**AUDITION SIDES – FEMALE ACTOR 2**

**Dégringolade - SAMANTHA**

Inside NIGEL DAKEN’s office somewhere in Westminster. In the week of a general election they are likely to win, SAMANTHA has just been told that NIGEL’s shameful secret is about to be revealed. JAKE is NIGEL’s stupid assistant.

*A pause.*

*She thinks.*

SAMANTHA

He *can’t* know.

*She re-lights her cigarette. Her phone rings.*

SAMANTHA

Jake, if you hang up on me again I swear to God I’ll get you cancelled off the face of the earth...*Easily.*..I could leak your internet history right now...Oh yeah? Don’t test me...Fine, explain to me what Hentai porn is then please Jake? *Exactly.* Now listen to me...

*She takes a big pull on her cig.*

SAMANTHA

When you arrive, come in through the side door. *Because,* Pete bloody Jones is floating around the lobby like some fucking pondweed. *I don’t know why.* Just do as I say. Okay, okay, see you soon...oh and Jake? Just...just tell Nigel that...that it’s happening. No, *obviously* the election is happening you fucking Twix. Just tell him that it’s his...

*Pause.*

SAMANTHA

Dégringolade.

*Pause.*

SAMANTHA

His...oh, Google it you twat.

*She hangs up. Sighs.*

SAMANTHA

Men.

*A knock at the door. She goes to answer.*

SAMANTHA

Oh Carol, please tell me he’s actually killed himself.

*A posh gentleman, ED, enters the room.*

ED

Hello there. Samantha Yates, right? I’m...

SAMANTHA

Erm, where’s Carol?

(shouting)

*Carol?* Did you tranquillize her or something? Carol?!

ED

She said I could come through.

(laughing)

What a welcome.

SAMANTHA

Oh of course - you usually walk into rooms and expect people to say “Oh thank Christ, *you’re* here”.

ED

Actually, I need to talk to you about Nigel.

SAMANTHA

Everyone needs to talk to me about Nigel. I need to talk about Nigel - *to* Nigel. Who even are you? And if you say Nigel, I swear to God...

ED

Sorry, I...my name is Ed. Well, Edward Laveau. I work for...

SAMANTHA

Listen, Ed - you lost me at *“Laveau”.* I really don’t have time for this. Unless you’re some kind of PR wizard or a fucking time traveller, then you can get back on your Boris bike.

ED

Well, actually, I’m...

SAMANTHA

Don’t tell me. I already know. ‘Edward Laveau’ is definitely the name of some time-traveling, super-nonce.

ED

Charming - look, I just...

SAMANTHA

Ed, listen, with all due respect - I do not care. I’ve got a bigger fish to fry. And you know what? I don’t even like fish. I don’t like food that can look you in the eye whilst you eat it. Apart from politicians.

(beat)

And PR Agents.

ED

At least take our card.

SAMANTHA

*‘Our card’*? You’re talking like the rep of a crime syndicate.

ED

Well, I guess you’d know.

*A moment passes.*

ED

Anyway, ‘take *my* card’ feels a bit cliché. Creepy even.

SAMANTHA

You’re in Westminster. That’s a prerequisite to being allowed to work here.

ED

Actually, that’s...look, I think we’d be of use to you.

*She takes the card. Her words trail off as she reads it.*

SAMANTHA

And why’s that? What even made you...

ED

Just think on it. We’re known for dealing with high-profile figures like Nigel.

(beat)

In situations like this.

*She looks at him.*

SAMANTHA

What kind of situations?

ED

I think you know what kind.

*A pause. ED smiles.*

SAMANTHA

Get out.

ED

Looks like the mask is about to slip Samantha.

SAMANTHA

I said leave.

ED

We can help.

SAMANTHA

With what?

ED

Damage control. His image, reputation.

(beat)

And yours.

SAMANTHA

Mine?

ED

Well, yes.

SAMANTHA

Why mine?

ED

Samantha, you’re his senior advisor. You’re the hand of the king for God’s sake. You work closely with him. Have done for years. You’ve stood by him. Are you saying you never knew anything?

SAMANTHA

I don’t know what you’re talking about.

ED

Yes, you do.

SAMANTHA

I honestly don’t.

*A pause.*

ED

Whitby.

