

Lib auditions - Our House

Kath & Joe
pages 2 - 3

Sarah & Joe
pages 9 - 12

Sarah, Emmo, Lewis, Billie, Angie, Joe
pages 6 - 8

Reecey & Joe
pages 21 - 22

Mr Pressman
Page 70 - 71 (spoken, not sung)

Sarah & Joe
page 83 as lead in to It Must Be Love

OUR HOUSE

DAD Oh God. Oh wow. (*With rapture.*) We might be having Clint Eastwood's baby!

KATH (*hits him*) Oi! So are you gonna ask me to marry y', then or what?

(*Pause. Then DAD smiles.*)

DAD You betcha.

(*Fireworks go up behind them as we hear . . .*)

MAESTRO
(V.O.) Ladeeeeez and gennulmen. The winnerz of our dance contest. Our King and Queen-n . . .

(*The SPOTLIGHT strafes the dancers . . .*)

MAESTRO
(V.O. *Cont'd*) The greatest dancers in the world on Margate pier tonight . . . couple number-r-r fifteen!

(*They look at each other, fall about laughing as A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a photo. They strike a comic pose for it. The flash cues a sudden light change . . .*)

JOE (O.S.) MUM!

(*Music ends . . . as KATH's DAYDREAM ENDS and JOE CASEY appears all in the same beat - raggy school uniform, sixteen, rough diamond. But a diamond nonetheless.*)

JOE Ha hey-y!

(*He is on high octane, rushes on, grabs mum and dances a few steps with her, just like DAD did. Singing his own accompaniment . . .*) La da di dah-dah-dahh . . .

(*DAD backs off and watches. At this point we don't know he cannot see DAD.*)

KATH Here he is, the birthday boy!

OUR HOUSE

JOE I've got something to tell y'!

(He puts MUM in exactly the same fandango position as DAD did.)

KATH WHOA!

JOE She said - YES!

KATH Oh did she now! And have you checked that I approve of this girl?

JOE She's coming - on a DATE!

KATH This the wonderful 'Sarah'?

JOE *(suddenly serious)* Hey you don't think it's like charity? Like – she's only agreed 'cause it's my sixteenth birthday?

KATH She's agreed, Joe Casey, because any girl'd be mad not to. *(Strokes his hair.)* And you take her dancing. That's what your dad did with me.

JOE *(change of mood, loses all thought of dancing)* Yeah well. Not sure following in me Dad's footsteps is exactly a good start, do you?

KATH *(straightens his hair)* Eh, he was alright, y'r dad. He was just a good man who made a few bad choices.

JOE *(straightens hers back)* It's not hard to make the right choices, Mum. There's a wrong way and a right way. It's a pretty simple equation.

(There is a DOORBELL.)

MUSIC N° 2: OUR HOUSE

JOE Now if you'll excuse me, I've got about ten minutes before Sarah arrives . . . *(Starts to take tie off.)* . . . so I hope you've not arranged for anyone to call round?

KATH Now would I arrange that? For my son? On his sixteenth birthday?

(The PRIEST is at the door with a present.)

OUR HOUSE

(CASEY STREET INHABITANTS *join in the dance, which is urban, informal and comic.*)

CASEY STREET

INHABITANTS NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH
NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH
NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH
NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH

EVERYONE

NANA NANA NANA NAA
NANA NANA NANA NAA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA
NA-NA NA NA NA
NANA NANA NANA NAA
NANA NANA NANA NAA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA
NA-NA NA NA NAAAAA

(*Very spare percussive underscore.*)

JOE

Okay. She must be coming. These are her mates.

(Enter BILLIE and ANGIE in their customised school uniforms.)

LEWIS

(*arms wide like a gigolo*) Ha heyyy! Billie and Angie Morton!

(BILLIE and ANGIE *pose the same . . .*)

BILLIE / ANGIE

Ha heyyy! Tall and ugly bastard. (*They beckon in . . .*) Sarah?

(SARAH *bounds in . . .*)

OUR HOUSE

SARAH Hey Joe!

(. . . but is steered away by BILLIE and ANGIE)

ANGIE *(swerves SARAH away from JOE)* Right. One little word of warning.

