



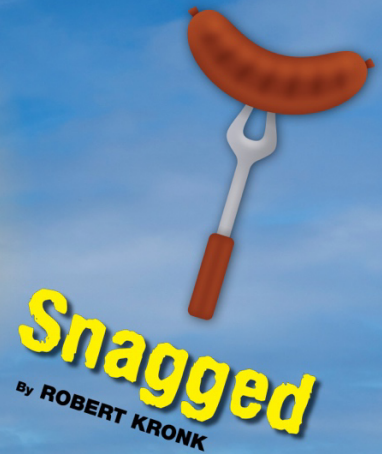
Z-PAC THEATRE PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH **PLAYMARKET** AND **DEBASE PRODUCTIONS**



2 ONE ACT PLAYS

DIRECTED BY
JUDITH LA FOREST

**24 NOVEMBER -
10 DECEMBER 2023**



BOOK ONLINE AT - ZPACTHEATRE.COM.AU

AUDITION PACKAGE

CHOOK CHOOK and SNAGGED

By Fiona Farrell

By Robert Kronk

Auditions are called for the two (above) One Act Plays, on Saturday 26 August, from 11am to 2pm. Location: Z-PAC Theatre – 15 Zephyr St, Scarness.

Before giving a synopsis of the two plays, character breakdowns and selected scenes for audition, please ensure availability of rehearsal and performance times.

Rehearsals can be reasonably flexible. However, I have scheduled Saturdays 11am – 2pm; Tuesdays and Wednesdays 6.30 - 9pm.

We will begin with a read through of plays on 29 August at 6.30 pm. The first blocking rehearsal will commence Thursday 31 August at 6.30 pm.

Performances are 24,25,26 November; 1,2,3,8,9,10 December 2023.

All cast will be required for tech week, 20 – 23 November, 6.30-9pm.

As the One Act Plays are separate entities, I envisage casts for each play being only required for 2 rehearsals per week (unless cast in both plays).

If successful in audition, you will be required to become a Z-PAC financial member. (Visit zpactheatre.com.au).

You will need to complete an audition form available on the day.

Auditions will be 'closed', that is, only in front of the audition panel which will include the Plays' Director and Z-PAC Artistic Director.

Synopsis of Chook Chook

This is the story about some hens in a shed. It is somewhat comedic as the women portray the hens, but it also has a moral. It's something to do with confinement and the cages – political, emotional, traditional – within which life energy can be trapped or exploited to the advantage of some indifferent 'system'.

This funny, satirical play looks at the various ways the hens respond to the knowledge of confinement. There is deliberate indifference, depression, sublimation in distracting activity, frustration, rage collusion or rebellion.

In a battery farm, Valmai, Chrissy, Georgia and Bron refer to their cages as 'compartments'. They eat the same food day after day, under the same continuous sun (a fluorescent light).

What matters most is to retain the naïve but crucial vision of an ideal existence, to just get on with things and not think of Roosters and the outside world.

Below are the character breakdowns and selected scenes for auditions. It is not necessary to learn the selected scenes 'off by heart'. However, being familiar with the attached segments could be of some use to you. I am looking as to your delivery of said lines and interaction with other actors.

CAST

4 women. Various ages 20's -60's

Chrissy: A romantic. Dreams of Roosters and seeing the 'real sun'. She is younger than Valmai and Georgia.

Valmai: The most senior chook. Positive, to the point of being annoying and in denial of her 'imprisonment'.

Georgia: Middle aged chook. The most pragmatic chook. She has been 'around the traps' and trialed free-range – experienced. Likes order.

Bron: The youngest chook. She is a rebel. She knows there is a better life outside of the battery. She is a new addition to the cages and stirs up the other chooks.

AUDITION PIECES FOR CHOOK CHOOK

FOR VALMAI:

(waking up, she stretches) Ooooh. Another per...per...per ...perfect day. Of course, it's always perfect here really. You can say what you like about the facilities but you really can't fault the weather. I mean to say, I've known nothing but perfect sunshine, day after day, hour after hour just about as long as I can remember. And what I always say is, if the sun's shining, well, that's the main thing isn't it? I mean, I suppose in an ideal world I'd like a bigger place, maybe a bit of a garden, but honestly there's so much going on around here, so much to take an interest in, well, it takes your mind off the disadvantages, doesn't it? I mean, it mightn't suit everybody, I know that, but – well, life could be a whole lot worse. And perfect sunshine every day, all day. You could do a *lot* worse.

