



**Dashing  
Films**

[www.dashingfilms.com](http://www.dashingfilms.com)

# WHEN LOVE COLLIDES

## OFFICIAL CASTING CALL

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Are you ready to bring a powerful new story to life? **Dashing Films** is officially searching for both new and experienced talent for our upcoming feature film, *When Love Collides*.

This is a paid production shooting in Lagos and stunning rural settings across Western and Eastern Nigeria. If you are 18 or older and ready to showcase your range, we want to see your audition.

## THE STORY

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When Bianca, a reckless young Lagosian, pushes her older brother too far, she gets exiled to the village as punishment. There, she collides with Chike, a brilliant but stifled local musician. What follows is a beautiful journey of love, forgiveness, defiance, and self-discovery.

## AVAILABLE ROLES

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### LEAD ROLES:

- **BIANCA (Female, Playing Age: 25–28):** Vibrant, sharp-tongued, and fiercely stubborn. Goes from a spoiled city girl to a deeply empathetic pillar of support. Requires excellent emotional range (comedy to deep vulnerability).
- **CHIKE (Male, Playing Age: 25–30):** Soulful, introverted, and brilliantly talented. Torn between duty to his strict mother and his burning passion for music. *(Note: Ability to sing and play guitar/keyboard is a major plus.)*

### SUPPORTING & ADDITIONAL ROLES:

- **THE BROTHER (Male, Playing Age: 31–35):** Mature, hardworking, and exhausted provider pushed past his breaking point.
- **THE MOTHER (Female, Playing Age: 45–55):** Strict, traditional, and protective. Looking for a powerful dramatic actress.

- **THE GRANDMOTHER (Female, Playing Age: 60+):** Warm, wise, and grounded; uses tough love and ancient wisdom.
- **VILLAGE YOUTHS / CITY FRIENDS** (Ages 18–30)
- **VILLAGE ELDERS / PROFESSIONALS** (Ages 30–55)

## HOW TO AUDITION

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1. **Visit:** <https://www.dashingfilms.com/auditions>
2. **Download** the packet.
3. **Record:** Tape your monologue video based on the packet instructions.
4. **Upload:** Share your audition video on Instagram.
5. **Tag & Hashtag:** Tag @DashingFilm and use #WhenLoveCollides & #DashingFilms so our casting team can find you.

**Don't miss your chance to be part of this incredible romance/drama.**

# WHEN LOVE COLLIDES

## AUDITION PACKET MONOLOGUES

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### CHIKE'S MONOLOGUE

*"You see a gift, Bianca. You look at me and you see 'talent' and 'potential.' But my mother? She looks at this guitar and she sees a ghost. My father was a dreamer too. He had a voice that could make the rain stop, I swear. He chased it all the way to Lagos, and he died there with nothing but empty pockets and broken promises. My mother didn't just lose a husband; she had to carry the shame of a man who chose a dream over his family.*

*So when she looks at me, she's terrified. Every time I pick up this instrument, I'm pulling the trigger on her trauma. She isn't trying to cage me because she hates me; she's trying to cage me because she thinks the world outside this village will eat me alive just like it ate my father. That's the worst part. If she were just cruel, it would be easy to run away. It's easy to fight a villain. But how do you fight a mother who is only suffocating you because she loves you too much?"*

### THE BROTHER'S MONOLOGUE

*"Ever since Mum and Dad passed, I haven't been a brother. I've been a father, a financial advisor, a shield, and a punching bag. Bianca gets to be reckless because she knows I'm always there to catch the pieces. She gets to throw tantrums, and I have to be the adult. Who holds my pieces when I break?*

*Sending her to the village wasn't just about punishing her. I was exhausted. I needed to breathe without wondering what she was setting on fire next. But now she calls me... and she sounds different. There's no attitude in her voice. No sarcasm. She apologized, and then she asked for help, not even for herself, but for some boy, some musician. It's infuriating. Even when she's trying to grow up, she's still demanding I open my doors to the world. But... it's the first time she's ever thought about someone other than herself. If I say no, I keep my peace, but I might lose the only sister I have left. If I say yes... I'm letting the whirlwind back into my house."*

