



CAMUS PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

A central photograph of a bouquet of vibrant red roses in a rustic, light-colored ceramic vase. The vase sits on a dark wooden table. Scattered around the base of the vase are several red rose petals. In the lower-left foreground, a pair of pruning shears with wooden handles and a pair of tan work gloves are visible. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with trees and a warm, golden light, possibly from a window or a sunset. The overall mood is romantic and contemplative.

THINGS I KNOW TO BE TRUE

BY ANDREW BOVELL

**DIRECTED BY
EDDIE KING**

AUDITION PACK

www.camusproductions.com

ABOUT THE SHOW

**A family. Four seasons.
A year that changes everything.**

Andrew Bovell's acclaimed play Things I Know to Be True is a powerful and deeply moving drama about love, identity, and the ties that bind us together.

As the Price family navigate unexpected challenges and life-changing decisions, they discover that the people we think we know best can still surprise us.

Funny, tender, and profoundly human, this award-winning play is a heartfelt exploration of family in all its complexity.

REHEARSALS & PERFORMANCES

This year, CAMUS will be performing at South Hill Park Arts Centre in the Studio Theatre. This is a small studio theatre space which is a perfect setting for this intimate and very sensitive play.

Please note that there are two school matinee performances which will require you to be available during the day.

Rehearsals will be a collaborative process, run in a workshop style. With a number of monologues, cast members will be led and supported by the full company, to bring this play to life.

Rehearsals take place each Monday and Wednesday evening from 19.30 - 22.00 and occasional Sundays from 14.00 - 18.00.

The rehearsal process is included in the audition form - please complete your availability as far as possible.

CAST

FRAN PRICE

THE MATRIARCH OF THE PRICE FAMILY AND A SENIOR NURSE.

BOB PRICE

FRAN'S HUSBAND, A RETIRED AUTO FACTORY WORKER AND DEVOTED GARDENER.

PIP PRICE

THE ELDEST CHILD, AN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT BUREAUCRAT.

MARK PRICE

THE ELDEST SON, AN IT SPECIALIST.

BEN PRICE

THE YOUNGER SON, EMPLOYED IN FINANCIAL SERVICES.

ROSIE PRICE

THE YOUNGEST CHILD, SEARCHING FOR HER PLACE IN THE WORLD.

ALL PLAYING AGES ARE SUGGESTIONS AND ARE NOT SET IN STONE. ITS MORE IMPORTANT WE GET A CAST THAT WORKS TOGETHER, SO THERE IS SOME WIGGLE ROOM.

FRAN PRICE (MOTHER)

PLAYING AGE - 50+

- STRONG, PRACTICAL, AND FIERCELY LOVING
- HAS CLEAR EXPECTATIONS FOR HER CHILDREN'S LIVES
- EXPRESSES LOVE THROUGH CONTROL AND HONESTY (OFTEN BLUNT)
- STRUGGLES WHEN THINGS DON'T GO TO PLAN

JOURNEY: LEARNING TO LET GO AND ACCEPT HER CHILDREN AS THEY ARE, NOT AS SHE IMAGINED THEM.

BOB PRICE (FATHER)

PLAYING AGE - 60+

- QUIET, GENTLE, AND EMOTIONALLY RESERVED
- A STABILISING PRESENCE IN THE FAMILY
- OFTEN MEDIATES BETWEEN FRAN AND THE CHILDREN
- CARRIES UNSPOKEN FEELINGS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS

JOURNEY: FINDING HIS VOICE AFTER YEARS OF SILENCE.

PIP PRICE

PLAYING AGE - 30S

- CONFIDENT, ARTICULATE, AND OUTWARDLY SUCCESSFUL
- CHALLENGES TRADITIONAL EXPECTATIONS
- IN A LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP BUT STRUGGLES WITH COMMITMENT
- APPEARS IN CONTROL BUT IS INTERNALLY CONFLICTED

JOURNEY: CONFRONTING UNCERTAINTY BENEATH CONFIDENCE.