BILLIE How can we put this?

ANGIE We deserve a man with prospects.

BILLIE We're not gonna find any round here.

ANGIE We MIGHT if YOU get to university.

BILLIE You won't get to university if you're six months up the duff.

SARAH *(is handed a bag)* What's that?

ANGIE 'The Femsafe Femidom'.

BILLIE It's like having sex with an Asda bag, but it's okay.

SARAH *(did his mum hear?)* Girls!

(Meanwhile EMMO and LEWIS have got JOE similarly to one side . . .)

LEWIS As like adopted brothers we felt a certain responsibility, it being your sixteenth birthday an' all that.

EMMO *(produces it)* We have bought you the world's CLASSIEST condom!

JOE *(did mum hear?)* Lads?

LEWIS It's called '*The Surprise Harmony*'.

EMMO It is the princess of condoms.

JOE Is it luminous?

EMMO No.

OUR HOUSE

JOE Colour?

EMMO Normal.

JOE Flavour?

EMMO None.

JOE (*s.v.*) Right. (*Puts it in pocket.*) Why's it called '*The Surprise Harmony*'?

EMMO When you reach orgasm it plays '*The Power Of Love*'.

JOE WHAT?

EVERYONE **OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR -
OUR HOUSE
IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR -**

EVERYONE
(*Cont'd*) **WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN, NOW I'VE COME OF AGE
WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN
TEMPTATION'S ON ITS WAY
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN.
NOW YOU'VE COME OF AGE
WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN**

EVERYONE
(*Cont'd*) **OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR
OUR HOUSE**

OUR HOUSE

IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR
OUR HOUSE

SARAH Sixteen, Joe! Where d'you go when you can go anywhere?

JOE *(points at her)* Somewhere very special!

EVERYONE ... IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET!

MUSIC N° 2a: OUR HOUSE PLAYOFF

SCENE – PENTHOUSE FLAT

A STORM breaks. Thunder and lightening. A door has a HUGE HAMMERING noise at the other side of it. We wonder what the hell is going on until – BANG – it falls flat, knocked off its hinges by . . . JOE!

JOE Quick! Out of the rain! Out of the rain!

(SARAH peeps round the door.)

JOE *(Cont'd)* *(meaning the rain)* Bleargh. Where did THAT all come from?

SARAH *(hushed whisper)* JOE!

JOE Storm came out of . . . *(Gestures.)* Come in-n!

SARAH You just broke in!

JOE I didn't 'break' – I just – *(Looks at door hanging off.)* – it'd just swelled with the rain. Look at . . . *(Pulls out his wallet.)* Oh god. My wallet! My trousers are SOAKED.

OUR HOUSE

SARAH You can't just – (*Frowns.*) What's that noise? Can you hear something? Can you hear *'The Power Of Love'*?

(*Pause. We can indeed hear the tinny single line of 'The Power Of Love'. JOE immediately realises where it's coming from and puts his hand in his back pocket.*)

JOE Anyway. This is what I wanted to show you. (*He throws the condom away over the drop.*)

SARAH Y've caused real damage here, Joe.

JOE (*cocky*) Don't worry. I don't bruise easy. I work out quite a lot, so . . .

SARAH I mean the door! This is breaking and entry . . .

JOE No-one's rented these flats yet.

SARAH (*going, but unsure*) But they still belong to someone. They still belong to whoever . . . (*Looks round.*) 'Pressman Developers'.

JOE I know. Like everything round here suddenly. Well I tell you what. You wanna see some REAL builders? (*Nods out over the view.*) Why I brought you up here. My mum's family built that.

(*SARAH looks at him.*)

JOE (*Cont'd*) The whole estate. My great-great-grandad was a gang leader building the Irish Estate, so good they named a street after him. Casey Street. (*Slight pause.*) There's even some story Mum goes on about that they gave him the house, y'know. Our house. See? With the red door?

(*Beat.*)

SARAH I thought you were taking me somewhere 'very special'.

(*There's a pause. JOE looks down.*)

OUR HOUSE

JOE Your mates think I'm gonna end up like me dad, don't they? I suppose they've told y'?

SARAH (*they have*) He went to prison.

