

Wāhine Auaha

Celebrating local creative Women

AUDITION PACK

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Overview

The Wāhine Auaha festival is celebrating our local Porirua and Wellington regional talented creative women.

The festival will be made up of:

- A run of 9 shows celebrating original short plays and stand up comedy
- A display of local artwork gracing all the walls of the Mana Little Theatre foyer
- A selection of delicious festival special snacks available at every show!

The short plays

1. Glitter Girl
2. Stormy Weather
3. Stuck

Auditions

Auditions are at Mana Little Theatre on Sunday 30 March.

Auditions for **Glitter Girl** are at 7pm.

Glitter Girl auditions will include a small amount of improv and character work as this is our shortest play and we rely on our characters to immediately create our 'world'.

Auditions for **Stuck** and **Stormy Weather** will follow immediately after at 7:30pm. These will mostly be reading audition sides provided, though we encourage you to bring your best character to the roles you read for!

We encourage everyone to come at 7pm to fill in our forms and have some time to read over the audition sides.

Rehearsals

- Rehearsals will be once or twice a week depending on the short play you are in.
- Rehearsals for **Stuck** and **Stormy Weather** will be c. There will most likely be one in the week and one on a Sunday. This will be confirmed with the successful cast members to ensure it works for all.
- Rehearsals for **Glitter Girl** will be at either Te Auaha on Dixon Street in Wellington or at Toi Poneke in Newtown, until mid-May when they will also be at Mana Little Theatre. They will be on a weekend day until the rehearsals move to Mana Little Theatre.
- The final two weeks of rehearsal from 21 May will be at Mana Little Theatre. with all plays and comedians, with tech and dress being added as we go.
- You must be available over King's Birthday weekend as this is our final dress rehearsal weekend before the show opens.

Expectations

What we expect of cast

You will need to:

- become a member of Mana Little Theatre;
- help with crewing/ appearing as cameos in the other short plays to support each other;
- attend all rehearsals;

- help promote the festival; and
- keep yourself and others safe through your behavior and attitude.

What you can expect from Mana Little Theatre:

We endeavor to:

- Keep you mentally and physically safe throughout rehearsals and the show run;
- Ensure you have the contact details of the production manager in case you have any concerns or queries your director can't answer;
- Keep you up to date with what's happening with the elements of your play, the other plays, and other elements of the festival; and
- Give you a really fun and rewarding experience!

The short plays

1. Glitter Girl

A glitter-covered apparition darts through the crowd at Rhythm & Vines 2014, and our protagonist falls in love.

A slice of life queer flirtation told over three days of one particular festival.'

2. Stormy Weather

Chrystal wonders if her husband is having an affair. She wanders into a beauty salon in a rain storm and confides in owner Lindsay, who is aghast when he realises she's quite right - her husband is having an affair - with him!

Plenty of comedy ensues as he tries to counsel Chrystal while hiding this rather large secret.

3. Stuck

When the manager of a disability equipment store takes leave, Bridget is upset the role of temporary manager has been given to Simon.

Fueled with selfish ambition and delusions of grandeur, Simon unleashes his unconventional leadership regime onto his unwilling colleagues.

When all four find themselves accidentally locked in the office, tensions and uncomfortable truths arise.

Despite being stuck, things are about to become very unstuck...

Characters

Stuck Characters

Bridget. late 40s – early 50s *femme-identified*. Immaculately dressed, the most efficient and professional worker.

Simon. 30 - 40 *masc-identified*. Arrogant, ambitious, pretentious and totally oblivious to his incompetence.

Luke. early 30s *masc-identified*. Good looking, sarcastic (although good-natured) content to do as little work as possible.

Brian. 60 + *masc-identified*. Frumpy, disheveled, a bit simple but kind-hearted. Completely comfortable in his own shell.

Glitter Girl characters

MC. 20 *femme-identified* Our protagonist! She's hesitant in her queer identity but up for trying new experiences.

Cassie. 20 *femme-identified*. Our glittery apparition. She's kind, and sort of an enigma, who catches MC's eye.

Alanna. 22 *femme-identified*. A partier, here from overseas. (Written as the USA, but could be anywhere). A great friend.

Stormy Weather characters

Chrystal. 40-55 *femme-identified* A sweet empty nester, though now feeling lonely and depressed, wondering what might have been with an old flame from long ago.

Lindsay. 35-60 *masc-identified* Confident and friendly Beauty Salon Owner having an affair with Chrystal's husband.

Stuck Audition Sides

Side 1

BRIDGET (OS) Dammit! ... *Luke!*?

LUKE Kick it!

LOUD KICKS. BRIDGET ENTERS, & hangs bag on the hook

BRIDGET Stupid door. Simon was meant to call a locksmith out last week.

She turns around & notices the empty space

BRIDGET (CONT') What the ... where's his desk gone?

LUKE continues to scrunch paper balls and throw them during the following conversation

LUKE His lordship's upgraded. No more slumming it with us peasants. He's moved straight into Windsor Castle.

