



# **Bachelor of Creative Arts (Drama)**

## **Recommended Monologues**

## **AUDITION PIECES – FEMALE**

### **THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov**

IRINA: Tell me, why is it I'm so happy today? Just as if I were sailing along in a boat with big white sails, and above me the wide, blue sky and in the sky great white birds floating around?

You know, when I woke up this morning, and after I'd got up and washed, I suddenly felt as if everything in the world had become clear to me, and I knew the way I ought to live. I know it all now, my dear Ivan Romanych. Man must work by the sweat of his brow whatever his class, and that should make up the whole meaning and purpose of his life and happiness and contentment. Oh, how good it must be to be a workman, getting up with the sun and breaking stones by the roadside – or a shepherd – or a school-master teaching the children – or an engine-driver on the railway. Good Heavens! It's better to be a mere ox or horse, and work, than the sort of young woman who wakes up at twelve, and drinks her coffee in bed, and then takes two hours dressing...How dreadful! You know how you long for a cool drink in hot weather? Well, that's the way I long for work. And if I don't get up early from now on and really work, you can refuse to be friends with me any more, Ivan Romanych.

## HONOUR BY JOANNA MURRAY-SMITH

SOPHIE: I wish—I wish I was more... Like you. Like you. You're so—you're so clear. You seem so clear about things. Whereas I'm—I'm so—I can never quite say what I'm—even to myself, I'm so inarticulate. [Beat.] Some nights I lay awake and I go over the things I've said. Confidently. The things I've said confidently and they—they fall to pieces. [Beat.] And where there were words there is now just—just this feeling of—of impossibility. That everything is— there's no way through it— [Pause.] I used to feel that way when I was very small. That same feeling. Not a childish feeling—well, maybe. As if I was choking on—as if life was coming down on me and I couldn't see my way through it. What does a child who has everything suffer from? Who could name it? I can't. I can't. [Breaking.] But it was a—a sort of—I used to see it in my head as jungle. Around me. Surrounding me. Some darkness growing, something—organic, alive—and the only thing that kept me—kept me— here— was the picture of Honor and of Gus. Silly. [Beat.] Because I'm old now and I shouldn't remember that anymore. Lying in bed and feeling that they were there; outside the room in all their—their warmth, their—a kind of charm to them. Maybe you're right and it was—not so simple as it looked, but they gave such a strong sense of—love for each other and inside that—I felt—I felt loved. And since I've gotten older I don't feel— [Weeping.] I feel as if all that— all the—everything that saved me has fallen from me and you know, I'm not a kid any more. No. I'm not a kid any more. But I still feel—I need—I need— [Pause.] Sorry.

**WHO'S AFRAID OF THE WORKING CLASS BY CHRISTOS TSIOLKAS, PATRICIA CORNELIUS, MELISSA REEVES, ANDREW BOVELL**

RHONDA: Carol says, "Problem with you, Rhonda, problem with you is that you're just too fertile. You just got to look at a man and you're up the duff." And we laughed but she's right, she's fucking right. Woman from Welfare says, "it must be hard. Must be hard for you, Rhonda, with all those kids. Looking after them, it must be hard". And I say "No. it's not hard." Though it is. I know it and she knows it. But I'm not going to give her the satisfaction. So I say, "No. Those kids, those kids are my blessings. Everyone of them a blessing. You understand. A blessing". Though it is ... hard. But it's like Carol says I only got to look at a man. Anyway, I'm down the pub playing the bandits when Carol, she's my neighbour, lives in the flat next door, Carol comes in and says, "Cops were over your place earlier". And I said, "Oh yeah, what do they want this time? If it's Nathan, you can tell 'em he's not there. Tell 'em he's pissed off." Without a word mind you and with the rent. Bastard. And I'm not taking him back, not this time. No fucking way. Better off alone. Well, that's what Carol says. But she doesn't get it, Family Services don't get it, but it's how I am. It's my life and I like having a man around. So I've had a few. They don't stick around. Anyway, Carol says it's not Nathan they're after, it's about your kids. And so I know there's trouble. Stacey's probably been picked up shoplifting or something.

Doesn't bother me 'cause I taught 'em how. So I go down to the station and they know me there. And I say, "Where are they? I want to see my kids." You can't see them", and I look at him and I say, "I'm their mother and I can see them whenever I bloody well like". And then he says it. Just a couple of words, he says it: "There's been an accident".

"What accident?" "A fire. There's been a fire. In a Brotherhood bin. A candle. The clothes. I'm sorry".

The man in the suit, he says, "They didn't suffer, the smoke, it would have..." *"(she holds up her hand as if to motion him to stop talking)* And I say, "They suffered. You don't know how much".

## DAGS BY DEBRA OSWALD

GILLIAN: All right. I'm going to admit something I never thought I'd admit to anyone ever. I've got a crush on Adam. Head over heels. Uncontrollable passion, etcetera. Unrequited passion, of course. Now I know this sounds like I'm throwing away everything I've said so far. And I guess I am. I know every girl at school except Monica is in love with him. I know he'd never go for a dag like me. I know it's hopeless. I know all that. But I can't help it. Just thinking he might look at me, my heart starts pounding like mad. And then I worry about whether he can tell my heart's going crazy, and I have to act really cool. This crush – it's like a disease. Do you know – oh, I'm almost too embarrassed to admit this – Adam misses the bus sometimes. 'Cos he's chatting up some girl or something. And do you know what I do? I get off the bus after one stop and walk back to school, so I can hang round the bus stop hoping he'll turn up. Just so I can ride on the same bus with him. Isn't that the most pathetic thing you've ever heard? I'm crazy. I can lie here for hours thinking about him.

