

WAITING FOR GOD AUDITIONS



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WAITING FOR GOD

AUDITION SHEET

Auditions for this production have been scheduled for 2pm on Sunday 22 March 2026.
 If you wish to audition but are unable to attend on this date, please phone the Director, Bronwyn Grannall, to make alternative arrangements: 0419 756 840.

Name			
Address			
Postal address (if different from above)			
Phone			
Email			
Age range (please circle)	Under 18	18 – 30 45 – 60	30 – 45 60 and over
What role/s are you auditioning for? (please circle)	Diana Harvey Dennis*	Tom Sarah* Doctor Jenny*	Jane Geoffrey*
What other stage productions have you been in?	See next page		
If you are not cast in this production, would you be available to help with any of the following? (please circle)	Producer Set construction Sound Makeup Publicity	Stage Manager Set painting Lighting Costumes Photograph/videos	Backstage crew Props Hair styling Front of House
	Bar (members serving alcoholic beverages at the bar are required to have RSA certification)		

Important information:

Waiting for God will be performed at Kucom Theatre, 1 Snow Wright Court, Andergrove, on:
 Thu. 18, Fri. 19, Sat. 20, Thu. 25, Fri. 26, Sat. 27 June 2026
 at 7.30pm
 and a matinee on Sun. 21 June at 2pm

IF YOU KNOW YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BE AVAILABLE FOR ANY OF THESE PERFORMANCE TIMES, PLEASE DO NOT AUDITION

All cast and production team members are required to be financial members of Kucom Theatre. A Membership Application form is included in this audition package.

Director's use only:

PHOTO	<input type="checkbox"/> Y	<input type="checkbox"/> N
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* Actors playing roles marked with an asterisk may also double as minor characters in other scenes.

DIANA TRENT (70s) ¹	A retired photojournalist, elderly but very feisty, who constantly complains about the state of the world and the way the elderly are treated. While she takes great pleasure in making other people's lives miserable, she can be ferocious when protecting those she cares about.
TOM BALLARD (70s)	Also elderly, but optimistic, whimsical and jolly - in many ways the polar opposite of Diana. He shares her sense of justice (and her enjoyment of troublemaking) and the two become good friends. Tom affects a mild dementia and frequently takes imaginary trips to other places, but when the chips are down he always knows exactly what is going on.
JANE EDWARDS (30s)	Harvey's prudish and devout Catholic assistant who always looks on the bright side of life, despite Diana's constant attempts to bring her down to earth. A sensitive person, Jane has an unrequited passion for Harvey, and often ends up running away in tears.
HARVEY BAINES (30s)	The greedy, vain manager of Bayview who constantly tries to cut costs, with the money saved usually going into his own pocket. He would happily get rid of all the "oldies" – especially Diana, who constantly thwarts his budget-slashing schemes.
SARAH CHASE (30s)	Diana's niece, successful and charming. Diana usually feigns indifference to Sarah, but it is obvious that deep down she cares very much for her. When Sarah gives birth to a baby girl she names her "Diana". (The actress playing this role may also double as DOCTOR in Act I Scene Eight).
GEOFFREY BALLARD (40s)	Tom's good-hearted but incredibly dull son. Geoffrey is frequently insulted by Diana, but is usually too meek to stand up to her, and largely tolerates her behaviour because of her affection for Tom. (The actor playing this role may also double as DOCTOR GYNO in Act I Scene 10).
DENNIS SPARROW	The world-weary and inept local vicar, who can generally be relied on to make a hopeless mess of any church service that he attempts to conduct. (The actor playing this role may also double as BASIL in Act I Scene 2).
DOCTOR JENNY HENRY	(The actress playing this role may also double as MILLIE in Act I Scene 2 and UNDERTAKER in Act II Scene 8).

¹ Ages shown below are guidelines only, as suggested in the script

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE, PP 2 - 5

JANE, DIANA

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE, PP 8 - 11

HARVEY, GEOFFREY, TOM, DIANA

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO, PP 13 - 16

TOM, DIANA

ACT ONE, SCENE FIVE, PP 25 - 27

DIANA, SARAH

ACT TWO, SCENE FOUR 'A', PP 65 - 67

HARVEY, JANE

DIANA is sitting at her table, cheating at solitaire.

JANE (*offstage*) Yoo hoo. Good morning.

DIANA Oh dear God. Not now, not Jane.

JANE EDWARDS, the flustered, assistant manager of Bayview, enters. DIANA sighs and looks bleak as JANE bustles around tidying.

