



Eyes to the Floor

AUDITIONS

Javeenbah Theatre, Nerang

Sunday 9 February 2.00pm

Eyes to the Floor Audition Information

Characters: Daniella 15 years
Jane 16 years
Emma 14 years (indigenous)
Gwen 16 years (indigenous)
Fiona 17 years
Marjorie 17 years

(There could be 1 or 2 non-speaking additional inmates depending on auditions)

Guard Furedi/Hawkins/Lenny	Male Actor (younger)
Naylor/Father	Male Actor (older)
Mrs Kay	Female Actor (any age)

Mrs Kay will need an Irish Accent and will need to sing Molly Malone without accompaniment.

You can hear Molly Malone here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3oughCtlh2g> (Sinead O'Connor – slower version)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g-jaf8Zh6xw> (faster – folk song)

Peruse the accompanying audition pieces.

Our auditions will be OPEN – ie; we will all watch each other.

Girl/Inmate audtionees

- You may choose from any monologue regardless of which girl you think you would like to be. Note, there are no monologues available for Emma or Gwen.
- All audtionees will be asked to present one monologue of your choice.
- All auditionees will be workshopped with the ensemble piece.
- Auditionees may be asked to present a duologue with an adult character or another girl character.

Adult Characters/auditinees

- You will be required to present one speech as a monologue
- You may be asked to present a scene with or without the ‘girls’
- You will not be required to audition ensemble pieces, so may be required for a shorter time than the girl auditionees.

All Audtionees

- You do not need to LEARN the monologue by heart, but it would help you to be familiar with the one of your choice.
- Wear loose/ comfortable rehearsal clothing as you may be asked to do some physical workshopping.
- Hard copies will be available at the theatre on the day.
- Depending on numbers on the day, please expect audition time to be concluded by 3.30 pm.
- It is hoped we will notify you about casting by Tuesday 11 February

Enquiries can be made to director Jocelyn Moore-Carter at jocelyn.moore-carter@tlc.qld.edu.au or

assistant director Jake Goodall at goodall.jake14@gmail.com

DANIELLA

Bzzzzz.

Bzzzz.

It's on the roof of my cell.

A fly has been caught by a spider. The web has probably only snared its leg or its wing, only one small part of it. But that's enough. The spider is alerted to its catch by the desperate tugging on the threads of its trap and also by a low, mournful buzzing.

Bzzzzz.

Bzzzzz.

Bzzzzz.

The spider crawls towards its catch. I can't quite see but it looks like it goes in and bites it on the head, or something like that. The fly is still buzzing but the action of the wings is getting lower. The buzzing is no longer a desperate struggling zzzzz but a continuous moaning bzzzzzt, bzzzzt. The spider becomes a dancer, it is wrapping up the fly in long threads of web. Around and around and around it dances, and then it falls back, like a maniac weaver, and tugs the threads tight across the body of the fly. The buzzing continues and continues.

Bzzzzt.

Bzzzzzt.

Bzzzzt.

I can see other flies on the walls. They are still. They are silent. The spider dances again like some insane grandmother with lethal crochet hooks, conducting the air with sticky fibres.

Bzzzzt.

Bzzzzt.

Bzzzzt.

Long after it knows its fate. Long after it is wrapped and tied. Long after the spider advances toward it to suck it dry.

When I look up in the morning there will be a small little husk. Or it will have fallen to the floor where I will find it. I will get into trouble if I leave the cobwebs hanging in my cell until they can be seen. But I don't care. I am in league with the spider. I am in league. I love to watch him feeding.

Fiona

I am scared to death
And wish that I could sleep.
The rocking of the train lulls me
Dulls me.
Between stations there is time Expressed in forward motion
And there is
Gentle
Fragmental
Sleep
My limbs are heavy with it
My eyes droop
How delicious is the oblivion of dreams
Those palaces of imagination
How I long to slip into the silk of rest
Of sleep
Of glorious rest
But now I feel the train lurch
A sign flashes by
Narrandera
And I am being
bundled into a truck
It is close, it is airless
Again we lurch
And I feel the speed increase
I cannot rest
I cannot sleep
The speed increases
They do as they please
They do as they like
And still the pace
Escalates
Even more
Even more
I am lost.

FURED

FURED: Where is the other piece?

MARJORIE looks at the ground.

Marjorie Linnett. Where is the hook from this bra?

MARJORIE looks at the ground.

No girl will leave here until you hand over the hook from this bra.

MARJORIE still says nothing.

Get up.

MARJORIE stands

Give me the hook, immediately.

MARJORIE looks at the ground. FURED hits her on the legs at the end of every sentence.

Why do you think we have to get you to do this? Because we know what you'll do with little pieces of wire. What did you do in Parramatta? Do you think I don't know that you swallowed them? Do you think I don't know that you cut yourself with them? Why do you think that we make you sew on these buttons?

Now where is that hook?

MARJORIE sticks out her tongue and the hook is on it. FURED puts out his hand. MARJORIE spits the hook slowly into FURED's hand. FURED slaps MARJORIE with his right hand and knocks her to the ground.

