Flinders University

Drama Centre

Bachelor of Performance (Acting and Directing)
Recommended Audition Monologues

We encourage you to select at least one of your audition pieces from the list below. When selecting your monologues, please feel free to choose irrespective of gender.

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THE CULTURE (1): Laura Jackson (AUS)

WILL: I was walking home from the station, about midnight. I'd been out at this shitty little bar, and I'd been flirting with a real-live guy.

He leans into me and tells me to go and buy us another round. The second I have my back turned, he has his tongue down the throat of the guy next to me, his hand up in this guy's perfect hair. I just left. I couldn't get it out of my head

I couldn't get it out of my head. So much that I wasn't paying any attention to where I was or how I was walking. It wasn't until I heard her gasp, that I even saw the woman walking down the street in front of me.
But, she was profoundly aware of me.

I'd only *just* noticed her, but she knew I was there and she was...fucking hell. She- I was just walking- I wasn't even looking at her! But she was a woman walking alone at night, and I was a man walking behind her.

She was looking over her shoulder and then straight ahead, marching on in stilettos and setting a cracking pace and I thought- fucking hell. She's scared of me. She is scared of ME.

And here's the fucked thing. My initial reaction wasn't, "oh shit, better back off. I've scared the lady." No, my reaction was actually to be kind of pissed.

Cause in my head I was like "Fuck off lady. Just because I'm a dude and you're a chick. Just because it's late and dark and whatever the fuck else, doesn't mean I'm going to drag you behind that dumpster and cut you into little pieces. Fuck you, you don't even know me."

That was my reaction. Anger. Angry. That's fucked up.

That's fucked up. And look, in my defence it did dawn on me, that maybe I was responding in an inappropriate manner - and I think it's pretty obvious that I was actually-retry fucking pissed at the guy in the bar and my anger was nothing to do with this woman but- Even me. Even someone who-

"Yes, shes scared of you." I thought. But isn't it worse for her? The one who cant even walk down the street?

"Imagine feeling like her." Thats the thing. I feel exactly like that.

THE CULTURE (2): Laura Jackson (AUS)

KATIE: So I'm walking home from the gym, right? Dressed in my gear, sweaty faced, when this car slows down next to me, full of guys, so that the guy in the passenger seat can say "Yeeeeew, what's up beautiful?", while the driver beeps the horn, and the two in the back can look me up and down.

They're really close to me, rolling along slowly, and my heart is pounding in my ears, because you don't know what a car full of guys is capable of, so it takes me a couple of seconds to gather myself to react. I look up and say "Leave me alone. I didn't ask for your comment. This is a sidewalk not a catwalk."

At which point passenger guy spits out the window and bellows "FUCK YOU, SLUT. YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL!"

Driver guy holds down the horn and slams his foot on the accelerator, taking off, while back seat guy goes like this *(she makes a V with her first two fingers, and mimes oral sex with her tongue)* and passenger guy sticks his finger up out the window.

I'm standing there in shock. For about ten seconds. Until another car - I am not exaggerating - another car with a male driver, beeps at me as he drives past. Two in the space of ten seconds.

Here's the thing. If I called a friend, called the police about this, they'd say: can you describe what happened? And I'd hear: "So one guy called you beautiful, and the other beeped their horn at you. Can't you just take it as a compliment?"

If I have to have this argument one more time...

In order for a compliment to work, the person you are complimenting has to FEEL complimented. A compliment is an exchange: I politely indicate my admiration, you feel complimented. When someone yells "Yeah baby", "Oi jiggle tits...I saved you a seat, on my face", "I'd fuck you in every orifice" – that is not an exchange. That is hurling an unsolicited comment at a stranger on the street completely for your own satisfaction.

CLOUD NINE: Caryl Churchill (UK)

BETTY: I used to think Clive was the one who liked sex. But then I found I missed it. I used to touch myself when I was very little, I thought I'd invented something wonderful. I used to do it to go to sleep with or to cheer myself up, and one day it was raining and I was under the kitchen table, and my mother saw me with my hand under my dress rubbing away, and she dragged me out so quickly I hit my head and it bled and I was sick, and nothing was said, and I never did it again till this year. I thought if Clive wasn't looking at me there wasn't a person there. And one night in bed in my flat I was so frightened I started touching myself. I thought my hand might go through into space. I touch my face, it was there, my arm, my breast, and my hand sent down where I thought it shouldn't, and I thought well there is somebody there. It felt very sweet, it was a feeling from very long ago, it was very soft, just barely touching and I felt myself gathering together more and more and I felt angry with Clive and angry with my mother and I went on and on defying them, and there was this vast feeling growing in me and all around me and they couldn't stop me and no one could stop me and I was there and coming and coming. Afterwards I thought I'd betrayed Clive. My mother would kill me. But I felt triumphant because I was a separate person from them. And I cried because I didn't want to be. But I don't cry about it any more. Sometimes I do it three times in one night and it really is great fun.

GEORGIE: Yeah, right, he "gave" me the damn job. I fucking work my ass off for that jerk; he doesn't give me shit. I earn it, you know? He "gave" me the job. I just love that. What does that mean, that I should be working at McDonald's or something, that's what I really deserve or something? Bullshit. Fuck you, that is such fucking bullshit. You think I don't know how to behave in public or something? Jesus, I was a goddamn waitress for seven years, the customers fucking loved me. You think I talk like this in front of strangers; you think I don't have a brain in my head or something? That is so fucking condescending. Anytime I lose my temper, I'm crazy, is that it? You don't know why I threw that pencil, you just assume. You just make these assumptions. Well, fuck you, Andrew. I mean it. Fuck you.

I mean, I just love that. You don't even know. You've never seen me in that office. You think I'm like, incapable of acting like somebody I'm not? For four months I've been scared to death but I do it, you know. I take messages, I call the court, I write his damn letters. I watch my mouth, I dress like this – whatever this is; these are the ugliest clothes I have ever seen – I am gracious, I am bright, I am promising. I am being this other person for them because I do want this job but there is a point beyond which I will not be fucked with! So you finally push me beyond that point, and I throw the pencil and now you're going to tell me that that is my problem? What, do you guys think you hold all the cards or something? You think you have the last word on reality? You do, you think that anything you do to me is okay, and anything I do is fucked because I'm not using the right words. I'm, like, throwing pencils and saying fuck you, I'm speaking another language, that's my problem. And the thing is – I am America. You know? You guys are not America. You think you are; Jesus Christ, you guys think you own the world. I mean, who made up these rules, Andrew? And do you actually think we're buying it?

