

The Flint Street Nativity

Audition Piece 1: MARY, GABRIEL, STAR, ANGEL, WISE GOLD, NARRATOR (NB Peter Crouch is the school stick insect.)

MARY: Yes, Miss Horrocks. Move tables ready for the mums' and dads' chairs. *(Nodding and pointing)* Miss Horrocks wants....Peter Crouch needs moving, but no goin' in the special cupboard. Marcus, move the spacesuit. Tim you look after new Adrian. I'll get Jesus. Ryan, learn what Joseph says and comb y'r hair. And all the stuff from making the star goes in the bin. Ashley?

GABRIEL: We all heard.

Star busies himself taking down the astronaut suit. He is carrying a cardboard star.

STAR: It's not a proper star, this. What Missis Horrocks wants to come up over Bethlehem. *That* isn't *(indicates the pointy silver one)* 'Cause stars don't have *(waving at its starry points)* all that comin' off. My uncle works for NASA an' he gave me a wallchart and this, right *(indicating his graphically accurate one, on his head)*...this is Sirius. This actually IS Sirius. But Missis Horrocks says it might be a star but it doesn't look like one an' I can't go up the rope anyway 'cause they don't let kids up ropes since that boy in Maghull fell of a climbing rope an' his leg came out through his bum.

GABRIEL: *(with the dead-eyed stare of a mafia boss)* Shamima. Get Jesus.

Angel and Wise Gold instinctively look to Mary, who has sat down and got out her Jesus and started to brush his hair.

WISE GOLD: There's Jesus.

GABRIEL: *(deadly)* The other Jesus.

STAR: Did y'know? That's...*(pointing to display)* "My Uncle Ted works for Nasa". This is actually Sirius, which is...

The Narrator enters. He is carrying large pieces of cardboard with his words sellotaped on.

It's not a star proper, that, 'cause of having all these coming off.

ANGEL: Is Jesus in the Westlife bag or the Netto bag?

GABRIEL: Westlife.

NARRATOR: *(giving his speech cards to Mary)* Hold them, will y'?

STAR: *(to Mary)* They've got a Jesus. What are you?

GABRIEL: Gonna be Mary.

STAR: I thought you were the Angel Gabriel?

GABRIEL: I am. But I'm gonna be Mary.

NARRATOR: (*closing his eyes*) "Welcome to the Flint Street Nativity"

STAR: Y'know Declan who was gonna be Joseph? He was sick. In a sock.

NARRATOR: "We were hoping..."

STAR: My mum met his mum in Poundstretcher.

NARRATOR: (*sneaking look at card*) Let us see it again.

MARY: What y'doing?

NARRATOR: Me words. Gonna know all me words so I can show me dad.

MARY: Ryan won't know his words.

NARRATOR: Let us see.

MARY: He was just Herod but now he's got to do Joseph as well 'cause of Declan having chickenpox, and now he won't know his words.

NARRATOR: If you know the words...

MARY: Not without looking down, and you're not allowed. He'll have to practice.

NARRATOR: People are proud. Mrs Horrocks said she'd be proud if we learnt all the words to the carols. It makes people proud. My dad's coming.

STAR: "Voyager Ten. This is NASA to Voyager Ten"

NARRATOR: "We are in Mrs Horrocks' classroom again this year because the builders diggin' the new school hall found some Great Crested Newts which means they have to notify the environment agency"

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Audition Piece 2: INNKEEPER, MARY

Mary is tidying the 'Home Corner'

INNKEEPER: You know Aladdin? Who we're seein' the panto of? In the panto? We're seein' the panto "Aladdin"?

Mary carries on tidying

That's where Jesus comes from. Out that lamp.

My cousin saw it with cubs and when he rubs the lamp there's a big bang and glitter flies up which is on fire an' Aladdin drops the lamp and runs round holding his hand shouting "Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Get Pauline". An' then the lights come on an' everyone has to go in the bar an' have a Fanta. You know Peter Crouch? *(Peter Crouch is the class stick insect)* I picked him up.

Mary carries on tidying, unimpressed.

An' once I picked up a great crested newt.

Mary does stop tidying at this, and turns.

Great. Crested.

MARY: Tiny.

Innkeeper shakes his head

MARY: They're tiny. It was in assembly.

INNKEEPER: If it was tiny it wouldn't have scared off the builders. It wouldn't have stopped them building the hall.

MARY: *(swallowing, scared)* It's 'cause they're rare....it stops.....

INNKEEPER: Big as that wall.

MARY: They're rare...and....

INNKEEPER: Big as that wall. And it can pick people up and go like that *(does a monster-eating-a-human gesture)* Nggggyashyash

Mary is clearly terrified and deals with it by avoiding it.

MARY: And anyway tidy up, that's tidy, *that's* tidy....and the juniors are doing the glockenspiels so it's us next.

INNKEEPER: An' I picked it up! I pick up loads! You could come round ours and watch me pick stuff up.

At ours.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WISE FRANKINCENSE: I have to practice "th-ea shellth". Otherwise I sound like one of the kidth in the thpecial unit.

Pause

ASS: I'M IN THE SPECIAL UNIT. Y'GET A LONGER PLAYTIME AND BISCUITS.

WISE FRANKINCENSE: I can't say "frankinthenth".

ASS: Y'CAN SAY "SHIT". (*shrugging*) SAY "FRANKINSHIT"

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Audition Piece 4: GABRIEL, ANGEL

GABRIEL has caught ANGEL illicitly talking to WISE GOLD, who "we are not speaking to"

GABRIEL: Was she speaking to you? Before. In here. Was she talking to you?

ANGEL: *(swallowing)* Er...

GABRIEL: Right. *(she points for Angel to leave)*. We're not talking to her.