SAMANTHA

Wh...

(beat)

What?

ED

Whitby.

SAMANTHA

You need to leave.

ED

2006.

SAMANTHA

That was...

*A pause. She needs out.*

SAMANTHA

Listen, whatever you’ve been told is just fucking hearsay. It always happens during an election. Especially when they know they’ve lost it. And when the opposition gets desperate, *they smear.* And that is exactly what this is. It’s nothing more than petty Westminster gossip.

ED

Ah, but that’s the problem, Samantha.

(beat)

I didn’t hear it in Westminster.

SAMANTHA

*Get out* of this office.

*ED goes to leave but he lingers.*

ED

Listen, I know you won’t care for it but, in my opinion, there’s no smoke without fire.

SAMANTHA

Yeah and in my opinion, there’s no twats without boat shoes.

*She points to his shoes. He is wearing boat shoes. ED leaves. She sighs.*

**Jack the Stripper – Female Actor 2 – “JENNA**”

**CONTEXT** - The scene begins with Jack and Jenna making the final preparations for Jack to go on and perform his stripping routine. Jenna is reading over the details of the night's bookings. Jack is dressed as a police officer, but clearly a stripper version. They are brother and sister. This is a part-time gig (and a secret from their prudish mother).

JACK  I can't find the handcuffs.

JENNA  There's a new pair in my bag.

*He takes animal print handcuffs from her handbag.*

JACK  Nice. Your own?

JENNA  *(ignoring him)* Okay, so you're doing three songs, the banana trick and the spanking. Remember, we've changed the order and I don't come in with the chocolate sauce until the last number. Got it?

JACK  I know the routine.

JENNA  Do you? Because last week you missed the banana trick.

JACK  That's because you gave me a rotten banana.

JENNA  So?

JACK  Where's the one for tonight? I want to check it.

JENNA  The client's providing one. And whatever it's like, you'll eat it. It's what you're being paid for.

JACK  Not if it's rotten. What's the ladies name again?

JENNA  Don't you listen to anything I say? The person paying is Karen, but the person of interest is her sister Janet. She's getting married for the third time next week.

JACK  Third time? How old is she?

JENNA  Not that old. 50's? About Mum's age, I think.

*(checking her watch)*

Okay, it's time to get out there. Whilst you're 'shaking it', I'll sort out the fireman's outfit. Then we can drive straight over with you already in costume.

JACK  I can't believe you booked me three jobs in one night.

JENNA  It's fine. I've got the timings all worked out. Besides, you've got to strike whilst the iron's hot.

*He strikes a pose.*

Oh, put it away.

*He poses again.*

JENNA  Pass me that fireman's helmet...so I can vomit.

JACK  It's not my fault you can't handle perfection.

Jenna  Perfection? Ha! Just save it for those menopausal ladies out there. Now go.

*She starts to usher him to the door. On her way she picks up the speakers and syncs it with her phone, starting his entrance music.*

JENNA  It's show time.

*Jack exits with the speakers. There is the offstage sound of excited squeals. Jenna starts getting together the fireman's costume, laughing at the catcalls her brother is getting. Suddenly Jack comes back in wearing only his police hat and underwear. He shuts the door, leaning against it in horror.*

JACK  Oh my God.

JENNA  Jack? What the hell? You haven't even finished the first song.

JACK  Oh my God, oh my God. Fuck!

JENNA  Jack?! What is it?

JACK  I need to get changed.

JENNA  No. You need to get back OUT THERE.

JACK  Where are my clothes?

JENNA  They've paid for a whole set.

JACK  I don't care.

*He finds his jeans and goes to put them on but Jenna snatches them away.*

JACK  Jenna! Give my jeans.

JENNA  No. Not until you tell me what's going on.

*He just shakes his head.*

JENNA  Jack! You can't just leave a job halfway through.

JACK  Tonight I can.

*He again reaches for his pants but she just pulls them away.*

JACK  Jenna!

*A tug of war starts to ensue.*

JENNA  They've paid you for a full set.

JACK I don't care.

*Paula enters unseen carrying the speakers and a banana.*

PAULA  Jenna, give your brother back his trousers.

*Jenna freezes.*

JENNA  Oh shit.

*(turning slowly)*

Mum?