THE WRITER: Ella Hickson (UK)

WRITER: Because you genuinely enjoy a sofa. And I know that sounds elitist and a bit cunty and I sound like a narcissistic prick but there are cheerful people who sit all day and watch TV and love it. You are never happier than in the exotic foods aisle at Waitrose selecting a new selection of snacking nuts and sometimes, I stand there, with the trolley and I feel like I'm dissolving inside just watching your capacity for happiness. And in me, for some reason, snacking nuts, exotic or otherwise, don't stop this constant need for something – bigger – all the time. I want awe. I feel like I need blood. All the time. And anything less than that makes me feel desperate. It makes me feel like I want to die. Either I can feel real but I'm living in a world of cartoons or you and the world are real and I feel like I go see-through. And it's not like that for you. You have snacking nuts. You're perfectly happy in the world as it is. And it hurts to watch because I want to be like that so badly that it makes me actually hurt to watch you in Waitrose, smiling so much, over those snacking nuts.

THE SEAGULL: Anton Chekhov (RUS)

KONSTANTIN: (pulling petals off a flower) She loves me - she loves me not... She loves me - she loves me not... Loves me, loves me not. (laughs) There you are – she doesn't love me. Well, of course she doesn't. She wants to live and love and dress in light colours, and there am I, twenty - five years old, perpetually reminding her that she's stopped being young. When I'm not there she's thirty - two – when I am she's forty - three; and that's why she hates me. Then again I don't acknowledge the theatre. She loves the theatre – she thinks she's serving humanity and the sacred cause of art, whereas in my view the modern theatre is an anthology of stereotypes and received ideas. When the curtain goes up, and there, in a room with three walls lit by artificial lighting because it's always evening, these great artists, these high priests in the temple of art, demonstrate how people eat and drink, how they love and walk about and wear their suits; when out of these banal scenes and trite words they attempt to extract a moral – some small and simple moral with a hundred household uses; when under a thousand different disguises they keep serving me up the same old thing, the same old thing, the same old thing – then I run and don't stop running, just as Maupassant ran from the sight of the Eiffel Tower, that weighed on his brain with its sheer vulgarity. What we need are new artistic forms. And if we don't get new forms it would be better if we had nothing at all.

W: Look, alright, listen, you have to understand alright, I'm thinking out loud here so please just let me talk just let me think it through out loud please alright don't just jump in if I say something wrong or stupid just let me think okay because I've always wanted alright and I'm talking in the abstract I've always wanted I've always had a sense or an idea of myself always defined myself okay as a person who would, that my purpose in life that my function on this planet would be to and not that I ever thought about it like that it's only now because you're asking or not asking but mentioning, starting the conversation only because of that that I'm now even thinking about it but it's always sort of been a given for me an assumption ever since I was a little girl playing with dolls I mean long long long before I met you, it's never been what I guess it should be which is a a a a a a an extension of an expression of you know, fucking *love* or whatever, a coming together of two people it's always been this alright and this sounds stupid and naive but it's always been an image, I guess, of myself with a bump and glowing in that motherly or pushing a pram or a cot with a mobile above it or singing to it reading Beatrix Potter or Dr Seus, I don't care, never cared about it being a boy or girl just small and soft and adorable and with that milky head smell and the tiny socks and giggles and yes *vomit* even it's all part of it, looking after it, caring for it that's I think that's the impulse and there's always been a father in the picture but sort of a blurry background generic man, I'm sorry, it's just this picture of my life I've always had since I was able to think and I've never ever questioned it. Never.

BOYS: Ella Hickson (UK)

CAM: God – it's nice to be back here. It was fucking intense. […] It was – pretty amazing. I've never – I was really fucking nervous but… I don't think I've ever seen that many people – I mean except for football matches, but … […] I was so fucking nervous, I kept having to dry my hands, I swear I was actually sweating through my fingertips and I was so worried I was going to … but you know waiting to talk out there and you can just see all those people and the lights are real bright and – fuck, my heart's still beating like the fucking – and you stand there and you see the glint on glasses and the odd grin but not much else so you're not really sure that they're there and – they start clapping and man – that many people – and the noise, the noise was so loud it made the stage shake a little bit, I felt it through my feet, the clapping, it was mad. And all the moisture goes out your mouth and suddenly you're standing in front of them and it's dead silent and – that was sort of the best bit – just when I was about to play and my bow is just a wee way off the strings – just waiting there – hovering – and it's there and you're still and then you hear this little tiny noise, this little fucking seat creak and you realise that fucking hundreds of people just leant in – just a fraction – to hear what you're going to do next – waiting for you to start. […] I did my thing. […] big old hoo-ha after. Everyone fucking talking to me and offering me shit and that guy – the Russian – […] He wants to teach me – one on one- in fucking Vienna – I don't even know where that is! […] They all stood and clapped and – it was -it was – great. It was really really great. (*Pause*.) You guys are totally fucked […] Let's fucking party!

CHIMERICA: Lucy Kirkwood (UK)

A young Zhan Lin recounts the story of how he and his wife Liuli met at her request.

Young Zhan Lin: My bed was broken. I was walking to buy a new bed. I had the money in my pocket. I'm walking down the street and I see this woman in the window of a store, a store that sells appliances. And she's electric. She's so beautiful, I have to stop for a moment and watch her, as she opens the door of this brand-new refrigerator and looks inside. And I cannot stop watching this. And I thought, whatever I have to do, whatever it takes, I've got to, I've got to have… that refrigerator.

That refrigerator would change my life, so I go in and I hand over the money in my pocket. And the store owner helps me carry it home. And I plug in my refrigerator and it starts to hum. And I already feel like a different person.

I fall asleep and when I wake up it's hot in my apartment so I think, I know, I'll put my face into the cold refrigerator. So I open the door and this girl jumps out. The girl from the store, she's hidden inside my beautiful new machine. A stowaway. She's been there the whole time.

Like a rat on a ship. Like a spider in a crate of melons.

