

**To Sir With Love**  
**Audition Package**  
***(Adults)***

Good day, and thank you for considering to audition for the 2023/2024 Grande Prairie Live Theatre Production of "To Sir With Love".

This Production is set in 1948, only three years after the end of the second world War. It is set in a run-down East London Victorian School. The play is based on the 1948 Book, "To Sir With Love", written by Rick Brathwaite. It was made into a Movie in 1967, starring Academy Award winner Sidney Poitier. Interestingly enough, the Stage production was not adapted until 2013, by Ayub Khan Din.

As this play is written about a different time and place, it does contain offensive language and situations that may be objectionable to any participants who may audition for this show. Interestingly, that some of these situations continue to this day, as troubling as they are. But it is best to show them as they were and could possibly still be.

This audition package only contains 2 scenes from the production.

There will be 2 sessions of auditions run on August 26 , 2023

9:00 am to 12:00 pm, August 26, 2023 **Adult Audition**

1:00 pm to 5:00 pm August 26, 2023 **Student Audition**

It is important that you be available at that time so that we may evaluate your potential for the show.

The Show is scheduled to run in February 2024

There is no requirement to memorize any of the scenes for the audition.

ACT I Scene 1  
ACT II Scene 4

## **Adult Cast**

**Ricardo Brathwaite. (Rick) :** A gentleman of African Canadian heritage. Rick is a veteran of the Second World War, actually a Spitfire Pilot. He has found himself unable to find a job in post-war England. He finds himself in the situation of teaching at this school. (Male: 25 to 40 Years of Age)  
Choreographed Fight Scene Involved.

*(This is a demanding role, and as the lead character who is in EVERY Scene, it will demand a lot of your time. In that respect, you will also have to attend both the Adult and the Student Audition sessions . I will endeavor to use your time efficiently, to make it less intrusive.)*

**Mr. Leon Florian:** Headmaster of the Victorian school. He is implementing new and imaginative programs into the school. These programs have interesting effects on the teachers. He is very supportive of the teachers, who he requires to shepherd the students in the area. (Male: 50+)

**Vivian Clintridge (Clinty):** The Home economics teacher at the school. She has a sharp wit and is not afraid to tell it like it is. She has a motherly disposition. (Female 35+)

**Gillian Blanchard:** A Young teacher at the school. Very supportive of the other teachers. Develops a relationship with Rick Brathwaite. (Female 20+)

**Humphrey Weston:** A Bigoted and Racist teacher who is quite loud and willing to tell anyone about his opinions. ( Male 35+)

**Mr. Florian, Clinty, Gillian and Weston** are not required to attend the Student Audition in the afternoon.

(You are most welcome to attend if you like though)

# To Sir with Love

## Act I Scene 1

London 1948

Staff Room

Vivienne Clintridge "Clinty"

Gillian Blanchard

Humphrey Weston

Leon Florian

Rick Brathwaite

♪ "We are the Ovaltineys"

*The staff room of a large Victorian school in the East End of London, 1948. The room is untidy, filled with books, odd bits of sports equipment, coats and bags. There is a torn poster from the 1948 Olympics. The mantelpiece is loaded with cups. The door to a side leads off to a toilet in the centre of the room, a large table covered with newspapers and magazines. Various armchairs are placed around in no particular order. We hear the sounds of children from the playground. A small coffee table has been turned over. **Vivienne Clintridge** is on her hands and knees picking up some broken crockery **Gillian Blanchard** is mopping the floor **Humphrey Weston** is sat in an arm chair, leg hooked over the arm, watching the women clean, he is lighting a pipe.*

*Enter **Mr. Leon Florian**. In the background we can hear children shouting and un-cherubic version of "We are the Ovaltineys"*

1. **Mr. Florian**: I've just been informed. Was it ugly?
2. **Weston**: Let's say, I don't think we'll be seeing our esteemed colleague amongst these hollowed halls of enlightenment again.
3. **Mr. Florian**: Is he still around? Maybe I could talk to him.
4. **Clinty**: It's gone quite beyond that, I'm afraid.
5. **Gillian**: And he seemed such a quiet sort of chap.
6. **Weston**: He'll have reached divisional office by now. Demanding a more salubrious relocation. Listen to those obnoxious little toads!