FOR CHRISSY:

(a rooster calls outside) There it is again. I heard that this morning. I've been restless ever since. You know? Like jumpy? I went for a run. I've done some aerobics. Step exercises. Press ups. Nothing helps. I can't take it easy. I can't relax. I can't look at the view. When I do I keep seeing something. Something golden and green and strutting. I don't know what it is: some kind of atavistic race memory I expect. Something instinctual. Like remembering how to fly. (the rooster calls again). Ooooh. (she yearns) Something golden and green and gorgeous and I want one.... I want one now!

FOR GEORGIA:

(Talking to Chrissy). Urges won't do you any good here, dear. This isn't one of those free range, easy-come, easy-go places. This place is run on proper lines. We're organised. You won't need any urges around here. I got that out of my system years ago, when some of us got taken out for the deep litter experiment. It was hopeless. Everyone fighting for food, queueing for the water dispenser, and roosters everywhere, bouncing on you when you weren't looking. Dreadful bores the lot of them. Strutting about, conceited as can be, and no decent conversation. They're dreadfully competitive. Always making silly bets: you know. Who can stand on one leg the longest, who can make the biggest racket. Absolute bores!

FOR BRON:

An hour or so ago I saw outside and it's beautiful. Trees and grass green, hills and a river and thick rich earth so you feel your toes itch, wanting to start scratching. On the way here I fell off the truck. We were in a shed pretty much like this one and then being transported we went over a bump. Several of us got shaken loose and we fell out from under the tarpaulin and they drove on. I heard a good stirring cry, arrogant and boastful. It was a challenge. Then the bloody truck came back, picked us up and here we are. In this dead and alive dump. Which is exactly like the dead and alive dump I came from. Shit, shit, shit.

There's got to be a way out. There's got to be.... Karate kicks. I shall shatter this cage with my bare feet. Mind over matter. I am Power. I am Destiny. I am Hen! Ha! Ha!

CHRISSY AND VALMAI

Chrissy How old are you?

Valmai I'm two years old.

Chrissy Two years old? And you're still on the lay?

Valmai Most days. Yes.

Chrissy And you haven't been culled?

Valmai No.

Chrissy How come?

Valmai Well, that's another part of my plan. I think only positive thought. I eliminate the negative. I do creative visualisation. I visualise myself in charge of my own destiny. I imagine myself flying, up there, near the sun, on real wings. I rise above everything, released within my soul. I have faith. Be patient, be loving, look on the bright side. Mind over matter.

Chrissy Mind! What mind? We don't have minds. Just some kind of residual brain stem. And right at the moment yours seems more residual than most.

GEORGIA AND BRON

- Georgia** I don't have to know what's true or real. Truth? Reality? You're too clever for your own good, you know that? You'll get in a muddle using words like that and come to a bad end. Can't you see you're upsetting everyone?
- Bron** Well they *should* be upset. They should be bloody upset. I mean, look at us: shut up in these cages month after month, fed crap. Eat, sleep, lay, crap. Eat, sleep, lay, crap. We're machines, you know that? They sell our eggs. They sell our bodies. They even sell our *crap*.
- Georgia** Shut up! I don't need to listen to this. We've got everything organised here. We run a nice neighbourhood. We don't need to think about the wider issues.
- Bron** Ah! But the issues remain. Every hen on this planet has a right to life, love and the pursuit of happiness. No chicken in *any* pot, anywhere. Every egg a cherished egg. I have seen the future and it is Free Range!

SYNOPSIS OF 'SNAGGED'

Snagged is an Australian play set in the 'bush', about young people in regional Australia. Its knockabout sense of humour is part of the landscape, embedded in our sense of identity and our sense of place. However, the theme is universal. The play is set in the fictitious rural town of Oxbrook. Like so many country towns in Australia everyone knows everyone and most young people want to get out.

Sam, the butcher's daughter and closet vegetarian is no different. She and her best mate Beth, plan to head to Brisbane as soon as the last year of High School finishes; to start their new independence, careers and cut a swathe through Brisbane's eligible bachelors.

That is until Sam meets Josh. Josh has done the unthinkable and moved back home after studying for a few years in Brisbane. He has returned to try and start his own career/business in IT and to mend emotional fences with his family. *Snagged* was developed in consultation with young people throughout Central Queensland, yet resonates with country and city people alike.

