



AUDITION NOTICE

Non-Fiction (Sports) Audiobook - PFH

Title: Secretariat

Word Count: 53,400

Rate: \$250 PFH (SAG-AFTRA)

Narrator Summary: Male, Mature, Confident, Warm, Inspiring, Standard American (possibly light Virginia) accent.

Audio Required: Raw WAV, Punch & Roll.

Deadlines

Audition Deadline: February 25, 2022

Full Recording Due: April 29, 2022

Pickups: May 20, 2022

(Deadline is 5 p.m. ET on each date.)

Submissions

Submit audition as Mastered MP3 plus your latest resume to team@royalwavemedia.com

Thank you.

Audition Script

On October 18, there was an official announcement: Secretariat's last start would be in the \$125,000 added Canadian International Champion Stakes at Woodbine on Sunday, October 28. Like the other Big Red, Man

O'War, Secretariat was to end his racing career in Canada. Turf writers glumly began to sharpen their pencils to write their farewell assessments of The Horse of the Century.

The day the announcement was made, Ron Turcotte was thrown from Awaited Man during the first race at Belmont. The tough little Canadian barely avoided being killed by the slashing hooves around him by rolling under the track rail. Bruised and shaken, he spent the rest of the day in the hospital.

But the next morning, the battered jockey gamely showed up to give Big Red his final drill for the Canadian classic.

"You're a sight," remarked Eddie as Ron stuck his swollen face in Secretariat's door way.

"I feel worse than I look, too," admitted Ron. But he was able to ride.

Big Red felt fine, and he showed it. Under a strong hold from Ron, he skipped over the Belmont grass in fractions that saw the first quarter in :25 and one fifth, the half mile in :49, the 6 furlongs in 1:13, and the mile in 1:37 and one fifth. He eased out a mile and a quarter in 2:02 and three fifths. The clockers all agreed he looked ready and fit for Canada.

The week before, Lucien had flown to Woodbine to inspect the hillside turf course. He had mentioned to the management that the grass seemed dangerously long, and that he felt the turf strip should be cut and rolled. It was the track's practice to keep the grass a little long to ensure that the course would not be damaged. It turned out that the grass was extra-long because of a prolonged wet spell, but Lucien was assured that it would be cut before the race. Satisfied that all would be well for Secretariat's last race, Lucien left for New York.

On Monday, October 22, Eddie Sweat led Secretariat up the ramp onto the chartered plane that would take them to Rexdale, a suburb of Toronto, about five minutes from the Woodbine racecourse. Big Red's arrival at Toronto's international airport a little before 4 P.M. had generated all the fanfare of a conquering hero's march. An admiring army of photographers, reporters, television crews, and just plain Secretariat lovers had converged on the airport. That evening, he found himself bedded down in Barn 8 at Woodbine, watched over by a team of nine security guards—and protected from any intrusions by the ever-present Eddie.

The next day, a bus packed with school children passed by on the roadway near the barn. A guide announced through a loudspeaker, "This is an important barn, and there are some very famous people standing here. That little man with the brown coat and the white hair is Lucien Laurin, trainer of Secretariat. And that is Secretariat himself."

In the stable doorway, Eddie Sweat chuckled.

"What're you laughin' at?" asked Lucien with a rueful grin. "Now all those kids are gonna remember me as the little guy with white hair!" But then kids remember Santa Claus, too, and he's a little guy with white hair.

Ron Turcotte and Lucien shuttled back and forth between Toronto and New York, dividing their time between Secretariat's Woodbine preparation and their New York racetrack duties. Most of the big horse's outings were light work, but he displayed a definite liking for the curious, hilly Marshall turf course with its dips and bumps. Ron Turcotte remembers the first breeze: "He was fantastic. You only have to show him some thing once. He had never been on a down grade before and balked in the first furlong. He switched leads and bobbed again. It was new to him. Then he settled down and adjusted perfectly. This is the smartest and boldest horse I ever rode. He has never chickened out on anything."