Carry on.

JANE: When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes your mind plays tricks.
[She turns around and continues to walk, not looking at the 'days'.] Who's there?

Who's there? Hello?

When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes your mind plays games.

She turns and walks again, not looking at the 'days'.

What do you want? Hello?

What do you want me to do?

When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes you figure out how the world works.

When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes you learn how to fake it. How to fake being nice. How to fake being sweet. How to fake being obedient. So that you can get out of here, and out of their clutches and away from the people who want to tell you what to do and how to do it. And you learn, and you learn the hard way, that a girl has to appear to be one thing and hide deep down inside what she really is and what she can let herself become once she gets out of here.

MRS KAY (presented as monologue – girls' lines are included for context)

MRS KAY: Good morning, girls.

They continue to stand.

MRS KAY: Oh. Oh. Permission to be seated.

The GIRLS all sit.

Good, now first. During religious instruction class you will not be required to keep your eyes on the ground.

The GIRLS continue to look at the ground.

I repeat, you will not be required to keep your eyes to the ground.

The GIRLS continue to look at the ground.

Girls, eyes to the front.

The GIRLS continue to look at the ground.

(JANE: That's been used as a trick on us before.)

MRS KAY: *[sighing]* This is not a trick. Girls, I would like you to look up at me when I read the lesson and then for the duration of the class.

The GIRLS still do not look up.

Today's reading is from Colossians Chapter 2 verses 18 to 25. Wives, be committed to your husbands, as is fitting in Christ. Husbands love your wives and never treat them harshly. Children, heed your parents in everything, for this is your acceptable duty in Christ. Parents, do not provoke your children, or they may lose heart. You who are enslaved, heed your earthly masters in everything, not only while being watched and in order to please them, but wholeheartedly, revering the Lord. Whatever your task, put yourselves into it, as done for the Lord and not for human beings, since you know that from the Lord you will receive the inheritance as your reward; you serve the Lord Christ. For the wrongdoer will be paid back for whatever wrong has been done, and there is no partiality.

The GIRLS are still not looking up.

Does anyone have any questions? Or comments?

The GIRLS still do not look up. Will you look at me, please. Girls.

FIONA puts up her hand.

(FIONA: What does it mean, never treat them harshly?)

MRS KAY: I won't answer unless you look at me, Fiona.

FIONA very slowly, very hesitantly, looks up at MRS KAY.

MRS KAY: Thank you. [Beat.] Now you may repeat your question.

(FIONA: Husbands, love your wives and never treat them badly. What does that mean?)

MRS KAY: What do you think it means?

MRS KAY: Anyone else?

(GWEN: It means they should stop before they beat their brains out.)

MRS KAY: It does mean that. It means, of course, that they should not be beaten.

(JANE: What never?)

MRS KAY: No. Never.

(DANIELLA: Not even if they deserve it.)

MRS KAY: No-one ever deserves to be treated in a violent manner.

NAYLOR: We don't cut their hair because we are barbaric. We don't like having to cut off their hair. I'd go so far as to say that we don't even like having them here. But we didn't ask them to be here. They are uncontrollable, rebellious girls. I know there may be reasons why they are like that. I know that many of them have had very hard childhoods. But that does not discount that fact that now, now, our society is having to deal with them and they are, dreadful. Really dreadful girls. Perhaps any ladylike behaviour has been beaten out of them or bullied out of them. But however it has been removed it is doubtless gone from them. You can't reason with them. And in your heart of hearts you know that I am right. There are girls like this. There are girls who, perhaps for no fault of their own, or perhaps simply because they choose not to learn from their mistakes, are wild, hostile, barbaric little wild animals. And they must be corrected. They must be corrected. And that is why we cut off their hair. And it's not barbaric. It's not cruel and indifferent. Hair will grow back. But they need to learn to submit. Goodness I submit. There's a lot of things I have to do that I don't like doing. There's a lot of things in life that you just have to force yourself to submit to. But these girls won't accept that. They smash things, they bite each other, they hurt themselves. I'm not making this up. Maybe you think that they aren't so bad. Well I do this day in and day out and I'm here to tell you that these are wild little bitches who need to have everything taken from them before they are prepared to listen. Well fine. If you're not going to listen we are going to take you down. We are going to take everything away from you until you do listen.

He holds the scissors up into the air.

Next.

Duologue #1 Girls

EMMA and GWEN are together.

EMMA: They normally transport you separately.

GWEN: Yeah, so.

EMMA: So, there must be a reason they put us together.

GWEN: Not that reason.

EMMA: How do you know?

GWEN: Because. [Beat.] Why would they know that?

EMMA: It'd be in their files. From when you was taken away.

GWEN: Nah.

EMMA: Yeah, they got it all written down. On bits of paper in them files. They've got our whole lives in them files.

GWEN: Then why don't they tell us?

EMMA: Because. They don't want us to know. But I'm smarter than them. I've worked it out.

Pause.