She's shivering. Her eyelashes are frosted up. She says 'I'm so cold'. I touch her skin and she is, she's freezing. I think, she's going to die if I don't do something, so I say, let's go to bed. It's warmer there. She nods and her teeth clatter together like spoons in a bowl. So I take her hand. Her cold little hand.

And then I remembered, I don't have a bed. I spent money on a refrigerator. I completely forgot, I was supposed to buy a bed.

So we made love on the floor instead.

THERESE: You reckon? You'd be amazed the amount of shameful shit you can fit in by my age if you get started early enough. Shoplifting when I was eleven. Smashing up bus shelters at twelve. Helping my boyfriend do break-and-enters by the time I was thirteen. Fourteen, got caught behind the service station doing blow-jobs for cash.

One time, this friend of Mum's gave me a job at her hairdresser's. Unbelievably nice of this lady - she didn't have to help out little rough-head Therese. Talked about getting me into tech to do the apprenticeship. Giving me a chance. So what did Therese do? Ripped the nice lady off - cleaned out the till and then helped my friends trash the shop for fun. I was out to impress my mates! Plus I was pissed off - like the world owed me something and I was gonna take what I deserved. You get an urge to smash things - like it's evidence you exist. Evidence you did something.

Next day, I go back there and the lady's cleaning up the broken glass and crying and she's apologising to me about the job being off. I felt like scum - I even cried. She goes, 'Oh you're so sweet, Therese.' I never had the guts to say anything. That was years ago but I can feel my face burning just thinking about it. Hunh...You're the first person I ever told about that. How about that, Leo?

The first time I was up for something in adult court: 'Forging and Uttering' - that's dud cheques – just to keep some useless dickhead boyfriend happy. (I got perfect radar for the nastiest creeps on the face of the earth.)

In court, I spotted Mum and Dad sitting in the audience part. They looked at me like - not angry or anything - but so sad and worried and disappointed...

I never looked at them. I could still feel their eyes on me but.

When I got out of jail the first time, I disappeared myself from Mum and Dad. Made it so they couldn't find me. I don't like the way I am. Haven't seen them for nearly six years.

Some memory oozes up and eats away at your guts, eh.

You know what I think about sometimes? When I'm in the shower, I tip my head back and I let the water run down my face and my neck and I imagine if the water could wash it all away...

Wash away every bad thing I ever did. Start again, clean.

LIAM: Can I just say something? Can I say one thing? I look at you, Danny, I look at you and I want, not to be like you, not to be you, but yes, in some way actually to be you, to actually be in some way a fucking part of you, but I want it to be me, I want you to be me. And if you and Hels weren't, I would still, and I look at you and I say, 'Yeah, he's had all the breaks, so what? He's got a family, so what, he knows what he's doing, so what? He's got a good job and mates that he gets on with and a beautiful wife, he's clever and he's had all the advantages in life and that may well be why he has all those things while another human being, a different human being gets to have shit thrown at them for years and then to top it all becomes a shit human being in the process, so what: he fucking deserves everything'. You deserve everything. And I say good luck to you because you are everything that man in this 21st century should be.

And I stand here, in your shirt, in your dirty fucking old t-shirt that you pulled out of the wash to give me and I feel privileged to wear it. I feel privileged to stand in your stale sweat. And I see someone like you and I can't help thinking that you should never have experienced this, that your blissful ignorance should be protected above all else, that I should lay down my life to keep you in that state, but part of me, Danny, and this is the part I hate, this is the bad part, the dirty, part, the part that I'd like to cut out with a knife, part of me, and I'm not saying I like that part, I'm saying I hate that part, but part of me thinks you should be dragged down off that fucking pedestal and be forced face down into the mud so you can eat the same shit and rotting flesh I've been eating, so that it gets in your mouth and up your nose and that you choke it on. And I saw you tonight, Danny. I saw you….

We're abandoned. There's nothing out there. It's like they've all been beamed up to another planet and just left us with the monsters.

HEROES: Gabriel Bergmoser (AUS)

Everyone says you shouldn't worry about validation. But fuck man, validation is the only thing that makes what we do worthwhile. It makes all those years of failure and rejection worthwhile. And when you get a taste of that drug... it unbalances your world. Rosie... Rose thinks I'm the best. Rose sees me the way I want to be seen. The way I always dreamed someone would see me. A hero. A God. And she's not the only one. I see the way they look at me. I see it and it makes me feel more alive than I ever have. It makes me feel like I'm finally on the path to where I always dreamed of being.

But you see it too, don't you? You see the eyes on me and you can't stand it. Well, you're going to have to, Nick. Because I will not give up what I have. Never. I have worked too hard, sacrificed too much to drop it all because you're jealous. I will fight tooth and nail to hold on to this and if you try to take it away from me, I will not hesitate to destroy you. In whatever way I can, with whatever weapon I have.

That's it Nick. My cards are on the table. So I'm giving you this one chance. This one last chance to shake my hand, apologise and let it all go. To forget tonight and sign that contract. You know what happens if you try to push this. You know how this ends. But I care about my future more than my pride. The question is whether or not you feel the same.

LOVE: Patricia Cornelius (AUS)

TANYA: The moment I saw you, I reckon, that very second, that's when, I knew it then, I just knew it, I felt it, I knew the feeling straight away though I never felt it before, I knew it as if it was a second skin, as if something had crawled up and bit me, like something had fallen off a building site and hit me, I knew, I loved you.

I saw the bitches smelling you, their eyes slits, tongues circling their lips, mouths filling with spit, and I growled at them, I really did, I growled, could've bared me teeth, probably did, because I was that sure that none of them were going to have you, you were all mine and I growled at them, to let them know, back off or I'll let rip. Their hackles rose and I had to square up to them a bit but they scampered off, tails between their legs, they did.

Fell for you then and there. You were wasted and looked like shit, in the clink for a six-month stint, your hair all lank, you had a split lip, you had amazing tits, you were like some bird, yeah a bird, with your wings tangled and I thought, Jesus Christ, you are for me and I'm for you, no doubt, no fucking doubt, I'm going to look after you, nobody but nobody is going to hurt you, not without having to contend with me first, nobody is going to lay a hand on you, never.

