

## CLEAR SKIES TIM AUDITION SIDE 1

ALISON: Tim, what's the matter? You've been sighing into your console all day.

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: I've just been feelin' sorta guilty... it's just that Greyson and Jack are down in Field 22, up to their waists in... waste.

ALISON: At least they've got work.

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: But then there are all the other riggers who've haven't gotten jobs. They've been waitin' in the Reassignment lounge for *weeks* but with all the surplus power there ain't no jobs to be had. They've been saying that they're always being supervised, because, you know... *they're out of work!*

ALISON: Oh, Tim. You just can't see the big picture.

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: I can't.

ALISON: No, you can't. Pour me another cup.

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: Was that supposed to make me feel better?

ALISON: No. Now, how's my tie?

## **CLEAR SKIES TIM AUDITION SIDE 2**

JACK: Hey Tim!

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: Ah! Jack - don't scare me.

JACK: Sorry pal - hey leave em open wouldja? I'm going back in in a sec.

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: Uh uh. It's not safe to leave the door to the Waste Field open.

JACK: It's not safe to bathe in a tub of chemical disinfectant either, but I'm doin' it.

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: Did Archie give you the idea to wash off in the Man-Dip?

JACK: Yeah. Where is he anyway?

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: He's back in the Field. Throwin' up globs of red stuff.

JACK: Eeeh. Think I'll get out now. You on guard duty?

CLEAR-SKIES TIM: Yeah. Catch ya later.