MARK PRICE

PLAYING AGE - 30S

- SENSITIVE, INTROSPECTIVE, AND EMOTIONALLY COMPLEX
- RETURNS HOME AFTER TRANSFORMATIVE TRAVEL EXPERIENCES
- STRUGGLES TO COMMUNICATE WHAT HE'S BEEN THROUGH
- FEELS DISCONNECTED FROM OTHERS

JOURNEY: SEEKING UNDERSTANDING AND CONNECTION.

BEN PRICE

PLAYING AGE - 20S

- **ENERGETIC, DRIVEN, AND EAGER TO PLEASE**
- **CONCERNED WITH SUCCESS AND EXTERNAL VALIDATION**
- **FEELS PRESSURE TO LIVE UP TO EXPECTATIONS**
- **HIDES INSECURITY BEHIND CONFIDENCE**

JOURNEY: RECONCILING SELF-WORTH WITH REALITY.

ROSIE PRICE

PLAYING AGE - 19 - 22

- **OPEN, EMOTIONAL, AND IMPULSIVE**
- **EXPERIENCES INTENSE LOVE AND HEARTBREAK**
- **INITIALLY NAÏVE BUT GROWS SIGNIFICANTLY**
- **THE MOST VISIBLY TRANSFORMED BY THE END**

JOURNEY: COMING OF AGE THROUGH LOSS AND EXPERIENCE.

ROSIE'S MONOLOGUE

Berlin

ROSIE. Berlin. A winter coat. A travel bag. A red nose. And a broken heart.

I'm standing on the platform at the train station. It's cold. The train is late and my socks are wet. I'm not quite sure how I got here or where I'm meant to go next.

I met him four nights ago and he was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen. His name was Emmanuel, of course, and he came from Madrid.

I'd been travelling by myself for three months. The great European adventure. London. Dublin. Paris. Prague. Then Berlin. I'd been saving for a year. Café work, bar work, babysitting. Mum and Dad said don't go by yourself. It's too dangerous. Go on a tour or at least with some girlfriends.

I'll meet people. I told them. I'll be fine. But meeting people is harder than you think. I mean I did meet people, at hostels and stuff but mainly other Australians. And it was fun for a night or two. But the boys just wanted to have sex and I guess that's alright but if I wanted sex with an Australian boy I would have stayed in Hallett Cove.

So I go to the churches and the museums and the galleries and I walk through the cobbled streets and I sit in cafés trying to look mysterious and everything is so beautiful. Everything is what I was expecting it to be. And yet somehow I want it to be more.

I Skype home once a week and tell Mum and Dad what an amazing place Europe is. They've never been. I tell them I'm having the best time because I can't bear the thought of them being disappointed for me. And when I Skype my brother Mark, I pretend the camera on my iPad is broken because he knows me and he will see it in my face. He'll see that it's all a mess and he'll tell me to come home but I can't go home,

ROSIE AND FRAN

As Autumn Turns

The branches are bare and the rose bushes are pruned back for the winter. BOB is spreading manure on the beds.

FRAN and ROSIE work side by side in the kitchen. ROSIE is cutting onions.

FRAN. What are you going to do with yourself?

ROSIE. Mum, not this conversation, please.

FRAN. One gap year's all very well. Two is starting to look like a girl who doesn't know herself very well... You should think about nursing. It's honest work and decent money.

ROSIE. I'm just not ready to decide.

FRAN. What's the most important thing in a woman's life? And don't make the mistake of thinking it's love.

ROSIE. I wasn't. (*She was.*)

FRAN. Or children. Those things are fine but they are not what matter. It's independence. Without that the others are just a trap. A woman needs to stand on her own feet and earn her own money. That's the best advice you'll ever get from me. So get a job.

ROSIE. I've got a job.

FRAN. One that you'll still want to be doing when you're forty years old and not so pretty.

