

JIMBO AUDITION SIDES

ROSE: Oh!

JIMBO: What the fuck is this?

CLARA: Get out!

JIMBO: Where the fuck have you been—

CLARA: Leave me alone—

JIMBO: You can't just take my shit *and disappear*—

CLARA: I didn't take your shit!

JIMBO: Yes you did!

ROSE: Uhhhh—

CLARA: No I didn't!

JIMBO: Yes you did!

CLARA: No I didn't! You're such a fucking liar—

JIMBO: You're the fucking liar, what, everything's fine and then you vanish into thin air?

CLARA: Everything was *not fine*—

ROSE: You can't—

CLARA: I don't have to run shit by you—

JIMBO: Yes you do—

CLARA: —I'm a grown woman!

ROSE: Please, can you—

JIMBO: I don't care *what* you are, *you have my shit*—

CLARA: No I don't—

JIMBO: Yes you do—

ROSE: Can you just lower your voices—

JIMBO: I hid it in your stupid bear, so where the fuck is it?

CLARA: Herbert Snuggles?

JIMBO: I know you have it—

CLARA: You stuffed Herbert Snuggles *full of heroin*?

ROSE: *What?!*

JIMBO: *Yes*, because that stupid bear is always with *you*, and *you're* always with *me*, so *in theory* I should always fucking know *where my shit always fucking is!* So *where is it?!*

ROSE: Oh my god—

CLARA: *Nowhere.*