

SENIOR SHOW 2023

Fifth Form, Lower and Upper Sixth



AUDITION PACK

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We are delighted to invite you to audition for our
production of



ABOUT JACK ABSOLUTE FLIES AGAIN

A rollicking new comedy by Richard Bean (*One Man, Two Guvnors*) and Oliver Chris (*Twelfth Night*).

July 1940. After an aerial dog fight, Pilot Officer Jack Absolute flies home to win the heart of his old flame, Lydia Languish. Back on British soil, Jack's advances soon turn to anarchy when the young heiress demands to be loved on her own, very particular, terms.

You can find the National Theatre Production's Trailer here:

[Jack Absolute Flies Again: Official Trailer - In Cinemas 6 October | National Theatre Live - YouTube](#)

REVIEW

So, comic lightning does strike twice. By roughly transposing Sheridan's *The Rivals* to an RAF squadron stationed at a Sussex country house during the Battle of Britain, Richard Bean and Oliver Chris create something every bit as uproarious and ribald as Bean's *One Man, Two Guvnors*, which took comparable liberties with a Goldoni classic.

There's the same ungoverned humour, giddy abandon and metatheatrical playfulness: the same sense of primal urges pulsing underneath. But *Jack Absolute* is also completely its own thing, taking jokey aim at British class-consciousness and exceptionalism, as well as sexism, xenophobia and "warstalga".

Director: Miss Anderson - ca@wellingtoncollege.org.uk

Assistant Director: TBC

The Dates:

Auditions: Tuesday 12th September 1700 – 2100

See audition page for details to see how you can best prepare! [Click here to sign up](#)

Rehearsals: Occasional Monday (principals) – 1900 – 2030 (acting scenes)

Tuesdays (all cast) 18.00-21.00

Thursdays (all cast) 18.00-21.00

Some Sundays (on rotation)

Sunday 24th September – 15.00 – 21.00

Sunday 8th October – 15.00 – 21.00

Sunday 5th November – 18.00 – 21.00

Sunday 19th November – 15.00 – 21.00

Monday - 27th November – early return from long weekend 15.00 – 21.00

A more specific rehearsal schedule will be sent to you in due course, should you be successful at the audition. You will be expected to rehearse twice a week in a smaller role or chorus member. If you are a principal you can expect an occasional Monday rehearsal around your other commitments. Schedules will get busier as we draw nearer to production week.

Tech / Dress rehearsals:

- Tuesday 21st November (Tech Act 1) 19.00 – 21.30
- Thursday 23rd November (Tech Act 2) 19.00 – 21.30
- Monday 27th November (Dress 1 and early return) 15.00 – 21.00
- Tuesday 28th November (Dress 2) 19.00 – 22.00

Show Dates:

- Wednesday 29th November (Show 1) 19.30 – 22.00
- Thursday 30th November (Show 2) 19.30 – 22.00
- Friday 1st December (Show 3) 19.30 – 22.00

THERE IS A THREE STRIKE RULE - three unauthorised absences from rehearsals will result in your role being given to someone else.

CHARACTERS

While many of the characters in this play are male traditionally, many characters will be blind cast and could be played as female/ gender non-specific – bear this in mind when it comes to auditioning. These include any that have (M or F) next to name.

Some roles can be double cast for Act 1 and Act 2.

PILOTS:

Pilot Officer Jack Absolute. (M)

Section leader. 634 Hurricane Squadron (The Flying Badgers). Son to Sir Anthony Absolute. In love with Lydia Languish. Arrogant.

Pilot Officer Roy Faulkland (M)

Hurricane Pilot. 634 Hurricane Squadron (The Flying Badgers). Best friend to Jack Absolute. Fiancé to Julia Melville. Childish, petty and madly in love.

Pilot Officer Bob Acres (M or F)

634 Hurricane Squadron (The Flying Badgers). Australian. Comedic role. Tries to be one of the boys. Often misunderstood.

Pilot Officer Bikram Khattri (M or F)

634 Hurricane Squadron (The Flying Badgers). Sikh from Punjab. Dreams of being a poet but is not very good.

Flight Officer Peter Kingsmith (M or F)

Hurricane pilot. Come to join the squadron at the end of the play.

