

# Auditions for BU21 by Stuart Slade

## **BU21 Synopsis:**

Six young people are caught in the aftermath of a terrorist attack in the heart of London. By turns terrifying, inspiring, brutal, heartbreaking, and hilarious, BU21 is verbatim theatre from the very near future. Stuart Slade's play comprises six interlinking monologues. It premiered at Theatre503, London, in 2016, in a co-production with Kuleshov, before transferring to the Trafalgar Studios, London, in January 2017.

## **ROLE:**

Clive (actors' real names will replace these character names)

Male – North Londoner, from (secular) Muslim family. Struggling with his faith. Haunted by his guilt. Wants to change the world.

Age 19 – 22

English accent required

## **Rehearsals:**

Beginning Saturday 12th March 4pm and every Saturday after that.

## **Press and social photos**

Sunday 13th March 2pm, Burleigh heads.

## **Tech rehearsal:**

Monday 13th & Tuesday 14th June – tech rehearsal at Back dock Arts Fortitude valley.  
12:00– 4:00pm

## **Performance dates:**

Wednesday 15th, Thursday 16th & Friday 17th June at Back dock Arts Fortitude Valley  
7:00pm show.

## **How to audition:**

Record the monologue attached on following page and save an mp3 or wav file.

Visit <https://www.thedramamerchant.com.au/auditions> to submit your audition using the online form.

**Applicants will be contacted by email, Thursday night, 10th March,  
if they were successful in audition.**



## AUDITION PIECE: CLIVE

Hi. I'm Clive. Nice to meet you.

The trouble with stories is you never know how far to go back, do you, to make stuff make sense? Or is that just me? Look – I'll just tell it from the very start so you can make your own decisions, okay?

So I was only like six or something when September 11th happened – and I literally had no idea what country New York was in, let alone who al-Qaeda were, or what jihadism was – but the next day – bang – I get punched in the face at school. And I'm like – wow, what was that for? Boy called Caius. Little shit. Classic class bully – you know?

Thick neck, head like a football, bit like this – (Mimes stupid face.) Probably in prison now – Or a CEO or some shit, probably. And from then on Caius called me 'Osama bin Clive'. Amazing mental journey he went on to reach that, you know? And it was weird, because until then it hadn't occurred to me that there was even a minimal difference between me and everybody else in my class.

We lived in the same sort of houses, our dads did the same sort of jobs, we watched the same stuff on TV, played with the same Transformers, everything. But after then, being a young Asian boy growing up in a mostly white area, every now and then – not often, I'm not trying to be whiney about it – but sometimes you're just like 'whoa – are you actually being serious?' – especially after some terrorist shit's gone down recently.

I remember after the London Tube bombings when I was twelve – there was this feeling, you know? This tension. Like all tension, though, you can kind of turn it to your advantage too? This one time, right, I was sitting on this packed bus next to a fat guy eating this really stinky skank-burger – it was really catching in my throat, like I was going to just vom on him – So I just put my backpack on my lap – And I close my eyes, put my hands out like this, and I start to mumble, like this – (Mimes mouthing what sound like prayers.)

Guy fucked off like a shot. Whole seat for Clive, right there. Sweet as. Cheers, Osama. So I wasn't even actually praying – that was the words to 'Bohemian Rhapsody' – Queen? (Does it again – it is now clearly 'Bohemian Rhapsody'.)

At that time I didn't even know any Muslim prayers. Which was actually the other massive problem in my life.