

TWO WEEKS WITH THE QUEEN.

Director – Trevor Love: 0414503613 lovefam@bigpond.com

AUDITIONS : 6.30pm Wednesday March 3 2021

RUN: May 14 – 29 2021

CAST REQUIRED: (5m 3f)

COLIN:

18-25 to play 15 yr old boy – Aussie Larrikin, loud, mischief maker. Could “Peter Pan” this role for a woman to play.

LUKE / ALISTAIR:

18-25 to play 13 yr old boy. Luke - Sick Aussie brother / Alistair – Sickly, English whiney cousin.

MUM / IRIS:

Aussie loving mom / English bossy Aunt.

DAD / BOB / POLICEMAN:

Aussie Sloppy Dad / Outspoken, Complaining English Uncle / English Bobby.

MAN1: AUSSIE DOCTOR / CAPTAIN / GUARD / DOCTOR/ TED:

Older male larger build, Confident, various roles.

WOMAN 1: NURSE / FLIGHT ATTENDANT / DR GRAHAM / WOMAN :

Younger woman, Sophisticated, Caring, various roles.

MAN2: DOCTOR 2 / BUSINESSMAN / SPANIARD TOURIST / GRIFF :

Adult male, slight build, less confident, almost whimpish, various roles.

WOMAN 2: MATRON /AMERICAN TOURIST/NURSE /HOSP. VOLUNTEER:

Older Woman, Loud, confident, somewhat Bossy, various roles

1. COLIN, MUM, DAD

(p2)

- MUM:** Luke, go and shut the door. *(turning to Colin)* Love, about the microscope . .
- DAD:** Next time, eh?
- MUM:** We just couldn't stretch to it.
- COLIN:** I know, the recession.
- MUM:** Besides, you needed shoes.
- COLIN:** *(looking at his appalling boots)* No I didn't.
- DAD:** They're pretty snazzy shoes. Bloke could end up Prime Minister in shoes like those.
- MUM:** They are the ones you liked in the shop – aren't they?
- COLIN:** Yes, they're, um, they're good.
- MUM:** Colin love, is there something else bothering you?
- COLIN:** *(shrugging)* Nuh.
- DAD:** You can talk to us mate, you know that.
- COLIN:** Well . . .
- MUM:** Yes love?
- COLIN:** It's just that . . well . .

2. COLIN, LUKE

(p6)

COLIN: *(looking through the microscope)* Hey, there aren't any. You're a faker. There's nuthin' wrong with you. Not a single germ.

LUKE: Are you sure?

COLIN: Not a single wriggle.

LUKE: Maybe people's blood doesn't wriggle like frogs.

COLIN: It's not the blood that wriggles, it's the germs. Your blood is as healthy as mine.

LUKE: How do you know? You haven't tested yours.

COLIN: I just know.

LUKE: You have to test it, otherwise it's not scientific.

COLIN: Alright, alright. *(he takes out his knife and with great trepidation prepares to cut himself)*

LUKE: No! Not with that. I got a safety pin in my underdaks. *(fishes it out and hands it over)* Here.

(Colin pricks himself and puts a spot of blood on a hanky. Puts it under the microscope)

LUKE: Well?

COLIN: Oh no!

LUKE: What?

COLIN: Wriggly things. Omigod. I've got it.

LUKE: Got what?

COLIN: I dunno do I? Something worse than you've got. I'm gonna die. Get me a doctor quick.

LUKE: Doctor nuthin'. If they find out what we're doin' you'll get killed anyway.

3. COLIN, NURSE (W1), MATRON (W2)

(p9)

(Aussie Hospital)

NURSE: Shit!

COLIN: It's alright, it's a soft ball. We're allowed to play with it indoors at home.

MATRON: *(To the NURSE)* Most irresponsible behaviour. This is a hospital, not the SCG. That child is very sick.

NURSE: Matron, the patient wasn't involved . . .

The bat falls out of Luke's bed.

MATRON: This will go on your report.

11. ALISTAIR

(p49)

The two explorers hack through the jungle. Hack! Hack! The tsetse flies and the leeches and the heat drive them mad. Hack! Hack! And all the time the sound of the cannibals' drums get louder and louder . . . Hack! Hack! Suddenly a cobra springs out of the undergrowth and sinks its fangs into the wimpy explorer's hand. Help! Help! He cries as he sinks to his knees in the quicksand. I'll save you! Says the tough explorer. He cuts into the flesh with his trusty blade and puts the wimpy explorer's hand to his lips and starts to suck out the poison.

(Alistair sucks his arm and spits and sucks noisily again.)

