

The Flint Street Nativity

By Tim Firth



8pm 10-12 & 15-19 December 2026

2:30pm 13 & 19 December 2026

SouthLondonTheatre.com

2A Norwood High St - SE27 9NS

020-3757-6111

SLT welcomes new members

This amateur performance of 'The Flint Street Nativity' is presented by arrangement with Concord Theatricals Ltd. on behalf of Samuel French Ltd. www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

ANGEL SELF-TAPE

CANDIDATE INSTRUCTIONS



Thank you for your interest in playing Angel. We know self-tapes take time, so we have kept this deliberately simple.

What we'd like

- + Please record the attached Angel and Wise Gold scene. It should take approximately three minutes.
- + Ask someone to read Wise Gold off camera. They do not need to act or appear on screen.
- + You do not need to learn the lines. You are welcome to hold the pages or place them somewhere convenient.
- + There is no separate singing requirement for this self-tape.

Keep it simple

- + A recording made on a phone is absolutely fine. We simply need to see and hear you clearly.
- + One continuous take is ideal. There is no need for editing, special lighting, costume, wings or props.
- + Angel is seven, but avoid a general baby voice. Concentrate on what she wants and how her thoughts change.
- + Truthful distress matters more than visible tears. Please do not feel that you need to make yourself cry.

Sending your tape

- + Send the take that feels most truthful to you; we are not judging production quality.
- + Please include your name and any unavailable rehearsal or performance dates with your submission.
- + The submission deadline and address will be supplied with the casting call.

Material is drawn from the photographed Samuel French Acting Edition, ISBN 978-0-573-11131-0, and the production's existing audition sides.

The Flint Street Nativity

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