

## The Revlon Girl – Audition Pieces

### Sian

And can I tell you a secret? We got married because I fell pregnant with Paul. My father went nuts. And of course he and David worked together underground, so you can imagine.

He came round eventually. Sort of. Very proper, my father. Like “Men go out to work, women look after the children.” So if David got Paul’s bath, or put him to bed, my father would say something. Or if he saw David taking Paul to school, or the dentist’s, my father’d have a little dig. And when he found out that David took Paul for things like haircuts and new clothes – and I admit, I don’t know many men who do that...but my father thought that that was just odd. And he made fun of David a lot over that – called him all kinds of names – especially in front of the other men. But my husband’s a tough bloke – he can handle himself – and one day he turned round and told them all straight: no boy of his was going to look like a filthy miner’s son, so they could all just – well – I won’t swear.

David just loved his son, that’s all. There’s nothing wrong with that, is there?

### Jean

Am I having this child to replace Kevin?

That’s what you want to know, isn’t it? That’s what you were thinking when you asked Sian “would she like another little boy?” It’s alright – I doubt you’re the first.

Nothing – will ever – can ever – replace Kevin. Nothing. Not now. Not ever. And *this*; this wasn’t planned. It must have happened a few days before the disaster; perhaps even the night before. God saw fit to give me a child, only to take another. It’s almost funny, isn’t it? I didn’t want this one. I wanted the one I had.

But when I asked what right God had to take my son...to take all our children...my husband put me straight: he said Kevin didn’t belong to me – they didn’t belong to any of us; they belonged to God. We were merely caring for them. So I was not to blame God. I was not to question why he wanted Kevin by his side? Certainly not a boy like that. Certainly not a boy like him.

### Marilyn

And see, Glynis drew this picture; the night before she died: it shows you the tips and she wrote “The End” at the top. If it had happened the day after, no one would have died. If it had happened the following week it was half-term – or if they’d been in assembly then maybe...

I wasn’t right that day. I heard the tip coming down and I came out and saw it had come all the way down the mountain. I ran towards the school and saw all the houses on Moy Road were knocked down and that the school had been buried. I ran back home – just in case the girls had got out and were waiting for me. I called Ken at the colliery and he came with the other men. And I waited. I waited on my doorstep and watched as the people came to help. And then the reporters – they saw me – and they asked me if I had children in the school. I said I did. And then they asked me how I felt. What are you supposed to say to that?

## **Rona**

Of course it's all about money. It's all it's ever been about. The coal, the tips – everything was about money. Why do you think they dug the coal for in the first place? Money. When anyone wants to dig underneath your house it's because they want to make money. Why do you think the tips are up there on the mountain? Because it was cheaper to do that than put them underground. That and nobody gave a shit about us.

When we complained about the flooding they threatened our pay packets. Said that to do anything about it would make the pit unprofitable. Even the Union rolled over on that one.

So what do they do? They keep going. Put seven of them on top of a mountain right above a *fucking school!*

## **Revlon**

Okay, well usually I start by saying:

Good evening ladies and welcome to-

*(a little louder)* Good evening ladies and welcome to the world of Revlon: where every woman deserves to look and feel beautiful.

We have some fabulous products to show you today – sorry, tonight – and some truly life-changing make-up and breathtaking colours that will in an instant bring *new life* to your skin. Whether you're a career girl or a busy mum... *(A moment, she begins to falter)* We'll sweep away those deep worry lines, banish those dull, tired eyes and give your skin a fresh, born again...I'm sorry.

*Emotion suddenly overwhelms Revlon and she turns away from them, trying to hide her tears.*