ANGEL: Me?

GABRIEL: No, "her". I *am* talking to you.

ANGEL: Oh right.

GABRIEL: Go on.

Angel bustles past, knocking Mrs Horrocks' handbag off the door handle with her wings as she exits.

Bag-g.

But Angel is gone. Aggrieved at having to pick it up herself, Gabriel has an idea. She looks at the bag. She puts it on her arm, like an adult.

"I'm not havin' that". "I am so not having that". *(she rummages in the bag and pulls out a lipstick, which she applies, talking into a mirror as she does)* "If you want us we'll be in Brannigan's." *(Mm-mms the lipstick)* "Then off into town but look, I'll be on the moby." *(She peers into the bag again and pulls out a large tampon. She inspects it, unwraps it and puts it into her mouth like a cigarette)* "Dave, if I want to stay overnight at Karen's I'll bloody well stay overnight at Karen's. I'm not having that stuck-up hag tell me what –

Angel enters

ANGEL: Ashley. Have you got any juice? Jenny Bennet's had a bit of sick come up.

GABRIEL: Thank you, Jesus.

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Audition Piece 5: HEROD, ASS, WISE GOLD, SHEPHERD

The Shepherd is combing the mane of a straw donkey. Herod is deeply involved in an imaginary game of Question of Sport, in which he heroically plays all the contestants, Sue Barker, and the audience.

HEROD: We'll go for number five, Sue (*conferring*) Mnnnnnnrrrrrrgggggmmmm,,,

Ass joins Herod and sits next to him

(To camera) We think-k....Tiger Woods. *(He pauses then thrown hands in the air)* Yes! *(he claps, dead serious)* Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap. *(Turning back to his imaginary team mate)*

Mmmmmmmrrrrmmmm...Ahahaha ha ha. Laugh, laugh, la – *(He turns back to find his co-panellist is now Ass)*

ASS: 'E's not a proper donkey.

HEROD: *(grimly)* Y'r sitting on Ally McCoist.

SHEPHERD: 'E is a proper donkey.

WISE GOLD: He's from Spain. I've been to Spain"

SHEPHERD: You're not a proper donkey. You just got a donkey 'ead.

WISE GOLD: We always go. We go at weekends.

SHEPHERD: Y'can't go to Spain for weekends.

WISE GOLD: Y'can.

SHEPHERD: Can't.

WISE GOLD: Y'can, but....*(struggling)*...it's a special bit of Spain.

SHEPHERD: Where?

WISE GOLD: Morecambe.

HEROD: Who is it Sue? *(changing voice)* Have to hurry you. *(changing voice back)* Don't do this to me. *(changing voice again)* Have to hurry you-u.

ASS: CAN I BE IN IT?

HEROD: Dunno how to play.

ASS: I DO.

HEROD: This game?

ASS: YES.

HEROD: With the sportsmen?

ASS: YES.

HEROD: OK. Phil. Who in nineteen seventy-two won seven Olympic golds for swimming?

ASS: MY DAD.

HEROD: *(instantly pointing for him to leave)* Off you go.

ASS: OK.

WISE GOLD: Zoe? That's yours! *(pointing at a picture)* That picture. Isn't it. That's good, that one. It's the best. With Joseph and Mary and the fat man. Can I sit with you in Bethlehem?

SHEPHERD: *(pointing to another picture)* Who did the duck with the ice cream?

WISE GOLD: That was Moira.

SHEPHERD: Oh, right. Her who smells of Marmite and can't have birthdays.

WISE GOLD: Ashley's not friends with me any more.

SHEPHERD: Anyway, none of it really 'appened. My mum's got a farm and she says they would never've 'ad oxes and asses in the same stall cos they 'ave different bone meal.

WISE GOLD: Ashley...isn't –

SHEPHERD: Y'r a king, not a shepherd. Y'have to stand with the kings.

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Audition Piece 6: Wise Gold & Angel

Mrs Horrock's Special Place

Here, in the dark, is a huddled Angel

WISE GOLD: *(off)* Adriun-n. Adrian!

Wise Gold opens the door to the Special Place

Is Adrian in here?

ANGEL: *(crying)* No.

Wise Gold closes the door

WISE GOLD: *(off)* Adrian-n.

Angel cries alone in the darkness a few moments

Wise Gold opens the door again

(Tentatively) Whas' the matter?

ANGEL: *(gently crying)* I'm gonna get done.

WISE GOLD: Everyone is. She said if she has to put the overhead projector on we'd all get—

ANGEL: By me mum.

WISE GOLD: *(frowning)* What, *she* thinks the singing's rubbish?

ANGEL: *(snapping)* She gave it me, didn't she? *(Pause)* She gave it me. *(She sniffs)* 'S a present.

WISE GOLD: *(trying a smile; pointing)* "Lucky".

Angel looks round at her

If y' get things. If they give you things. Y'r mum. Y'r a "three ell". A "Lucky Little Lady". (*Holding up her "gift"*) I got t' bath salts to combat stress". And there's a baby doll there with a little cot, which has got—

ANGEL: (*with a "you don't understand" expression*) I didn't turn it on.

Wise Gold frowns. Apparently no, she doesn't understand

Just then was the bit when I should've turned it on. (*Anger rising again*) But if I turned it on it would've looked better 'n Ashley's and Ashley'll stop being friends because it'd be better 'n hers an' she's number one Angel and I don't *want it*. I don't *wannit*. It's only for my mum to stupid show-off back to Missis Vorbani.

Piano introduction to Music 8. starts

WISE GOLD: (*eyes wide*) Song! Wise men!

Wise Gold exits, leaving the door open

Angel remains, illuminated in the half-light, left with her thoughts