# SCRIPT – BALLET AUDITION

***PRACTICE STUDIO
INT (DAY)***

*Melinda is practicing Jazz ballet steps as best she can in the wrong shoes. Getting frustrated, she keeps stopping and starting running the music back to the start and so on. Finally, she flops to the floor and begins unlacing her shoes, muttering angrily to herself.*

**Melinda** What’s the use?! Stupid shoes!

*Each tug at her laces punctuates her words.*

**Melinda** Stupid steps! Stupid blood audition!

*She flings one shoe away and stares at it, looking at the tape recorder accusingly then storms over and turns it off. She starts attacking the other shoe.*

**Melinda** Come on Tony! How much longer? *More unlacing…* I want to

go home.

*The door opens slowly as Tony enters. He is silent and morose.*

**Melinda** How’d it go?

*Silence.*

**Melinda** Come on, it can’t have been that bad.

*Silence.*

**Melinda** Tony?

*Still, silence.*

**Melinda** Fine then, don’t answer, see if I care.

**Tony** Sorry.

**Melinda** *Smiling kindly at him…* So how did it go, really?

**Tony** Hopeless.

**Melinda** Really??

**Tony** You’ll do alright.

**Melinda** Nope! *She smiles as she tosses her other shoe away…* I’m not

doing it.

**Tony** You what?

**Melinda** I’m not doing the audition. I was just waiting to see how you went so we could go home.

**Tony** Don’t be such a quitter! You’re not backing out.

**Melinda** So I’m a coward – see if I care.

**Tony** *Picking up her shoes and pushing her to them…* You are going in if I have to throw you through that door myself!

**Melinda** *Pushing him and the shoes away…* Leave it Tony, this is my problem not yours.

**Tony** Don’t be a martyr and get those shoes on! You’ve got time. They’ve slotted another girl in before you. *He pushes a shoe onto her foot and starts lacing it, as she fights, but he’s stronger.*

**Melinda** It’s no use. I’m not going in there!

**Tony** You’ll do as your told! I’m not letting my screw up be all for nothing!

**Melinda** *Less stubborn, more caring now…* What do you mean?

**Tony** I got my steps all muddled. Ended up doing a mixture of Jazz and Classical. I made a right old mess of my audition.

**Melinda** Oh, Tony, I’m so sorry, this is all my fault.

**Tony** It’s not your fault, I wasn’t saying that.

**Melinda** Then what happened?

**Tony** You were right after all. I told you you’d do alright. *Tony finishes lacing her shoes, which she has stopped fighting, and pauses then turns away…* It’s a classical audition, not Jazz.