You must have felt it. You couldn't have not. It was hot. Wasn't it? I went up to you, knew I had to get to you fast before anyone else got to you but I couldn't run though I really wanted to but I couldn't run because you wouldn't have wanted me if I'd run, like someone desperate for you. I had to saunter up to you, sure like, and interested, but just so and I said to you... 'you are the most beautiful woman in the world'.

And I had you.

ESCAPE FROM HAPPINESS: George F Walker (CDN)

MARY ANN: When I said she'd like Elizabeth because Elizabeth is a lesbian what *did* I mean. Really. I think I meant Elizabeth is *great*. She'd like her because she's great. Why do I say lesbian instead of great…I don't know. But maybe I don't really want to be a lesbian. Maybe I just want to be…great…Do I have to be a lesbian to be great…I'll ask Elizabeth. She wasn't always a lesbian. She wasn't always great, either. What came first. The lesbianism or the greatness. When did she become lesbianistic. Is that a word. Use it in a sentence. Never mind. It's beside the point. Just ask her. Okay. Yeah. Of course, she hardly ever listens to me. Unless I cry. When I cry she listens. Okay. Yeah. I'll cry. It's demeaning. But I'll do it. Because I need to know. I mean, I'm working things out her. Important things. Yeah.

SAM: I can't think of anything. I'm sorry.

Beat.

I'd like to be able to but. I loved her. I do love her. I actually can't right now deal with the idea that she's gone, that I might not ever wake up with her again, or go on holiday, because I think, sorry if this is a bit, but I think she's my soulmate. Stupid things like I love watching her eat, the way she eats is so... and she's funny and beautiful and. Brave and – like, we were on the Tube once, it was really crushed and there was this man, he wasn't like a tramp, he was in a suit, he had a briefcase, and she realised this man had taken his, you know – his... penis, out, through his flies, and he was sort of, rubbing it on her but the Tube was so packed you know, so people didn't notice, but when she saw it, she started shouting really loud, 'Look at his chipolata!', till everyone was looking at them – and you'd think that would be really embarrassing, wouldn't you? But I just loved that, she's just, fearless and what happened is the whole Tube, together, starting chanting at him, we're all chanting together at this man, 'Chipolata! Chipolata!' and I thought: I actually feel like part of something, you know? For the first time in my life I feel like

I'm part of something, like we, people, together, can change things. People can stand up and stop shit things happening. Because that's what it was like when I was with her, I felt... connected to the world, and all the things the world could be if we were just, better versions of ourselves, so it's like that better world was sort of a shared space that existed in both our heads, so there was like a world, that we lived in together, that we'd helped to make and it was just for us, it was our secret. We had a secret and we lived in it together and –

– and that's it, really. I just really –

– love her.

OSAMA THE HERO: Dennis Kelly (UK)

FRANCIS: I'm gonna tell you a story about my dad. This one time I brought home a dog, scruffy little mongrel, half staff, my dad never trusted staff, I'm about eight, never ever trusted staffs, found him up the field, brought him home and my dad says - that's a staff: that's a staff, that'll turn - but I begged and begged to keep that dog and he says - alright - because he loved me, Gary - alright, you can keep that dog but if anything happens - and he didn't finish his sentence, just if anything happens and that's it. Week later that dog tears into my sister, tears into her, you can still see the scar, you ask her, in here on her upper arm, you ask her, blood... blood... takes her up the hospital, carries her up the hospital, and I'm at home, hours going by, fucking shitting, dog as well, both shitting it. He comes home, says nothing. Gets the dog, gets me, gets a knife. Goes upstairs. Into the bathroom. Dog in the bath, shaking. Takes my hand, puts it on the dog's jugular, says - feel that pulse? - puts the knife into my other hand. Blood hits the fucking ceiling. Took me forty-five minutes to cut the head off. Another hour to cut the legs off, through the bone. Put it in a beanbag, took it up the field, chucked it in the lake.

My dad loved me. He loved my sister. D'you understand that? Gary? Do you understand?

I'm my father's son. Don't ever doubt me. Don't ever doubt my ability.

GIRLS LIKE THAT: Evan Placey (CDN)

I have only worked at Pierce, Richards and Stanley for a week. My mother is nervous. They don't normally take on girls as young as me, but I want to be a lawyer so my mum has made some calls and got me this after-school gig a couple hours a week. I am what you call a 'runner' at the law firm. And runner is not a euphemism. From four to six p.m. I run between floors delivering mail, delivering coffee, delivering photocopies, delivering staples and paperclips, delivering memos and faxes from other floors. Lucky for me Olivia has got me in shape, cos some of the other girls who are a bit – well they just can't work as fast as me. Which is why I don't think they like me very much. 'I'm raising expectations' as one of them has told me. And were supposed to stick together. But I can't help doing my job well, can I? I even bought a new outfit, just for work. *Work.* How cool am I? The girls are like what are you doing after school? "Oh you know, I'm just going to work. To my law firm."

And the girls tell me to stay out of Stanley's way. Stanley is his first name and his last name which is the dumbest thing I've ever heard. Unless the girls are just saying that to trick me, but I don't care. And then today I've got these papers I gotta deliver to Mr Stanley's secretary. Only she's on break so I knock on his door. The first he says is: 'that's a pretty outfit'. See, it's important to dress for success. That's what my mum says. I don't tell him this obviously. I just say: 'Thank you sir'. And this is where it gets really good. As I'm handing his papers, he puts his hand on my waist and he says : 'What an efficient young woman you are. You'll be put to good use here'.

'I want to be a lawyer, sir'.

And his hand has subtly slid further down my waist.

'Well this will certainly be a good experience for you then' he says

'I thought so too,' I tell him. 'But I'm not so sure. See you're supposed to be this amazing lawyer, but you seem not to know anything about employment law.'

He doesn't understand.

'See this, right here, would be considered sexual harassment in the workplace. And you seem not to know that. Either that or you've assumed that because im wearing a pretty skirt that somehow means that's an invitation or i'm too young or naïve to know otherwise. Either way, if you don't remove your hand from my firmly toned arse right now I will scream this whole office down, and then I will recruit Pierce or Richards to sue the pants off you, and then I will call your wife'.

Beat

'I'm glad you like my skirt. I'll be sure to wear it again.'