JANE Good morning, Diana. Lovely day today.

DIANA It's cold and wet and they're forecasting a plague of frogs.

JANE But God gave you this day to enjoy.

DIANA Well bully for God. Did he also give me the brittle bones, the furred arteries, the irritable bowels and the flatulence that could rip out a palm tree?

JANE Um... I see you're not dressed yet.

DIANA So?

JANE lifts her clipboard.

JANE Well I was wondering if you'd...been.

DIANA Been?

JANE To the little room? To have your morning tinkle?

DIANA I beg your pardon.

JANE Harvey needs to know who's in the plastic sheet club as the laundry costs are a bit extra. I'll go and have a looksie, shall I? Check for damp bits.

As JANE goes to straighten up DIANA hooks her round the neck with her walking stick. Squawk etc. and pulls her face down to hers.

Diana!

DIANA You really are quite unspeakable.

JANE Please. You're hurting me.

DIANA Pah!

DIANA lets her go. JANE straightens up and rubs her neck.

JANE Oh goodness. Oh deary me. What on earth brought that on?

DIANA You haven't a clue, have you? Not a clue!

JANE I never have with you.

DIANA shakes her head and sighs.

DIANA I didn't mean to hurt you. I apologise.

JANE I forgive you.

DIANA Thank you.

JANE does a bit more clearing up with sidelong glances at DIANA.

JANE We're going on the big outing soon.

DIANA Oh hoo-bloody-ray. Harvey trying to kill us off again?

JANE Harvey is a very good man.

DIANA He's a bent little shyster who should be kebabbed from tonsils to Khyber Pass.

JANE That's very hurtful.

DIANA If you do it right.

JANE I happen to love Harvey very much.

DIANA Jane, he doesn't even like you touching him.

JANE Some men just find it difficult to express themselves on an emotional level.

DIANA Because they don't have an emotional level. Because they're smarmy little toads who live in the damp and fetid basement of the emotions.

JANE I'm not listening. We're going to Lourdes this year. Can I book you a seat on the minibus?

DIANA I don't do God. Or miracles. Or death by mini bus.

JANE A little faith might do you good.

DIANA Faith, Jane, is what helps you God-botherers make the quantum leap between the rational and the totally bloody ridiculous. I, on the other hand, am a sensible, clear-thinking atheist... Thank God.

JANE turns to go but stops and looks out the window.

JANE Oh... Um... I see your niece has left her car here. A Porsche.

DIANA Sarah lives in Chelsea so when she goes away she leaves her car here to stop the Russians stealing it.

JANE It's just that Harvey was a little worried you might actually try and drive it.

DIANA had not thought of this before but the idea makes her look up and smile.

DIANA Never crossed my mind.

JANE Sarah's so good the way she always comes and sees you.

DIANA Only because she's hoping that one day she'll find me dead as a parrot in a blender. She just wants my money.

JANE Harvey says persecution mania is very common amongst senior citizens.

DIANA Don't you call me a senior citizen.

JANE Well what are you then?

DIANA What do I look like?

JANE A senior citizen.

DIANA And when did I become a senior citizen?

JANE When you turned sixty of course.

DIANA Jane, on my sixtieth birthday I was hanging out of a helicopter on the Afghan borders, snapping various warlords as they tried to shoot my arse off.

JANE Goodness how colourful.

DIANA In decent cultures they don't have senior citizens. They have elders whom they respect and revere. Here they call us bed-blockers and leave us out in the snow to be eaten by wolves.

JANE Oh Diana. How did you get to be you?

DIANA Just lucky, I guess.

DIANA goes back to playing solitaire. JANE watches her for a moment.

JANE Do you enjoy playing with yourself?

DIANA Would you care to rephrase that?

JANE Would you like me to rustle up someone for you to play with?

DIANA No thank you. I like playing on my own. It's easier to cheat.

GEOFFREY Dad.

There is a pause until TOM's long leg arches out from behind a flat and he comes out doing an impersonation of a large bird. An emu. High stepping, elbows as wings with neck going back and forth and peering at everything. He wears a yellow waistcoat and bow tie. He struts downstage.

HARVEY looks to **GEOFFREY**.

HARVEY What's he doing?

GEOFFREY Um... He's being...an emu.

HARVEY An emu, why?

GEOFFREY Emus like to carefully inspect their surroundings before nesting.

TOM looks HARVEY up and down and round the back.

HARVEY Er... There are clauses in the residency contract... incontinence...intellectual stability...