He motions to Derek's office. BRIDGET walks over to look through the open door

BRIDGET You're kidding. He's moved into Derek's office? He's only away for two months. Did he text you last night too? At 11?

She settles at her desk & taps on her keyboard

LUKE Dunno. It all got a bit messy with the lads after 10.

BRIDGET This whole 'filling-in-for-the-boss' thing is getting out of hand. I should ring Derek.

(goes to desk phone)

LUKE Don't bother. He didn't take his phone. All part of the wellness programme. 'No contact' remember?

BRIDGET I forgot about that. Poor Derek. I wonder how he's getting on.

LUKE Besides, the phones aren't working.

BRIDGET Are you for real?

BRIDGET tries the line then slams it down. LIGHT FLICKERS

BRIDGET (CONT') Unbelievable. I bet he didn't pay the bill again.

LUKE Well he *is* on a cost cutting regime. We're lucky he hasn't made us bring our own loo paper. That was on his list y' know.

LUKE extends a hand down behind his desk

LUKE (CONT') How many did I get this time?

*He pulls up BRIAN, who has a paper ball in his mouth.
Paper balls fall from him.*

BRIAN Shixsheen!

Spits out ball, gives enthusiastic thumbs up

LUKE Score! That's three more than yesterday!

BRIDGET You'd better clean that mess up before Stalin arrives.

LUKE Get those, will ya Brian?

Failing to see a bin, BRIAN stuffs balls in his jacket pockets. LUKE scrolls on his phone, feet up

BRIDGET (groans) Mrs McKinnley's sent another spicy email.

LUKE Let me guess. *(Scottish voice)* Gimme money back, yeh dirty wee bastards, or I'll shove meh walking stick up yeh bahoochy!

BRIDGET She doesn't have the walking stick anymore, remember? The one we sold her snapped in half. And when she bought one of our new walkers, the wheels came off. Two hip replacements later, thanks to us, she's on a mobility scooter. It's upsetting.

BRIAN Simon calls it 'upselling'.

BRIDGET Ever since Simon changed to that cheap overseas supplier, my phone hardly rings at all. These new products are useless.

BRIAN My phone rings all the time.

LUKE That's cos you're head of the complaints department.

BRIAN Am I?

BRIDGET Luke! Stop forwarding your angry customers onto Brian.

LUKE Sorry Brian.

BRIDGET But the most ridiculous thing of all, is that Head Office expect us to double our profit this year, or there would be ... what did Simon call it ...

She uses quotation fingers, imitates a man's voice

BRIDGET (CONT') *'strategic workforce departures'*. What a joke.
Poor Derek was so stressed with it all.

BRIAN No wonder he went on holiday.

BRIDGET & LUKE look to BRIAN in disbelief

LUKE He had a nervous *breakdown*, Brian. He checked into a mental hospital.

BRIDGET They prefer it to be called a *Wellness* resort.

LUKE Fine. (*uses quotation fingers*) *'Wellness resort'*.

BRIAN (nodding slowly) Oh right. (*quotation fingers*) *'Sorry'*.

BRIAN stuffs balls in his trouser pockets. BRIDGET resumes tapping. LUKE resumes scrolling. SIMON (OS) tries the door, but it's stuck. He GRUNTS & BANGS

SIMON (OS) The door's stuck!

LUKE/BRIDGET (*not looking up*)

Kick it!

LUKE swings his feet off the desk and pretends to work. BRIAN intently 'reads' an upside down file. SIMON kicks the door and ENTERS, armed with briefcase & bonsai

SIMON Ahh. All on time? Excellent. As you were!

ALL mutter half-hearted greetings but don't look up

SIMON (CONT') I would have been here *first* of course, but ...
roadworks. Right outside my ... *new* apartment.

SIMON lowers the bonsai on the desk with exaggerated effort. He casts glances back as he edges to his office, hoping they'll comment on his plant. Annoyed they don't, he swoops it up & storms to his office.

LUKE & BRIDGET exchange glances, roll eyes. BRIDGET sighs

BRIDGET That's a pretty plant, Simon.

SIMON stops. His face lights up. He assumes a nonchalant demeanour before turning to them

SIMON Oh, you mean *this*? Oh Bridget, this isn't a plant. (*scoffs*) This is a tree. A very expensive tree. A gift from Father in recognition of my promotion. It comes all the way from Japan.

BRIAN Oh right. It's one of those bonsoirs.

BRIDGET I think you mean bonsai, Brian.

SIMON places it ceremoniously on the desk

SIMON You may behold it.

They lean in. BRIAN goes to touch it. SIMON smacks his hand away

SIMON BRIAN Don't you dare touch it! Ow!

BRIAN (CONT') You said we could hold it!

SIMON I said behold it, not *hold it*! This particular tree happens to be 250 years old!

LUKE and BRIDGET exchange dubious glances

BRIDGET Wow Simon. That's ... impressive.

