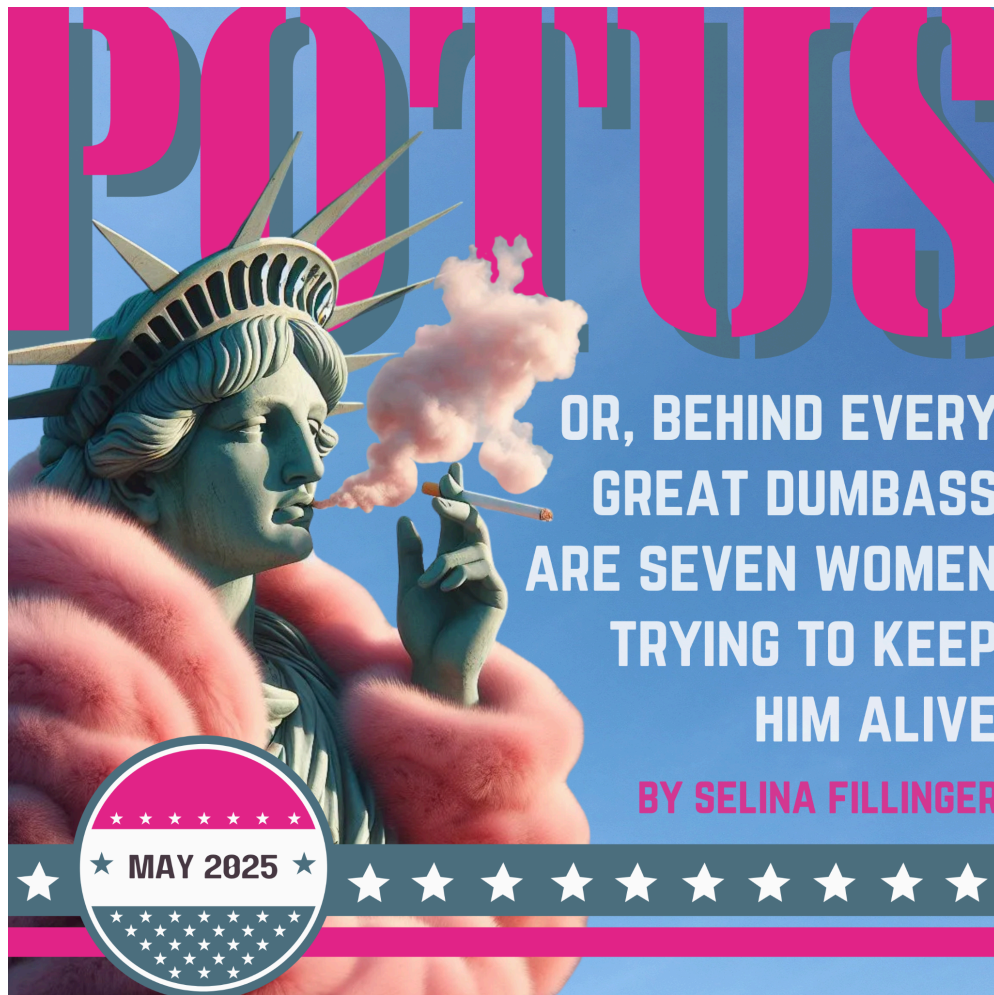


**DOMINO ONE PRODUCTIONS  
PRESENTS**



**AUDITION PACKET**

**SHOW DATES: MAY 9TH-18TH**

**AUDITIONS FOR POTUS WITH DOMINO ONE PRODUCTIONS AT THE  
WHITMORE LINDLEY THEATRE CENTER NOHO**

VIDEO SUBMISSIONS ACCEPTED UNTIL MARCH 6TH @ 10PM

POTUS: or, Behind Every Great Dumbass Are Seven Women Trying to Keep Him Alive By  
Selina Fillinger

Directed by Taylor Wesselman and Rachel Sedory

An uproarious Broadway debut by playwright Selina Fillinger, a riotous comedy about the  
women in charge of the man in charge of the free world

“Gleefully filthy.” – The New York Times

(THIS PLAY IS RATED ‘R’)

PERFORMANCE DATES May 9th - May 18th (Friday-Sunday) 6 performances

REHEARSALS

Begin March 15th - May 4th, 2025 M-Su (Schedule will be based on actor availability)

Tech begins May 5th

Audition:

Email the following to [productions@domino-one-productions.com](mailto:productions@domino-one-productions.com)

1. Current resume
2. Current headshot
3. March 15th-May 18th availability
4. Upload video submission of one of the character monologues from the attached audition  
packer

In-person callbacks:

March 8th-9th TIME/LOCATION TBD

## **CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS**

These women are not crass to be crass or funny to be funny. They're living and experiencing this shitstorm authentically and together as a unit. There are no secondary characters. Big feminist ensemble energy.