4. COLIN, FLIGHT ATTENDANT (W1- Aussie)

(p14)

ATTENDANT: This is your call button. If you need a drink or anything, just press it. Someone will come round with headphones and there'll be a movie later.

COLIN: This is great. How long is it?

ATTENDANT: Oh twenty-four hours or so.

COLIN: No, the plane, not the flight.

ATTENDANT: Oh, sorry. It's just over 76 metres.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (W1 - Aussie)

(p17)

ATTENDANT: Ladies and Gentlemen. We hope you had a pleasant flight. The temperature at Heathrow is minus two degrees, and the time is five fifteen pm. Please remain in your seats until the aircraft has taxied to a complete halt. We ask that you take care when opening overhead lockers as luggage may fall out and cause injury. Exit will be through the forward door only. Thank you for choosing to fly Qantas. We hope we can be of service to you again when next you travel.

5. COLIN, BUSINESS MAN (M2), CAPTAIN (M1)

(p15)

The BUSINESSMAN gives a grunt of pain)

COLIN: Is that a bit of cancer?

BUSINESSMAN: I beg your pardon?

COLIN: Cancer. It's where the cells start growing too fast in your body and your whole system can go bung.

BUSINESSMAN: I know what it is. I just don't particularly want to talk about it.

COLIN: Funny that. My folks are the same. Why not?

BUSINESSMAN: Because it's not a very pleasant topic.

COLIN: There's worse topics. (*he thinks*) Like nuclear war and why sick has bits in it.

The BUSINESSMAN groans)

Only, if you've got it, I'd have it seen to.

BUSINESSMAN: I haven't got it! I've got indigestion.

COLIN: Mum always gets indigestion if she bolts her tucker.

Later

You want a go at doing this quiz? Which Prime Minister played cricket for Australia? No? Do you want to colour in this picture of a koala? The crayons are a bit crappy but it was good of the Hostie to give it to me.

The Captain and Attendant appear.

CAPTAIN: G'day Colin. Thought you might like a look at the flight deck.

COLIN: Too right (*he stands*)

BUSINESSMAN: Excuse me Miss, do you have any other seats available?

COLIN: Oh, don't worry. I'm going up to the flight deck, so you can have both seats for a while.

6. BOB, IRIS *(Imagine Alistair is with you)*

(p18)

IRIS: I told you we'd be late. Stop sniffing Alistair.

BOB: You heard your Mother.

IRIS: We should have parked in the airport car park.

BOB: I'm not parking in that car park.

IRIS: Alistair, where is your hanky?

BOB: The way they charge to park a car.

IRIS: Well, we're late now, you and your car park.

BOB: They're not getting it out of me. I can tell you that much.

IRIS: There he is! Hello Colin love.

9. TED (M1 - English)

(p36)

TED: I'd better take the lot, then. *(hands over money.)* Hold these Colin.

(addresses the people in the café) Excuse me ladies and gentlemen. Excuse me. If you could see your faces. What a load of misery-guts. Look, we're all here for the same reason. We've all got people in there who need us very much. What they don't need is to look at a load of miserable faces. So, if anyone here thinks they might be turning into a misery guts, I'd strongly recommend a chocolate from my young friend here.

7. ALISTAIR, BOB, IRIS, COLIN

(p19)

COLIN: I want to go to Buckingham Palace. Well, not the palace really. It's the Queen I want to see.

ALISTAIR: Oh-Oh.

BOB: Don't you talk to me about the Queen!

IRIS: Alright Bob . . .

BOB: Get me started on the Queen . . .

IRIS: Don't mind Uncle Bob, love. He's got a bit of a thing about, you know, them.

ALISTAIR: Thinks they should be stuffed and put in a museum.

IRIS: Alright thank you, Alistair. *(to Colin)* We don't go into the city that much, as a rule. But don't worry, Alistair here will show you all the sights, won't you love?

ALISTAIR: Will I?

IRIS: Go on love, show him.

ALISTAIR: Huh?

IRIS: Get it out and show him.

ALISTAIR: Oh, yeh.

(Alistair gets out a picture book)

IRIS: Got everything in there. London Bridge, Hyde Park. Lovely colours.

ALISTAIR: And the Royal family.

BOB: Talk to me about the bloomin' Queen . . .

IRIS: We'll have a bit of an outing tomorrow, if it's nice.

BOB: Good Idea.

8. COLIN, ALISTAIR

(p32)

ALISTAIR: R

COLIN: What?

ALISTAIR: For Royal. Everything important here's called the Royal something.