*We can hear the senior class shouting "The Ovaltiney's" theme.*

**7. Weston:** Bloody "Eviltinys" more like!

**8. Clinty:** He seemed perfectly fine this morning. Did you upset him, Weston?

**9. Weston:** Me? I'm shocked you should even think that way, Clinty. I barely said a word to the man. He walked in, sat in that chair and the next thing I know, he went completely doolally tap. Ranting and raving like a madman.

**10. Gillian:** I offered him a coffee.

**11. Weston:** That would be it then. It's your fault. He drinks tea. "White, weak, half sugared". Very particular was our, Mr. Hackman. If you get my drift.

**12. Mr. Florian:** Really, Mr. Weston.

**13. Weston:** Let's face it, Headmaster. The man just wasn't man enough to deal with that class. Christ! The Waffen SS would be hard pushed!

**14. Mr. Florian:** Mr. Weston, I know it's your free period after break but could you -

**15. Weston:** No, I could not. It's bad enough dealing with my own little monsters without taking on board their delinquent elder siblings.

**16. Clinty:** That's the Dunkirk spirit, Weston.

**17. Weston:** I wouldn't touch them with a six-foot pole or a Yugoslav for that matter.

**18. Clinty:** I'll bring them over into mine. They won't mess with me.

**19. Mr. Florian:** Thank you so much, Miss Clintridge. It will just be for the first period, then I'll take over for the rest of the day. I'll take them myself now, only I have a meeting with the education office.

**20. Weston:** More bad news on the horizon?

**21. Mr. Florian:** I certainly hope not, Mr. Weston. But they do like to keep abreast of the way we work here.

**22. Weston:** Not going to be too happy with the Hackmen episode then, are they?

**23. Mr. Florian:** It's nothing that doesn't happen at any other school in the country.

*Gillian heads off to the toilet through the door by the fireplace.*

**24. Weston:** Only it happens here with such alarming regularity.

**25. Clinty:** Do get to your point, Weston.

**26. Weston:** I'm merely saying that if there were more discipline in the classroom, we'd have firmer control over the children, which in turn would put a halt to the hysterical happenings of this morning repeating themselves.

**27. Clinty:** Spare the rod spoil the child?



**28. Weston:** Well, at least we all know exactly where we stood. Them as well as us. It's just as important for them to understand the parameters.

**29. Mr. Florian:** You know my thoughts on corporal punishment, Mr. Weston.

**30. Weston:** Yes, Headmaster. But when it comes to running a classroom there has to be some rules.

**31. Mr. Florian:** *(good-naturedly)* Ahh, rules. But to what purpose, Mr Weston to what end? Who gains more from rules, you or the children? To rule, Mr. Weston. You want to rule in your classroom? Do you want to be king of all you survey?

**32. Weston:** No, Headmaster I'm merely pointing out that -

**33. Mr. Florian:** We must be careful of rules, rules have a way of ruling. These children are surrounded by rules, their whole -

*There is a knock on the door.*

Enter! Their whole lives, from the -

*The door opens and standing there is Ricardo Brathwaite, a black, thirty-one year Old West Indian. He's dressed smartly in his demob suit. Everyone turns and stares at him.*

Good heavens, Mr. Brathwaite. I'd quite forgotten about you in all the excitement. Come in, come in, my dear fellow. Everyone, this is Mr. Braithwaite. He's come to take a look at us - the school that is - with the prospect of joining our ranks if we pass muster.

*All smile encouragingly to him. All except Weston.*

**34. Weston:** Another sheep to the slaughter. Or should that be a black sheep?

*No one says anything. The comment hangs in the air until his silence is broken by the school bell. Everyone starts to head out the door.*

**35. Mr. Florian:** Always the way, I'm afraid, Brathwaite. Little matter! You can meet them all properly at lunch. Meanwhile, I too must abandon you. But do have a wander about the place. I'll join you just as soon as I can, then maybe we can have a chat about what you think of us. If indeed we are your cup of tea - no pressure. No pressure at all. Though I might add we suddenly find ourselves bereft of another member of staff - again. Rather careless I know, but things happen. But as I said, no pressure. Tea in the urn! Cheerio!