Flight Sergeant Stuart Sampson (M or F)

Hurricane pilot. Come to join the squadron at the end of the play.

OTHER MILITARY ROLES:

First Officer Lydia Languish (F) – could be double cast for Act 1 and Act 2

Aircraft delivery pilot. Air transport Auxiliary (ATA) Heiress to most of Sussex. Niece and ward of Mrs Malaprop. Former girlfriend of Jack Absolute and angry at him.

Julia Melville (F)

Chief volunteer, Auxiliary Territorial Service (ATS). Driver to Sir Anthony. Fiancé to Roy Faulkland. Best friend to Lydia Languish. Young, madly in love and naïve.

Intelligence officer Brian Coventry (M or F)

634 Squadron. RAF Fontwell. Very particular – instructs and looks after the pilots. Harbours secret desire to have a relationship but hides it behind being efficient.

Warrant Officer 2, Dudley Scunthorpe (M)

Lead mechanic/Fitter to Blue Section, 634 Squadron. A Yorkshire man. Smitten with Lucy. Jack Absolute poses as Dudley to try to win Lydia.

Major General Sir Anthony Absolute (M)

Lord of most of Devon. Scourge of India. Father to Jack Absolute. Absolute silver fox. Grumpy. Mrs Malaprops love interest.

CIVILIANS:

Mrs Malaprop (F) – will be double cast for Act 1 and Act 2.

Lady of Fontwell Manor. Sometimes guardian to Lydia Languish. Thinks herself very intelligent but gets words wrong throughout the play. Falls for Major Absolute.

Lucy (F)

Lady's maid to Mrs Malaprop. The comedy link between audience and action. Knows everything that is going on. Smitten with Dudley.

Peter Palmerston (M)

Lydia's ex boyfriend. Excellent dancer. Appears in a flashback.

Meridith Fondlebury (F)

Jack's former fling. Excellent dancer. Appears in a flashback.

EXTENSIVE ENSEMBLE ROLES (Ensemble heavy production)

More personnel from the Military base including mechanics, engineers, pilots etc.

Dancers for two dance sequences.

EXPECTATIONS

Jack Absolute is a mad, brilliant and funny show that has the great potential to be spectacular. To achieve this we have expectations for all cast members. These expectations are as follows:

Rehearsal attendance

- Attend all rehearsals you are called for.
- Be there on time and do not leave early without permission.
- If you must miss a rehearsal for any reason you must give 24 hours' notice via email.
- You cannot miss any rehearsals in the week before and the week of the show.

Rehearsal behaviour

- Appropriate behaviour in all rehearsals including respect for all present.
- Be supportive and respectful of others in the cast and the crew/creative team.
- While we aim to reduce any time in rehearsals where cast are 'sitting around' waiting, there is inevitably some of this – particularly with tech rehearsals. Come prepared for these times and ensure you have something quiet to do that will not distract from the others rehearsing.

Script

- Keep your script safe and bring it to every rehearsal.
- Only annotate your script with pencil.
- Return your script by the deadline (once the show is completed)

THERE IS A THREE STRIKE RULE – three unauthorised absences from rehearsals will result in your role being given to someone else. This is also true for poor behaviour.

AUDITIONS [Click here to sign up](#)

Open auditions occur on **Tuesday 12th September** between 5pm and 9pm. It will be a workshop based audition including:

- Warm up
- Rehearsal time on duologues
- Performance of scenes and monologues

Each audition piece is a duologue. You may find a partner to practice with and pick **one** side that suits you, but this is not required and you can come and work with someone in the audition itself.

If you are considering auditioning for **Jack, Mrs Malaprop** or **Lucy** we also ask you learn a monologue, too.

Think about what character will suit you best – will you be an arrogant fighter pilot, a bumbling busy body or a clever know it all?

I will be looking at interpretation of character, so prepare well and bring originality to the roles.