SIMON Yes. Yes it is. The gift of a (*attempts Japanese accent*) *bonsai (bows)* is a Morton family tradition. When a child proves himself worthy of Father's admiration, the child is honored with the *bonsai (bows)* It symbolizes the Morton family's values ... importance, authority and a strong sense of ... oh, what was it ...

LUKE Entitlement?

SIMON ... purpose.

BRIDGET Oh look. There's a card in there.

She picks it up but SIMON snatches it

SIMON Oh I don't need to read it out. He tends to ramble on ... "You've achieved so much... I knew you would prove your rank... so proud'.

He is momentarily lost in his thoughts. Then aware of the silence, is abruptly businesslike

SIMON (CONT') No time for idle chit chat. Meeting! 0900!

He swoops up the bonsai. Then remembering it's 'heavy', overacts accordingly. Staggers into office, shuts door

LUKE Wow. A psychologist could make a fortune just trying to unpack *that* relationship. What's the deal with his father?

BRIAN resumes stuffing balls in his trouser pockets

BRIDGET Ex military I believe. His two older brothers are in the army too. Quite high up. It's no wonder he's like the way he is.

Stuck Audition Sides

Side 2

BRIDGET Dammit. *(sees box)* Right! Plan B.

She snatches the metal box from the desk

SIMON What are you doing?

BRIDGET We need to phone for help. And since the key to this bloody box has literally walked out the door with the dry cleaner, I'm going to *smash* it open!

She holds it high. LUKE and SIMON leap up and run to her

SIMON LUKE Don't you dare! No!

SIMON Do you have *any* idea how much an Apple iphone 16 Pro Max with a Super Retina XDR display and a 48MP fusion camera *costs?!*

He wrestles it off her & cradles it

BRIDGET Sorry. I guess I didn't think about damaging the phones.

SIMON Of course you didn't. That's why *I* was chosen to be boss. Leave the thinking to me.

The LIGHT flickers

LUKE I don't think you'd damage Brian's phone. That thing's as thick as a brick.

SIMON Speaking of which, where *is* Brian?

BRIAN ENTERS. He walks past Simon & returns to his chair. SIMON eyes him suspiciously, then EXITS into his office

LUKE What were you doing in there?

BRIAN (confidentially) I peed on his *plant*.

LUKE & BRIDGET gasp & glance nervously to the office

BRIDGET The *bonsai*? Brian! Why didn't you just use the bin!?

BRIAN I would have. *(beat)* But it's full of paper balls.

BRIDGET (hushed voice) Under *no* circumstances do we let Simon know this. He's fixated with that plant

from his father. If he knew what you did ... well, we're stuck in a room with him, and that's the last thing we need to deal with. OK?

LUKE & BRIAN nod. A CLANG is heard, followed by a GROAN

LUKE What was that?!

SIMON limps in, hunched over, holding a broken pipe

SIMON I bumped my head.

LUKE On what, Quasimodo? Your giant bell?

SIMON No. *(holds up pipe)* This. I heard noises coming from one of the pipes running across the ceiling. I thought it might be people talking so I climbed on my desk to listen. But I slipped and the pipe broke and hit me in the face.

BRIDGET So why are you limping?

SIMON It bounced off my face and hit my leg.

BRIDGET Oh you poor thing. Here, come sit down.

She guides him to a chair.

SIMON *(tapping pipe in hand)* If only we had a way of drawing attention to the people up there. *(uses pipe to point up)* Some kind of tool that could amplify sounds. You know ... *(scratches head with pipe)* An item that makes a louder sound than just our voices, or banging on the wall with our hands ... *(taps pipe in his hand)* Come on people. Do I have to do *all* the thinking myself?

BRIDGET *(flatly)* We could use the pipe.

SIMON *(looks at pipe)* Brilliant! I *knew* someone would think what I was thinking. You just needed my encouragement. 'Lead from your behind', as they say. So... *(voice trails)* We'll use this pipe ...

They look at him expectantly

SIMON (CONT') *(hands pipe to Bridget)*

... and Bridget can tell us how.

BRIDGET *(rolls eyes)* OK. I have an idea.

Excited murmurs as they huddle around.

BRIDGET (CONT') OK, here's what we're going to do ...

Stuck Audition Sides

Side 3

BRIDGET Come on, come on! ...Dammit! My hair pins keep snapping.

LUKE Just forget it. It's not going to open. That thing's built like Fort Knox.

BRIDGET It's totally unbreakable. I wonder where Simon got it from.

LUKE Obviously not *our* shop.

BRIDGET picks at the lock then throws her hair pin

BRIDGET (feels about in her hair)

Well that was my last one. *(to Brian)* Any sounds of life?

BRIAN Yes.

LUKE bolts upright. BRIDGET runs over

BRIDGET Oh my God! Seriously? Why didn't you say so? *(calls out)* Simon, can you stop that banging please!