*Mr. heads out of the door. Leaving Rick alone in the staff room. He looks about the room. He walks walks over to the window and looks out. He goes over to the table and flicks a few pages of a paper. He just stands there not knowing what to do with himself. We hear a toilet flush. Gillian comes in and jumps when she sees Rick.*

**36. Gillian:** Arrrrh!... I'm sorry you startled me -

*Rick smiles and proffers his hand.*

**37. Rick:** Ricardo Brathwaite.

*She takes it and shakes it rather too enthusiastically.*

38. Gillian: Gillian, I'm Gillian Blanchard. Lovely to meet you.

*Rick has to pull his hand away gently.*

Sorry...

*Pause. They look at each other. He smiles.*

39. Rick: I'm here to look at the school.

40. Gillian: Ah - you're from the divisional office, come to check up on us.

*Rick looks confused.*

41. Rick: No, I might be joining the staff.

42. Gillian: Oh, I see - Gosh, that was quick.

43. Rick: What was?

44. Gillian: You replacing our Mr. Hackman. He's only been gone an hour.

45. Rick: I'm not here to replace anyone.

46. Gillian: Oh, hell - of course you're not. That would be quick - and far too efficient. Maybe I should just come back in again.

*She smiles.*

Would you like a cup of tea?

47. Rick: Yes. Please.

*Gillian proceeds to pour tea from a tea urn into a cup.*

48. Gillian: Milk and sugar?

49. Rick: One sugar. No milk.

50. Gillian: It might be a bit stewed. There are some biscuits in the Oxo tin over there, if you fancy.

*He walks over to the tin.*

It's usually well stocked from what the girls in domestic science knockout. I'm afraid the taste varies from batch to batch and year to year - in fact, don't have a biscuit.

52. Rick: No?

53. Gillian: I think they were made by first years and they haven't quite grasped the concept of hygiene.

*She passes him the tea.*

Do sit down.

54. Rick: What happened?

55. Gillian: Sorry?

56. Rick: To your Mr. Hackman?

57. Gillian: Oh, unable to handle the kids - so they say, or rather Weston says. You may have seen him earlier - Weston that is - he's maths - with the beard.

*Rick smiles.*

58. Rick: Are the children difficult to manage?

59. Gillian: Hard to say really, I've only been here a couple of weeks myself. So I'm not the right person to ask. They seem okay.

*Beat*

It is different, this school. You do know that? About the school - the headmaster?

60. Rick: I don't know anything.

61. Gillian: There's no corporal punishment for starters. Any form of punishment for that matter, and the children are encouraged to speak up for themselves.

62. Rick: Really?

63. Gillian: They write their own reports - on us and the school... student councils, that sort of thing.

64. Rick: That sounds interesting.

65. Gillian: Unfortunately they are not always particularly choosy about what they say, and the manner in which they say it. They can be rather alarming reads at times.

66. Rick: They unnerve you?

67. Gillian: No, not really. They're just so frightfully grown-up some of them. The girls have a way of looking at me, sort of pityingly, as if they are so much older and wiser than I am. I think they're more interested in my clothes and private life than anything I try to teach them. They're obsessed with knowing if I have a boyfriend or not.

68. Rick: Maybe it's your youth, they're playing on your inexperience.

69. Gillian: You mean they can smell fresh meat.

70. Rick: I wouldn't say that.

71. Gillian: I would.

*Enter Clinty.*

72. Clinty: Hello again, just got to grab a couple of things.

*She picks up a piece of newspaper, goes over to the cupboard and takes out a packet of DR. White's sanitary towels. She proceeds to wrap them up in the newspaper.*

Sorry, Gillian, could I steal you away to fix a bath, for the Murphy girl. Kids are complaining of the smell again. Won't sit near her.

