**AUDITION SIDES – MALE ACTOR 2**

**Bus Replacement - GAV**

*Lights up, a dingy minibus. The windows caked in grime. The covering of some of the seats peeling off. A couple of air vents that sputter out lukewarm air. A headrest askew.*

*At the back of the bus sits* **GAV**,*an agitated man in his late 20s. He is like a defective bottle of cheap bubbly, he could pop at any moment. He wears a cheap suit that is tight on him. He is impatiently scanning the bus, fidgeting away, constant movement.*

*Also at the back, but tactically separated by a few seats is* **IAN**, *he is in his late 60s. He has a flatness about him, a placidness, like one of those guest ales in a pub. He reads a copy of ‘The Times’ and is not engaging with Gav’s franticness. He is still.*

*Gav rubs his head and rocks back and forth on the seats. He springs up and swings round the headrest of the seat in the front and glares angrily out of the window. He evidently doesn’t find what he is looking for and returns to his seat crashing into it slightly as he does. This causes the back of the bus to shake a little, Ian half looks up, then looks back down to his paper.*

*Gav starts to emit a low fizzing from his mouth, between gritted teeth and begins to drum on his leg. He runs his hands through his hair aggressively before surging out of his seat and down the full length of the bus. He glares at the driving seat, no one there.*

*He starts walking back towards his seat at the rear of the bus, on his way he spies a seat that seems to be mocking him and limply kicks out at it. He slumps back into his seat.*

Gav: I mean, rail replacement bus! Fuck me. They must be joking.

*Ian looks up from his paper.*

Ian: Hmm.

*Ian looks back at his paper.*

Gav: I mean we don’t accept it anywhere else do we, y’know. Like, oh I’m sorry there’s no doctors in today so we’ve got you a doctor replacement dentist to have a feel up your - what’s it? Prostate. Like why do we accept it, like? And then there’s no sodding driver, you know I saw him when I got here, he just got out the bus and didn’t say a word, he’s even left the keys in the ignition, the dozy prick.

*Gav checks his watch and then hits out at the seat in front of him.*

Gav: FUCK.

*Ian looks over, a little more concerned.*

Gav: Sorry, erm, I’m a little stressed.

Ian: I could tell.

Gav: What’s that supposed to mean?

Ian: Oh, nothing. Just that you’re not really hiding your frustration. It’s perfectly understandable frustration. I myself am frustrated. Your antics up and down the bus very much sum up how I feel inside but I, I keep it inside you see. So as to not bother others.

Gav: Yeah, yeah, sorry, it’s just that I’m in a bit of a fucking rush to get into town. You see today… it’s erm, it’s… nah y’alright.

*Gav turns away from Ian.*

*Ian smiles politely and returns his attention to his paper.*

*Ian turns back to Gav as he starts up again.*

Gav: My erm… hearing, y’know…erm… custody hearing for - and - it’s just my luck innit, just my fucking luck that it was today that the trains - and y’know - my son and - I’ve put on a suit and - well I’ve gotta be there in (checks watch) like thirty fucking minutes and my Mrs, well ex - obviously, she’s gonna be thinking ‘bloody typical’ that Gavin’s not here - cos I had it all planned out right and like I knew exactly which train I needed to get on, what time to leave my flat. I would have driven y’see, only I had to sell my - anyway I knew the train, I knew the train it was the 9:37am, plenty of time, I was gonna be early if anything and then you just get to the - the station and it’s cancelled, cancelled, cancelled, CANCELLED. Not one fucking member of staff in sight, and then the announcement, the fucking announcement just - I mean how mocking can a computer voice be, cos there’s no like empathy, no real empathy in it, cos computers can’t - and it just says, well I’m sure you heard it too ‘All trains are currently suspended please head to the bus station’ for your rail replacement fucking - I’m calm, I am, I’m calm.

*Gav takes a few deep breaths in. Ian smiles wearily at him.*

**Jack the Stripper – Male Actor 2 – “JACK”**

**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?

**Dégringolade – Male Actor 2 – “JAKE”**

*A commotion outside - the press trying to interview NIGEL and JAKE as they enter the office.*

NIGEL

Remember, it’s your job to deflect them Jake. You’re literally only here to swat the flies away.

JAKE

So, in many ways, I’m almost like the tail of the operation.

NIGEL

Near enough.

*The door shuts.*

JAKE

Here, I’ll hang your coat Nige.

NIGEL

Jake, I’ve told you, please stop calling me ‘Nige’.

JAKE

Sorry Nige...

*NIGEL shoots him a look.*

JAKE

*El.* Nig*el.* I’m sorry Ni-*gel.*

NIGEL

Thank you Jake.

NIGEL

Samantha, what on earth is going on?

*He sniffs the air.*

NIGEL

Have you been smoking?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

NIGEL

Are you...what the fuck is happening here Sam?

JAKE

(laughing)

I didn’t know we could smoke in here. Or swear, to be fair.

NIGEL

(stern)

We can’t.

JAKE

Oh. *That’s* why you’re mad. And that’s why you swore. I get you now. Right, I get it, I get it. Yeah, what the *frick* Samantha?

NIGEL

And why is that parasite Pete Jones lingering in the lobby like a fucking *ghoul?* I thought flies were only attracted to shit.

JAKE

Not with your trusty tail around.

*JAKE makes a swishing motion with his hands as though it’s a tail. They both look at him.*

JAKE

Anyway, Pete Jones? Don’t they call him the Grim Reaper?

NIGEL

Yes, Samantha, why is the man known for writing political obituaries haunting my fucking building?

*A pause.*

SAMANTHA

It’s happening Nigel.

NIGEL

What’s happening?

SAMANTHA

What do you think?!

NIGEL

I haven’t got a clue, Samantha. If you haven’t noticed I’m in the middle of a rather important election. We’re on the precipice of a historic victory and I’m on course to be the next Prime Minister of this country. So *no,* I’m not really in the mood to be playing 21-*tossing*-Questions right now. Okay? So, please, Samantha, tell me - *what, is,* ***happening?***

SAMANTHA

Nigel...

*They stare at each other. She goes to speak but JAKE pipes up.*

JAKE

His den...gingala? Dengringolam? *Delgradodan.* Wait, I tried googling it but I couldn’t even spell it, what was...

NIGEL

Dégringolade.

JAKE

*That’s* it. Nice one Nigel. How do you two know this word? Got a bloody word club I don’t know about? That that I’d come. Frigging nerds.

(typing into his phone)

*Dé-grin-go...*

NIGEL

Jake.

JAKE

Yes Nige?

NIGEL

Put your fucking phone away and shut up.

JAKE

Sorry.

*He puts his phone down but proceeds to continue to search on the sly.*