CLANGING stops. She grabs the glass & BANGS on the wall

BRIDGET (CONT') Hello? HELLO!? *(listens intently with glass)* I don't hear anything. Except for ... a faint scratching sound.

BRIAN It's a rat. *(beat)* I've named him Gavin.

BRIDGET leaps away in disgust. LUKE GROANS and slumps back down. SIMON enters, disheveled, holding the pipe

SIMON It's no use. *(slumps into chair)* I think that sound I heard earlier was a just pigeon cooing up in the ceiling.

BRIDGET What makes you so sure?

SIMON Because once I killed it, the cooing stopped.

LUKE BRIDGET What?! Are you *serious*?

BRIAN Pigeon slayer!

BRIAN runs into the office. BRIDGET is mortified

SIMON I didn't *mean* to kill it. When I first started banging on the pipes, I must have hit it. It fell onto the carpet somewhere.

LUKE Well, are you *sure* it's dead?

BRIAN ENTERS cupping a bird in his hands

BRIAN It's got no head.

He holds it up to show them. They wince & look away

SIMON I'm fairly confident.

BRIAN glares at SIMON. BRIDGET beckons him over and they put the bird in a box from behind her desk

SIMON (to Luke) Any progress out here?

LUKE Nope. The box won't open, the phone's still down and apart from Gavin, there's no one else in the building.

SIMON Who's Gavin?

LUKE Doesn't matter. I strongly suspect he won't be much help.

BRIDGET Luke, you've got to keep checking the phone line!

LUKE groans loudly but picks up the phone receiver

LUKE Yeah hi. I'd like to order four large meat lovers pizzas, with extra cheese and don't be stingy on the bacon.

He hangs up. BRIDGET rolls her eyes & goes to her laptop

BRIDGET I take it you haven't checked the emails either. Maybe someone's responded to our mayday.

SIMON I could really go for a pizza right now. I'm starving. Does anyone have anything to eat?

They all look hopefully at each other, then shake heads

BRIAN Well. I'm off to the little boy's room.

They GROAN. He goes to Simon's office, undoing his belt

SIMON Make sure that bin is nowhere near my bonsai! (to others) I swear its leaves are fading.

LUKE and BRIDGET exchange knowing looks. BRIDGET shuts her laptop. She gets up, pacing awkwardly, needing to pee. LUKE lies on the desk. SIMON notices the handbag by the door.

SIMON Are you sure you don't have any snacks in your handbag, Bridget?

He goes towards her bag

BRIDGET Don't you dare touch my handbag!

The LIGHTS FLICKER stronger. They all look up

LUKE It's getting worse.

SIMON I *am* the boss around here. I can actually *order* you to open it up if I wanted to.

BRIDGET glares. The LIGHTS FLICKER with more energy

SIMON Can we just kill these lights? Put them out of their misery?

BRIDGET (leaps up) How about I just kill *YOU* and put all of us here out of our misery!?

Glitter Girl Audition Sides

pringles can

- MC Cassie was a goddess, and not because she was onlywearing body paint.
 "Sorry?" I said, and blinked, because I couldn't keep my eyes off her face.
- CASSIE: This.
- MC: She said.
- CASSIE: You want some? It's good.
- MC: And she offered me a Pringles can, with some kind of brackish liquid inside. It
 sloshed. Ominously.
 "Is it?"
- CASSIE: I washed it out first. Promise.
- MC: But I didn't want to say no. My first proper drink. Of whatever it was. Out in a
 vineyard, on the edge of town, the press and stink of humanity around me.
 Twenty-thousand other people. Most of them were drunk. "Yeah."

 And I took it, and I tried it. And it wasn't that bad. Sweet, and a little sour, with
 a burn that made me cough. I winced and handed it back.
- CASSIE: You like it?
- MC: "I've drank worse things." (I'm not sure why I said that. Even now, I don't think
 I have.)

 "What is it?" She wrinkled her nose, all glitter and eyebrows and
 said,
- CASSIE: Dunno, really. Mate made it. I smuggled it in. Don't think it's lethal.
- MC: "But you can't be sure?"
- CASSIE: What's life without a bit of risk? Want some more?
- MC: "Yeah." I said. And then she smiled, and I fell in love all over again.

i'm here, i'm queer, i'm full of existential fear

MC: I always thought that everyone looked at the lead woman in their favourite television show and couldn't decide whether or not they wanted to be them, or wanted to be with them. Turns out that's not quite true. Didn't really think about it in high school. I was too busy!- I said, though I was probably just trying to put it off. When I was finishing up intermediate, some of my friends said they'd never go to the all girls school cause it would 'turn them into lesbians' – said with such violence and hatred in their voices, that it sounded like they'd keel over and die if their families even considered it. And maybe it did. I'm living proof! But I doubt it.

Years later, you meet the same girls you were friends with in intermediate, who'd scowled and sworn until they were allowed to go to the local coed instead, and they're with their girlfriends, happy as anything.

