



## **DOWNTOWN! the Mod Musical (known overseas as Shout! The Mod Musical)**

**DOWNTOWN!** is the mod musical that brings back the beautiful birds and smashing sounds that made England swing in the 60's. **DOWNTOWN!** flips through the years like a musical magazine and takes you back to the music, the fashion and the freedom of those years while tracking five groovy girls as they come of age during that liberating era and uses letters to an advice columnist, true confessions, quizzes and advertisements as a frame for terrific new arrangements of chart-topping hits!

### **GENERAL INFORMATION**

**Information Night at The Miners Lamp Theatre**

Tuesday, February 6 at 7.30pm

**Auditions at Corrimal RSL Club, Princes Highway, Corrimal**

Tuesday, February 20 from 7.30pm

**Callbacks/Workshop at Corrimal RSL Club, Princes Highway, Corrimal**

Thursday, February 22 at 7.30pm

### **Show Dates**

Friday, June 15 at 8pm

Saturday, June 16 2pm & 8pm

Sunday, June 17 at 2pm

Thursday, June 21 at 8pm – Special "Girls Night Out" performance

Friday, June 22 at 8pm

Saturday, June 23 at 2pm & 8pm

**Production Team**

Director – Kerrie Hartin, Producer – Patricia Green

Musical Director – Valerie Hull, Choreographer – Pauline Young

**Rehearsals Nights** –Tuesday and Thursday

**CAST**

Orange Girl

Red Girl

Green Girl

Blue Girl

Yellow Girl

4 female ensemble cast members

Gwendolyn Holmes (Advice Columnist)

Details of each cast member is listed above the individual readings.

## **AUDITIONS**

Audition bookings can be made online following the Information Night.

### **VOCAL AUDITION**

All auditionees will be required to sing except for those auditioning for Gwendolyn Holmes.

Following is the list of songs from the show. We are happy for you to sing any song of your choosing from the show. You will have to source the music for your chosen song. Music Notes is a good, relatively inexpensive website to obtain sheet music and vocal backing tracks from which to learn.

Opening Medley:

Downtown/England Swings/Round Every Corner/I Know A Place

Talk About Love

I Only Want To Be With You/Tell The Boys

How Can You Tell

Wishin' and Hopin'

One Two Three

To Sir With Love

Wives and Lovers

Don't Sleep in the Subway

Son of a Preacher Man

Coldfinger (*aka Goldfinger*)

You Don't Have to Say You Love Me

Winds of Change Medley:

Georgy Girl/Windy/How Can I Be Sure/Don't Give Up

I Just Don't Know What to Do with Myself

Sign of the Times/Colour My World

These Boots Are Made for Walkin'

I Couldn't Live Without Your Love

You're My world/All I See Is You

Those Were the Days

Shout!

Pictures from the Past

Downtown

Finale/Megamix

## **CHARACTERS AND READINGS**

### **ORANGE GIRL**

The "mother" of the group. Domestic and maternal, she is wise, soulful, and mature. Slowly asserting her new-found independence. English accent.

Age: 30-40

Vocal range: F3-B5

Lead vocals on:

- I Only Want To Be With You
- Wishin' and Hopin'
- You Don't Have To Say You Love Me,
- All I See is You

### **Reading #1**

Dear Gwendolyn Holmes, I met a wonderful man. His name is Miles. We met at a discotheque. When the Dave Clark Five played "Anyway You Want It", we both began to froog. I love to froog, and nobody froogs like Miles. He's so free with his body. If not for his teeth, you'd never know he was British. Now he says he wants to marry me. I love him, yet I have this uneasy feeling that it's all too good to be true. Should I trust this feeling or throw caution to the wind and accept. Signed "Someone in Guildford".

### **Reading #2**

Dear Gwendolyn Holmes. I have been a devoted reader for more than a decade. When I learned the truth about my husband, you graciously shared with me your recipe for treacle tart. Although it was tasty, it was rather stupid advice. You, Miss Holmes, are a silly cow and I hate you. For years I have allowed you to convince me that I am nothing but a gormless baby dispenser. No more. I have told my husband to sod off. I am taking the children and moving to a flat in Earl's Court. I am going to practice free love. And I am going to have an orgasm even if you don't believe they exist. I feel sorry for you, Miss Holmes. Your world of antiquated frippery is dying, you are obsolete. Sincerely, "Someone in Guildford".

## RED GIRL

The "baby" of the group, she is an exciting blend of youthful contradictions. Quirky, enthusiastic, and naïve. A hopeless romantic who is insecure about her looks. English accent.

Age: 18 to 25

Vocal range: F3- G5

Lead Vocals on

- How Can I Tell You?
- To Sir With Love
- Those Were The Days

### Reading #1

Dear Gwendolyn Holmes, I have a problem. I don't look like the girls on the magazine covers. I have pimples, astigmatism. Oh, and postnasal drip. So I was rather surprised when one boy, Edward, started smiling at me and leaving chocolates on my desk. Now he wants to take me to a film. It's in Italian. Could this be the real thing? Signed "Spotty in Leeds".