ROSIE. You always make me cut the onions. You say, come, I'll teach you to cook but I only end up cutting onions.

FRAN. And look how well you cut them.

ROSIE. It's not fair.

FRAN. It's a mother's job to make her children cry... one way or another.

ROSIE. Why?

ROSIE AND FRAN

34 THINGS I KNOW TO BE TRUE

FRAN. So they understand pain.

ROSIE. That is so wrong.

At some point BOB has stopped as if he has forgotten what to do next.

FRAN. What's he doing?

ROSIE. I don't know.

FRAN. Bob!

ROSIE. Sssh.

FRAN. BOB!

BOB looks up.

What are you doing?

BOB. What?

FRAN. The manure. You're doing the garden.

BOB. I know.

He wanders off.

FRAN. I'm not looking after him if he gets dementia. I've looked after people all my life.

ROSIE. Then I will.

FRAN. That's enough onion... Do me some carrots as well. A fine dice. Cubes. Not rectangles. (*Glances back out to the garden.*) I worry about him, Rosie.

ROSIE. He's all right... isn't he?

FRAN. I want to take him away.

ROSIE. Where to?

FRAN. To Europe. To America. To all those places you're meant to go. I want to leave you lot and all your troubles behind. I just want it to be him and me again. Before...

ROSIE. What?

FRAN. I forget what that's like.

ROSIE AND FRAN

ROSIE. Can you afford it?

FRAN. You're not to tell your dad but I've got a stash.

ROSIE. Of what?

FRAN. Of money. What do you think? I've always put a little away. Since my very first pay packet. Even if it was just five dollars. It adds up, Rosie. Compound interest!

BOB (*from the garden*). Fran...

FRAN. What?

BOB. Have you used my secateurs?

FRAN. No.

BOB *wanders off not entirely convinced by her denial.*

He's older than he needs to be. And he knows much less of the world than he should.

ROSIE. Yeah... but he's happy with what he has, Mum.

FRAN. That's because he thinks he doesn't deserve more. You work for a carmaker for thirty years. You know nothing else and then they close the doors and tell you you're not needed any more. They give you a package and tell you that's what you're worth. And it seems like a hell of a lot when it's given to you all at once, if all you know is a fortnightly pay packet and so you believe them. A few years later it's nearly all gone and you realise you weren't worth much at all. And so you satisfy yourself with a bed of roses... I hate those roses.

ROSIE. Mum!

FRAN. They're just an excuse for not living.

ROSIE. Why don't you stop work? So you've got more time together.

FRAN. Because I'd bash him to death with the back of a shovel if I had to spend all day with him and then I'd kill myself from boredom. No. I like work. I like who it lets me be.

BEN *enters with his shirts.*

BEN. I can't stay.

PIP'S MONOLOGUE

Autumn

Pip

It's early in the morning. The light is still new. Leaves drift from trees. Fallen rose petals form a carpet of bruised colour across the lawn.

PIP is sitting in the garden.

PIP. This garden is the world. Everything that matters happened here.

I kissed my first boy in that shed. I was nine. He was my cousin, Tom. Down from Port Augusta. I don't know if it counts if it was your cousin. But it was a kiss, nonetheless. He kissed me and then he put his hand down my pants. I don't know what he expected but I think he got a shock because he pulled it straight back out again. But I liked it. I got so excited that I bit his face. He started to cry and ran to his mother and I was sent to my room. And I don't know if it was because I bit him or because I liked having his hand down my pants. Somehow, I think Mum knew. I think she knew exactly why a girl bites a boy in the face. But then she always knew the things you didn't want her to know.