It's funny. It's funny, being younger. Being so, so scared of the unknown. Every little thing seems like an iceberg, every anxiety the end of the world. Every facet of my existence examined, categorised and put on display for the whole world to see. But in reality, no-one really cares.

Can you tell me anything mundane about someone you barely knew at high school? Can you? I can't.

But I was there, and I was gay - even if I didn't know it then - and that's what people saw. Even if I didn't even recognise it in myself. She sighs. I'm gay.

It's funny saying that bit out loud. Don't know if it's ever not going to make me a bit scared.

don't mix your drinks

MC: "I'm dying."

ALANNA: You have a hangover, babe.

MC: "Alanna, I'm dying."

ALANNA " Aww. Hun. You have a hangover. What did you drink last night?

MC sits up.

MC: "Something terrible. You said you were going to look after me."

ALANNA: I did! For a while!

MC: "Yeah, then you went off with that guy."

ALANNA: When in Rome, babe.

MC: "When in a paddock in Gisborne, babe."

She groans. "How do I fix this?"

ALANNA: Here. Sit up. Patented hangover cure. Try this.

She offers MC a bottle.

MC: "What is it."

ALANNA: Just drink it.

MC drinks it, and coughs.

MC: "Jesus christ."

ALANNA: He's not here. Is it helping?

MC: "Did I just drink rubbing alcohol?"

ALANNA: Dunno. Hair of the dog. You'll feel better.

MC: "Will I? Cause right now I'm about to vom."

ALANNA *winces, disgusted.*

ALANNA: Ugh. Babe. Not in the tent.

MC gags. She manages to stabilise herself.

MC: "I am suffering."

ALANNA: Enough about that. What did you do last night?

MC doesn't answer.

ALANNA: Ohmigod, babe. You're blushing. Who did you do last night?

MC: "I didn't do anyone. Or anything. I just vibed."

ALANNA: I bet you did.

MC: "Not like that!"

ALANNA: Ugh. Boring.

MC: "I met someone."

ALANNA: Who?

MC: The thing was... Alanna didn't. Know. I didn't either, really. Not enough to be able to say it to someone who I'd met for the first time in person two days previously. Alanna and I - we'd met up on Tumblr. Of all places, huh? She thought I was funny, I liked her art - we connected. Turned out she was planning to travel for R&V, fly halfway around the world to sit in a muddy field, listen to bands and maybe do some Class-A drugs. But there we were. Alone in a tent, and I had the words burning in my throat, a weight pressing down on my chest, and nausea making me sweat. Though I think most of that was the alcohol. Coming out is a struggle. And it doesn't ever seem to stop.

I swallowed. I didn't want to lose my best friend.

"She was beautiful."

Nothing. Silence. My heart pounding behind my eyes. I briefly wondered if I could get a refund on our camping site.

Pause.

ALANNA: Hey.

MC: She said softly, and held out her arms.

ALANNA does that.

ALANNA: What was her name?

MC: And I hugged her and only cried maybe a bit. "Cassie. She was the most beautiful person I'd ever seen."

ALANNA: Did you get her number?

MC: I suppose my silence said enough.

ALANNA: Idiot.

MC: She said, and rubbed my back.

They hug and ALANNA rubs her back.

ALANNA: If you're going to have fleeting and poignant Sapphic experiences, you really should get their number first.

sitting in maccas at 1pm on the last day of 2014 with several other hungover 18 year olds is a less than ideal circumstance

MC: Speaking from experience, here's how to cure a hangover. Water. Lots of water. Quick stop off at Maccas a McChicken before stumbling home. Panadol. Not doing it for a second time the next day. Eighteen year old me didn't exactly know that. "Can I have your sunnies? The outside... hurts."

ALANNA: Shouldn't have left yours in the tent, babe.

MC: "You stood on them, they were useless!"

ALANNA: Still.

MC: "Alanna, I think I'm dying."

ALANNA: Shut up and eat your fries. They're worse cold.

CASSIE enters.

MC: And then she walked in. Pushing the door open like the sun didn't send splinters through her brain. She was still glittery, too. It was streaked all over her face.

ALANNA: How does she make smudged lipstick look so good?

MC: "Alanna," I hissed. "That's her."

ALANNA: Oh my god, wow!

MC: Alanna nudged me, encouragingly. She does that.

ALANNA: She's hot. Go talk to her. Get her number.

MC: "No way." Cassie walked past us, like she owned the place, with all its greasy floors and faint scent of nihilism. As she turned to tap at one of the self-service machines, she caught my eye. And winked.

bastille, baby

MC is dancing by herself.

MC: It's funny how a lot of pop songs sound so happy until you listen to the lyrics. Depressing, isn't it? It's like if I wrote a song from the point of view of the iceberg that destroyed the Titanic, but at least the song had a good beat and more metaphors and poetry, and stuff.

It was a few minutes from midnight, a few minutes from 2015. And I was alone. Or as alone as you can get in a crowd of twenty thousand others.