Monologue for Mrs Malaprop:

Very posh older lady. Thinks she is very clever and does not realise her words are wrong.

Mrs Malaprop: I am Mrs Malaprop, a character created by the playwright Richard Bristly Sheridan. Mrs Malaprop became famous for an egregious mangling of her verbiage to 'ysterical effect. 'Owever! I am a parsonage of great lexicographical dexterity and faultless electrocution. Not to mention my grammar, about which no one is able to find fault with it.

Mrs Malaprop is a batty old widow. Imelda Staunton was not available. Dame Helen Mirren told casting that she'll decide when she's old, thank you very much. My understudy, Krispin Scott Thomas, will be going on for me this Wednesday matinee, if any of you want to see it done brilliantly in French.

The first half is just over an hour long so if any of you men are having prostrate problems, do try and squeeze one out now. As for the rest of you, let me show you around my piles

(She gestures grandly.) This, up behind me, is Malaprop Hall.

Monologue for Jack Absolute :

Arrogant and posh young man. Describing a dog fight he just flew in.

Jack: I flick the gun button to fire and I'm about to knock him for a perfect six when bang, bang, bang from nowhere the sky's full of tracers, I feel three thuds behind me and the tail kicks out like a donkey on a dancefloor. I look back and sure enough I've got a 109 so far up my chuff I should have charged him for the privilege. I break off and chuck my kite around the sky until the rivets are rattling but he's all over me, taking chunks out of my starboard wing. Suddenly everything goes quiet and I'm thinking 'Oh So this is how pilots die'. Then, bursting out of the clouds below, like my knight in shining armour, comes this stunning Mark 2 Hurricane - the morning sun glinting off it's belly. It twists like greased dolphin in a perfect barrel-roll attack and screams back downhill towards us!

But it doesn't open fire! It's heading straight for the 109! Playing chicken with it! Well, Jerry knows what's good for him and dips out to port sloping off back to Hunland with his chums. I limp into cloud and drag what's left of my sorry kite home. Here to live another day! So! Who was it?!

Monologue for Lucy :

A maid who is the key comedic device in the play and knows it. Often talks to the audience.

Lucy (direct address) Why are plays always about posh people? Beautiful rich idiots falling arse over tit in love, and all the bleeding maid gets to do is oil the effing plot delivering love letters to the wrong people. Royal Mail could do that. Where's my love story? Ain't my dream legitimate?

A cottage on a hill. Hot and cold running water. A nice fella who'll massage my feet and not piss all over the toilet floor. One of the mechanics here, a fitter, he gives me goose bumps on my goose bumps. I've had a chat with him, he was riveting. He told me about the history of rivets, which was riveting. Egypt, they invented rivets. 3000 BC. They come up with everything - pyramids. wigs, condoms -stop it, ten pin bowling - which I love, high heels - which I love, cats as pets- which is fucking disgusting, eye-liner - who doesn't like eye-liner?! Yeah, the Egyptians, bless 'em, they peaked early Anyway, this fella's called Dudley, I fink it might be love, but how do you tell?

Lydia and Jack

Act Two, Scene Four 95

Lydia Urgh! I don't know what pathetic scheme you've cooked up with my aunt -

Jack I haven't cooked up any scheme!

~~Lydia goes to the door, opens it. Mrs Malaprop and Lucy are seated listening intently. Lydia slams the door closed.~~

Jack Lydia, you don't love Dudley, you only think you do!

Lydia I know I do!

Jack No, you don't know you do. You only *think* you know you do!

Lydia Don't tell me what I think I know I do and what I know I think I don't do! I think I know what I know and what I think I know I don't know, thank you!

Jack I know -

Lydia No! You think you know you know but you *don't* know whatever you think you think you know. I may have found you mildly amusing once, Jack -

Jack Mildly amusing?!

Lydia Like a pickled onion in the shape of a bum.

Jack *picks up a record and puts it on the player. An upbeat swing tune pipes up.*

Lydia No!

Jack *starts moving to the music. He's smiling.*

Jack It's fate.

Lydia It isn't fate, I watched you put it on.