She caught us, me and Penny McCrea and Stella Bouzakis with a bottle of sweet wine. We were in Year 9 and we snuck off from school at lunchtime. Penny had stolen it from her parents' drinks cabinet. We came back here and made a party of it, smoking those long coloured cocktail cigarettes as well. Thinking we were totally it. And suddenly Mum's standing at the back door. She was meant to be at work. She never came home for lunch. Never. But that day, when we're wagging school and drinking sweet wine in the backyard she decides to come home. Stella got such a scare she started to vomit. Mum stuck her face in the compost pit and said 'Vomit there, you silly girl'. I was grounded for the rest of Year 9 and never drank sweet wine again.

PIP

BOB *goes back inside.*

FRAN. Is this about Steve?

PIP. I'm leaving him.

FRAN. Does he know yet?

PIP. He will soon.

FRAN. You might want to drop the kids over. Give yourselves some room to talk.

PIP. You're not surprised?

FRAN. No. I could see this coming. The writing's been on the wall for some time.

PIP. What did it say, Mum? This writing.

FRAN. It said 'I'm not happy'. In big black letters.

PIP

PIP. Don't.

FRAN. What?

PIP. Make out like you know more about my life than I do.

FRAN. I'm just saying.

PIP. Let me be the expert on that at least.

FRAN. Somebody got up on the wrong side of bed this morning.

PIP. This was a bad idea.

She rises to go.

FRAN. Don't you walk away from this... You're not twelve years old any more.

PIP. What will you do, Mum? Pull my hair? Slap my face?

ROSIE has come out of the house with the quilt. She has caught the last of the exchange. She wraps the quilt around PIP's shoulders. PIP takes it in, and is grateful for its comfort.

ROSIE. Dad's made a mess of the coffee so we're having tea.

PIP. Rosie, do you remember when you fell off the ladder?

ROSIE. Not really, I was only two, wasn't I?

FRAN. Eighteen months. If that.

PIP. Mum asked me to watch you. She was busy inside.

FRAN. I was doing the house.

PIP. But I didn't really want to. I was trying to get a tan. I was lying in the sun in my bikini and Mum kept saying I would burn.

FRAN. You didn't have the skin for it. You still don't.

PIP. But I was determined that I'd have a tan that summer.

FRAN. You've got your father's skin.

PIP. I only closed my eyes for a moment. Dad had left the ladder up against the shed.

FRAN. He never did that again.

PIP

PIP. And I didn't know you could climb. Babies can't climb ladders.

FRAN. She could.

PIP. I can still hear the crack of your skull hitting the path.

FRAN. I heard it from the kitchen.

PIP. I screamed. Mum ran out of the house and saw what had happened. She looked at me and I swear I went cold. She could do that with just a look.

FRAN. I still can.

PIP. But particularly to me, Mum. You do that to me.

Beat.

I ran into the house and hid under the bed. And she came after me.

FRAN. Here we go.

PIP. You came after me and pulled me out from under the bed by my hair.

FRAN. Well, you wouldn't come out.

PIP. By my hair.

FRAN. I couldn't reach anything else.

PIP. You tore the hair from my head.

FRAN. It was just a few strands.

PIP. It was a clump with skin. And then you slapped my face.

FRAN. I was in shock. I was angry. I was tired. Four kids I had

MARK'S MONOLOGUE

FRAN

Mark

The roses are bare and the sky is grey. FRAN is in the garden smoking a cigarette.

MARK. On the weekends when Dad wanted help in the garden I would climb the gum tree and hide. From up there, I could see the world.

At least I could see our world. Pip singing to a song on the radio and checking her split ends at the patio table. Ben kicking the football from one end of the yard to the other. Always running. Dad pushing a wheelbarrow of dirt around with Rosie following him with her plastic shovel ready to help. And Mum hanging out the washing before sneaking a cheeky fag behind the shed, thinking that no one knows she's there.

They didn't know I was up in the tree watching and seeing everything. Not really a part of the picture and not really even knowing why.