LUCY: If you ask me—and I know you didn't—weddings are toxic. And I'll tell you why. Because they force decent people to lie. I mean, who can honestly say to another person, 'Yes, I know for certain that I'll forsake all others for the rest of my life?'

No-one, that's who. If you ask me, the vows should go, 'Right now I feel like forsaking all others, but let's consult again further down the track…'

Jesus, if I saw James right now… Why ask Meg to marry him if he can't even keep his dick in his pants while they're engaged…?

Oh, yeah yeah, Some couples can be happy forever. Well, they've won life's lottery. Half their luck. But the rest of us have to keep buying tickets…

And buying, and buying, and buying… Sometimes I feel like I'm running out of raffle books… Jesus, men have done terrible things to me, but I've treated them badly too. I have never been unfaithful to a friend… I've never kept a friend in the dark—and wedding or no wedding, I'm not about to start.

LUKA: I looked at the tree, and I looked at you in the tree, and you looked back at me. You told me that I wasn't who you expected to come, that the only people you saw in the last years was my mother, who came sometimes, and my father, who jogged here every day. And I didn't know that – you told me.

But there was more I wanted to know, and I knew I'd have to talk to you for that. So I dug the tree up. I did it angrily and loudly and quickly, until I was out of breath, until I'd dug a long way down – until I got to your box.

I found your box, Lucas. And I knew what was in there. It was small and wooden, and the wood was dirty and covered with the roots of your tree. And the box was cracked, but it wasn't broke. I did that Lucas. I broke your box open.

And you weren't in it. I thought I'd find out. I thought it was that literal, that you'd be in there, making the tree grow – that that was what the tree meant, that you, little man, would be lying inside.

But what did I find in the box? I found the paper that recorded your life and death all at once. I found the beanie that I suppose they were going to put on your head. And I found your washbasin. Everything else was sitting in it.

The rain had come in through the earth and through the crack in your box and it had landed in your tub, so everything else floated in it. And that would have been you – that would have been you in the bath.

But you weren't there, were you? Just a bunch of your things, and that doesn't make a person. They weren't even memories of you, because you never used them. They were just things. And that's what the people I loved worshipped all those years – some things. It's just sad.

KENT: You know I'm still scared of phone calls. Because of you.

Because remember that day when your mum thought you went missing? She thought you'd been abducted or something. And it was the same weekend where we had that huge fight about you wanting me to come see 'Wicked' with you, and you felt like you were always having to drag me places-

And yea, you and me had a big fight on Friday, and then like no one heard from you all weekend, and you'd just gone to Matt Kelada's house but no one knew about it, so on the Sunday morning your mum called me thinking you've gone fucking missing you dickhead, and I got the call from her while I was in the shower, yeah I'm in the shower but I see my phone ringing, so I'm sticking my head out of the shower talking on the phone, and Marie's like 'He's missing, we think he's missing' which is awful, obviously, right but so I'm there, and I'm wet and I'm sticking my head out of the shower and the news just fucked me up, and like the tone in her voice and like my brain, they just fucked it. Just fucking terrified, just awful ya know? It was like, my brain voice was just going like "I'm never gonna ever see Nate again maybe?, ya know? Like, "maybe he's gone, he's gone I think, you had a fight and now you've lost him."

And I'm still in the fucking shower, still having to do the conditioner, and I'm thinking you might be dead. And also fucking yeah, and also, this part, while I'm hanging up my phone my face and my fingers and the steam the shower have fucked my fucking phone up, so then I'm freaking out about my phone and no one's answering the questions that I'm filling up the internet with because I'm tryna fucking find you, and I can't explain my feelings to anybody because I feel like they're too big and weird to squeeze out of my mouth ya know, and I wasn't properly dry and I was worried, I was scared and so damp, so scared like it was awful I think, it was bad.

I was so so worried Nate, I was so scared, and worried, and angry at myself. I was so dumb, so dumb.

And I still haven't seen 'Wicked'.

ANGELS IN AMERICA PART 1: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES: Tony Kushner (US)

HARPER**:** I feel better, I do, I…feel better. There are ice crystals in my lungs, wonderful and sharp. And the snow smells like cold, crushed peaches. And there's something… some current of blood in the wind, how strange, it has that iron taste. Where am I? (*Looking around, then realising*) Antarctica. This is Antarctica! Oh boy oh boy, LOOK at this, I… Wow, I must've really snapped the tether, huh? I want to stay here forever. Set up camp. Build things. Build a city, an enormous city made up of frontier forts, dark wood and green roofs and high gates made of pointed logs and bonfires burning on every street corner. I should build by a river. Where are the forests? I'll plant them and grow them. I'll live off caribou fat, I'll melt it over the bonfires and drink it from long, curved goat-horn cups. It'll be great. I want to make a new world here. So that I never have to go home again. I can have anything I want here–maybe even companionship, someone who has…desire for me. There isn't anyone…maybe an Eskimo. Who could ice-fish for food. And help me build a nest for when the baby comes. Here, I can be pregnant. And I can have any kind of baby I want. I'm going to like this place. It's my own National Geographic Special! Oh! Oh! (*She holds her stomach*) I think… I think I felt her kicking. Maybe I'll give birth to a baby covered with thick white fur, and that way she won't be cold. My breasts will be full of hot cocoa so she doesn't get chilly. And if it gets really cold, she'll have a pouch I can crawl into. Like a marsupial. We'll mend together. That's what we'll do; we'll mend.

SCENES FROM THE CLIMATE ERA: David Finnigan (AUS)

A CONFERENCE ROOM:

Welcome everyone, find a seat. Some of you know each other, I think you all know me.

Everyone's signed their NDA, but again just to be crystal clear: you do not discuss what we talk about here. This is not a government project, this is not a university, so the rules are a little different to what some of you may be used to. If that's an issue for anyone, this is your moment to theatrically head to the door. Grab one of those little quiches from the buffet on your way out.

Suzanne, are you literally walking out? Okay, you're fucking with me. Everyone, this is Suzanne, she's a kelp biologist. Thanks Sue.

Alright, let's do the serious stuff. We have here a selection of ocean ecologists, systems engineers, marine sociologists, molecular biologists… Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to create a brand new ecosystem. Coral reefs are gone. I don't need to repeat the story, first major biome to completely collapse, 95% destroyed since the year 2000, etc etc. There are still governments trying to save the last remnants of dying reefs, which is understandable but a waste of time. They're gone and they're not coming back.