### Reading #2

My most embarrassing moment. It never would have happened, but my boyfriend, Edward, wouldn't fondle my charlies, if you know what I mean. But I knew he was obsessed with Petula Clark, of all people. And I thought, "Any girl with four years of parochial school choir could do what she does." So I went down to the Leeds Civic Auditorium and auditioned for their amateur talent night with my rendition of "Downtown" – and I got in! "Stuff Edward," I thought, "I'm going to be a popstar!" So, I put on a Dynel wig like Lulu, white lipstick like Dusty, and stuffed my brassiere with tissues like Marianne Faithful. I was so nervous I had to make a quick trip into the ladies. And as I was finishing up, they started banging on the door! "I was on!" And before you could say "Bob's your uncle", I was standing center stage and the band began to play...

It was the title of the bloody song and I just stood there like a prat! The audience started to laugh, which made me cry — Maybelline was dripping down my chin. I had to take the tissues out of my brassiere to wipe the tears. It was so embarrassing and that's when I felt Edward take me by the hand and lead me off into the wings. He lifted my chin, looked into my eyes and said, "The back of your dress is tucked into your panty hose." And then he kissed me. And then he kissed me again. And he's been fondling my charlies ever since.

## GREEN GIRL

A good-time girl, blousy, middle class and zany. She is a bit frayed at the edges and hopelessly single. A bit of a comedienne. Cockney accent is preferred

Age: 25-35

Vocal range: F3-B5

Lead Vocals on:

- One Two Three
- Coldfinger (aka Goldfinger)
- I Couldn't Live Without Your Love

### Reading #1

Dear Gwendolyn Holmes, Me boyfriend Brian and I are through. We've gone tits up. I thought Bri was the one but after seein' Albert Finney in Tom Jones, I knew somethin' was missin'. I want to feast on cold pheasant and grog. I want a randy chap to rip open me bodice and nuzzle me naughty bits. Is there a Tom Jones for me or am I in for life of humdrum rumpy pumpy? Signed "Frustrated in Farnham".

### Reading #2

*(Reading Shout! magazine.)*

According to this survey, "73% of women experience some form of anxiety when severing relations with men." *(SHE laughs and tosses magazine aside.)*

I don't care what the studies say; breaking up is NOT hard to do. I do it all the time. The trick is knowing what method to use on what bloke. If 'e's the Cambridge and Oxford type, be rational.

*(Sweetly.)*

"It's not you, love. It's me. You're port wine and pâté, and I'm meat pies and ale. It would never work.

No. Don't speak. Just go."

*(SHE speaks normally again)*

See what I mean? But if 'e's one of those East End blokes, an all-out attack works best.

*(Hysterical.)*

"You're shagging that tart, aren't you?

*(SHE mimes throwing something.)*

Don't you lie to me! I saw you give 'er the eye!

*(SHE mimes 2 more throws.)*

I can't take this anymore! It's tearing me apart!"

*(SHE speaks normally again.)*

And he's out the door before the poor blighter knows what 'it 'im.

*(SHE mimes tossing 1 final thing.)*

Now, breaking up with one of those sweet, sensitive chaps is a bit trickier. It's best to just come right out with it and lie.

*(Melodramatic.)*

The doctor *(Big cough)* says six months at most.

*(SHE coughs.)*

It'll be a painful, messy, messy death. I couldn't put you through it.

*(Coughs up 'phlegm' into her hands and shows it to her 'boyfriend')*

Pray for me.

Oh, and if 'e's American, just get fat. 'E'll break up with you.

*(GREEN shrugs and exits)*

## BLUE GIRL

A blue-blooded fashion model. Sophisticated, poised, and cool. She is vain and not particularly friendly. Upper-class British accent. (Think Princess Diana)

Age: 20 to 30

Vocal range: F3- F5

Lead Vocals on:

- One Two Three
- Don't Sleep In The Subway
- You're My World

### **Reading #1**

Dear Gwendolyn Holmes, I have the most wonderful beau. He has what every girl looks for in a man – incredibly wealthy parents. He is also very much in love with me. This is understandable as I am absolutely gorgeous. Unfortunately, I am not in love with him. We kiss and nothing happens. Nothing happened with my last beau either. Or the one before that, or the one before that. There must be something terribly, terribly wrong with me. Yours truly “Confused in Chelmsford”.

### **Reading #2**

I am the quintessential dolly girl. From my Mary Quant mini to my Vidal Sassoon bob, I'm totally mod. I should be a Bond girl like Ursula Andress or Shirley Eaton. I'd look fab stripped naked and spray-painted gold. I would play a super-secret agent named Fanny Goodsnogger; and after a good dust-up with Sean Connery...  
*(She does a series of karate kicks.)*

we'd shag...