There were two occasions on which Mum would smoke. The first was if she'd had more than two glasses of wine. She wasn't a big drinker so this was rare. It usually happened on New Year's Eve. She would light up after two glasses of sparkling wine and only ever smoke the one. She was also known to dance with Dad's undies on her head, after he had taken them off for God knows what reason, so New Year's Eve was always an ordeal for us kids. The other occasion was when she thought that one of us had a problem that she couldn't solve, which was also rare, Mum having a solution for most problems in life. And on these occasions she could go through a pack, one after another until a solution was found. I suspect that of all of us, she smoked the most cigarettes on account of me.

BOB is pushing a load of dirt across the yard when he finds FRAN.

MARK

The storm breaks.

A little later that night. MARK's at the back door, wet from the rain. BOB and FRAN are fussing over him.

FRAN. You're soaked through.

MARK. I walked over.

BOB. In this weather?

FRAN. Rosie, get a towel.

BOB. You'll catch your death.

MARK. It wasn't raining when I left.

BOB. Why didn't you take an umbrella?

MARK. I told you it wasn't raining.

BOB. It's the middle of winter, son. You go for a walk the chances are you're going to get wet.

FRAN takes the towel from ROSIE and starts to dry MARK's hair.

MARK. I'll do it, Mum.

BOB. Take that shirt off. Rosie, get him a shirt from my drawer. What about your pants?

MARK. They're fine, thanks.

FRAN is starting to take MARK's shirt off.

Mum!

MARK

FRAN. You think I haven't seen you naked before?

He removes his own shirt.

Would you look at the colour of him? When's the last time you saw any sun? That's your fault, Bob. White as a bloody ghost. Both of you. And have you had that mole checked out? I don't like the look of that.

ROSIE (*entering with shirt*). Is blue okay?

MARK. Right now polka dots would be fine.

He takes the shirt and puts it on.

BOB. So are you hungry?

MARK. I'm fine.

BOB. I could fix you something.

MARK. I've eaten.

FRAN. What exactly? Because you're as skinny as a rake.

BOB. There's your mum's stew in the fridge. I'll heat it up.

MARK. What's the matter with you two? I said I've eaten. I'm fine. And I'm not too skinny and I'm not too white. And I haven't got skin cancer. Can we have a conversation for once that doesn't begin with you making a list of everything that's wrong with me? And could you stand still for half a minute because I'm trying to tell you something here and it's not easy.

FRAN. Look, Mark, there's nothing you could tell us that would shock us or make us feel any different about you. I just want to say that.

BOB. Unless you told us you had decided to become a woman. Then I would be shocked.

BOB laughs at his joke. He's the only one though. It's a terrible silence as they realise what's just been inelegantly revealed.

MARK. That's not how this was meant to go.

They are silent. Shocked.

I need you to say something.

MARK

FRAN. We thought you were gay.

MARK. Right.

FRAN. Are you?

MARK. What the hell does that matter?

FRAN. I don't know.

MARK. Well, I'm not.

FRAN. Okay.

MARK. Are you relieved?

FRAN. No... no, that's not what I'm feeling right now.

MARK. What are you feeling, Mum?

FRAN. I'm... I can't... begin... Are you sure about this?

MARK. Yes.

FRAN. Then what are you feeling?

MARK. Afraid... confused... A little ashamed. No. Not ashamed. I'm finished with feeling that. But embarrassed. I guess. Telling you. And angry. Yeah. Angry. I had a whole speech prepared. I've been practising it for twenty years.

BOB. And I put my foot in it.

MARK. You did, Dad, yeah.

BOB. Are you telling us that you're one of those men who wants to be a woman?

MARK. That's the gist of it.

BOB. Is it that you like to put on women's clothing in the privacy of your own home because there was Uncle Trevor on my mother's side or are you talking about the whole shebang here?

MARK. Okay. This is something that I have known about myself for many years. It is something I have fought and hidden. It has made me very unhappy. And it has cost me a relationship with a woman I loved very much.

FRAN. Well, you can understand her point of view.