GEOFFREY He's fine... Dad, please. What do you think?

TOM stops being an emu and looks out the window and opens his arms like a rock star opening his show.

TOM Hellooooo, Bayview.

GEOFFREY Pretty good, eh?

TOM Wonderful, Geoffrey. Never seen anywhere so wonderful. It is the eighth wonder of the world... In fact it is so wonderful...

GEOFFREY If you don't like it you can come home.

TOM I don't think your wife would like that.

GEOFFREY Marion loves you, Dad. In her own way.

TOM She tried to bury me under the patio.

GEOFFREY She's just highly strung.

TOM And so she should be.

GEOFFREY Dad, I'm sorry it didn't work out but...

TOM It's okay Geoffy. You're just waving me off on another big adventure. I'll be fine.

GEOFFREY Are you sure?

TOM Yes really. It's okay. Te absolvo. See you in a few days.

GEOFFREY Oh...okay.

TOM Bye, Geoffy.

GEOFFREY (*exiting*) Bye.

TOM Lovely to have known you...son.

TOM waves goodbye and looks a bit sad then pulls himself together and turns back to HARVEY.

Poor boy. His wife is screaming mad.

But HARVEY, unhearing, is checking his clipboard and making notes.

HARVEY Oh really, that's nice.

TOM Drinks like a fish.

HARVEY Jolly good.

TOM Shags like a rabbit.

HARVEY She sounds lovely. Okay, all done.

TOM So what's on today's agenda?

HARVEY Lunch in the dining room. Meet your new friends?

TOM I look forward to that.

HARVEY Great. I just know you're going to be really happy here, Ben.

TOM It's Tom.

HARVEY checks his notes.

HARVEY You're absolutely right. Sharp as a tack, eh? Jolly good.

HARVEY *leaves.* TOM *emus around the verandah just as DIANA comes back out.*

TOM Hello.

DIANA *is wary. Nods and grunts.*

My name is Tom... Tom...Jones.

DIANA Oh yes.

TOM Yes. I sing songs and women throw their underwear at me. Sometimes with themselves still in it.

DIANA Oh holy crap. (*yells off*) Jane! Jane!

TOM It's alright. Just kidding. Bit of an ice-breaker. A conversational gambit. Banter, as they call it.

DIANA So you're not Tom Jones?

TOM No.

DIANA Good.

TOM I'm Sir Edmund Hillary.

DIANA Jane!

TOM No, no, I mean metaphorically. See I've arrived here at base camp today. About to set out on the next big adventure.

TOM *puts out a hand.*

Tom Ballard.

DIANA *looks at his hand.*

I don't bite.

DIANA I do. Diana Trent. (*They shake hands.*) Step into my office.

TOM So what brought you to this cosy little Sherpa's hut?

DIANA Arthritis and poverty. The favoured cocktail of the over-the-hill mob. Then a dodgy knee job a couple of years back...surgeon was probably very good with tractors...sold my fourth-floor flat and did a deal for life with this place. Fed, watered and buried. Hopefully in that order but I wouldn't count on it...

TOM You didn't have a husband?

DIANA Plenty, but none of them mine.

TOM Heheh. And before the timbers started creaking...?

DIANA Photo journalism. War zones mainly. Like Kate Adie; if you saw me when you were on holiday you knew you'd made a terrible mistake.

TOM *laughs.*

You travel much?

TOM Oh yes, every day I go off on my travels. Without moving an inch. I call it geographical meditation. Up the Amazon, trekking to the poles, down the corner shop... I've been everywhere, man.

DIANA Oh yes?

TOM And sometimes I visit great moments in history. Last week I was at the Battle of Hastings. Right in the thick of it. I said to King Harold, what's that?

He points up. DIANA laughs.

DIANA That's really terrible.

TOM I can see we're going to get on marvellously.

DIANA (*chuckling*) I can see I'm going to have to shoot myself.

Scene Two

Dining room.

DIANA and **TOM** are sitting at a table in the dining room with **BASIL** and **MILLY** supping their soup to one side.

TOM Not much of a turnout.

DIANA Bingo and booze day at the parish hall.

TOM So who are they?

DIANA That pile of cardigans is Milly Dawkins, who grows our dope supply, and the old scrotum opposite her is Basil the Bayview stud. We're mainly women here. All the other old men had heart attacks about ten days after they discovered Viagra.

TOM I was really lucky, I had a wonderful wife. Maggie. Slipped quietly away fifteen years ago now.

