGE - DAY

SCENE 7. Set 2.

A few distant-view scenes of Erik asking several locals where he might find Tru, each shrugging indifferently and walking away. Finally, Erik asks the blacksmith hammering on a dented shield. The smithy pauses, points toward the windmill, shakes his head as he says something, then returns to his labors. Erik turns, his eyes tracing slowing up the tall structure, stopping at the figure he saw earlier still sitting at the end of a platform near the top. He gestures his thanks and moves that way.

AT THE TOP OF THE WINDMILL

In the failing light of the setting sun, several wooden gears turn slowly above a wood floor to loud CREAKS and POPS. A hatch door opens in the floor, and a moment later, Erik's head pops through. He looks about, then, thrusting the hatch wide, climbs up through the portal. He steadies himself as he takes in the high vantage point, Jurango village spread out far below.

At the far end of a narrow ledge sits a woman staring out onto the village, her legs dangling over the side. Wood GROANS as windmill arms churn gently past.

Erik takes a deep breath and shuffles over to the ledge, the windmill arms churning past.

TRU

There's a reason I like coming up here.

Erik peers down, his arm twisted about a nearby beam of wood.

ERIK

(eyes fixed on the ground
far below)

Oh? Why's that?

TRU

So people will leave me alone.

ERIK

The smithy mentioned you aren't the type to appreciate unexpected company.

TRU

(chuckling)

I knew there was a reason I like the smithy.

A few moments pass. Tru looks over her shoulder.

TRU

Not good at taking hints, huh?

ERIK

I guess I could have waited down below, but I wasn't sure how long you'd be.

Tru tilts forward, suddenly absorbed with a conversation happening in the open yard near the gatehouse.

ERIK

I just arrived and I really could use a hot meal and bath.

TRU

(still looking down)

If you're looking for a chambermaid, you REALLY are in the wrong place.

Erik seems unable to pull his eyes from the ground.

ERIK

Huh? OH. NO. The commander told me to find you.

TRU

Tomas? Why would that arrogant windbag...

Tru jerks her head about with sudden interest.

TRU

Wait. Tell me he didn't assign you...? Why that pompous...

Tru pauses, taking a moment to control her temper.

TRU

Sorry, kid, no offense, but I work alone. I've got a difficult case at the moment and I don't have time to nurse-feed a snot-rag puffball.

ERIK

Tomas mentioned some kind of investigation. I'm good at solving problems. I could help...

TRU

Look, I'm sure you mean well. But I'm not trying to solve why the head cook can't properly grill a steak,...

(incredulously)

or who keeps leaving their wet underwear hanging outside my bedchamber window.

Tru takes a second look at Erik hugging the post.

TRU

No thanks. You'd just slow me down. Go back to that blithering nut-bag and tell him he can... eat a dung pie.

ERIK

Tomas doesn't seem the kind of commander I could say no to.

After a moment, Tru stands and takes a step towards Erik. She huffs an airy sigh, crossing her arms before her.

TRU

How are your Clerical skills?

ERIK

(eagerly)

Excellent.

TRU

Right. And that's why your league dumped you in this wretched corner of the world.

ERIK

I'm here because I want to help protect our empire.

Tru starts to retort, but takes a longer look at the young man standing stoically before her, then nods.

TRU

Can you heal wounds?

ERIK

Yes.... Well, I think I can. I've never been on a battlefield.... But I know the spells.

TRU

(unenthusiastically)

Splendid. How about illuminated light?

ERIK

Sure.

TRU

Hallowed fire?

ERIK

Yes.

TRU

Dispel magic?

ERIK

Of course.

TRU

Find path?

ERIK

Absolutely.

TRU

Turn undead?

Erik pauses, then swallows hard.

ERIK

(answers slowly)

Yes.

Tru smirks.

TRU

All theoretically, of course.

ERIK

Yes. There's a chance we could encounter undead?

TRU

Undead will be the least of your worries.

(with eyes gazing in the distance)

Goblins, orcs, trolls. Damned soulless brutes.

(eyes turn sad, as if haunted by a memory)

They're probably what will split your skull open with a blade or ax.

Tru watches Erik chew on her words, sizing him up.

TRU

Did you pack a desert uniform?

ERIK

(enthusiastically)

I did.

Tru steps past him on the ledge, unconcerned at eighty-foot drop to the ground.

TRU

Well, I could use a fresh set of eyes on these goblin raids. And I'm surely not spoiling for a flight with Tomas by sending you back.... Of course, if things get dicey, you'd make handy arrow fodder.

Erik's eyes grow large at the thought.

Tru wheels about, jabbing a finger in his face.

TRU

But, let me be clear, Carrot-Top. I'm sticking my head out for you. So don't get it chopped off. Got it?

Erik's eyes sparkle in the sunset light.

ERIK

(responds eagerly)

Got it.... Now, about your case?

Tru chuckles derisively.

TRU

We can mull over the case later.

Tru starts down the ladder, then examines Erik's rugged appearance as if seeing him for the first time.

TRU

First things first, let's get you settled in. We'll start by requisitioning an officer's quarters. Then you can give us both some relief with a hot bath.

As Tru disappears through the hatch, Erik takes a quick whiff of his body and grimaces. He gingerly releases his grip on the post and steps away from the ledge, trailing Tru down the ladder.