

Scratchfella Audition Material

*The rat gangsters accost Clive as he prepares to drown himself...*

CLIVE

Who are you? Have we met before?

SCARTCH-FELLA

Oh, you don't know us, but we knows you.

CLIVE

You do?

PINKY

We do. And we know all about your little problem.

SCRATCHFELLA

Yeah. And we're here to help.

CLIVE

What is this? What are you guys?

PINKY

We're rats!

CLIVE

Rats?

SCRATCH-FELLA

Yeah, you know, pink noses, silky whiskers, hairless tails – rats!

CLIVE

But you're so big!

PINKY

Well, we've evolved. Now we wear hats!

SCRATCH-FELLA

And suits.

Lord Mayor Audition Material

*The Lord Mayor will do anything to avoid his civic responsibilities...*

MAYOR

Friends, Londoners, Countrymen, there is nothing to fear! I have already solved the crisis!

LONDONERS

Hurrayyy!!

COUNCILLOR

*Aside*

Milord, they're not here about the national stocking shortage.

MAYOR

*Feigning ignorance*

They're not? Then what on earth's the matter?

COUNCILLOR

There's a *plague* sir!

MAYOR

*A plague!* Well, why did no one tell me?

*The MAYOR turns, runs back to the bar and calls down to the townsfolk.*

PLAAGUUEE!! There's a PLAGUE! Run for the HILLS! FLEE! Go my citizens!

*There is a general panic (there is a lot of running though no-one actually seems to leave...)!*

COUNCILLOR

Milord! The people are looking for leadership!

MAYOR

*Trying to get round him*

Well, then they should find the Lord Mayor!

COUNCILLOR

You *are* the Lord Mayor!

MAYOR

*Mock surprise*

I am?

COUNCILLOR

Yes!

MAYOR

*Grumpily*

Oh very well!