## BIANCA'S MONOLOGUE

*"Everyone thinks I do things because I'm malicious. 'Reckless Bianca. Stubborn Bianca.' It's easier for them to call me a menace than to ask why I'm looking for fires to start. My brother... I ruined his relationship because I was terrified. He was looking at her the way he used to look at me when our parents died, like I was his whole world. I thought if she stepped into the picture, I'd become invisible. So I broke it. I broke his trust, I broke his heart, and honestly? I broke my own too.*

*Being sent here to the village was supposed to be a punishment. And the first two weeks, I hated it. The silence out here is so loud it makes your ears ring. But then I met Chike. I see him holding onto his guitar like it's a lifeline, fighting his own mother just to be heard. And it hit me: I've spent my whole life making noise just to distract people from how empty I feel. Chike is making music to fill people up. For the first time in my life, I don't want to ruin something. I want to build it."*

## THE MOTHER'S MONOLOGUE

*"You think I am blind? You think I do not see the way you look at the city, Chike? I saw that same look in your father's eyes every time he held his notes, right before he packed his bags and left us with nothing but dust and debt. Music does not pay for food. It does not patch a leaking roof. It only breeds dreamers who forget the ground they walk on.*

*I am not your enemy. I am the only person keeping you from starving on the streets of Lagos. The world outside does not care about your beautiful voice; it will take your songs, drain your spirit, and throw you away when you are empty. If my love feels like a cage to you, then let it be a cage. I would rather you hate me while you are safe and alive under this roof, than have you love me from an early grave."*

## THE GRANDMOTHER'S MONOLOGUE

*"Sit down, Bianca. Stop pacing like a trapped animal; the ground is not your enemy. You city children come here thinking the village is a graveyard for your desires, but you forget that nothing grows in cement. You brought a fire with you from Lagos, but you are burning the wrong things. You think you are protecting yourself by pushing everyone away? That is not strength, my child. That is cowardice.*

*Look at Chike. His music isn't noise; it is his roots pulling water from deep beneath the soil. You look at him and you see a way to change your own story. But a tree cannot shade another if its own branches are snapping. If you truly want to build something real here, you must first stop treating your own heart like a war zone. Listen to the silence. It is not empty; it is waiting for you to decide who you want to be."*

## VILLAGE YOUTH MONOLOGUE (SUPPORTING / BACKGROUND ENSEMBLE)

*"You think you can just come down from Lagos with your expensive clothes and your heavy accent and tell us how to live? Chike is one of us. His talents belong to this soil, to the people who held him when his father's dreams nearly buried his household. We know what it means to work this land, to sweat for every single grain of corn, and to find joy in the rhythms we make together when the day is done.*

*You see him as your ticket out of your own boredom, a beautiful project to pass the time until your family calls you back to your flashing lights and paved streets. But when you get tired of this place and leave, we are the ones who will have to sweep up the pieces of whatever you shatter. Don't come here trying to turn our brother into a city ghost. If you don't respect our traditions, take your noise back to Lagos and leave our peace alone."*

## **VILLAGE ELDER / PROFESSIONAL MONOLOGUE (SUPPORTING / CHARACTER ACTOR)**

*"Listen to me closely, young man. A river that forgets its source will dry up before it ever reaches the sea. You hold that instrument like it is a weapon to fight your elders, but music was given to our ancestors to heal, not to cause division. Your mother has bent her back over the fields for twenty years to ensure your name remained respected in this community. You owe your life to her sacrifice, not to the passing winds of fame.*

*This village has stood long before your father chased his echoes into the city, and it will stand long after you are gone. We do not throw away our duties for a fleeting song. If your music cannot honor the hands that fed you, and the ground that protects you, then it is nothing but empty vanity. True maturity is not about running away to where the lights are bright; it is about standing firm and bringing honor to the home that gave you a voice."*