Unfortunately, we need reefs, or something similar. What has replaced the reefs is algae blooms and slime. We have eight billion mouths to feed and we can't eat algae. I mean Fred probably can, but the rest of us need something else. So we need an ecosystem that replicates the basic functions of a coral reef. It doesn't have look pretty, it just needs to keep the slime at bay and provide food for billions of people. Simple as that.

What we have to work with are the ecosystems we have left on the planet: crops, livestock, weeds and pests. These are the building blocks of the new world. Once again, you are not doing press, you are not giving comments, you are not backgrounding anyone. We are not talking, we're doing. This is the Manhattan Project of ecosystem design.

So. There's coffee in the foyer, I'll show you the lab, and then let's get to work.

SCENES FROM THE CLIMATE ERA: David Finnigan (AUS)

A FARMER:

Do you want to hear what I have to say? Okay, thank you. I want to say, we've had a gutful of people from the city coming up and telling us how to live. This has been going on for centuries, folk from universities writing these great theses about how we should farm, what we can and can't grow. And now they're coming up here and putting predators on our land. This law is wrong, these creatures are wrong - they don't belong here. I don't care if they used to live here a thousand years ago. We live here now, and we're trying to farm, and that's our job, that's our livelihood.

Look mate, if you want wolves, why don't you have them? You want to rewild somewhere, rewild the city. Put them in your local park, see how you like sending your kids to school with a pack of predators in the streets. But this whole rewilding thing is a joke, it's not scientific. You want to save the environment, clean up your own mess. Don't come here and try to put dangerous animals out where there are sheep, where there are children, because there's others out there like me who aren't going to stand for it.

EUPHORIA: Emily Steel (AUS/UK)

Meg: Can I tell you what it's like?
It's like being high.
It's like,
other people,
they take drugs to feel like that.
I have to take drugs to stop it.
I have to take a pill,
everyday,
to make me more like other people,
to make me normal,
because I am not normal.
I am reminded,
every day,
every time I take that pill,
that I am not normal.
And when I stop taking them,
when I forget or
when I accidentally on purpose forget,
for a while it's just like,
feeling *better.*
Like I'm the best version of me.
But I *feel* like it.
I'm me but I'm quicker,
and I'm funnier and I've got more energy and I can get more *done,*
and for a while I feel like,
fuck,
what have I been doing to myself?
I should have stopped taking the pills before,
I feel good,
I feel great.
And then it tips.
And my mind is going so fast,
and I feel like I'm right on the cusp of decoding the universe,
and the world inside my head starts to look really different from the world outside, and I can't get back,
to where you are,
and then I'm in the hospital,
and they dose me up again to try and bring me back down,
and I'm so slow,
everything's so slow,
and I know it's what I have to do but it's so hard,
knowing I can feel like that and knowing I can't,
and I'm sorry,
I'm so sorry I do this to you,
and I'm not going to leave you on your own,
I'm not.

TERRESTRIAL: Fleur Kilpatrick (AUS)

LIDDY: The universe is a big place
Big is such a small word for what it is
Heaps of people say it is so big
And evolution happens so slow
That the chances of aliens being intelligent enough to make contact at the same time that we're intelligent enough to notice are pretty much non-existent

Whatever

I know how possible the impossible actually bloody is
All my freaking life
'There's no way we're going back there'

We go back there
'It won't happen again'
It happens
'He'll never find us'
Dad walks in the front door

Walks to the fridge
Pulls out a beer
Sits in a chair
Eyeballs me and mum
Locks on until we cave:
Sorry sorry
We're sorry
You missed us?
Yeah we missed you too
Didn't we?
Drive good?
Yeah it's a long way
You came a long way for us

Yeah

He's travelled hundreds of ks for me
Quit jobs
Dumped girlfriends
Traded in cars
Broken leases
Broken windows
Broken jaws
Just for me
I need to get off this planet man
You know this
You heard me say it

Night after night
To the black night sky
If he can find me
You can

What's ks when you gotta freakin space ship
What's changing addresses when you can navigate space?
What's a U-Turn to you?

Come on
Get me outta here

VIRGINS AND COWBOYS: Morgan Rose (AUS)

LANE: This is a list of words I'm uncomfortable with. And I'd prefer you didn't say them to me. *Pause.* So I'm just gonna say them now. I'm gonna list them out, all together now. Okay? Okay, here it is. Um. Lube, poon, blow chunks, diarrhea, penis, vagina, clitoris, maxi pad, pussy (unless it's a cat), bone, boner, cum, sperm, splooge, jiz and, and, and the last one…I can't even say the last one. Lots of people have trouble with the word moist for some reason, but I'm fine with it. Also, I am a vegetarian. So if you think that you can respect these things, and you have nice abs, then I would like to meet you.

Are you…are you expecting a story? Because I don't have one prepared. Right. Ummmmm…my bedroom—Well, I still live with my parents. I guess that might have something to do with something but not really. I don't think so. There's a small stain on the carpet from where I dropped nail polish a couple years ago. My bed IS a double bed. The quilt has sunflowers on it because I used to love sunflowers. They're so big. And bright. And fuzzy in the middle, like a pillow, like if you were homeless you just go get some sunflowers and sleep on them. You know? The curtains match the bedspread and I got both for Christmas when I was 13 and I was so excited but now I'm 19. I have a walk-in closet. I try to buy something new every week like these shoes are new. I have a poster of 2 people kissing in front of the Eiffel tower on my wall. You know the one. I got it in Paris on a school trip for French class. My parents got me a desk last year when I started Uni and it doesn't match anything. It's from Ikea and it's ruining my life

EMMA: I find reality pretty difficult. I find the business of getting out of bed and getting on with the day really hard. I find picking up my phone to be a mammoth fucking struggle. The number on my inbox. The friends who won't see me anymore. The food pictures and porn videos, the bombings and beheadings, the moral ambivalence you have to have to just be able to carry on with your day. I find the knowledge that we're all just atoms and one day will just stop and be dirt in the ground, I find that overwhelmingly disappointing.