## **CHARACTERS**

In order of their emotional proximity to POTUS (closest to furthest)

**HARRIET** – His Chief of Staff. Right-Hand Woman. Huge boss energy.

**JEAN** – His Press Secretary. Always cleaning up his messes. Love-hates Bernadette.  
*Scripted kiss with Bernadette.*

**STEPHANIE** – His secretary. Timorous; trying hard to be a fearless girl-boss but falling incredibly short.  
*Scripted to lick Harriet's cheek. Scripted to spend a chunk of the play in unflattering underwear and bra. Scripted vomit off stage (noise only).*

**DUSTY** – His dalliance. Daring and confident. Carrying POTUS' baby.  
*Scripted to "provocatively" dance and to wear revealing clothing during a scene.  
Scripted to vomit on stage.*

**BERNADETTE** – His sister. Masculine lesbian. A crass drug dealer trying to get a pardon from her brother. In love with Jean.  
*Scripted kiss with Jean and with Chris.*

**CHRIS** – A journalist. Single mom. Annoyed at being undermined by a new, young, male journalist. A strong, determined woman who doesn't let anything stand in her way. *Scripted to staged-breast pump on stage. Scripted kiss with Bernadette.*  
**\*\*MUST BE PLAYED BY A BLACK ACTOR\*\***

**MARGARET** – His wife. The First Lady. At her wits end with her husband and his antics. Trying her hardest to fight double-standards and to stay out of the shadow of her husband.  
*Handles a gun.*  
**\*\*MUST BE PLAYED BY A BLACK ACTOR\*\***

Trigger Warning: This show is rated R and includes violence, stage combat, physical intimacy, crass language/swearing, vomiting, stage blood, some drug use and basically loads of super rated R content. All in a typical day at the White House.

MONOLOGUES (Please choose ONE monologue from the selection below)

**HARRIET:**

*Moment Before: Harriet is communicating with Jean about the happenings from earlier in the day when the POTUS (in front of a lot of press) referred to his wife as cunt. The procedure that is referred to is to get an anal abscess removed.*

He has to be at an eight p.m. gala honoring FML! (Beat.) FML! The Female Models of Leadership Council. Literally, I've bullied 200 feminists into attending tonight's gala and written thirty-seven drafts of POTUS's speech so that our female base doesn't literally shrink smaller than a nutsack in the snow! It's the final hour, we're headed into reelection: FML! The point is he's booked, Jean! He's fucking booked, so they had to reschedule the procedure which is why Margaret entered the meeting late. She was talking to Dr. Rifson and she entered the meeting late and POTUS didn't see her - bing, bang, boom: "cunty".

**JEAN:**

*Moment Before: Harriet and Jean are discussing how to handle the press in regard to POTUS' rude remarks, while also trying to figure out what to do about a severe health problem he's dealing with.*

WANT to know? I don't WANT to know. In the last three years, I've had to bail on seven first dates and my sister's mastectomy just to spin shit I don't WANT TO KNOW. And right now I'm trying to figure out if my biggest problem today will be explaining why the President of the United States used the word "cunty" to describe his wife to three diplomats – OR if there is still something MORE awful involving ASS PLAY that I need to know about!

IS there, Harriet? Is this day about to become an oozing pustule on the anus of my week?

Or is everything fine?

**MARGARET:**

*Moment Before: Margaret is trying to get in to see her husband POTUS and Stephanie is blocking the door. This adds to the aggravation of constant judgement from the public, no matter how qualified she is. Stephanie points out that she's wearing crocs.*

I've launched free lunch programs in 6,000 public schools but all Twitter can twat about are the stilettos I wore to one homeless shelter...

*(Stephanie: Is that why you are wearing)*

What do you think, Stephanie? You think this was my idea? You think when I gave my speech as Valedictorian I said, "One day I will walk the halls of the White House in shoes that can double as flotation devices?" No! But there are children to feed, funds to raise, and Time Magazine is interviewing me today for their Women of Excellence series so I will not allow anything to distract me from my work - *(going for the door again)* ... least of all YOU.

**BERNADETTE:**

SURPRISE! Jeanie, baby, how are you! What's happening? Fuck, what a dump. You gotta start hiring hotter interns - all your staff look like sweaty Beanie Babies. *(aggressively to a passing intern.)* YOU: coffee.

Seven sugars, dash of triple sec.

...

Prison changed me. I'm looking for commitment and intimacy, a second chance at life and love. I mean think of what the pardon means for us.

**CHRIS:**

*Moment Before: All seven women are in the room trying to figure out ways to cover for a missing, unconscious POTUS. Jean puts all blame directly onto Chris and she is NOT having it.*

*(CHRIS snaps. With the rousing fury of a mother unleashed)*

DON'T. YOU. DARE. If he was doing his job he would be across the White House right now making peace treaties! Why was he even here? He should not have walked in this room, he should not be living in this house, he should not be running this nation, and YOU KNOW IT! He's the pyromaniac, but you gave him kindling, you gave him matches, you figured he'd burn his fingers and learn his lesson – Well he DIDN'T, and now the WHOLE FUCKING WORLD IS ON FIRE! So we will douse those flames, or we will burn in them together, but don't think for one second I am marching to that stake by myself!

**DUSTY:**

HEY THERE, FRIEND WHAT'D YOU SAY?  
YOU SAY YOU'RE HAVING A REAL BAD DAY?  
LET'S SIT DOWN AND CHAT AWHILE  
WE'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE YOU SMILE  
'CAUSE CONFLICT CAN BE HEALTHY  
CONFLICT CAN BE TRUE  
CONFLICT CAN BRING ME CLOSER TO YOU  
SO LET'S COGITATE AND ARTICULATE  
DON'T MONOLOGUE, LET'S DIALOG  
BUT IN ORDER TO GROW, FIRST WE MUST LISTEN  
AND IN ORDER TO LISTEN  
FIRST WE MUST HUSH  
FIRST WE MUST HUSH  
FIRST WE MUST HUSHHHH