GWEN: So, would they have written down all the stuff about Cootamundra?

EMMA: Yeah. For sure.

GWEN: How we met up there and then tried to escape?

EMMA: Yeah.

GWEN: How you fell off the train and sprained your ankle?

EMMA: That rattler was too high for me.

GWEN: So, I shouldn't have brung ya.

EMMA: Well why did ya?

GWEN: You said you wanted to come.

EMMA: I did. Because of who you are.

Pause.

GWEN: How do you know?

EMMA: 'Cause ya look like me.

GWEN: That's no proof.

EMMA: You got the same eyes.

GWEN: That's no proof.

EMMA: I just know.

GWEN: Ya can't just know.

EMMA: I do. That's why I helped ya in Parramatta.

GWEN: You shouldn'ta done that.

EMMA: You gotta take care of me. We gotta take care of each other.

GWEN: Yeah.

EMMA: You do.

GWEN: Says who?

EMMA: Says me.

GWEN: So. Why should I listen to you?

Pause.

EMMA: Because I'm your sister.

GWEN: Are not.

EMMA: I am.

Pause.

GWEN: So. Even if you are. And that's only a maybe.

EMMA: So.

GWEN: So. So what?

EMMA: So, sisters look after each other and nothing can separate them. GWEN: Yeah it can.

GWEN grabs EMMA and hauls her up by the collar.

Don't you ever say anything to anyone about your theory.

EMMA: I won't.

GWEN: Anyone who gets me into trouble, I'll pay them back.

Duologue # 2 – Naylor and inmate

SUPERINTENDENT NAYLOR, in a suit and tie, stands beside the fallen FIONA. He kicks her, casually, and she groggily wakes up. She looks up at him.

NAYLOR: Rule Number One. Don't look at me. Don't ever look at me.
I repeat. Don't ever look me in the eye

FIONA gets up onto her feet, she is unsteady but looks at the ground.

NAYLOR: Do you understand?

FIONA: Yes.

NAYLOR: Right. That is called a bounce.

FIONA: A what?

NAYLOR: A bounce. You'll have no sweets with your dinner this evening.

FIONA: For what?

NAYLOR: For looking me in the eye.

FIONA: *[looking up]* I didn't.

NAYLOR meets her eye.

NAYLOR: That's half your dinner this evening gone.

FIONA looks at the ground.

Am I making myself understood?

FIONA: Yes.

NAYLOR: Yes, who?

FIONA: Yes, Superintendent.

NAYLOR: There was a girl brought in yesterday, name of Jane Rogers.

FIONA: Sir.

NAYLOR: She lost both her dinner and her sweets last evening.

Pause. FIONA continues to look at the ground.

She was given bread and water and put in isolation for twenty-four hours.

FIONA looks up. NAYLOR meets her gaze.

Once more and you will be put in isolation yourself.

The tough nut almost cracks. Her chin wobbles but she doesn't cry.

FIONA: I'm sorry, sir.

NAYLOR: Yes, I'm sorry too.

Girls - Ensemble

JANE: When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes your mind plays tricks.
[*She turns around and continues to walk, not looking at the 'days'.*] Who's there?

DAY 1: You know.

JANE: Who's there? Hello?

DAY 2: You know who brays.

DAY 3: We're your wasted days.

DAY 4: You know who fights.

DAY 5: We're your wasted nights

She turns and looks but again they are frozen. She looks at them.

JANE: When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes your mind plays games.

She turns and walks again, not looking at the 'days'.

What do you want?

DAY 1: You know.

JANE: What do you want? Hello?

DAY 2: You keep getting put away.

DAY 3: We're the ones who pay.

DAY 4: You keep getting shut in.

DAY 5: We're the ones who don't win.

JANE: What do you want me to do?

DAY 1: Learn to sneak.

DAY 2: Learn to hide.

DAY 3: Be nice to their face.

DAY 4: But keep your feelings inside.

DAY 5: Fly under the radar.

DAY 1: And don't get sprung.

DAY 2: Pretend to be good.

DAY 3: So that we can have fun.

She turns and looks at the frozen 'days'.

JANE: When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes you figure out how the world works.

She turns and walks around her cell.

DAY 1: You're a rebel.

DAY 2: You're in trouble.

DAY 3: No-one tells you what to do.

DAY 4: But the more you buck the system.

DAY 5: The more they punish you.

DAY 1: We want you to stay a rebel.

DAY 2: We want you to keep your guts.

DAY 3: But you have to pull your punches.

DAY 4: And you have to choose your puts.

She turns and looks at them.

JANE: When you are in your cell at night. All by yourself. Sometimes you learn how to fake it. How to fake being nice. How to fake being sweet. How to fake being obedient. So that you can get out of here, and out of their clutches and away from the people who want to tell you what to do and how to do it. And you learn, and you learn the hard way, that a girl has to appear to be one thing and hide deep down inside what she really is and what she can let herself become once she gets out of here.

The days all hug around her. JANE hugs her arms around herself and paces her cell.