

Undertaker Audition Material

The Undertaker and Jerry have finally found some business...

UNDERTAKER

Hmmmm. Excellent! Business at last!!

They pick CLIVE up and lay him on the cart. The UNDERTAKER checks CLIVE'S pockets for things to steal.

Hmm! Very good! Yes, this will do nicely!

He finds a cloth purse and pockets it. He moves away to examine it, leaving JERRY with CLIVE, who is on the cart.

Measure him up Jerry!

JERRY pulls out a huge tape-measure. CLIVE stirs and coughs.

CLIVE

Wh.... Where am I??

JERRY

Hey guv, I'm not entirely sure this one's actually croaked it yet.

UNDERTAKER

Nonsense. Of course he has! I'm not about to pass over the only death we've had in weeks!

JERRY

Right you are boss...say no more...

JERRY pulls a huge club from the back of the his trousers—

Sorry about this, mate...

Raising the club high...

UNDERTAKER

No Jerry. Leave him in the gutter. That'll finish him for sure! Add the gutter to your collection run for tomorrow.

JERRY

Sure thing Guv.

UNDERTAKER

Always the same, you think your luck's turning... Bloody regulations! Right, I'm off to drink away the last of the petty cash. See you in the Duck.

Mike Audition Material

Mike's hero, the Pied Piper, has just come to the bar...

PIPER

Mike. My usual!

MIKE

Thoroughly overwhelmed
Coming right up, Mr.Piper. Er, sir.

PIPER

Modestly
Call me Pied.

One of the girls on a nearby table faints.

MIKE

Oh, sure thing. Um, so what brings you back to London Town in these 'ere dark times, Mr.Pied, er sir?

PIPER

Well, perhaps I'm sticking my Pipe in where it doesn't belong, but when I heard my favourite little town was in trouble, I just couldn't sit back and do nothing.

Another nearby girl faints.

MIKE

Well, you're a braver man than me, sir. Seeking out the one place on earth where even the clergy are saying their prayers.

PIPER

Occupational hazard of being me, I'm afraid.

The BARTENDER faints.

Mike? Mike?