MARK

MARK. Yes, Mum. I can. Taylor's point of view is very clear. But right now we're talking about mine... This is hard, you know. This is so fucking hard. This was never a conversation I wanted to have.

FRAN. It's not high on my list either.

MARK. I wanted to be normal, Mum. Whatever that is. I wanted to grow up, get married and have my own kids. Just like you and Dad. I wanted to love and to be loved. That's all I ever wanted.

He looks to ROSIE for reassurance.

Say something, Rosie?

BEN'S MONOLOGUE

Ben

The buds are bursting. There's music... there's light.

BOB and FRAN are dancing. Slow, lovely, close. It's then. It's now. It's always. Their children are watching... their children are remembering... then and now.

BEN. In the chaos of our home, in the kitchen when we were cleaning up after dinner, as arguments were being had about who did what to whom, and arrangements were being made about who had to be where when, basketball, netball, football, soccer, drama, piano, and who would take them, Mum or Dad or the bus and in the middle of the arguments about who would do what in the clean up, the washing, the drying, the putting away, and the wiping down the surfaces and who does more and who does nothing and who always goes to the toilet when the sweeping up needs to be done. (It was me.) In the midst of all this a song would come on the radio and Dad would stop and reach for her. And she would resist, she would push him off... 'I'm too busy', 'I don't have the time', 'My feet are too sore' but it was just part of their play, part of the game because she loved it when he took her, she loved it when they danced. And we, we kids, we groaned and stuck our fingers down our throats and pretended that we weren't interested, in their dancing, in their love, in the secrets that only they shared.

The children fall away, except BEN who holds on to the

BEN

Home

That Night

BEN. Where's Mum and Dad?

ROSIE. Out.

BEN. Where?

ROSIE. It's their anniversary.

BEN. I need to see them.

ROSIE. Ben, what's wrong?

BEN. Did you hear a car?

ROSIE. I don't think so.

BEN. Maybe it's them.

ROSIE. I didn't hear anything.

BEN. I want Mum.

ROSIE. Are you on something?

BEN. No.

ROSIE. Are you?

BEN. No.

ROSIE. Don't come here if you're on something. It's their anniversary. It's not fair.

BEN. I'm not on anything.

ROSIE. You're sweating, Ben.

BEN. I've been running.

ROSIE. Running? Where?

BEN. Running and running.

ROSIE. Where?

BEN

BEN. I'm so tired, Rosie.

ROSIE. Okay.

BEN. I've been running.

ROSIE. I know.

BEN. Was that a car?

ROSIE. No.

BEN. I need Mum.

ROSIE. They're out.

BEN. Can you phone them?

ROSIE. You want a cup of tea?

BEN. I've been running, Rosie.

ROSIE. Something to eat?

BEN. I've been running.

ROSIE. You're home. You're here. You don't have to run any more.

BEN. You don't understand. This is what I've been running from. I've been running. And running. And look where I end up. I'm so angry.

ROSIE. Don't be.

BEN. I could fuckin' –

ROSIE. Don't.

BEN. I could fuckin' hit something.

ROSIE. Don't.

BEN. I'm frightened, Rosie.

ROSIE. So am I.

FRAN *enters*.

FRAN. What's going on?

ROSIE *says it all with her eyes*.

BEN

Ben? Look at me?

BOB *enters.*

Look at me?

BOB. What's going on?

FRAN. Have you taken something?

BEN. No.

FRAN. Your eyes.

BEN. I'm tired.

FRAN. Your pupils are enlarged.

BEN. I've been running.

FRAN. Okay. It's all right. You're going to be all right. But I need to know what you're on.

BOB. Is he on drugs?

She feels his temperature.

FRAN. You're burning.

BOB. Have you come into this house on drugs?

FRAN. Leave it, Bob.

BOB. I want an answer.

BEN. What do you want to know, Mr Nap-a-Lot?

BOB. What drugs have you taken?

FRAN. Maybe leave it, Bob. Until he's calm.