I wanted to find Cassie. To ask for her number. To learn more about her. But what was the point? In the morning she'd be gone. Swept away with the tourists, leaving the city empty and my ears ringing in the silence until February.

Small towns. Kiwi summers. Always felt a bit lonely.

Cassie approaches, surprises MC. Her glitter is smeared again.

CASSIE: Kinda sad, isn't it?

MC: "Song's a jam, I reckon."

CASSIE: Oh, it's good. Just... sad. If you really listen to it.

MC: "You seem... different. Tonight?"

CASSIE: Headache. Laid off the scrumpy.

MC: "Oh, is that what it was?"

CASSIE: What - last night? I have no idea what that was. We're lucky we're not both dead.

MC mock toasts her.

MC: "To miracles."

CASSIE: To miracles. Whenever they show up. They mock toast each other again.

MC: "Hey. Just... one sec?"

MC reaches out, cups CASSIE's face and smooths out her

glitter. It looks marginally better when it is done.

"You're good. You can go back to everyone now. No glitter faux-pas. Your reputation's intact."

CASSIE: I think I'll... stay here.

MC: "You can do that... too."

CASSIE: What day were you born?

MC: "Uh. I think it was a Monday?"

CASSIE: No... the day.

MC: "February 14th. Irritatingly."

CASSIE: An Aquarius, I could tell- wait. Valentine's Day?

MC: "Guilty. I have absolutely no romantic bones in my body."

Okay. Maybe that was a lie, but I see romance more as compliments. And hugs. Less of that chick flick-style sentiment. Sue me.

"Your... everything. It looks pretty. Tonight."

CASSIE: My... everything?

MC "Your glitter. And you. Uh. I'm going to stop talking. I've drank nothing today except a melted frozen coke, I have no excuses for this-"

CASSIE: I think you need more glitter.

CASSIE swipes her fingertips through the glitter on her face and paints it down MC's face, stopping at her lips.

So pretty.

MC: "Cassie, I-"

CASSIE: Happy New Year, pretty girl.

They kiss.

maybe we'll just leave this tent here

ALANNA: So you kissed her at midnight and you still didn't get her number?

MC: "It wasn't at midnight."

ALANNA: And you still didn't get her number.

MC: "I had other things on my mind." It was midnight moments after that, the crowd screamed as the countdown reached zero, the sky lit up with fireworks and light as bright as day and we were separated. I was so sure I was never going to see her again.

ALANNA: Festival of firsts, isn't it, hun?

MC: "What was your first?"

ALANNA: Uh... first time going to a festival and not getting mud up my ass?

MC shrieks.

MC: "Oh my god, TMI."

ALANNA: Yeah, really TMI. Sorry I told you that, actually.

glitter girl

MC: Nine thirty on January 8th and I still had a headache. Alanna had gone home, flown off after a couple of days spent in Gisborne - look, I loved the place, but there's only so much you can do mid-January that's not going to the beach or trying not to melt your skin off from the rolling summer heat- and I was... alone, once again. It only hurt a little bit.

What could have been if I'd just asked. If I'd just made that effort.

I went back into Maccas that morning, bought a hot chocolate and a hash brown and stood waiting in the line until they were ready. I turned, went towards the exit doors with my food and-

CASSIE and MC bump into each other, neither looking where they're going.

"Cassie?"

CASSIE: No way.

MC: Breathless - "Yeah. It's me." And when she took my hand after a moment, I kinda forgot about the fact that I was lonely and that the silence of the city echoed within my bones. Because as it turns out, we lived in the same town.

Stormy Weather Audition Sides

Audition Side 1

L: (Lindsay, in a jubilant mood, enters through the upstage, left, shop back entrance, cap in hand which he slings toward the coat rack and reacts accordingly as to whether it lands on the hook or not. Having taken off his coat, he hesitates, looking lovingly at it, he holds it as though it was a dance partner and dances around the shop while singing.)

L: I love you. You love me. Come dance around the Christmas tree. One day soon you're gonna be freeeee. Then. (**Singing Da Da's to the tune of Mendelson's Wedding March**)

SOUND: (Landline phone ringing.)

L: (**L slings the coat over his shoulder and answers the phone.**) Welcome to Beautiful You. How may I help? You're speaking with Lindsay. (**Pause.**) Slow down. (**Pause.**) Oh Mrs. Filbee it's you. Now take a deep breath. (**Pause.**) Yes, that's it. Now start again, slooowly. (**Pause.**) Oh no. (**Pause.**) Oh no. Oh you poor thing. How traumatic. (**Pause.**) Oh no poor Arthur. Intensive care! Two broken legs! (**Pause.**) Of course, we must cancel today's appointment. (**Pause.**) No that's perfectly fine Mrs. Filbee. You just rebook when you've both fully recovered. Bye for now. (**L makes a note in the booking book or computer, hangs his coat on the rack, unlocks the stage right, customer door and puts out the "Open" sign.**)

SOUND: (Cellphone ringing.)

