

LEVELS EXERCISE

ASSIGNMENT:

1) READ THROUGH COPY AND DETERMINE THE DIFFERENT LEVELS OF LOUDNESS REQUIRED.

2) PRACTICE PLAYING WITH THE LEVELS AND TESTING OUT HOW FAR YOU CAN PUSH IT (MAKE SURE TO WARM UP FIRST).

3) WHEN YOU ARE READY, RECORD A TAKE USING TWISTED WAVE OR ANOTHER DAW.

4) PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO ADJUST LEVELS AND POSITION SO WHEN THE COPY GETS LOUD YOU CAN GET LOUD AS WELL. PRACTICE MAKING ADJUSTMENTS AND WORKING WITH THE LEVELS.

5) RECORD YOUR FINDINGS AND NOTE YOUR OBSERVATIONS.

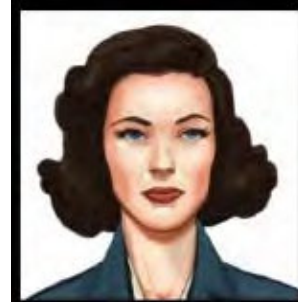
Character Name: Angela Carter

Details: 39, Female, Caucasian

Setting: late 1950s/early 1960s America under alien invasion

Voice/Accent: None, fluency in additional languages is a plus

Audition Filename: xcom_angela_talentName_agency.mp3



Character:

Angela Carter, 39, is a veteran CIA operative from a family of federal law enforcers. She is one of very few women decorated for such dangerous work during World War 2. Recently, she presented a hotly contested, but ultimately accurate case that an Alien force – rather than Russians or Cuban radicals – is invading the United States. As a result, she has recently been put in “joint control” of a new federal agency designed to combat the alien threat. She shares this role with a Defense Department counterpart – a fact which she rightly resents.

She has a dry, occasionally acid wit, and uses humor to defuse or re-direct the energy of an argument that is turning vicious, simultaneously reminding the men she works with that she’s smarter than they are – and that she’s not an ice queen.

Sample Lines:

Introducing the new head of field operations, Agent William Carter, to the secret agency he’s joining. Additional note – he is her brother.

XCOM’s a joint op between all the usual spook-houses, Will – we’ve got FBI, CIA, DIA... and they’re threatening to teach us the rest of the alphabet.

Dressing down one of her direct subordinates for babbling his report incoherently.

If I were to twist those ears of yours, Edmund – what’re the odds you’d produce a clear signal?

Wryly addressing a group full of veteran Intelligence officers, some of whom probably don't think a woman should be giving orders.

Yes, gentlemen, I've heard the cliché ... 'woman in charge, has to be twice the man as any of her subordinates.' But thanks to you, it's only a part-time job.

Confiding in her Brother behind closed doors about the Defense Department increasing pressure on her, specifically General Tate.

Tate's scared, Will. His lap dogs called me in to face a little mock tribunal, and the air's so yellow in that room, you couldn't spot a Red if he carried the card and was willing to sign it.

A slightly tense briefing over the radio to her brother, instructing him on what he must do behind enemy lines.

The enemy has set up a mass-conversion operation here, making new 'infiltrators' out of civilian victims. It's deep in the old fairgrounds up ahead, and protected by some kind of energy barrier - find a way inside and disable that shield.

Warning her brother that a swarm of enemies are about to attack him. Alarmed and urgent, but not losing her head.

Look alive, Will! We're picking up a dozen bogies, closing on your position!

Attacking an alien

[A series of individual, short, aggressive grunts. She is punching the alien repeatedly.]

She is being punched repeatedly

[A series of individual, short barks of pain in reaction to being hit in the face and/or gut.]

She has been killed

[A few short, pinched death exertions from being shot, and a longer death scream from being set on fire.]

She is running at the alien host, screaming her head off, with an empty rifle in hand, intent on beating the aliens to death with it in a last ditch effort

[An aggressive, charging yell.]