

## Baggage Audition

### Speech 1:

**Sandra:** Typical! Always just miss one. Not that I use public transport very much. Well, you can't rely on them, can you? No, I usually use my little run-around. A nice silver Honda Civic! Pete, he's my husband, bought it for my fiftieth birthday: (She imitates his voice). "Well, Sandy... this is to save your legs from carrying all that shopping. We don't want you overdoing it now, girl... you're not getting any younger, are you, pet?". (She gives a little chuckle). He makes it sound like I'm old! Still, I was over the moon with it! The first car of my own since I learnt to drive twenty-five years ago. You know the best thing about it? It's too small to get all the kids in... so Pete still has to taxi them around in the Volvo. (She is a bit out of breath). Anyway, it was probably a stupid idea to go Christmas shopping when the car is in for its service but I thought I would just pop in and get a few bits... you know, the way you do! A bit of wrapping paper, a box of cards... but then you see a bargain and think, well, I'd better get it now because it'll probably be gone by next week... and then M&S had some pre-Christmas reductions. Well, you can't turn down an M&S bargain can you?

### Speech 2:

**Annie:** Bob took an overdose on the first anniversary of Fiona's death... I don't remember much about the following months. They put me on medication, gave me some therapy, took my son into care. That's the way life can go sometimes, you know? One day you are a normal family, with all the normal ups and downs, and suddenly you're laying flowers on a grave and only allowed to speak to your first born by appointment with social services. There are three empty places at the table, but there's no dinner because the thought of food makes you retch, and the sound of children playing in the street makes you vomit, and the sight of a father playing with his kids in the park makes your fucking heart bleed! (A long pause). And then, the bloody padded cell they lock you in screams at you: "COWARD!". You try and scrub yourself clean in a boiling shower, your skin is red, blistering, but you can't feel it. You can't feel anything.