L: (**L retrieves his cellphone from his pocket then answers.**) Hello sweet cheeks. I was just thinking about you! Great night last night. Thanks for the loan of the coat. (**Pause.**) Oh, you're such a naughty boy! (**He giggles.**) My little tooth fairy! (**Pause.**) No, my next appointment just cancelled. She also calls me luscious Lindsay. (**He giggles.**) Luscious Lindsay! (**Pause.**) No. It was Mrs. Filbee and poor little Arthur. Two broken legs! (**Pause.**) No, not her. Arthur, he's in intensive care and she's being treated for shock. (**Pause.**) Yes Mrs. Filbee, you met her the other day, remember? (**Pause.**) We try not to say such things about our clients. (**Pause.**) I think voluptuous is the word you're looking for. (**Pause.**) Yes, I must say I wasn't relishing the thought of her bringing little Arthur in again. (**Pause.**) Well, he just ran amuck leaving little puddles everywhere. How such a little body could retain so much fluid, I do not know. (**Pause.**) She was quite distraught. It was just unfortunate that he blended so well with the cushions and she didn't see him before she sat (**Pause.**) Well yes, you would wonder why such a large lady would choose a teacup Chihuahua, but there you go.

Chrystal: (**Chrystal stands hesitantly in the doorway.**)

L: (**Noticing Chrystal.**) Must go, customer entering. Love you Bye-Sweet. (**He ends the call and replaces his phone.**)

Chrystal: (**Enter Chrystal, unhappy, laden with shopping and a small shoulder bag, dowdily dressed and carrying a raincoat.**)

L: **(L moves to welcome her.)** Good morning Madam. Welcome to, Beautiful You.

Chrystal: Oh I'm sorry, I haven't come to shop. Just popped in to get out of the rain.

L: Well you've come to the right place at the right time. **(He indicates the couch.)** Please take a seat. Let us be your port in the storm.

Chrystal: No I'm not shopping.

L: Not shopping is fine but I won't allow you out into this weather. **(He takes her shopping bags to the end of the couch then herds her to sit.)** Let me hang up your coat.

Chrystal: **(She hands him her coat and takes a seat, keeping her small shoulder bag with her.)**

L: **(L hangs her coat on the rack over top of his coat.)**

Chrystal: Thank you. You're so kind but I'll go as soon as the rain stops.

L: Looks like you're in for a long wait. You may as well get comfy.

Chrystal: Thank you but I really shouldn't take up your time.

L: Not at all. It just so happens, time is what I have.

Chrystal: Oh you don't want to waste your time on me.

L: Sweetheart, let me be the judge of that.

Chrystal: That is so kind but...

L: Aah aah. We'll have none of that. Now make yourself comfortable. Fate hasn't brought you here for no reason at all.

Chrystal: I'm not sure I believe in fate.

L: Well, that's OK because I have enough belief for both of us. Now Madam. How do you like to be addressed?

Chrystal: Addressed? Ah, my name is Chrystal. Some people call me Chris.

L: Chrystal it shall be. Like a fabulous jewel. I sense the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Chrystal: Oh, I'm not so special.

L: Chrystal, take a deep breath in. **(He demonstrates.)** Hold. Now let it all out.

Chrystal: **(Chrystal does as instructed.)** I don't know your name.

L: My closest friends call me L.

Chrystal: OK L. I surrender.

L: Oh you do have it bad. Man troubles? You really are in need of a girly chat aren't you?

Chrystal: Is it that obvious?

L: Chrystal, my dear sweet lady. Dead giveaway! All this shopping and no flush of happiness? Were you shopping for an occasion or was all this just impulse?

Chrystal: A bit of both really. We have a school reunion next week. I was going to make do but had this sudden urge to break out, buy something new and...

L: Prepared to make do, then a sudden urge? Prompted by what? may I ask.

Chrystal: Well, I sort of had a Phone call...

L: Intriguing. Do tell.

Chrystal: Oh nothing really.

L: Nothing really? That must have been a significant phone call.

Chrystal: Oh, well, ah, just an old school friend, um, checking to see if I was going to the reunion.

L: A stylish girlfriend perhaps?

Chrystal: Um, not exactly.

L: A male friend perchance?

Chrystal: Mmm?

L: A significant male friend?

Chrystal: Possibly.

L: Possibly? Oh come on sweetheart. You're in safe hands with L.

Chrystal: It was a long time ago. Time has possibly blurred the reality.

