

SHAKERS Audition sides

Cast: Four F actors (age range late teens to mid-thirties). Scottish accents ideally. All play multiple parts and both women and men with a wide range of accents.

Adele: Slightly naïve, aims to please, about to get engaged and hasn't told her bloke about having an abortion before she met him.

Carol: Better educated and older than the others, sort of 'mother hen', bitter.

Mel: Bolshie, opinionated, stands no nonsense, loves her mum, has a dodgy boyfriend.

Nicky: Wannabe actress, desperate to get away, caves into the boss to wear shorts in the bar.

ALL FOUR GIRLS

EXTRACT 1

(The girls as themselves as the bar closes for the night)

Carol: Sorry, folks, we're closed.

Mel: Aye. We have been here for seven hours.

Nicki: Don't remind me!

Carol: Should have come earlier.

Adele: Sorry.

Nicki: It's one o'clock in the bloody morning. What do they think we are?

Mel: It's because we're in the city centre. You always get them, 'specially weekends, trying to get that last round on the way to the taxi rank.

Carol: Right.

Adele: It's because the lights are always on.

Nicki: Stupid that. Wastes electricity.

Carol: Supposed to make it look classy.

Nicki: Dinnae make me laugh!

Mel: Aye, well, I'll be off in a minute. I'm fair knackered.

Adele: Day off tomorrow though, eh.

Carol: Yeah, but it'll soon be Monday.

Mel: Och, don't.

Nicki: I'm puggled, me. It's no' right this. They need more waitresses. We shouldnae have to dae everything.

Carol: Yeah, supposed to look all expensive and they can't even afford enough staff. It's all a façade.

Nicki: You're serving, making cocktails, fetching and carrying...

Adele: And bloody smiling.

(The girls break into the Shakers motif as they introduce themselves. This involves holding an arm up to one side as if carrying a tray)

Carol: You've got Carol.

Adele: Adele

Nicki: Nicki

Me: and Mel.

Carol: We work in a bar

Adele: That is worse than hell.

Nicki: We serve the drinks

Mel: And we serve the food.

Carole: We've got to be nice

Adele: Not never ever rude

Nicki: Nae matter what you do

Mel: Nae matter what you say

Carol: It's a happy smiling face

Adele: That comes your way.

All: "Ting"

EXTRACT 2

All the girls become lads on a night out

Carol: And in they come, straight out of the car, straight into the bar.

Adele: The lads, is what they are, dressed in their best, Stonewash jeans.

Mel: All talced and fresh, with splash on Aramis, minty foot deodorant, and teeth gleaming white like George Michael.

All: “Wake me up before you go go”

Nicki: It’s dreich outside, but they don’t care.
A Bermuda “T” shirt is all they wear.

Carol: Let’s get to the bar. Hi!

Adele: Hi teamsters.

Mel: Hi.

Nicki: Hi.

Carol: They stand like they’re in a shop window. Got to get the most out of their jeans. Yeah, that’s it. That looks cool and attractive without being cissy or macho.

(They take up different stances)

Adele: A sort of cross between Simon Le Bon and Daley Thompson.

Mel: And the gum. Don’t forget the gum.

All: Oh yeah, the gum.

(They all pretend to chew)

Nicki: In goes the gum.

All: Thud; chew.

Adele: And the casual look around the place, eyeing up everything that moves.

Mel: If it moves, take it to bed, if not, stick it on your windscreen.

Carol: Sound your horn if you had sex last night.

All: *(making horn sounds)* Road hog.

Adele: And then I spot one. Oh, aye, over there by the fag machine; big tits, no tights.
Slit up her dress, hair like one of those dancers from *Top of the Pops*.

Carol: Where is she?

Adele: Over my left shoulder, two o'clock to the bar, five o'clock to the fag machine.

Carol: Nice one.

Adele: So over to the machine I glide.

(Adele glides over to Mel at the cigarette machine)

Mel: Shite!

Adele: Is it no' working?

Mel: No.

Adele: Let me have a quick look. A masculine boot should get this going. Boot. There we are – twenty John Player Specials.