73. Rick: What's the matter with the child? Enuretic?

*Clinty Looks at him.*

74. Clinty: Good God no! She's been wearing the same sanitary towel for days.

75. Rick: Oh, I...

*Rick is lost for words. Gillian inadvertently raises her hand to her mouth.*

76. Clinty: Child stinks to high heaven. 14 years old and as helpless as an infant. Some mothers ought to be shot.

*Beat.*

*(Laughing)* You should see the look on your faces! This is teaching, my dears. Front-line stuff. You are well and truly in the trenches here.



Act II Scene 4

Staff Room

Rick

Gillian

Clinty

Weston

Mr. Florian

*The staffroom.*

*Weston is sitting reading the paper.*

*Clinty is sitting drinking tea and reading and smoking a cigarette.*

655. **Gillian:** Goodness, Are you sure you want to do that?

656. **Clinty:** Do what?

657. **Rick:** Take my children on a field trip.

658. **Weston:** Good God, have you brought your family over here already?

*As usual Rick ignores him.*

659. **Rick:** What do you think, Clinty?

660. **Clinty:** I don't think the old man will allow it. But I think it's a great idea.

661. **Rick:** Good for you, Clinty.

662. **Weston:** You want to lead the great unwashed into the real world? Don't we have to give a year's notice for something like that? So they can screw everything down.

663. **Rick:** I think it would be interesting for them to see some of the things we've been talking about in class.

664. **Weston:** God protect us from reformers. I swear this is missionary zeal in reverse! Leave them alone, man, we like our working class as they are. Two world wars have already given them strange notions of equality as it is.

665. **Clinty:** Oh, do shut up, Weston. Where're you thinking of taking them, Rick?

666. **Rick:** The Victoria and Albert Museum.

667. **Weston:** All of them?

668. **Rick:** All of them, Weston. Fancy joining us?

669. **Weston:** Rather tear off my own testicles, old boy.

670. **Clinty:** I think they'll have a wonderful time, Rick.

671. **Weston:** Are you going to be able to manage them?

672. **Rick:** I manage them here, don't I?

673. **Weston:** I dare say you do. But this will be very different. Like taking the Mongol hordes to the Ballets Russes.

674. **Rick:** That's a wonderful idea, Weston - The ballet, I hadn't thought of that. Maybe it this trip goes well.

675. **Weston:** you're doomed. There's going to be raped and pillaged the likes of which have not been seen in London since the Vikings! Lock up your daughters and your livestock, here comes Green Slade school!

*Mr. Florian comes in.*

676. **Rick:** Headmaster, just the man I want to see. I wondered if it would be possible for me to take my class on a field trip.

*Mr. Florian looks at Rick.*

677. **Mr. Florian:** Outside the school?

678. **Rick:** (*puzzled*) Yes. Next time

679. **Mr. Florian:** With your class?

680. **Rick:** Yes.

681. **Mr. Florian:** How far are we talking?

682. **Rick:** South Kensington.

683. **Mr. Florian:** (*dramatically horrified*) 'but there be Dragons there, Rick!'

*Rick smiles.*

I wouldn't advise it, Rick. I'm not saying never. You're settling in nicely but taking them across London on your own is another matter altogether.

684. **Rick:** I'd try nonetheless.

685. **Mr. Florian:** I'll tell you what, if you can persuade another member of staff to accompany you -

686. **Gillian:** (*enthusiastically*). I'll go.

*Everyone turns to her. Clinty smiles enigmatically and slips Rick a sly wink.*

687. **Mr. Florian:** ... I'll say yes.

688. **Rick:** Would you, Gillian?

689. **Gillian:** Yes. I'd love to.

**690. Mr. Florian:** there it is then. Permission granted. Good luck and Godspeed. Just get me a list of names and the date you intend to travel on, and will hit the school funds for tickets and tuck!

**691. Weston:** the Geneva Convention applies to all prisoners.

*Mr. Florian heads out of the room.*

**692. Clinty:** Well done, Rick. Now plan it carefully down to the minutest detail. Logistical ramifications and all that. Leave nothing to chance. Think of yourself as general Eisenhower on D-Day.

**693. Weston:** Let's just hope it's not Dunkirk

*The lights slowly fade as Vera Lynn sings "White Cliffs of Dover"*