Audition Side 2

- Chrystal:** As I said. It was a long time ago and you don't want to waste time dredging up my past.
- L:** You can't do this to me girl! Telling me a story minus the punch line. Come on Chrystal. Dredge away.
- Chrystal:** Well, Harrison, my husband, and I, had been inseparable since primary school. Then in high school we ended up in different classes...
- L:** And a special someone caught your eye?
- Chrystal:** It was more like he had eyes for me. I promise I didn't give him any encouragement.
- L:** Really? None at all?
- Chrystal:** No. But I didn't tell him to go away either.
- L:** I sense a little guilt here.
- Chrystal:** Maybe.
- L:** Chrystal, you were a hormonal teenager! Let it go.
- Chrystal:** I did go out with him. Once. Well twice really. Harrison found out and...
- L:** Did he beat him up?
- Chrystal:** No. Harrison hasn't got a mean bone in his body. He cried and was so miserable. I felt so torn. Hated seeing him so upset **(Pause.)** And well, it was the name issue that swung it in the end.
- L:** Name issue?
- Chrystal:** Well, remember that I was just a teenager.**(Pause.)** What a silly little girl I was then.
- L:** Don't be too hard on yourself. It takes years of mistakes to figure out who we really are. Some people never do. Consider yourself one of the lucky ones.
- Chrystal:** Look at me. You can't possibly think I have it all figured out.
- L:** So what mistake did your teenage self make?
- Chrystal:** Well, his name was, is, Peter Ball.
- L:** Your point being? **(Pause.)** oh, I see. **(He chuckles.)** Oh you poor sweet child. Crystal Ball! How charming. **(He chuckles again.)** I would love a name like that.
- Chrystal:** **(She Laughs a little.)** It does sound trivial when I hear it out loud. **(Pause.)** I've never told anyone that story before.
- L:** So you chose Harrison and regretted it ever since?
- Chrystal:** No. Yes, I chose Harrison. No regrets. We've had so many happy years together but...
- L:** But you can't help wondering what could have been?

Audition Side 3

It seems so. Tell me Chrystal, do you have a plan? What would you do if you met her face to face.

Chrystal: My first thought was to kill her.

L: Oh I would never have picked you as the violent type.

Chrystal: Yes well that's the problem. I always have violent thoughts when I'm pissed off but never act on them.

L: Oh yes I know exactly what you mean. You visualize the punch in the face but could no more do it than fly to the moon. So any revengeful plans in mind?

Chrystal: Not really. It's all just a bit of a tangle in my head. A part of me would like to see her suffer.

L: We are talking mental, not physical?

Chrystal: I love the idea of physical, but don't have it in me.

L: Oh thank goodness for that. I mean that would have a bad outcome for you wouldn't it? You wouldn't want a police record at your age would you.

Chrystal: Initially I thought it would be worth it.

L: Really?

Chrystal: For a fleeting moment. But common sense prevailed.

L: Thank goodness for common sense.

Chrystal: No. I like the idea of creative revenge.

L: Creative?

Chrystal: Yes. Perhaps creating a little mischief in their relationship. I've fantasized about befriending her and gradually dropping little pearls of poison in her ear.

L: You mean like Othello.

Chrystal: Yes. Not original enough?

L: The thought has merit but...

Chrystal: But?

L: There is the danger of you ending up liking her, after all you both have the same taste in men.

Chrystal: I hadn't even thought of that.

L: Just a little food for thought, but think of all the free beauty treatments you could have.

Chrystal: I can't imagine someone who would happily get their claws into someone else's husband being the sort of person that would hand out freebees' willy nilly.

L: Well there you go. Making huge assumptions. Maybe he led her to believe that he was available. Maybe that husband of yours is the baddie here. Maybe she is completely innocent.

Chrystal: Harrison? Oh no. He's not the devious type.

L: Wears his heart on his sleeve does he?

Chrystal: I think so, yes.

L: Certain? Does he tell you everything?

Chrystal: Well now that you mention it. I've always thought that there was a part of him that is never shown to anyone.

L: Still waters run deep. One person's truth is merely an interpretation which may only resemble the actual facts. Perhaps he's been a very naughty boy and deceiving both you and his lover.

Chrystal: Maybe I should track her down and get her side of the story. You're in the same industry, do you know of any Lindsay who works in cosmetics?

L: No, I haven't come across any women in the trade called Lindsay.

Chrystal: Anyway, with her being part of the beauty industry, I can't imagine that we'd have anything much in common.

L: But Crystal, there is so much girly fun to be had with beauty products.

Chrystal: I've just never seen myself as a girly girl with all that girly crap.

L: Don't knock it till you've tried it.

Crystal: All that so called beauty stuff is just so confusing.

L: I could teach you how to embrace it and have it work to your advantage.

Crystal: You mean like fighting fire with fire?

L: That's a good way to look at it.

Chrystal: But if that's what he wants, then I'm at a disadvantage from the start and not even sure I want to be that person. It all sounds like hard work to me.

L: Not with me on your side.

Chrystal: Why would you want to help me?

L: I love a little challenge and I know huge potential when I see it.

Chrystal: I feel like that's a compliment but I'm not sure.

L: Take it as a compliment.

Chrystal: It's nice to know someone has faith.

L: Would you like to rekindle that old flame?

Chrystal: And risk losing all that I already have? I don't know.