And I wish I could feel otherwise. I wish I could be like you. Or my mother. To feel that some things are predetermined and meaningful and that we're somewhere on a track between the start and finish lines. But I can't because I care about what's true, what's actually verifiably true. You're able to forfeit rationality for a comforting untruth so how are you supposed to help me? You're looking at the world through such a tight filter you're barely living in it. You're barely alive. Drugs and alcohol have never let me down. They have always loved me. There are substances I can put into my bloodstream that make the world perfect. That is the only absolute truth in the universe. I am being difficult because you want to take it away from me. So sorry.

BOYS: Ella Hickson (UK)

SOPHIE: Do you; have you ever actually felt any – guilt? Because it's come as a bit of a surprise that um, that - you, one, I don't, can't actually feel it. Like I can't get my body to do it, on its own, it's not something I can generate somehow, like, I - I find myself having to actually summon it, trying to encourage myself, to summon it and even then I can't do it, really, I can't feel it. I thought it might be shock at first and then - grief or but I think I might not feel it. I can't. I don't. All I can feel is total joy, total - peace. I look at you and I sometimes actually make myself think of him, I force him into my head and I don't feel guilty. What does that mean? What kind of person does that make me? *(Pause.)* Hm? Sometimes I think it's because - what we have is love, meant to be. *(Laughs.)* That we love each other, yes, Mack, that is what I sometimes think. Is that ridiculous? And sometimes I even think that that love is so important that it is bigger, or equal to - what he did. That they are just two feelings, one is love and the other is despair and both just have an action. And that those actions are different but that somehow they are equal – does that make me a monster? I sat at his funeral looking at his parents and Benny but all I could think of, all I could feel – was you.

But then I look at you and I wonder if it's actually there. I wonder if I added up the amount of minutes, hours, fucking days I have spent thinking about you, the amount of fucking longing I have done - if I added that up and weighed it against anything you have ever actually said... and - *(Pause.)*

But then you do the smallest thing you make me a cup of tea when I don't ask, or you touch my hand really lightly in a room full of people and I think no, Sophie, don't laugh- don't laugh because it's real and it's so much more real because it's unsaid and unspoken and un – un – un — it's so much more real because I can't touch it, because we can't say it and I can't see it, it's so much more real because I don't know if it's there.

Please say something.

Please. Please tell me if.....

THE RETURN: Reg Cribb (AUS)

STEVE: No, no, no… ya can't turn back now. I'm startin' to see you as the voice of a very misunderstood section of our society. But you know… there's a million of me getting' round, mate. And they'll all tell ya they had a tough life. You know, beaten up by their dad, in trouble with the cops, pisshead mum, rough school. A million fuckin' excuses why they turned out to be bad eggs.

And I got all of the above… Oh yeah! Truth is, most of —em are just bored. They leave their shit-ass state school and live on the dole in their diddly bumfuck nowhere suburb. Before ya know it, ya got some girl up the duff and no money. She spends the day with a screamin' sprog and a fag in her mouth plonked in front of a daytime soap wearin her tracky daks all day, dreamin' of bein' swept away by some Fabio and she just gets… fatter. But… her Centrelink payments have gone up and all her fat friends are waitin' in line behind her!

It's a career move for —em. Gettin up the duff. And you… drink with ya mates, watch the footy and the highlight of the week is the local tavern has a skimpy barmaid every Friday. And ya know the rest of the world is havin a better time. Ya just know it. The magazines are tellin' ya that, the newspapers, the telly.

Everybody's richer, everybody's more beautiful, and everybody's got more… purpose. And ya thinkin', how do I make sense of this dog-ass life? And then one day ya just get hold of a gun. Ya don't even know what ya gonna do with it. It's like the sound of a V8 in the distance. It takes ya… somewhere else. [Pause.] I didn't see ya writin' any of this down. I'm spillin' my guts out in the name of art and you don't give a shit. What sort of writer are ya?

LOVE: Patricia Cornelius (AUS)

LORENZO: The moment I saw you I thought, you are beautiful, really beautiful, so beautiful, and small. Beautiful and small. I loved you. I saw you and I couldn't keep my hands off you. Wanted to touch you, pick you up, feel your beautiful little body in my hands. Something about how little you were, how I could hold you, how I could lift you right off the ground, made me feel a big man. And a good man, a really good man. I wanted to look after you. Never wanted that before.

Now look at you. Fuck. Look at you, you're nineteen and you look like an old crow. Fuck. Look at you. You used to have some pride in the way you looked, dressed up you looked beautiful. It felt good to be seen with you. Like, feast your eyes on this, and she's mine. Now who wants you, looking the way you look, who'd come near you? You're a slag, an old rag. Get up. Fucking get up would you, you fucking useless scrag. Get up!

LUKA: I… have… just hit a dog. And… I guess I don't really know how to deal with that. I mean, I know it was just a dog and… not a kid or anything, thank god but, yeah, I don't know. I'm still quite shaken up.

I wasn't going too fast or not looking – I was concentrating, I was going at the speed limit. But, um…it came out too quickly, from nowhere, from off the footpath, and I didn't have time to brake, and so I hit it… yeah.

When I hit it, it didn't go under straight away. It went forward, and it hit the back of the car in front of me. And then… then I ran over it. That's when I ran over it.

I stopped the car. And I went back up the road. I walked up the middle of the road, and… and when I got to the dog it was flat. It was so flat and there was a bone poking out of its stomach, out of the soft part. And I picked up the dog.

It was dead, but I picked it up and I saw it had this broken leash around its neck. So, I found the pole with the other end of the leash on it. And I looked around at the shops near the pole, and I figured its owner must be in one of them.

And – I don't know- it seemed important to show them their dog, so I carried it in to all these shops. I must have looked like a fucking mess. People noticed me one at a time. This one woman, she turned around just as I was behind her… and…

She gave me the worst look. She really hated me. I thought it was her dog, but she just walked off. Maybe it was. It could have been. Maybe she didn't want to know it anymore. No – maybe she didn't recognize it. I'm not sure.

And then I looked at the dog, and I guess I looked at me holding the dog. And… it just all seemed so… like what did it matter whose it was. It wasn't anyone's dog anymore… because it was dead.

So, I went outside and – I don't know – I… I didn't know what to do. So, I just lay it down. I lay it down next to a bin, like it was rubbish, or like it was sleeping. Except it looked dead. It didn't look asleep.