DIANA I am sorry. And that boring bloke was your son?

TOM Yes... Do you have children?

DIANA No... No, I haven't. Did you have a career?

TOM Oh yes. Financial whiz-kid, ruthless Wall Street bond trader, and finally money launderer to a Colombian drug cartel.

DIANA Accountant.

TOM Humble accountant, please. Forty years chained to the same desk in grovelling subservience.

DIANA Well we will have a lot in common.

TOM But I'm not as boring as I sound, you know.

DIANA That would be difficult.

TOM I got a very nice pension and a carriage clock.

DIANA Oh whoopee.

TOM Unfortunately my son's wife crushed the clock while shagging the chap who came to read the gas meter...

DIANA gives him a quick look.

...His name was Barney and he came from Wolverhampton. He was rather a nice fellow but we didn't see him again as my son switched power suppliers.

DIANA Does the phrase "too much information" have any resonance with you?

TOM chuckles and sips his soup.

TOM Eeergh.

TOM doesn't like the soup.

DIANA Nice soup, is it?

TOM In some cultures I believe they do drink their own urine. But not usually with mushrooms in it.

Maid delivers the next course.

And what is this meat?

DIANA looks as TOM pokes with his fork.

DIANA Labrador.

TOM And these carrots are out of a can. And the potatoes are soggy.

DIANA Yup.

TOM This is not what I'm paying for.

DIANA Welcome to the end of the rainbow, Dorothy.

HARVEY comes in and starts his tour of the tables.

TOM I'm going to have a serious word. I say...hello there. Mr Baines.

HARVEY comes over.

HARVEY Hi there, Ben. How's it going?

TOM This food is wretched.

HARVEY No one ever complains.

DIANA I complain every day.

HARVEY That's because complaining is your hobby, Diana.

TOM But why is it so...cheap?

HARVEY The catering budget is just that, Ben, a budget.

TOM So increase the budget.

HARVEY I just run the place. Budgets are decided by the board.

TOM And who are they?

HARVEY Professional people. Entrepreneurs, doctors, the better class of dentist.

TOM Tax dodgers. Might have guessed.

HARVEY Elderly care is a business which needs investors, who only put their money in if the returns are...you know...

TOM Obscene?

HARVEY I'd better get on.

But TOM grabs HARVEY by the back of his jacket.

TOM Stop right there.

HARVEY Ben, please. Armani.

TOM We are paying customers here, right. We pay; you provide a service. So what does that make you? Our employee. Right? So as your employer I am going to give you instructions about the food.

HARVEY But I explained...

TOM From now on we will have fresh food served in an appetizing manner or I will call every newspaper and TV station for miles around and invite them all here for my gala event.

HARVEY And what will that be?

TOM *stands.*

TOM On the front steps of the Bayview Retirement Village I will publicly disembowel myself. Hara-kiri in front of the world media.

And TOM gives a graphic mime show of disembowelling himself. With sound effects.

Ugh...arrghh...ooh...errgh...flop splatter...blood and slippery bits all over the news in your area.

DIANA *has a good laugh and the others also applaud.*

TOM *bows.*

HARVEY I try to do my best. I am a good man.

MILLY No you're not!

HARVEY *exits as they jeer at him.*

TOM So do I get the Diana Trent stamp of approval?

DIANA *looks at him for a beat.*

DIANA Show us your dick first.

TOM *laughs.*

Blackout.

Scene Five

Conservatory. A little later.

SARAH *laying lunch. DIANA comes on, massaging her hip. In pain.*

DIANA Ow...ooooh...my bloody hip... Driving a Porsche round Bournemouth is about as hip-friendly as sliding down Everest in a bedpan.

SARAH *comes out carrying two plates of food.*

SARAH Serve you right. I left my car here for safekeeping, not so that you and your fancy man could go burning round the countryside like zonked-out teenagers. *(She grabs back her sunglasses from DIANA's head.)* And I'll have those back!

DIANA What's that?

SARAH What does it look like? It's lunch.

DIANA I'm not eating that.

SARAH Why not?

DIANA I can smell the cyanide from here or is it ground glass this time?

SARAH Both.

DIANA *pushes her plate away.*

This is pure unadulterated late-onset paranoia.

SARAH *swaps her and DIANA's plates and starts to eat that which was DIANA's.*

DIANA And I'm not falling for that one.

DIANA *pushes her new plate away. SARAH sighs and swaps them back again and takes a forkful off the other plate.*

You're waiting to get me with the pudding.