COLIN: There's the Royal Children's Hospital . . . The Royal Automobile Club . . . Royal Bar and Grill . . . Royal Fish Shop . . . No Royal Cancer Hospital.

ALISTAIR: Try under Her Majesty's

COLIN: *(looking)* Nuh. No cancer hospital.

ALISTAIR: Try under Queen Elizabeth.

COLIN: I reckon I'll just go out and find it. Got a screwdriver?

ALISTAIR: What for?

COLIN: To take the lock off the back door.

ALISTAIR: You can't do that! They'll go bananas.

COLIN: I'll be back before they are and I'll put it back on – they'll never know.

ALISTAIR: Well, you can't. All the tools are outside in the garage.

COLIN: Not to worry. *(he pulls out his Swiss army knife and leaves.)*

ALISTAIR: No! Don't! We'll get killed! That's a new lock that is! From the biggest hardware centre in Greater London. They'll kill us. I'm not supposed to be having stress. What about my dandruff?) *(he rubs his head and checks out the dandruff)* Oooohhh. It's the stress that does it. I'll be out in a rash next and Mum'll kill me! I'll be having an asthma attack, sure to. *(he wheezes)*

10. COLIN, GRIFF (M2 - English)

(p45)

COLIN: Are you Griff Price?

GRIFF: Yes.

COLIN: I'm Colin, a friend of Ted's. He's a bit crook today. It's OK but, it's nothing serious. He wrote you this note.

GRIFF reads the note.

GRIFF: *(trying to be composed)* Did his doctor say how many days before he can walk?

COLIN: Don't think so. You don't look much like your picture.

GRIFF: I know. When I look in the mirror I give myself a fright.

COLIN: No, you look . . . um . . . *(he indicates the scarf)* . . . nice.

GRIFF: The treatment made my hair fall out.

COLIN: *(embarrassed)* It . . . er . . . suits you.

GRIFF: Thank you, kind sir.

COLIN: Ted sent you this. *(gives Ted a brown paper bag. GRIFF opens it)*

GRIFF: Tangerines! Oh, Colin, you're an angel!

COLIN: You like them?

GRIFF: Been craving for them, can't eat much any more. I always thought that when I saw my first angel it would have wings and a halo, not freckles and elastic-sided boots!

12. ALISTAIR, COLIN, IRIS, BOB, WOMAN (W1 - Pom)

(p56)

IRIS: You're an underage Australian citizen and you're not going anywhere!

WOMAN: Who exactly are you people?

BOB: I'm this boy's Uncle, he's under my care.

WOMAN: You're his guardian?

BOB: Legal guardian I am.

WOMAN: But what about the man who signed the form?

IRIS: Who signed? Colin, who was it? Was it your friend, Ted? He's in big trouble my lad, big trouble.

WOMAN: I'd better get the airport police.

COLIN: No! The police don't like him, please don't.

BOB: *(hissing to IRIS)* We're in the police computer. *(to WOMAN)* That won't be necessary, thank you very much. There's no real harm done. We'll sort things out.

IRIS: Now then Colin, we're going to have no more . . .

COLIN: The plane'll be leaving in a minute. Let me go, please?

ALISTAIR: I think you should let him.

IRIS: Shut up Alistair.

ALISTAIR: No, really . . .

BOB: You heard your Mother.

COLIN: I've got to go.

IRIS: I'm warning you Colin Mudford. . .

COLIN: I'm going. You can't watch me every minute of the day and night! If you lock me up I'll escape . . .

ALISTAIR: He will, you know.

BOB and IRIS: SHUT UP Alistair!

COLIN: I'll get home somehow.

BOB: Come on Colin, lad, don't you think we've had enough of this?

ALISTAIR: *(yelling)* Enough! I'll tell you who's had enough! I've had enough, that's who's had enough! *(Stunned silence)* I've got him thinking up all sorts of tricks to get me in trouble and you telling me what to do night and day. Do this Alistair, do that! Well I've had it! What makes you grown-ups so smart that you know what's best for everybody? You're not smart at all, any of you! He's the one that knows what's best for him and Luke not you! He knows where he wants to be and he's goin' and that's final!

Silence.

IRIS: Alistair . . . ?

ALISTAIR: *(losing his bottle)* Sorry . . .

IRIS: Bob, our Alistair's growing up. Oh Alistair.

BOB: Yes, well . . .

IRIS: Maybe the boy's got a point.

COLIN: Please . . .

IRIS: What do you think Bob?

BOB ponders

BOB: Let the lad go home.

IRIS: I don't know what I'm going to say to your Mother.