JOE (*nods, wry smile*) Thought they would. (*A beat.*) Yeah he went to prison. Lost his job. Started . . . 'making bad choices', went to prison . . . then when he came out of prison he never came home.

SARAH Where is he now?

MUSIC N° 2b: BALCONY UNDERSCORE

(*DAD appears.*)

SARAH Joe?

JOE He died.

SARAH (*beat*) How?

JOE A loser and a scumbag, Sarah. That's 'how'.

(*Music ends.*)

SARAH (*moves in on JOE*) You know where I'm gonna 'end up', Joe Casey? I'm gonna go into law. An' you know why? Because regardless of what people tell me I reckon I'm a pretty good judge of character.

(*There is the sound of truncheon on scaffold.*)

VOICE (O.S.) This is the Police!

MUSIC N° 3: SIMPLE EQUATION

(*A torchlight starts to rake the balcony.*)

SARAH Oh my God.

OUR HOUSE

VOICE (O.S.) Is someone in there?

SARAH Joe I won't get into law at ALL if I get arrested.

VOICE (O.S.) Oi!

SARAH That'll be the END! I won't be able to, ever! What are we gonna do?

JOE Run. We'd probably never get found out!

SARAH But if we did, Joe! IF WE DID . . . ?

VOICE WHO'S IN THERE?

(He pushes SARAH back to the door he barged down. She resists.)

JOE Okay, YOU go.

SARAH JOE!

JOE RUN!

SARAH But what are YOU going to do, Joe Casey?

(At that point the stage FILLS with rotating doors, black to white to black to white . . .)

DAD What are you going to do, Joe Casey?

(JOE is wracked. He pushes SARAH out.)

JOE GO!

DAD Golden boy?

(Those doors keep gyrating, like a representation of the options whirling in the mind of this sixteen year old. Suddenly the space becomes ethereal, otherworldly.)

OUR HOUSE

DAD **LEAVE HIM LONELY IN THE NIGHT**

(We are now BACK in the BLACK WORLD, where we were before, with BAD JOE, EMMO and LEWIS. Music continues.)

SCENE – CAMDEN CANAL

BAD JOE **WHY DO I FEEL THIS PAIN?**

(Underscore carries the tune).

BAD JOE
(Cont'd) **SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND
SHE DOESN'T REALISE
SHE TAKES IT ALL THE WRONG (WAY...)**

REECEY (O.S.) Well well well.

(REECEY appears in the shadows.)

EMMO Oh God. It's Reecey.

LEWIS Alright, mate?

REECEY *(smiles)* Good night girls.

EMMO Absolutely. Come on big man.

(EMMO scoops LEWIS off. REECEY gestures BAD JOE to stay behind. He does so.)

BAD JOE Alright, Reecey.

REECEY Don't cry over spilt women, mate. Plenty of fish in the sea. *(Smiles.)* Y'll always get something after y'r tackle.

(Pause.)

REECEY Billie and Angie said you got into one of the new flats up Camden Quays.

OUR HOUSE

- BAD JOE Oh well. That. Wwwwell I . . . sort of –
- REECEY Very impressive. (*He stalks BAD JOE, smiling all the time.*) Ever thought of the future, Joby?
- BAD JOE What, you mean like . . . after exams?
- (*REECEY laughs, then checks himself. Pulls a 'serious' face.*)
- BAD JOE What?
- REECEY (*stalks him*) Sorry. I mean, sure. You COULD do exams. (*Walks round.*) Alternatively you could come work with me. I'm starting up a little 'business venture'.
- BAD JOE You mean . . . leave school early?
- REECEY Men of sixteen, now mate. Everything's legal. (*Arm round BAD JOE.*) You've seen what them penthouses are like now, Joe. Next time you walk into one, own it. (*A beat.*) No-one ever made money workin' for someone else, Joe Casey. If I were you I'd forget 'exams'. An' tell myself that as of today . . . school's out! (*He reaches up and ever so casually taps a 'school bell' with his fingers. It forms the bell-intro to:*)

MUSIC N° 5: BAGGY TROUSERS

(*Two SCHOOLGIRLS rush in to get REECEY to sign their shirts.*)

SCHOOLGIRL 1 Ree-ecey!