Jack *(dancing)* Come on.

Lydia Winning one silly dance competition a million years ago doesn't mean anything. I'm a different woman now. I'm not interested in some over-entitled, Flash Harry who thinks he's a hero -

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Jack I don't think I'm a hero!

Lydia *just stares at him.*

Jack So I'm a hero! That's a good thing isn't it?!

Lydia Ugh! You're so arrogant!

Dancing, Jack holds out his hand to Lydia. She crosses her arms. Refuses to engage.

Jack Feels so good though. Remember?

Lydia I've repressed it.

Jack Sigmund Freud, eh? Virginia Woolf, Karl Marx, learned to fly. You're incredible!

Lydia I'm not doing it.

He grabs her, spins her. She reluctantly allows herself.

Jack See! We're made for each other. Come on. Spank the baby.

They both 'Spank the baby' and they're off. Lydia still reluctant, but perfectly and effortlessly in time.

Lydia I need to see if me and Dudley can work. Box step right.

They box step right.

Jack You couldn't be more unsuited.

Lydia It's pathetic that you have to try and break up what Dudley and I have just because you're jealous. Shim sham.

They shim sham.

Jack I'm not jealous. That's the funny thing! I don't know how to tell you this but -

Lydia I'm not the silly girl you kissed last year, Jack. Flip flop.

They flip flop.



Mrs Malaprop and Anthony Absolute

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Sir Anthony *takes Mrs Malaprop's hand and kisses it.*

Sir Anthony Mrs Malaprop, good morning. Your illustrious reputation is only dimmed by the lustrous reality.

Mrs Malaprop Flatulence will get you everywhere.

Sir Anthony We have met. I spoke at your husband's funeral.

Mrs Malaprop I remember. It was a most stirring urology.

Sir Anthony Apologies for turning up out of the blue but –

Mrs Malaprop You're very welcome. What do I call you? Sir Anthony, Major General? A gentleman deserves the correct depilation.

Sir Anthony Call me what you wish. From the lips of such elegant ladies may only issue sweetness and delight.

Mrs Malaprop You are the very pineapple of politeness.

~~**Julia** May I go, sir?~~

~~**Sir Anthony** See if you can rustle up something off ration for lunch.~~

~~**Julia** Beef Wellington in a puff pastry, with chicken livers and a little truffle oil?~~

~~**Sir Anthony** salutes his affirmation. **Julia** exits.~~

~~**Sir Anthony** What a wife she'll make! If only I were twenty years younger.~~

~~**Lydia** She'd be two.~~

Sir Anthony As you may know, I lost my wife.

Mrs Malaprop Oh good . . . God, good God how tragic.

Sir Anthony She lives, but we were divorced many years ago. As such I'm here to propose an alliance.

Mrs Malaprop Yes?

Act One, Scene Two 25

Sir Anthony Between our two families.

Mrs Malaprop Yes?

Sir Anthony A marriage.

Mrs Malaprop Sir Handsomely, so sudden!

Sir Anthony My son and your niece!

Mrs Malaprop My niece?

Sir Anthony You've got one haven't you?

Mrs Malaprop That's her there.

Sir Anthony *turns and sees Lydia.*

Sir Anthony Oh. Hello. *(Back to Mrs Malaprop.)* So what do you say? I'm throwing in seventeen thousand acres of Devon and the concomitant ponies.

~~**Lydia** I will not allow myself to be traded on the love market so that social elites can perpetuate their privilege.~~

~~**Sir Anthony** This girl has been reading books!~~

Lydia ~~And flying aircraft!~~ Besides, I've met someone else.

Mrs Malaprop What?!

Lydia He's a fitter.

Sir Anthony War throws the classes together. They're young, hot, got the fire in them! No doubt a bit of canoodling round the back of a shed.

Mrs Malaprop Who is this greased monkey *nut* with which you have been canoeing?

~~**Lydia** Dudley Scamthorpe.~~

~~**Sir Anthony** Sounds more like a roadmap than a man.~~

~~**Lydia** Whom I canoe with is my decision!~~

~~**Sir Anthony** Is she whoming? Did she 'whom'?~~

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Julia I've been looking for you everywhere!