...for the good of the Free World. It would be smashing. I'd be in all the magazines:

*Shout, The Tattler, British Vogue.*

*(SHE poses for cameras)*

My cheekbones are a work of art.

*(SHE sucks in her cheeks.)*

Wait and see. Nothing can stop me from becoming the face of 1968!

*(An arm pops out US holding the '68 issue of Shout!)*

*Voiceover: Who is the face of 1968?*

*(SHE runs up and embraces the magazine. She flips it over to reveal cover to the audience.)*

Twiggy!

*(SHE drops the magazine, stomps on it.)*

Emaciated boy in a dress.

## YELLOW GIRL

A loud, uninhibited American girl driven by her emotions. She is a ray of sunshine with a surprising vulnerability. Possesses a big, rock diva belt. American accent.

Age: 25 to 35

Vocal range: F3- E5

Lead Vocals:

- Son of A Preacher Man
- I Just Don't Know What to Do with Myself
- These Boots Are Made for Walkin'
- Shout!

### Reading #1

Dear Gwendolyn Holmes, my husband is a handsome bloke. He looks a bit like Paul McCartney. We got married seven months ago. Things were fine at first but lately he's been coming home drunk. We fight and he hits me. Last week, I had to go to the hospital. Now I am having a baby. They say I have to wait three years for a divorce in this country, but he says he'd kill me before he'd let me leave. What should I do? Signed "Frightened in Brixton"

### Reading #2

Come on, baby, ya gotta come out sometime.

*(SHE lowers the binoculars and addresses the audience)*

I came all the way from Cincinnati just to get a look at Paul McCartney. I've spent the past three weeks hiding behind this maple tree staking out his house. So far, he hasn't come out once.

*(Looking thru the binoculars again)*

Don't you think that's weird? Hold the phone, there he is. What's he doing? Oh. My...God...He's taking out the garbage. Isn't that the absolute end? Paul McCartney taking out the garbage.

*(Putting the binoculars down)*

Don't they have Ringo to do that?

Hold the phone, where did all these girls come from? They've all been waiting behind maple trees just stalking him. Well, that's just sick! Wait, they're going after his garbage! Oh, no you don't!!

*(Running off)*

That garbage is mine!!!

*(Coming back on)*

Those girls were vicious! They were pushing and shoving and pulling hair. I wrestled one of them to the ground. Broke her nose. But I got it –

*(she holds up the comb)*

Do you know what this is? It's Paul McCartney's comb. Three of the teeth are broken, but who cares. It's been in *his hair*. Paul McCartney's comb. Wait a minute! What is this? Dandruff...I've got Paul McCartney's dandruff!

## **ENSEMBLE**

4 girls who will back up the main 5 girls and also replace the “Voice of the Magazine” which is an unseen voice-over in the script, but the girls will be seen on stage. English accent.

Age: 18-40

### **Ensemble Reading**

Swinging London is a world of colour. Not the tired browns and dreary greys of your old mum, but a vibrant kaleidoscope of youth and excitement. What colour of the mod rainbow are you? Perhaps you're an Orange Girl. The Orange Girl is domestic and maternal. She is whole heartedly devoted to the care of her faithful husband and her 2.7 adorable children. She is completely contented and completely in denial. The Red Girl is an exciting blend of youthful contradictions. She is naïve yet knowing, graceful yet awkward, inquisitive yet frightened. In essence, the Red Girl is a big mess. The Blue Girl has been blessed by the gods with poise and beauty ... and doesn't she know it! Which is probably why the Blue Girl has no friends. The Green Girl is .... A bit of a slut! The Yellow Girl is driven by her emotions. She is loud and thoughtless, and quite possibly American. Orange, Red, Blue, Green, Yellow: all very different but all with only one thing on their minds ..... LOVE!

**GWENDOLYN HOLMES** (Advice Columnist – traditionally a voice over role but we would like to see her onstage)

Age: 50 plus

Minor Role - no singing or dancing. Upper-class British accent (think Dame Edna)

### **Reading #1**

Dear Someone in Guildford, it is never a mistake to get married. It's what every girl dreams of. There is no higher aspiration you can have than being a wife and mother. Perhaps you can clear up the confusion in your head by redoing what's on your head. A new and becoming hairstyle might be just what you need to help you see your destiny clearly. This should be a time of joy. Celebrate!

### **Reading #2**

Dear Someone in Guildford. Well! You're a very snippy young lady, aren't you? But are you sure it is me that you hate and not yourself? Since you have made a point of attacking my career, men, and the institution of marriage, I can only assume that, unlike me, you are a failure as a wife and mother.

*(flustered)*

Perhaps a new and becoming hairstyle will help give you a more positive outlook on life. A fresh coat of nail paint before you fall to pieces.