SCHOOLGIRL 2 Sign me shirt. Sign me shirt!

REECEY **NAUGHTY BOYS IN NASTY SCHOOLS
HEADMASTERS BREAKING ALL THE RULES
HAVING FUN AND PLAYING FOOLS
SMASHING UP THE WOODWORK TOOLS.
ALL THE TEACHERS IN THE PUB
PASSING ROUND THE READY RUB
TRYING NOT TO THINK OF WHEN THE
LUNCHTIME BELL WILL RING AGAIN.**

OUR HOUSE

(She leans after him.)

JULIE (*Cont'd*) *(calls)* I said don't touch the plants. On the left.

(Thundercrack. DOORS TO BLACK. We're in the BAD JOE story.)

PRESSMAN **COME IN.**

(BAD JOE is there.)

PRESSMAN
(*Cont'd*) Ah, JOE CASEY

BAD JOE **MISTER PRESSMAN.**

PRESSMAN **FROM LAS VEGAS.**

BAD JOE **THAT'S RIGHT.**

PRESSMAN **MY PROTÉGÉ PROPERTY DEVELOPER**

BAD JOE **IT'S IN THE BLOOD
MY FAMILY ALL WERE BUILDERS**

PRESSMAN **WELL Y'RE GONNA MAKE THEM REALLY PROUD.**

BAD JOE God I hope I can I mean I . . .

PRESSMAN **A LITTLE STORY, JOE
THIS OLD ESTATE WE'RE BUILDING ON IS COUNCIL-OWNED.
WE CAN BOOT THEM OUT.**
But, slight spanner in the works.
ONE HOUSE SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE – RELUCTANT.

(Underscore, darker . . .)

PRESSMAN One woman. Now I could drag her out, but frankly I could do without the publicity . . . 'Specially seeing I've got YOU, now! Local lad, knows the area, explains things in a language she'd understand. God, matey – she probably knows you! Number 25 Casey Street. Ring any bells? *(He hands BAD JOE a card.)*

OUR HOUSE

PRESSMAN And if gentle persuasion doesn't work, give Danny a call.

BAD JOE 'Danny'?

PRESSMAN Our last resort if we need a house to stop being an obstacle. (*Smiles.*) He's our little personal . . . fireman.

BAD JOE (*goes cold*) I won't need fire. I won't need Danny.

PRESSMAN (*suddenly darker*) On Friday the first the cranes go up.

BAD JOE I'll do this by Friday the first.

(*Music – "Rise and Fall"*)

PRESSMAN (*grips BAD JOE*) **AND IN THE EAST A NEW SON WILL RISE
PICTURE THIS, JOE, UP THERE 'CROSS CAMDEN SKIES.
'PRESSMAN CASEY'.
ON FRIDAY THE FIRST.
IF THAT WITCH IS OUT OF CASEY STREET.**

(*Pause.*)

PRESSMAN No link, I take it? Joe Casey – 'Casey Street'?

(*Underscore stops dead. Pause. Hold this . . .*)

BAD JOE No.

(*He leaves BAD JOE to the Judas-like moment of disclaiming his family name . . .
Then BAD JOE leaves and we SWING THE DOORS TO WHITE. We're in
GOOD JOE's story.*)

SCENE – MR PRESSMAN'S OFFICE

MR PRESSMAN, *talking into a mobile.*

PRESSMAN Eight o' clock. (*Pause.*) Marjorie, eight o' clock is fine. I've said I'll come and I'll meet you outside. Yes. Right. I have to go now. I've got someone coming to see me.

OUR HOUSE

DAD

+ CHORUS

IT'S THE SIMPLE EQUATION OF WRONG VERSUS RIGHT
THE TERROR OF STANDING, ONE NORTH LONDON NIGHT
THINKING YOU'D CHOSEN TO RUN THE RIGHT WAY,
AND NOW WATCHING RIGHT GOING WRONG.
WHITE GOING GREY.
SHOW ME NOW, WHICH WAY'S HIGH?
IS THIS EARTH? IS THAT THE SKY?
AND IF I KNEW, IF THINGS WERE CLEAR
COULD I EVEN MAKE HIM HEAR?

