

THAMES MUSIC THEATRE – FIRST ROUND ACTING AUDITION SCRIPT

For those aged 14 and over

A seedy lodging house in Victorian London. The destitute inhabitants scrape a living by mudlarking (look it up!), odd jobs, petty theft or prostitution. One of them, Syd, has had dealings with someone from the Board of Health, looking into the squalor of their lodgings, like so many more in that part of London. Syd had written a letter about it, for which he wanted as many signatures as possible. Several inhabitants are crowded into a small room with basic furniture. They're all drinking mother's ruin (very rough gin).

Prepare both Syd and Alice, regardless of your gender.

ALICE So what about this visitor then?

SYD Well, I showed him my letter (*holding it up*). He liked it!

ALICE Oh you and your bleedin' letter!

SYD He told me to send it. Keep collecting the signatures and send it to the Times Newspaper, he said.

ALICE How many names have you got then?

SYD (*proudly*) Only fifty-three, eh? That's all!

ALICE (*to the rest of the room*) Anyways, this feller has a good look round. Says he's aspectin' all the water-works in the lodgings around here 'cos of the cholery disease.

SYD Yeah, the cholera.

ALICE Said there was another epidemic startin', like in thirty-two, only worse. 'Ere, shove that bottle my way, Ethel, love.

SYD My point, see! With no proper water, no dustbins, no drains, no privies, no proper sewers, what can they expect? It's a bleedin' wilderness they're makin' us live in; that's what it is.

ALICE You tell 'em Syd. So, what are we supposed to do then?

SYD Well, you could sign me letter for starters.

ALICE He said as how the river's to blame for it. We gotta stop drinking the dirty water and start washing in clean water!

SYD (*with gallows humour*) So I told him, I said, I never drinks nothing but blue ruin, and I'd never dream of 'taminating my gin with his filthy water anyways!