It is a poignant and yet seriously funny story about coming of age, discovering who you are and of course, Vegetarian Sausages!

CAST

Sam	(last year of high school) to play 17 – 19
Josh	(finished school 4 years previously) to play 21 – 23
Beth	to play 17 – 19
Jem	to play mid to late 20's
Mrs Middleton	Open 40's plus
Bruce	to play 40's plus
Dan	to play 30's
Dad	open 40's plus

This play could lend itself to doubling of characters.

Beth and Jem by same female actor.

Mrs Meddleton and Bruce by same male actor.

Dan and Dave by same male actor.

OUTLINE OF CHARACTERS

Sam	Protagonist, guilt ridden by prevailing social pressure of leaving her community, especially her Dad.
Josh	Has done a TAFE course in IT in Brisbane and has returned to Oxbrook to begin his career and re-connect with his brother and sister, now that their Dad has died.
Beth	Sam's friend. She is super eager to leave town. Hates everything about Oxbrook and its small-town mentality.
Jem	Josh's sister. Has a messed-up relationship with Josh, boiling over into anger and resentment.
Bruce	Works at the local 'Foodworks'. The town 'try-hard'; a loser.
Dan	Older brother to Josh. He stayed on the farm after their father's death and has dreams of making things better.
Dad	Town butcher and father to Sam. He needs his daughter to help him run the shop when her schooling finishes.
Mrs Meddleton	The name says it all. Town gossip; trouble maker. Knows everything everyone is doing, often before they do

AUDITION PIECES FOR SNAGGED

FOR SAM

It's three weeks till the end of school. Worse, we've only got three months till the Debutante Ball. I don't want to talk about either. I don't have a dress or partner and I don't have a clue what I'm going to do when I finish school. Well I do. I want to be a Vet, which means moving to Brisbane and telling my Dad, which means that when I said I would stay and help run his butcher shop, I was lying. Which I wasn't.....then, but. And lying to my father makes me nervous. Nervous because I don't like lying to my Dad but also 'cause it's a bit scary lying to a man who could mince you and sell you by Monday. As a kid my Dad always measured my size in steaks. I used to think it was funny but now.....but today is Saturday, which means no school and no talking about the bloody Debutante Ball.

FOR BETH

You really should get a partner; it'll be all over town you know. Sam couldn't get anyone to go to the ball with her. Imagine not being able to get a date when there's like 200 men to every girl. How's it going to look for me? There goes Beth, she's friends with the girl who couldn't get a date for the Deb. The first thing we'll do when we get to Brisbane is go shopping, without Mrs Meddleton looking over our shoulder. We could go and buy a heap of embarrassing stuff. Like, herpes cream and....chocolate lube. Because we can, 'cause no one'll know us.

FOR JOSH

(talking to Jem) I came home 'cause I wanted to Jem. I just didn't want a job on the farm all right? And Dad made me feel like shit everyday. You're so alike aren't you? Self-righteous arrogant arseholes. God I hated him. You wouldn't know 'cause he liked you, he never flogged the shit out of you and Dan. And look at you, you're exactly the same. You wonder why Mum left, what'd you know.....Dad made me feel like shit Jem, I don't need it from you. I stayed here, and I copped it and I did the work outside for months while that bastard laid in bed, and when he died I'd done my bit. You and Dan wanted the farm. You didn't need me. So if you're miserable then that's your fault.

FOR BRUCE

(talking to Sam and Beth) Doing a bit of shopping hey? Right, yeah. Shoppin'. You know there's a party at mine Saturd'y night. Should be good. Yeah, plenty of grog. Gonna light up the barbie. Sizzle a few sausages. Bourbons. Youse two could come if you like; you girls like a sausage sizzle? *(scanning groceries)*. Bloody hell! Look at these things. I didn't even know we had 'em. I'll have to get the price. Hey Darren, can I get a price check! On vegetarian sausages. Sam Ritcher, the butcher's daughter, is buying them.... Ah look, don't worry, let's just call it \$4 hey?

FOR DAN

(Talking to Josh) That was a bloody big pig hey? Are you going ahead with this shop thing? Is it going to work? I could go into town with you tomorrow, have a look for somewhere cheap. Shouldn't be hard, there's plenty of empty ones. And then tomorrow night we'll go to Bruce's barbie. Hey guess what? I'm going to the Debutante Ball shortage of men willing to dance. I'm doing classes and don't say it's sissy!..... You obviously don't know anything about dancing little brother, or women. Anyway, I've got to go now. These weaners aren't going to cut their own balls off.