I'm… I don't understand really how it all happened. I was just going to get coffee.

GORGON: Elena Carapetis (AUS)

LEE: Bedroom door smashes open, bangs the wall and he stands there, growling at me to do what he says, take those bloody bins out, do it now. Rims of his eyes all pink and the rims of his nose all wide. 'Stop sulking, don't look at the floor.' So I bend my gaze up to meet his twisted face and my jaw becomes steel. Push it all down into the pit of my guts and swallow the bitter water forcing up my throat. Meet him full in the face. My heart drops down to my guts and I sound like something else when I say 'Yes sir'. Shakes his head, walks out.

Head outside and I pass mum in the kitchen. Sitting at the table on her own. Not reading. Not doing a crossword. Not doing anything. Just sitting there.

Kick the gate and swing the blue bin out onto the night street. Stinks. Kid riding his bike talking on his phone clocks me and I'm sprung, looking like this. Doing this. I head back inside. Mum? Go back to drift training and it's shit. Take the bend, spin out, crash. Again and again and again. Wanna chuck it all through the window. Into the bin on the street that stinks. Dad's fault. Coulda let me do it in my own time. He coulda asked me nicer. Like I'm not the enemy. Coulda knocked on my door and teased me for being lazy. I woulda laughed. Woulda run out to do it quite happy. Woulda passed him on the way back to my room, sitting on the couch with mum, like he used to, he coulda put his arm around her, like he used to. Offered me a biscuit. The good ones. The ones with proper chocolate. We coulda been nice to each other for once. Shoulda told him to get out. Stop speaking to us like that. Not scared of you, mate, do it yourself for once. Shoulda stood up to him. But then he woulda... And I mighta… I was gonna do it.

Trucks don't come till tomorrow. Hate bin night.

A VIEW OF CONCRETE: Gareth Ellis (AUS)

NEIL: It's early Sunday afternoon, it's yesterday, right, nice day. I'm sitting in McDonalds, or KFC, it's a fast food joint, like take-away. Anyway, this friend, my friend Sharon, or Sharee or something, I don't know her very well, I know her from clubs. Anyway, moving on. She has this friend with her. A girl, this beautiful girl. She's from an island or something, in the Caribbean or America. So we get talking, and she likes to party, and I like to party, so we decide to party together, that night, Sunday night.

And she's beautiful. I mean she's even beautiful walking away, she's like – swish, swish, swish.

So I call this mate of mine, good mate, drug dealer. So I call him and I get some Three Four. You know what Three Four is? It's Three Four Methylene Dioxy Methyl Amphetamine. It's a drug, it's ecstasy, it's a party drug. MDMA.

So we take this MD and we go into the club. So we're in the club and she's like – swish, swish. But the DJ... See the DJ's playing this Trance, Hard Trance, like Industrial Trance, not Sci Trance, or just Trance, it's too hard. It's messing up her swish. So we bunt. We get the fuck out of there.

We go to this park. It's not a park, it's an oval, like a football oval. And we're there under the stars, they're city stars, they're not real stars, but they're still there through the fog, or smog, whatever. And we're sitting there, and I love her, I mean I love this girl, I love her. So we do some Meth, some Crystal Meth, it's like speed, but it's not speed, it's Meth, Methyl Amphetamine.

And I'm starting to get these hallucinations, so I tell her there are these little Pac-Men between us, and she sees them - see we're in tune. Then she says, they're getting bigger. And they are, bigger and bigger. So we get up, and run in different directions around the white line on the oval, away from the Pac-Men, the Pac-Men chasing us.

After about a minute of running as hard as I can, I've forgotten what I'm running for. And at that moment, we collide, me and Swish, and we kiss. Oh, we kiss. And then, the Meth drops down my throat. And if you know Meth, Meth is bad, Meth tastes real bad, and I hurl. And it's like an umbilical kiss. It's like a bird feeding another bird. And she's choking on this Grolsh, and I think she inhales, 'cos she just goes down. And she's like, dead, or dying, and I love her, but I can't help her, but I love her, but I'm off my face, so what can I do? What can I do?

So I take her phone and I dial triple zero. And I put the phone on her stomach, and I kiss her on the forehead, and I walk away. Into the night.

JUMPERS FOR GOALPOSTS: Tom Wells (UK)

LUKE: Sorry this has thrown me a bit. I mean I was already, got my top and I was like: oh my god I'm actually on a team. With a nickname. That's like, appropriate. Cos it's. Not really had one before, normally just, people in the past just went for sort of, Bender, whatever. But: a snog! That is, even better. Honestly. And it's, yeah.

First one, actually. I know: pathetic, like I'm all, but. I'm from Patrington, work in a library it's. Slim pickings, if I'm honest. Cos, can't snog a book, can you? My Mum said that. Well she said you can but, they don't snog back. Which is actually just, you know. The truth. Thing is: you know what it's, like you grow up, wait all these years and, I dunno, feel like I've watched everyone else just, people, other people, doing all the sort of proper rank squelchy teenage stuff. Not - I didn't watch watch but, they weren't sort of, you couldn't miss it. Always someone getting, getting pregnant or, you know, stumbling out of a toilet cubicle, jizz dangling off their eyebrow it's…

Year Nine: everyone got glandular fever. Not me. Felt like a right leper. But then you can't really join in can you? Can't really... Cos at the same time they're all going: that's gay, everything's gay and. Teachers even, ones who try and be bloody, whatever, cool they're all like: algebra, how gay is that? And what they mean is: that's a piece of shit, that's. That is a piece of shit. So I never really wanted to go sort of: oh I'm that too. Thought, best just, hang on a bit. But then you sort of, you've hung on a bit long and now it's weird, missed the boat, I dunno. Sort of, given up.

But, apparently not. Apparently you can just, get a job in the library, wait three years, suddenly there's like this, yeah, this bloody, fit lad. Borrowing a book. And at first you're thinking no way but then, I dunno. Keeps coming back and. Working and. Cos that's the thing about libraries isn't it? They're sort of, people forget but, they're sort of for lonely people. So, yeah, just the thought you were in there made me a bit like: maybe. But I was. To be honest I was sort of hoping when, if the time came I'd play it, play it cool but. But I wasn't expecting, so. Tonight so. So I suppose I haven't. In the end.