Mel: I wanted Benson and Hedges. Thanks anyway.

Adele: She walks off. Feck! Lost my cool. Back to the teamsters.

Nicki: What happened, man?

Adele: Oh, what a dog.

Mel: She looks great.

Adele: Up close, she's really rough.

Carol: And then, like confetti, excuses hit the ground, falling on deaf ears.

Adele: She's married.

Mal: She's fat.

Carol: She's deaf.

Adele: She's blind. She broke my cool. No problems – I'll laugh it off with a round of Malibu's. A round of Malibu's.

All: Hoorah!

NICKI and CAROL SECTION

(Nicki and Carol become Daz and Trev)

Nicki: Daz –

Carol: Trev-

Mel: They've come down the bar

Adele: To get them a bevvy.

Nicki: and to get some skirt.

(Trev and Daz are hanging around the cocktail bar. They are both about twenty-five and working class. They are dressed, and out for a good time.)

Nicki: Go on then Trev, ask her.

Carol: You ask her.

Nicki: Ahhhhh! Chicken shit!

Deleted[Helen]: .

Carol: I don't want a poney cocktail. Rather have a pint.

Nicki: It's a laugh though, eh.

Carol: Which one are you going to ask, eh?

Nicki: Her wi' the tits, no' that other yin, she's too skinny-malinky.

Carol: Aye. That big yin's a looker.

All Ugh.

Nicki: Nice tits.

(at this comment the girls feign being sick)

Carol: Ya dirty sod.

Nicki: C'mon! You cannae deny it.

Carol: How much are they?

Nicki: *(looks at Mel's breasts)* I dinnae think they're for sale.

MEL and ADELE SECTION

Some customers are getting ready for a night in Shakers.

Mel: Hiya. I'm here. Bloody buses; they're never on time. They make me spew. I've brought my heated rollers and my hot brush. I've got some mousse, but I couldn't find my gel, so you'll have to lend me some. I've got some of them *More* cigarettes as well; long and brown, I think they look pure class. Let's have a keek at your dress then, Shaz. Got it from *Chelsea Girl*, eh? Where's Tracey and Elaine? Are you talking or what?

Adele: *(through an almost closed mouth, as she is wearing a face pack)* I cannae.

Mel: You what?

Adele: I cannae.

Mel: Ugggh! What's that stuff on your face.

Adele: Face mask. *(She points to an imaginary bottle)*

Mel: *(Picking up the bottle and reading)*. "Avocado and cucumber – the first step to a more beautiful you". I'll tell you something, it's definitely working. You look a stack better with that on than you ever did before.

Adele: Dinnae make me laugh.

Mel: Ahhh! Don't move, it's cracking.

Adele: Shite!

Mel: You'll be right.

Adele: Well, I have had it on ages. *(She mimes removing the face pack, making the appropriate noises.)*

SOLO: ADELE

Adele: I first slept wi' somebody when I was sixteen. Aye, I know it's young. He was a teacher at school, so it seemed alright. Mr Coates, well, Mike. He was well braw. I thought he was magic. We just sort of drifted together on a school trip. Nobody knew, it was a big secret that seemed to make it more special. He didnae force me to sleep with him, in fact he was really nice and sweet. Truth is, I fancied him that much I couldnae help it. God, I couldnae leave him alone, poor bloke. I was sensible though, so I thought. I tried to get on the pill but I had jaundice when I was a kid, so I ended up with a cap. I'm no' kidding, they're a pain in the neck. I've got a coil now, it's okay. We went on holiday for two weeks up north. My mam thought I was hostelling with my pals. I spoilt it though, typical, found out I was pregnant. To be honest I'd suspected for weeks but I kept putting it to the back of my mind. But it had got to the stage where I was boakin'. I didnae really think about it, I just asked for an abortion. I had it up there in a hospital by the sea. There were about eight of us in a ward. All the others had slippers, dressing gowns, and orange juice at the side of the beds. I had to make do with a hospital nightie, my stockinged feet and a baggy combat jumper I'd taken camping wi' me. It's soon done, you bleed a lot, feel depressed, but it's a relief as well. I wanted to tell folk, but I knew I shouldnae. I mean the thing is, shall I tell Steve, ma fella? I mean, we're getting engaged. And it can stop you having bairns, can't it? I'm frightened in case he leaves me. I think I'll keep it a secret, between you and me. Eh, don't tell anyone, will you. Promise?