(During this DAD SPINS THE DOORS to WHITE. We're in GOOD JOE'S story.)

SCENE – MORRIS MINOR, CAMDEN BACK STREET

GOOD JOE *is sleeping in the battered old Morris. Both doors are missing from this and it's in a real state.*

GOOD JOE Dad?

SARAH (O.S.) Joe?

(SARAH appears, looking wrecked. GOOD JOE almost jumps, frightened and caught.)

GOOD JOE Sarah? What are you doing here?

SARAH Looking for you. Are you sleeping in this?

GOOD JOE *(doesn't want to answer this)* Sarah that was the weirdest thing . . . my dad . . . it felt like I really just heard my dad's voice . . . Have you been crying?
(This isn't answered, either.) Don't think I ever got it going again after that day out. D'you remember? With Emmo and Lewis and . . . (swallows) . . . and the guys.

(There is a brief pause, a slightly golden one where they both remember that day.)

SARAH You said when you came in the office you were trying to save Casey Street. Tell me what you meant.

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE (*tries to be efficient*) Oh. Right. Well it's about these developers. It's a man called Pressman. The company's called Pressman's. They're the ones built all them things up there. And what I think it is is they're planning to . . . (*Under.*)

MUSIC N° 18: IT MUST BE LOVE

(*The sung and the (quieter) spoken texts run together where marked.*)

SARAH **I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MISS YOU
HALF AS MUCH AS I DO.
AND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FEEL THIS WAY
THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU.
AS SOON AS I WAKE UP
EVERY NIGHT, EVERY DAY.
I KNOW THAT IT'S YOU I NEED TO TAKE THE BLUES AWAY
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, LOVE IS THE BEST.**

GOOD JOE (*simultaneous with the above*) . . . create something like villas, like luxury villas, which means that they just (*Gestures.*) completely nix the whole of Casey Street. Now they've obviously offered money to mum to move her out of number twenty-five. And I don't know if she's signed anything or what the whole legal situation is, I don't know anything about law and I haven't got any money to pay for people who do, and – and – and Pressmans are gonna have the bloody – you know, the Rolls Royce of lawyers . . .

(*Beat. They look at each other.*)

SARAH Okay. Well I did some research . . . (*Under.*)

GOOD JOE **HOW CAN IT BE THAT WE CAN
SAY SO MUCH WITHOUT WORDS?
BLESS YOU AND BLESS ME
BLESS THE BEES AND THE BIRDS.**

SARAH (*simultaneous with the above*) . . . looked up the deeds. And I mean this wasn't straightforward getting this, I tell you. This was calling in favours of friends of friends, God – but there was something turned up. I found this . . .

OUR HOUSE

I mean I don't know what it is but and I think this might be the document which would prove . . . which would prove . . . would actually say . . .

(She loses words as she looks up at GOOD JOE.)

SARAH

+ GOOD JOE

**I'VE GOT TO BE NEAR YOU
EVERY NIGHT, EVERY DAY
I COULDN'T BE HAPPY
ANY OTHER WAY.
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, LOVE IS THE BEST.**

(Underscore.)

SARAH

Your Dad took them, Joe. They've got a record. About a month after he last came out of prison, he came in and took the deeds. Why, I don't know, if he didn't try and sell it, but . . . *(She looks down at a file.)* A while after, he returned this. *(Beat.)* I am so dead if anyone finds I took it. I asked so many friends of friends . . . *(She hands over an envelope.)* Pressman's boys wouldn't've noticed. Someone looking for deeds would never notice something just marked 'For Joe.'

(GOOD JOE opens it. Pulls out a small piece of card, and some papers.)

SARAH

(frowns, leans in) That your mum and dad?

GOOD JOE

'The Simplest Dance in the Universe. Winning couple. Margate Pier.'

SARAH

He took that from the house?

(There's a look between them.)

SARAH

So is that – what I think? Is that the deeds?

GOOD JOE

(opens a piece of paper, looks at her) You're incredible, Sarah.

(He wants to hold her. But realises he can't. So he shakes her hand. They shake hands. And keep shaking . . .)