

Audition Piece 1 - Mrs Wilberforce / Marcus General Gordon

MARCUS: General Gordon?

He looks around for "General Gordon".

MRS W: Yes. But please, do ignore him.

MARCUS: I will if I can find him...

He looks at the urn underneath a portrait of a HANDSOME SEA CAPTAIN.

MARCUS: Oh, I see! Is this him in here?

MRS W: Yes, I have to keep him in there. He has a terribly rare condition that means he cannot be exposed to direct sunlight. And he's not very good with company.

Marcus stares at the urn totally confused. He backs away, not noticing the parrot's cage he's backing into.

MARCUS: What's he likely to do? If he's uncovered?

MRS W: Well, you know. Jump out at you and shriek

Marcus nervously walks backwards from the urn and bumps into GENERAL GORDON'S cage.

GORDON: SQUAWK!

Marcus gets a terrible shock.

MARCUS: Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

MRS W: *(from the kitchen)* You see? Shush General Gordon!

GORDON: Squawk! Please stay for tea! Squawwwwwwwwwk! Squawwwwwwwwwk!

Marcus, composed now, walks slowly over to the cage as the parrot continues and draws the cover up. We don't see the parrot, but Marcus does and the sight shocks him.

Audition Piece 2 - Louis / Marcus / One-Round

One-Round comes out of the professor's room.

MARCUS: Ah, One Round. Shall we away to the car?
ONE-RND: Yeah. We will away.
MARCUS: We were just saying, a three-way split. So that's something.
ONE-RND: Yeah. Why aren't you saying anything Louis?
LOUIS: I have nothing to say.
ONE-RND: You always have something to say.
LOUIS: This time I don't.
ONE-RND: Not going to call me a big ape or something?
LOUIS: Why would I do that?
ONE-RND: It's what you usually do. What's different about now?
LOUIS: I don't know what you're talking about!
ONE-RND: How were you going to do it? In the car yeah? Were you going to stab me or shoot me?
MARCUS: Change of plan, Louis! Deal with him! Now, now, now!

Marcus runs over to Louis, who instinctively reaches for his pistol. He fumbles around desperately for it in his pocket. It's not there. ONE-ROUND holds up Louis' revolver.

LOUIS: How did you -
ONE-RND: Not as stupid as I look, am I? Big dumb lunk trying on the wrong jacket.

MARCUS literally dances over to ONE-ROUND and faces LOUIS

MARCUS: Well done One-Round! You saw through his charade!
ONE-RND: Back over there, Professor.

Audition Piece 4 - One-Round / Marcus

ONE-RND: This is the new plan. We take the money, we go.

MARCUS: Yes, wonderful. But if Mrs Wilberforce talks...

ONE-RND: WE TAKE OUR CHANCES if she talks. Where's Harry?

MARCUS: *(after a beat)* Why "One-Round" One-Round?

ONE-RND: What?

MARCUS: How did you earn the sobriquet?

ONE-RND: The what?

MARCUS: The nickname. Your nickname. What people call you. I've always wondered but I never thought to ask.

ONE-RND: Why do you wanna know all of a sudden?

MARCUS: Idle fancy.

ONE-RND: Mm. Well, it is a bit of a funny story, actually.

MARCUS: Take your time, I'm honestly fascinated.

ONE-RND: Well at first it was because I used to put people down in the first round.

His hands almost involuntarily, start to move through the air as he assumes a boxer's stance

ONE-RND: Wouldn't even have to hit them too hard. Just pop. And that was them. Won a load of fights that way. So they called me One-Round. Then I met Mr Falton, and he explained how I could make more money if it was me who went down in the first round. YOU know, on purpose. Just let the other fella work on me a little bit...and then go down. Lost a load of fights that way. So they...so they called me One-Round.

He frowns, looking confused

ONE-RND: The money was better, though, and I used to like the music.

MARCUS: What music, One-Round?

ONE-RND: The music they played between me being hit, and me hitting the canvas. At least I think they played music. I certainly heard music.

Audition Piece 5 - Harry / Mrs Wilberforce

HARRY: That's right! I'm one of our best loved violinists. Lovely place you have here, Mrs Wilberforce! Is that an original Constable I see? (*Indicates a painting behind her*).

MRS W: What? Oh no, no, my husband...when he was alive, my husband used to love painting this particular stretch of wood.

Harry slips a candlestick up his sleeve.

MRS W: It's the view from the hill near Wormwood Scrubs. Do you know it?

HARRY: Very well.

GORDON: You naughty boy!

HARRY: What was that?

MRS W: General Gordon. Don't mind him, he's just excited at all the commotion. Do you want to say hello?

HARRY: *After looking at the parrot for a second.* I still have no idea what that is.

MRS W: He's a South American Macaw.

HARRY: Which is a kind of?...

MRS W: Parrot.

HARRY: Parrot! Are you sure?

MRS W: Oh, yes. I'm afraid he can be quite abrupt with new people.

Looking somewhat shaken, he reaches into his pockets, takes out some pills and pops one.

MRS W: Oh dear, you're not ill are you Mister Robinson?

HARRY: Nah, they sort of wake me up. Keep me - you know. Gotta be - like that. So much going on sometimes... I wouldn't want to miss anything. (*looks at cage*) Except maybe... whatever that is.

Audition Piece 8 - Mrs Wilberforce / Harry

MRS W: (Asleep - Stirring) Arthur?

HARRY: Er...yes?

MRS W: I do hope I haven't let you down, Arthur.

HARRY: No, no, you're doing very well, er... my love. Just...go back to sleep, eh?

He approaches her but then spots something.

HARRY: Oh, would you look at that.

He starts furiously cleaning a spot behind her. Mrs Wilberforce stirs again.

HARRY: Gah!

He walks away and slaps his face, and comes back to himself somewhat. He looks over at Mrs Wilberforce.

HARRY: Why couldn't you take a bit of the money? It's all a racket, innit? I never met a single soul who wasn't on the take. Coppers, housewives, the posh. You call it a crime, what we done, but... we're just doing our bit.

He sighs and walks up behind her, raising the pillow. He is right behind her now but notices something and stops. A mark on the chair? He licks his finger and starts to rub it.

HARRY: There! Bloody hell. She's done in. Cor, I'm still shaking.