



AUDITION PIECES

MALE AUDITION PIECE

It was a chance wasn't it?

After that storm we salvaged what we could and dried it out. We thought we'd just go straight home. There didn't seem much point in carrying on after that washout. There doesn't seem to be a reason to carry on with your holiday when your van's a wreck, your boat's smashed on the rocks and all your clothes are soaked. But we tried to save something of a holiday and spent a few nights in this motel. It was a funny place. Run by this old cheese who wore thongs all the time. They were old thongs, very loose and you could hear her, flap, flap, flap coming down the passageway. They'd stop for a second, then start again.

I suppose she was listening at a door. I don't know what she thought people might be up to, the rooms were really tiny. We stuck it out for a couple of nights. But...we didn't enjoy it. It wasn't our sort of place. So we decided to head for home. We drove all day yesterday and were getting pretty hot and tired and the girl suddenly pointed at a road sign and said we had to turn off the highway. She really wanted us to, kept insisting. So I turned the car around and drove back to the road sign and turned off down the dirt road. And when we came up over the last hill and saw the beach...

FEMALE AUDITION PIECE

I don't understand. Mum has a great story she tells once a year or so. About growing up in a country town. About all her brothers and sisters and her parents. How one day she realised she was expected to stay at home forever and look after them. She knew then she had to get out. So she packed her bags and got a train. She was eighteen, I think, or nineteen. She left. Like that, in a minute. She never went back for eight years. They wouldn't speak to her.

She got married and they came down for the wedding and stayed a couple of days. Then you saw them once a year if they were lucky. When I was born, maybe twice a year. She never writes, never rings. They could die and she wouldn't find out for months. Isn't that wanting to abandon someone? Wasn't she pulled away? Did you stay?

You got out. You packed up and hit the road for years. You tell a story too. You got out. You were pulled away.