FOR DAD

(talking to Sam) Sam! Sam, what the bloody hell are you doing out there, get in here. I've just had Mrs Meddleton in the shop. What the hell's she going on about vegetarian sausages?..... What, experimenting?!!! With vegetarian sausages. I'm the butcher Sam – how does it look if you're running around with vegetarian sausages. Can you imagine how many people she has told about that? I've got rotary tonight. How can I go after this? It's unnatural to be a vegetarian. You see an animal, you pat it, you eat it. Most natural thing in the world. No daughter of mine is going to be a bloody vegetarian. You'll be here in the shop working full time soon; you can't be going around buying vegetarian sausages.

FOR MRS MEDDLETON

(Talking to Jem and Beth) Hello girls. Doing a bit of shopping I see. Hope your father's well Samantha. You're lucky having a butcher for a father. All the meat you can eat. You know, I get the worst cravings for your father's spicy sausage.

(later, having seen the purchase of vegetarian sausages above) Oh, Sam you're Dad not in? I just found this recipe for vegetarian sausages in Woman's Day: got the idea from you Sam, thought your Dad might be interested. I'll come back later.

FOR SAM AND BETH

BETH What's the first thing you're going to do when we get to Brisbane?

SAM I don't know...go to Hungry Jacks.

BETH Hungry Jacks yeah. Imagine living somewhere with a Hungry Jacks.

SAM Will you miss anything?

BETH About Oxbrook?

SAM Yeah.

BETH Nahpe. Not a thing.

SAM When you get there you'll miss something.

BETH I doubt it.

SAM I'll miss things.

BETH Like what?

SAM Well....like Dad. I'll miss my Dad. I'll miss him singing while he makes sausages.

BETH Not a lot to miss really.

SAM I'll miss knowing who everyone is, feeling safe. Feeling like I am part of something.

BETH Having everyone know exactly what you're doing all the time. Seeing the same people every single day. Having nothing to do.yeah, I see what you mean!

JOSH AND DAN

DAN Where's the gun?

JOSH Right over there.

DAN Go and get it.

JOSH I'm not going down there with that bloody pig there.

DAN I need the gun.

JOSH It's your gun, you go and get it.

DAN You touched it last.

JOSH You're the one that shot its piglets, you're the one it wants.

DAN Just go and get the gun.

JOSH No.

DAN Alright, I'll distract it and you go down.

JOSH How about I distract it and you go down. You're the fit one remember.

DAN Yeah, but if it gets me then there will be no one to get you home.

JOSH I'm sure after it's gored you to death it'll lose interest and I'll be fine.

JOSH AND JEM

JEM Those brands are never going to get hot enough.

JOSH What's wrong with the bloody fire?

JEM You've got to get more coals.

JOSH I've got coals.

JEM We want to brand them not give them sunburn. You've got to put them in more.

JOSH Okay (he does).

JEM You should turn them around the other way.

JOSH Why?

JEM Because that's the way you do it.

JOSH No, that's the way YOU do it.

JEM It's wrong.

JOSH No it's bloody not! God, you're as bad as Dad. Everything has to be done your way.

JEM Josh, it's just a brand.

JOSH So why does it matter which way it sits in the bloody fire?

JEM 'Cause you're doing it wrong.

JOSH God, why did I bother coming home?

JEM Why did yo

BRUCE, SAM AND BETH

(Bruce's BBQ)

SAM He's not here.

BETH Who?

SAM Josh.

BETH Is that the only reason you came? Right. Facebook photo.....Nice!

SAM I don't know why you bother – everyone you know's already here. Bugger, Bruce.

BETH Maybe you could go to the Ball with Bru... (*Sam slaps her*)

BRUCE Ladies, ladies I knew you'd come. Can't resist a bit of Bruce can ya. If youse want to go to the toilet best to use the one out here. Mum gets a bit funny about people using the one in the one in the house. Hey, how 'bout that party last weekend, wasn't it funny when the cops turned up and everyone bolted, 'cept I couldn't 'cause Gareth Thompson glued my pants to the seat.....Hey have you got something to drink?

SAM Not yet.

BRUCE Hold on, I'll get you something. Bourbons.

SAM OK. This was a bad idea, let's go.

BETH No. I'm sure Josh will turn up.

SAM Seriously, let's just go.