BOB. I bloody well won't leave it. You're in my house, boy.

BEN. Mum?

FRAN. Don't provoke him, Bob.

BOB. Rosie, what's he taken?

ROSIE. I don't know.

BOB. You've frightened your sister... And your mother. What have you got to say for yourself?

BEN

BEN. What do you want to know?

BOB. I want to know what drugs you've taken.

BEN. It's easier to ask me what drugs I haven't taken.

*That's a red rag to a bull... BOB is taking his jacket off and
scurrying off in a flash*

BOB

And suddenly everyone has gone and she is alone.

Somewhere in the flurry of the departures, BOB has wandered into the garden and is dead-heading the spent roses. ROSIE joins him.

BOB. Are you hungry?

ROSIE. I ate on the plane.

BOB. There's bolognese in the fridge.

ROSIE. I'm not eating much meat at the moment.

BOB. Well, there's probably cucumbers or something.

ROSIE. The roses look good.

BOB. They're still in their first flush, Rosie. They're at their best. Just like you.

ROSIE bends and smells a rose.

Are you going to tell me what happened over there?

ROSIE. I fell in love with the wrong guy.

BOB. Did it hurt?

ROSIE. So much, Dad.

BOB. Ah... well. I'll tell you something for free. Everyone has their heart broken, at least once. Hopefully, for you it will be the only time.

ROSIE. Have you?

BOB. I've been with your mother since I was a kid. First and only love.

A moment – ROSIE breathes, safe in the certainty of her parents' love and in the familiar surrounds of her father's garden. For a moment everything is right, everything is as it should be.

BOB

22

THINGS I KNOW TO BE TRUE

ROSIE. All those cities. All those beautiful cities. All that history. All through Europe. And all I could think about was coming home.

BOB. It's not such a bad place.

ROSIE. I tried, Dad.

BOB. To do what, love?

ROSIE. To grow up.

BOB / FRAN

He breaks away... A moment.

FRAN. What's wrong?

BOB. I don't like the song.

FRAN. What's wrong with it?

BOB. It's too... modern.

FRAN. It's got a good beat.

BOB. Where were you?

FRAN. What?

BOB. There was a time when we danced when the only thing that was going on was you and me. Now, you're anywhere but here.

FRAN. I've got things on my mind.

BOB. What things?

FRAN. The kids.

BOB. Bugger the kids. They're not here.

FRAN. Well, that's the difference between you and me.

BOB goes to her and kisses her on the lips.

Have you got cancer? Is this that moment? Because I'm not ready for that.

BOB. I feel...

FRAN. Bob?

BOB. Like life has passed me by.

FRAN. You're sixty-three. There's less ahead of you than there is behind. It's terrifying. So? There's enough still to come.

BOB. For what, though?

BOB / FRAN

FRAN. You and me. Whatever. All of it. Talk to me, Bob.

BOB. I'm trying.

FRAN. Try harder.

BOB. Sometimes I find myself standing in the shed wondering what to do next because everything has already been done. Everything has been watered and mulched and clipped and pruned and tied back and fertilised and all I can do is wait for the change of seasons so that I can do it all again.

FRAN. Bugger the garden.

BOB. I don't have much else.

FRAN. You stopped work too soon... I always said it.

BOB. I didn't have a choice.

FRAN. You didn't have to be among the first to take the package.

BOB. There were younger men. And women. Much younger. With small children. They needed the work more than I did.

FRAN. You should have found something else.

BOB. I was fifty-six... No one wanted me.

FRAN. Other men weren't so quick to throw in the towel.

BOB. Is that what you think I did?

FRAN. Didn't you?

BOB. I thought...

FRAN. What?

BOB. I don't know... I thought I had earned it. The rest. The leisure. Now, there's a word for a man who's worked since he was sixteen. Leisure. Christ, when I worked all I could dream of was a few extra hours in the day to spend in the garden but who would have thought that the days would turn out to be so long.