SARAH I am not trying to kill you. Much as I would like to sometimes, I'm actually trying to keep you alive.

DIANA Why?

SARAH God knows.

DIANA I'm not leaving you anything, you know.

SARAH You haven't got anything to leave.

DIANA Oh yes I have.

SARAH Not by my standards.

DIANA What does that mean?

SARAH How do you think I drive a Porsche and have a huge flat on the river?

DIANA You're a high-class tart.

SARAH I'm a banker. As well you know.

DIANA Tart would be preferable. At least then there might be some limit to the number of people you screwed.

SARAH Eat your cyanide and shut up.

DIANA *eats. Thinks.*

DIANA So why do you come here?

SARAH Seriously?

DIANA Yes.

SARAH Because you're family.

DIANA What does that mean?

SARAH Family is a tribal support system whereby people of the same blood look after each other. You and I are all we've got left in our family.

DIANA I was never a family person.

SARAH Yes you were. When I was a brat you were all over me. Presents after all your trips. Lots of hugs. Never forgot my birthday. You were lovely to me.

DIANA I don't remember that. Maybe it was some other aunt.

SARAH Oh God. I come here because I love you. Is that a concept totally beyond your fat-headed comprehension?

DIANA looks at her.

DIANA Well I don't want you coming here anymore.

SARAH Why on earth not?

DIANA I just don't.

SARAH You're being more perverse than usual today. Why?

DIANA Why do you think, girl? I want to stay in your memory as I was, when I was flying the world, living on my wits, when I was alive. When I was Diana Trent.

SARAH "Your autumn years are the best years." You said that.

DIANA I was lying. The young booze and sex years are the best years. Autumn years are rubbish. I'm just a clapped-out wreck and I don't want you to remember me like this. Falling to pieces. Can't you see? I'm ashamed of this...me...ashamed...

SARAH That's so silly.

DIANA Not from here it isn't. Now I have to rest. Goodbye, Sarah.

DIANA goes to her door. She stops and turns.

Sorry.

SARAH See you next month, Aunty.

DIANA Aunt!

Scene Four A

Dining room.

Evening. HARVEY is sitting at a table in the dining room on his mobile.

HARVEY Yes, yes, that's the one... The Pride of the Caribbean Cruise? How much for the honeymoon suite? Uhuh...uhuh... okay...okay...and how much for a second class room down by the engines? No, forget it. I think I'll fly.

JANE enters.

Evening, Jane.

JANE Harvey. So, where are we going for dinner?

HARVEY Well...here.

JANE Where?

HARVEY Here, Jane. Why would we go out when we've got a fully functioning kitchen right here?

JANE Oh.

HARVEY But do sit down. I want to talk to you.

JANE Yes, Harvey?

HARVEY Now before you start cooking, I've been thinking about my career and my general position in society round here and there's one thing I've decided is a necessary addendum to my curriculum vitae.

JANE And what might that be?

HARVEY I think you were probably right about me needing a wife.

JANE Oh I'm sure I was. It would be the making of you.

HARVEY So we're agreed. Harvey needs a wife.

JANE Yes, yes, yes!

HARVEY So who do you recommend?

JANE What?

HARVEY What about that big woman down at the pub? Chris...
Christine?

JANE Christopher. That's a man, Harvey. He just dresses as a
woman.

HARVEY Oh... How about the masseuse down the gym? The
one who cracks walnuts with her buttocks?

JANE Oh yes. That would go down really well in the golf club
dining room.

HARVEY Can you think of anyone?

JANE Oh, Harvey!

JANE gets upset.

HARVEY What is it?

JANE lets rip.

JANE I've had it with you. Up to here. I've slaved away for you
for years. I've saved your job, I've kept Bayview out of the
papers, and what do I get in return? Nothing, nothing,
nothing!

HARVEY looks at her in amazement.

HARVEY Jane...correct me if I'm wrong but are you a little bit
upset?

JANE Harvey. I'm going to leave Bayview.

HARVEY Wait. Hang on, you can't do that. I've just had a much
better idea.

JANE What?

HARVEY Well you have a job, you can fill in all the forms and
you're halfway presentable so I was wondering...

JANE What?

HARVEY I was wondering if you might make a decent sort of golf club bloke's wife. So what do you say?

JANE looks at him, pauses, then reaches out and touches him.

Jane, you're touching me.

JANE Yes, Harvey.

She smiles and leaves her hand on him. He looks bleak and the lights fade.