SOLO: NICKY'S AUDITION (in the play, she's applying to drama school)

Nicki: It's something I've put together myself. Er...I've written all the words down on a bit of paper for you so you can test me. Yeah. Right. It's called the Smile.
(Pause) I'll start, shall I? *(Pause)* I'm a bit nervous, so it might be a bit shite.

“She'd been in hospital for about four days. She was seventy. She went into hospital for a hysterectomy; the operation had been a great success. I went to see her and she looked great, she even showed me the stitches. So at work, I was having laugh and a good time. Then they rang, the hospital, said she'd had a stroke. So I went on the bus to the hospital. I felt sick, travelling all that way on a bus. She was on the sixth floor, I remember that, in a side cubicle in a ward full of old biddies. I walked into the room. My mum and dad were looking out of the window, looking across the parkland of the hospital. And my uncle and auntie were there, looking out the window; they were greetin'. My gran was laid in bed; half of her face was blue and deformed, her mouth was all twisted and taut, one eye was closed. She looked at me and tried to smile. I remember the crying in the background. She tried to speak but said nothing. She just lay there. “Hello, gran,” I said. “Hello. What's all this bloody nonsense about having a stroke, eh?” And she just smiled at me. She just smiled. “

SOLO: MEL

Mel: My mum tells everyone that I work in *Shakers*. She thinks it's classy. Well, it is. I keep saying I'll bring her, treat her. She says she'll have to go out and buy a new frock. It's not that posh, I tell her. It would do her good to come out somewhere like this, glam herself up a wee bit. She's no' been the same since my dad died, about a year ago now. She misses him, still talks to him sometimes, when she's in bed, you know. Funny that, but I suppose you get used to people being there. She goes to the Bingo on Wednesdays with my Auntie Eileen, and she babysits for oor Kevin's kids. Yes, she'd like it here, somewhere special. I'll mebbe bring her next week. I'm getting used to it now. But when I first started, well...

Mel: Bleedin' cocktails. It's the same every night. You always get an *Uptown Zombie*, with a *Glad Eye* and a *Pick Me Up*, promising a holiday with a *Tequila Sunrise* on *Montego Bay* and a ride on his *Pina Colada*. What he really means is that he'd like to give you a *Long Slow Comfortable Screw Between the Sheets* in his *Sidecar*. I'd just like to give the *Bosom Caresser* a *Sparkling Punch* in his *Dicki Dicki*, so he falls *Head Over Heels* and goes home clutching his *Blue Bols*. Two pounds please, lads.

SOLO: CAROL

Carol: When I was sixteen, all my close friends left school to work in the factories. I stayed on. I thought it would lead to something better. Well, everybody said it would: my mum, dad, teachers. To them, exams were everything. It was hard making new friends in the sixth form. They seemed different to me. Their mums and dads were doctors, teachers, they all seemed to be better. My mum delivered milk. Oh, I got all my Highers. I've got a degree in Modern Studies from Napier. I had a good time at college. I fell in love, out of love, was left devastated for a term, smoked dope, wore cheap plimsolls and bought a mingin' fur coat, uh, uh. I made some good friends. Funny how they all disappear when you leave. It's like you've never known them. You've lived in a world with everything, then you're dumped into the wilderness. Nobody's ever heard of Modern Studies here, and to me it was everything. Competing for jobs with computer or mathematical geniuses, I don't stand a chance. Or you're overqualified. I nearly didn't get this job. I did nannying for a bit, but the pay was shite, so I came home, and here I am. I saw a girl who was in my class at school, yesterday. She's got two bairns.

One's walking. She was laughing and playing with them. They'd got chocolate round their mouths. I looked at her and I thought, well, she seems to have got what she wanted, and I suppose I've got what I wanted, a degree in Modern Studies.