

Audition Script 1: The Villain [Male]:

Oh dear, Doctors... It appears you have fallen for my little trap. I have enjoyed playing this game with you. But it won't be long now until I am well and truly finished with you. Yes, that's right. Soon, you will be dead, and I will be forever known as Earnest Evilton: the man who killed the Doctor! Yes... Yes, nothing can stop me now, Doctors. I win and you lose. It's the end of you, and I will finally get the respect I deserve. Thousands will line these corridors simply to kiss the hand of the man who killed the Doctor - me! There's nothing you can do now, my dear Doctor, nothing at all... What do you mean he's escaped? Oh, balls.

Audition Script 2: The Companion [Male/Female]:

So, there's this bloke I met. You probably wouldn't know him, he's not particularly well-known. But he's an absolute genius. And a complete idiot. Wait, let me explain. It was a Thursday, and I was out shopping, and then this man comes running in; well, he's half-running, half-tripping over his own impractically long scarf. And he's shouting at everyone to get out. So, I thought, "Sod this, even if there isn't anything dangerous, I don't want to be in the same room as *this* guy!". And then what happens? Robots. Bloody robots. *Real* robots. *Real, evil, alien* robots come gliding out of the changing rooms. And something just came over me, you know? I just thought, "what chance does this guy have if it's just him and there's no one to help him?" So we set up a trap made up of bras and leggings from the lingerie section and send them running - well, gliding. That's when he asked me to travel with him. Oh, and you won't *believe* what happened next...

Audition Script 3: The Grumpy Old Man [Male]:

I blame the government. And the foreigners, them too. And those benefits scroungers you hear about. *Especially* them. You've seen them on the news. I met one the other day, you know. On the bus. He was in one of those hoody things, what do you call them? Yes, he was in one of those hoodies and all of a sudden, he gets out a futuristic laser gun and threatens to kill all of us. And there was me, in my priority seat, thinking, "Fat chance. I've just got my senior bus pass, you're not stopping me, you meddlesome green hussy!" - he was green, by the way. So I had a go at him with my cane. Crack over the head, that sorted him, that did. Knocked him straight out. Everyone was cheering and patting me - did my back in. And the worst part was, they stopped the bus. I had to walk back home thanks to that ruddy green benefits scrounger; I mean, he didn't say he was a benefits scrounger, but he looked the part, you know? I blame the government.

Audition Script 4: The Time Lord [Male/Female]:

Is this recording device operating? Good, wonderful, rather. I'd like to establish first that I refuse to interfere with anything operating outside of Gallifrey. I mean, why would I want to? They're all little people, after all. I was at a party when it happened - oh, a decent party, mind you, not one of those nasty dorm raves they have over at the academy. Smart suits, long well-ironed capes, impractical collars that make it impossible to turn your head, you name it. I was talking with Timothy, you know him, the Lord President? We're on first name terms. Well, I was talking to Timothy about something fascinating and intellectual - the subject in question escapes me now - when all of a sudden this ragged man kicked in the doors. Yes, that's right, *kicked!* He was rambling on about Daleks and wars and danger. Well, I was having none of it, and neither was anybody else. The man was a mess - he looked like he'd been living rough with his top button undone and his tie slightly askew. It almost made me wretch. We kicked him straight out of course. Even if one wasn't to consider his awful dress sense, who would have believed him anyway? The Daleks do not, have not and never will pose a threat to the Time Lords. They're far too rude to dominate the known universe.

Audition Script 5: Auntie Win [Female]

Hello, my dear! Come for a chat? Well, I've got just the story for you. Have a seat just there, next to the cat. Have a biscuit. No, I insist. Have two. Tea? I'll put the kettle on, dear. I had the most marvellous time last night. There was an alien from space trying to eat off my face! You like two sugars in your tea, don't you? Good, good. Anyway, I wasn't too keen on this alien fellow. Pincers everywhere, snapping away in my general direction. He didn't even ask politely. If he had, I might have offered him a biscuit, but no; he was quite intent on eating my face right off. I told him, "No thanks", but that wasn't enough for him. Slimy thing, too. Just a splash of milk for you, isn't that

how you usually take it? Wonderful. Anyway, just as I thought I was going to lose my face, this charming little man came in. He was very polite, so I took to him straight away, even if he'd just broken into the house. The alien didn't seem to take much notice of him though. And that's when his friend - an Irishman - marched through and buried an axe in this creature's head. Made a mess all over my carpet, it did. And this Irishman hadn't taken his shoes off, so there's mud all around the house. Here's your tea, dear. And have another biscuit too.