Faulkland Have you?

Julia Aren't you going to make love to me like no one's watching?

Faulkland I want to but –

Julia We could go somewhere more private where you could make a noise.

Faulkland That would be lovely, but first there's something I need to say.

Julia What is it, Squidge?

Faulkland Hummingbirds mate for life.

Julia How sweet!

Faulkland But if Mrs Hummingbird goes off to a pub and sings 'Who Wants to Look Up My Jumper' then flashes her feathers at all the bloody puffins, Mr Hummingbird will die.

Julia Oh, darling, I only sang for those marines because, for them, there's not much professional entertainment.

Faulkland That's your explanation?

Julia Those poor, young boys are making such a sacrifice. It's the least I can do to lighten their load.

Faulkland So you admit it! You've been lightening loads up and down the south coast!

Julia Darling, you're everything to me. Don't be jealous.

Faulkland It's not jealousy, it's . . . there must be another word that means the same, but doesn't sound as bad. I just love you so much, Wobbles, I want you to be mine! MINE! I want you to be happy and independent. Without actually being independent.

Julia I could never be happy without you. You saved my life!

Act One, Scene Six 57

Faulkland I want you to love me for *me* though! I have interesting interests. Like collecting spores, and running about. I have a personality and a clever brain, look . . .

He produces a small length of rope.

Left over right and under, right over left and under. See. A reef knot, a useful knot in both wartime and peacetime.

Julia I love you, Roy! I love your knots, your vast collection of spores, your running about, your clever brain and your sweet little willy.

Lucy and Khattri

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~~Lucy~~ I know, lovely there innit.

~~Scunthorpe~~ 'Ere yer go.

~~Lucy~~ You don't give the duck back to me.

~~Scunthorpe~~ No!

~~Lucy~~ You hide it somewhere and I have to look for it, and if I find it, I hide it for you, and that's the beginning of round two.

~~Scunthorpe~~ Oh, I gawrit, T'wife, I'm in.

~~Lucy~~ Oh, lovely.

~~Scunthorpe~~ goes off and hides the duck somewhere we don't see

~~Khattri~~ enters putting the finishing touches to his poem.

Khattri Finished! I have written *several* poems in response.

Lucy Go on then.

Khattri This may be a little beyond you.

(*Reads.*)

'Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of—'

Lucy Sorry, Tony, can I stop you there. You wrote that did yer?

Khattri Just now, yes.

Lucy It does sound a lot like 'He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven' by W.B. Yeats.

Khattri Great minds. It happens. Try this one.

He pulls out another poem and begins to read.

'Let me not to the marriage of true minds—'

Lucy That's Shakespeare though innit.

Act One, Scene Four 43

Khattri (*he produces another*) 'How do I love—'

Lucy Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Khattri (*another*) 'I—'

Lucy Rabindranath Tagore.

Khattri I hadn't even started!

Lucy 'I seem to have loved you in numberless forms,
numberless times?'

Khattri looks at the paper. Reads.

Khattri Yes.

Lucy You did poetry at Oxford, didncha?

Khattri Those idiots found my own poetic style overly . . .
demented.

Lucy Girls like demented.

Khattri Really?

Lucy Oh yeah. Nothing more attractive than someone
who's not afraid to be, you know, weird. Go on. Write one
now. For Miss Lydz.

Khattri I shall! Give me space.

~~He goes upstage and begins to write. Scunthorpe returns.~~

~~Scunthorpe~~ I've hid it.

~~Lucy~~ Lovely. So I go looking for it now, and if I find it,
that's the end of round one. Then I hide it again for you to
look for.

~~Scunthorpe~~ Round two.

~~Lucy~~ Innit. If it goes to three rounds, it means you care.

~~Scunthorpe~~ About the duck?

~~Lucy~~ About me.

Best of luck!

We can't wait to see you at the auditions!

Any questions, please email Miss Anderson at

ca@wellingtoncollege.org.uk