FRAN. Stop it!

BOB. What?

BOB / FRAN

FRAN. I don't want you to be old, Bob. (*Pointing to her head.*)
In here. There's plenty of time for that. Later. Wait for me.
We'll do it together but not yet.

BOB. Well, how do you fend it off... Tell me? I feel a weight
on me, Fran. Sixty-three years is bloody heavy.

FRAN. We'll go away.

BOB. Away?

FRAN. A change. Something different. We'll go to Europe.
Or the Caribbean.

BOB. Overseas?

FRAN. Why not?

BOB. With what?

FRAN. We'll find it. When we need it. We always have.

BOB. Away, you reckon?

FRAN. Other people do it. Why not us?

BOB. Well... I've always wanted to go the Kruger National
Park. In South Africa.

FRAN. Then we'll go.

BOB. It's probably too expensive.

FRAN. Bob... We'll find it. We will. But right now this is what's
going to happen. You and me are going home and we're going
to get beneath the sheets and have a good go at it.

BOB. Well, that could put a spring back in my step, I suppose.

FRAN. I want to be bounced around a bit, Bob. Flipped over
and turned upside down, like the old days.

BOB. I can't promise that. It's the knees, love.

FRAN. Then we'll do it face to face. Eye to eye. Whatever
works. But we're going to have sex and we're going to
remember who we are, Bob Price.

HOW TO AUDITION

TO BE CONSIDERED, PLEASE CAREFULLY FOLLOW THE SUBMISSION GUIDELINES OUTLINED BELOW.

PLEASE COMPLETE AN AUDITION FORM ONLINE [HERE](#). WE WOULD LOVE TO SEE YOU AUDITION IN PERSON ON WEDNESDAY 24TH JUNE. AUDITIONS WILL BE TAKING PLACE AT THE HARRIET WALTER THEATRE, REDDAM HOUSE SCHOOL, BETWEEN 1800 AND 2200. YOU MAY CHOOSE A PREFERRED TIME SLOT WITHIN THE FORM.

FOR THE AUDITION, PLEASE PREPARE CHOSEN SIDES FOR ONE (OR MORE) OF THE CHARACTERS FOR WHOM YOU WISH TO AUDITION. THE PANEL WILL READ IN LINES AS NECESSARY FOR EACH SIDE. YOU DO NOT NEED TO BE 'OFF BOOK' FOR AUDITIONS.

AUDITIONEES SHOULD BE AVAILABLE FOR SCHEDULED REHEARSALS AND PERFORMANCE DATES, WHICH CAN BE FOUND IN THE APPLICATION FORM.

IF YOU HAVE ANY CONFLICTS, PLEASE MENTION THEM IN YOUR AUDITION FORM

MANY THANKS.

HOW TO RECORD A SELF TAPE

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO ATTEND THE AUDITION IN PERSON, WE INVITE YOU TO SEND A SELF-TAPE AUDITION. THIS CAN BE FILMED ON ANY DEVICE, USING THE FOLLOWING FORMAT:

AT THE START OF YOUR SELF-TAPE, CLEARLY STATE YOUR FULL NAME, AGE AND THE ROLE OR ROLES YOU ARE AUDITIONING FOR.

PLEASE ENSURE THE VIDEO IS

- WELL-LIT
- RECORDED IN A QUIET SPACE
- CLEARLY AUDIBLE

PLEASE PERFORM A SCENE FROM YOUR CHOSEN CHARACTER(S) AS PROVIDED.

MAKE SURE YOUR AUDITION FILE IS LABELLED WITH YOUR FULL NAME AND THE ROLE (E.G., JANE_DOE_FRAN.MP4)

SEND A LINK OF YOUR SELF TAPE TO
THINGSIKNOWCAMUS@GMAIL.COM

WE LOOK FORWARD TO RECEIVING YOUR SUBMISSION.

BREAK A LEG!