



## AUDITION TEXT

### Grim Willard – Boy child, Anileah, Jesus (*heh-soos*)

The Boy Child - 12 years old. An orphan of unknown origin, boy child has been raised in near seclusion by an elderly couple. He's bookish, quick as a whip, yet socially awkward, as he has little experience with kids his own age. And by the way, he happens to be mute, although this doesn't mean that he's non audible.

Anileah Dunhurst - 12 years old, smart, confident, the kind of person who can see through brick walls, the kind of person who, when taking a stand, won't back down from it. Another thing, she has no tolerance for willfully stupid people. Despite these strong character traits she makes friend easily.

Jesus (Heh-soos) Doom - 12 years old. The son of a shipping yard boss, he has grown up in a blue collar neighborhood, on account Jesus has learned, no matter whose around, how to take care of himself. Having said that, he's way more at home working alongside those in a rough and tumble, shipping yard, than those in high, or academic, society.

And with that, the guy looks away. He bends over, he picks up his suitcases, leaving Our Boy thinking that he must have been mistaken; as surely this kid must have flashed his smile for someone else. Whatever, Our Boy, no longer puzzling over this, is still trying to process the guy's hair. The truth is that it's like nothing he's ever seen before. Dirty reddish, orange, blonde. How he had it clumped in two substantively sized, tightly curled, tangled, and opposing halves, with each side pushed up and back. The fact is that he looked to be wearing two healthy sized, pointed tipped, afros; each of these resembling flopped over soft ice-cream cones, which look as if they were being blown back by a strong wind, thus, causing them to flop down with their outer tips pointed back. The fact is, even though the guy was just standing there, his hair looks as if he was running full tilt, pedal to the metal, kind of thing.

Our Boy, wanting to share what he's seeing, thinking that she too would get a kick out of seeing this guy, he gives Anileah a little nudge.

Looking up, he directs Anileah's eyes in the kid's direction.

For Our Boy, he's surprised, as with recognizing who it is, she jumps up.

She calls.

"Jesus! We're over here!"

A little surprised by her reaction, he watches as the guy, with his hair trailing behind him, bags in hand, starts winding his way towards them.

The truth is, for Our Boy, when I said that he was surprised by Anileah's reaction, looking at his face now, I probably should have used the word *flabbergasted*. I guess he's responding this way, as his mind, under the influence of the first impression which the guy's clothes had initially saddled him with, well, his preconceived ideas, given the sheltered life he's lived, well, just how do I say this. How about, for Our Boy, this Jesus character, at least that's what he thinks Anileah has just called him, doesn't seem to be the kind of kid which Anileah would hang with. Not only that, but to Our Boy, even though he looks friendly enough, Jesus somehow doesn't fit his idea of the kind of kid one would expect to be sponsored to attend a school like Alchemy Hall. In part, this is because, let's just say that for his age, Jesus looks, and Our Boy can't help to assume, like he's more than a little street wise.



And, given his looks, if he and Anileah were to again make their way through Harm's Way, on their way here, if he was to again look up into a couple seedy, shadowy, upper deck levels, that he noticed earlier, that he likely would have seen Jesus there skulking amongst the shadows. But then again, there's Jesus's wide disarming smile.

As for Jesus, before he gets here, you should know that it was in one of the back-lanes of Harm's way which was exactly where he was born and raised. As for his looks, as I earlier suggested, you could say that he's a product of the part of the neighbourhood he comes from; a community where, being the son of the man in charge, thus a target for others, this compounded by his father is considered by those under him to be not so different than the son of a mob boss, under the hand and direction of a strong willed mother, a woman who commands respect, a woman who keeps her man in his place, with hanging with the kids of labourers, trades people, and shop keepers, as well as others, many of which, with not really fitting in, are socially marginalized, well what else could be said other than everybody's surroundings have a way of leaving their mark.

Walking up, still smiling, Jesus queries Anileah.

'So, tell me, Anileah, just how long have you been hiding here. No doubt you've been watching and laughing as you waited for me to finally find you?'

Anileah, in response, teases.

'You've always been a little thick between the ears. Less than aware of your surroundings.'

Jesus, pleased with how she's treating him, puts down his suitcases, straightens out, and then points his chin towards Our Boy.

'Speaking of? As he says this he puts out his hand in greeting.

Out of respect, Our Boy stands up, steps forward, and clasps Jesus's outstretched hand; a hand Jesus takes and gives an enthusiastic shake.

'Hi, I'm Jesus. Jesus Doom.'

As Jesus is giving Our Boy's hand a shake, he's taking in Our Boy's smashed face, the scrapes, the bruises. With his eyes flashing down, he next notices the scuffed knees, the rip in Our Boy's shirt's elbow. Finally, shaking his head in wonder, he looks down at Our Boy's rope tied suitcase.

Our Boy, not sure what to think of this guy, self-consciously dips his chin in a 'Hello'.

Jesus, expecting Our Boy to follow social convention, patiently waits for him to tell him his name. As he waits he gives Our Boy's hand a couple more shakes, only he gets nothing. With their hands still clasped together, Jesus again smiles, nods, and then looks over at Anileah questioningly.

Anileah, speaking up, cuts through the silence.

'Boy, is his name! Don't mind him, he doesn't say much.'

Jesus, nods, 'Boy?'

He lets the handshake go.

He takes a step back, looks at Our Boy from top to bottom, while he does this his tongue mischievously slides across his upper teeth, he starts talking, despite looking at Our boy, he's directing his words at Anileah.

'All I want to know is...'

Look at Jesus, he's smirking as he's saying this.

'...Anileah, given the condition he's in, I can't help but to ask, - just what did you do to him?'

Anileah winces a little, as she flashes Jesus an awkward, guilty looking smile. A look she hopes Our Boy missed.

'Ah..., I thought as much. You did hit him, didn't you?'

Anileah blushes as she shrugs her shoulders while turning up her hands, as she rounds her mouth, as she gives voice to an 'Oops.'



Still unaware that Anileah had got his tumble started, (I guess she was too busy to confess while helping Our Boy repack his bags, as well as while walking here), but liking the way Jesus is teasing her, Our Boy audibly chuckles.

Not wanting to explain, yet not wanting to change the subject, Anileah fires back, talking tough.

‘Jesus, just let this be a lesson for you too!’

She then turns to Our Boy.

‘By the way, Boy, with all that happened, I forgot to tell you that I had someone I wanted you to meet. That we were going to be meeting him here.’

She turns to Jesus, her eyes judgmentally take him in, top to bottom, from dual afros to his snarling, silver fanged wolf boots. She then turns back at Our Boy while rolling her eyes. ‘I probably should have warned you. Just look at him, it goes without saying that he’s somewhat of a loser.’

Jesus rolls his eyes, takes a mini bow, as he says, ‘A loser who likes to roll with like COMPANY.’

Anileah, in tune with how Jesus will likely respond to her next jibe, continues.

‘I have to say, when I first heard that the likes of Jesus had a sponsor, that he was chosen for Alchemy Hall, ..., this made me question the integrity of the school’s sponsorship system.’

Pausing, Anileah looks back over at Jesus while sporting a mocking look; a look which she echoes through her following words.

‘That, - or maybe not. Maybe someone has made a nasty clerical error. Or, more than likely, his father, pulling strings, just wanted rid of him’ Whatever the case, it looks like were stuck with him.

Jesus smiling, nodding, obviously appreciating Anileah’s teasing words, looks at her, his face exclaiming, ‘Just you wait!’

Our Boy can’t help to smile too, as he watches them go at each other. And that, they do.