

Spirit Level Audition Pieces

Guide: All males = read Jack
Flic auditionees = read Susie
Marcia auditionees = read Marcia
Anyone else = read Guardian Angel

Marcia

(She is not impressed that her son-in-law has decided to take a year off to write a book and she is going to make sure he knows that. A bit of a bully, she's never thought Simon was good enough for her daughter.)

I'm amazed you can even afford cooking sherry! No income. Felicity to support, a baby coming - I find the whole situation very worrying. Daddy used to say everyone thinks they have a book in them. Six of them will write it and only one of them see it published. I'd better give Felicity some money.

Jack

(Someone he cares about almost as a daughter is upstairs giving birth and he is momentarily alone and musing.)

It's snowing. Great curling flakes like goose feathers. I haven't seen flakes like that since I was a little boy. I was in bed with the eiderdown under my chin - what was wrong with me? Chicken Pox? Anyway, I could see through the window these huge great -

Oh my God. Snow. If they need an ambulance they'll never get up the track. Damn, damn, damn! I knew she should have gone to hospital. William would have insisted she went to a hospital, though he'd probably have a lap dancer round for the night....

Susie

(The live couple, who she considers as almost children to her, have just had a major disagreement over something stupid and are refusing to talk to each other. She is talking to Flic - who doesn't notice of course.)

Don't they know? Don't they realise? Life is so so short. Why waste one second of it?

Listen to me - in ten years, two years, ten minutes time you won't remember how this stupid row started or what it was about. All you're doing is using up precious time when you could be doing so many other things. Laughing, loving, living. Stop it now. Enjoy this moment. Because, my darling, none of us know how many moments we have. And there will come a day when you bitterly regret every wasted second. Believe me. I know.

Guardian Angel

(She/He/They has shown up (finally) and is all business, but also a product of the 1950's or earlier)

Sorry about the delay but since the cutbacks the old days of one-to-one are over and I was in the middle of a case conference when you called.

I don't know why you find that amusing as I assure you I do not. We had a sudden influx - deluge - of social workers. Flaunting their degrees - all from polytechnics - and uttering the most dreadful vowel sounds. Since when it's been a nightmare. All they do is set up workshops in political correctness and talk about hidden agendas. At the moment they're trying to negotiate a good behaviour contract with Rasputin, who's loving the attention and blaming his mother.

Spirit Level Audition - Auditionees interested in Jack, Flic or Simon

The real estate agent - Mark - has just shown the house to Flic and Simon -the 'live' couple - who are looking for somewhere to rent. Susie and Jack (the ghosts haunting their old cottage) have just seen them and have differing views on what they would be like to live with.

Susie: Jack? How do we get rid of them? Supposing they -

Jack looks at her pleadingly

Oh no. Oh definitely no.

Jack: He likes my books.

Susie: Don't be so pathetic.

Jack: Couldn't we give them a try?

Susie: Remember the last couple we gave a try?

Jack: I didn't know he played the bugle.

Susie: We'll have no peace. No cosy evenings. No privacy.

Jack: They'll be out all day -

Susie: You don't know that.

Jack: Of course they will. That's what couples do now. Get up at the crack of dawn - flog to the station - eight hours in a stuffy office - quick slurp in a wine bar - then the whole procedure in reverse. Back here at eight, quick gin and frozen dinner then bed. Forget sex.

Susie: I have.

Jack: Sunday morning if there's a strong head wind.

Susie: Thank you very much!

Jack: What?

Susie: I didn't know it took a strong head wind before you claimed your conjugals.

Jack: Claimed my - now who's using archaic language?

Susie: It's an archaic occupation.

Jack: And we didn't just do it on Sunday mornings.

Susie: No. Sometimes it was Sunday afternoon. After you woke up and before 'Songs of Praise'.

Jack: Susie, Susie, is there much point now in having a row about our defunct sex life?

Susie: Defunct?

Jack: That's what we are. Defunct.

Susie: We are not defunct. We're dead. That's completely different.

Jack: It means the same thing, woman! Defunct - dead. Dead - defunct.

Susie: Stop it. Dead....me. If I could cry, I'd cry.

Jack: Of course you can cry.

Susie: You can't sleep.

Jack: Whoever heard of the sleeping ghost? But crying - that's completely different. The Weeping Woman of Wilmington? The Sobbing Spectre of Sidcup.

Susie: Those are proper ghosts.

Jack: My darling girl, we are proper ghosts.

Susie: Thanks to you. Only you would get right up to the pearly gates, tell Saint Peter you're an atheist, and get sent down again.

Jack: I was being truthful.

Susie: Why? You never were when you were alive. And I got sent down with you.

Jack: Oh no, I'm not having that. He said - you know he did - 'She can stay.' and what sort of talk is that from a Saint? 'She can stay'. Pearly Gates...there wasn't a pearl in sight.

Susie: And the Blue Danube isn't blue and the Red Sea isn't red.

Jack: And there were 'keep off the grass' signs.

Spirit Level Audition - Auditionees interested in Mark, Marcia or Guardian Angel

Mark Webster is a real estate agent. Usually confident and a bit of a buffoon. However he has just seen tinsel wrap itself around the Christmas Tree and ornaments go "flying" around the room, so he is a bit distracted.

Marcia is Flic's mother. Nickname - The Dragon. Does not understand or agree with her daughter's choices, including the husband and their current living situation. She has come to visit to try to convince Flic to come back "home".

Marcia: Tell me, Mr Webster, is it septic tank or main drainage?

Mark: Pardon?

Marcia The cottage. Septic tank or main drainage? Because I can definitely detect a whiff.

Mark A what?

Marcia; A whiff.

Mark A whiff of what?

Marcia Septic tank.

Mark Septic tank?

Marcia So is it?

Mark Is it what?

Marcia Septic tank?

Mark I have no idea...

Marcia So what brings you here, Mr Webster? Not unpaid rent, I hope.

Mark I..I wanted to tell Mr Willis that the cottage is going on the market.

Marcia Really? Well, I suppose if it were completely gutted and extended.
It's pathetically small...

*(At this point, Susie puts her hands on Marcia's head to control what she says -
hence the "mood swings)*

(Hands ON) You have very sensual lips, Mr Webster.

(Hands OFF) - No fitted cupboards-

(Hands ON) I want you to press them on mine.

(Hands OFF) - a lean-to kitchen -

(Hands ON) Three years is a long time, Mr Webster.

Mark I beg your pardon?

Marcia *(Hands ON)* - Three years without passion, without love, without a
man's hands on my yearning body -

Mark Is that the time?

Audition Process

- You will be asked to read from one of the 4 individual audition pieces. If you have a preference, please let the Audition panel know.
- Then you will be asked to read one of the couples pieces - as either Jack / Susie or Mark / Marcia (depending on interest and age).
- It is preferred that you come prepared, meaning that you at least have a general idea of the story of the play (if you haven't been able to get hold of a script) and that you have rehearsed (but not memorised) the audition pieces.

Please note that the part of Susie Cameron has already been cast, and the audition pieces with her name are just used for convenience.