Writing these movies in my head where Adam and me are the stars. I try to imagine how he'd notice me and fall hopelessly in love with me and all that. Like, one of my favourites is that the bus breaks down one day in this remote place and there we are stranded together. He discovers that I was this really fascinating woman all along. Far more interesting than all those silly girls at school. But – I say that I can't bear to be just another notch on his belt. So Adam has to beg me to go out with him. Grovel almost. That's a pretty over-the-top version.

## THE CRUCIBLE BY ARTHUR MILLER

MARY WARREN: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it?

And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

## LITTLE MURDERERS BY JULES FEIFFER

PATSY: Honey, I don't want to hurt you. I want to change you. I want to make you see that there is some value in life, that there is some beauty, some tenderness, some things *worth* reacting to. Some things *worth* feeling. But you've got to take some *chances* some time! What do you want out of life?

Just *survival*? It's not enough! It's not, not, not enough! I am not going to have a surviving marriage. I'm going to have a flourishing marriage! I'm a *woman*!

Or, by Jesus, it's about time I became one. I want a *family*! Oh, Christ Alfred, this is my wedding day. I want to be married to a big, strong protective, vital, virile, self assured man. Who I can protect and take care of. Alfred, honey, you're the first man I've ever gone to bed with where I didn't feel *he* was a lot more likely to get pregnant than I was. You owe me something! I've invested everything I believe in you. You've *got* to let me mould you. *Please* let me mould you. You've got me whining, begging and crying. I've never behaved like this is my life. Will you look at this? That's a tear. I never cried in my life.

## LOVECHILD BY JOANNA MURRAY-SMITH

BILLIE: *You* made sure! *You!* What was it you made sure of, exactly? *Where* were you? *What* did you secure for me? You have no idea! You wouldn't know the first thing about *what* was good for me, what I had, or missed, or lost! There are all kinds of liberties I might have had if my parents had been of my blood. I could have hated them and bitched about them and left and come back and left, I could have betrayed them and abandoned them and returned and fought – all those privileges of a blood connection. I could have pushed to be free of them because I would have known that I could never be free. We would have been blood. Temper or whim or anger – nothing could have budged that one fact. If it's not a blood tie, nothing's dependable. All those shifts of feeling are so much more dangerous, because there is nothing to stop you from walking away. There is nothing ... biological ... to beckon you back.

That's a big strain to live with. Somewhere good manners came into it. I couldn't be a real child, because I might hurt them and frighten them and frighten myself. So don't tell me you 'looked into them'. You didn't look anywhere. You didn't know anything.



## THE SEED BY KATE MULVANY

ROSE: There was a spray that Dad breathed in and now I don't have the eggs. They've all been destroyed by radiotherapy and even if they found one, I can't carry it. The tumour wiped out half my organs, my body can't support a baby. Grandda, I'm thirty and I've just started menopause.

I will never have children. [Beat] I will never have children. [Beat] I will never have children. And you know what? I don't think I deserve them anyway. When a friend tells me she is pregnant I smile and hug and kiss and ask her dumb questions. 'How far along?' 'Any names picked yet?' 'What are you craving?' But I don't let on what I'm craving. That despite my big smile and congratulations I'm green and I'm bubbling and I'm thinking, you bitch, I hope it fucking dies inside you, you bitch. And when a pregnant woman walks past me on the street I want punch her belly and walk away when she falls to the ground and just leave her there to deal with it. And when a husband tells me he's having his third boy I want to put my hand down his pants and rip his fucking cock off and squeeze it dry of any seed. And when I see a baby in a pram...[beat.] I just want to pick it up and smell its skin and hold it to my heart and stoke its little head and never let another person touch it for the rest of its life. Is that normal, Grandda? I don't know. And I never will. Because the seed stops here.

## LOVE AND MONEY BY DENNIS KELLY

DEBBIE: I put wall-paper paste in the coffee machine at work.

*Beat.*

You know the powder, you buy the powder in, while no one was looking I put it into the machine and stirred it all in and left it and it clogged up the machine and they all stood around it staring at it, hurt, like it was a dead puppy.

*Beat.*

When you print orders at work, they come out face up with the address on, on, on the front and you never see the backs until they, you know, come back from the clients completed, the order form is on the back, you see, so you never see the, until, so I stayed late one night and I photocopied the word 'cock' on the back of all the order forms, with a big picture of a cock and balls that I drew in magic marker, and then I put them back in the printer, and the next day they sent out thousands and they got hundreds of complaints and lost their two biggest clients.

I keep falling asleep in meetings and no-one's noticed yet. They think I'm concentrating. Last week I caught a mouse in my flat, I have mice, which is something I don't really, I don't really like that, I have mice and I caught this one on glue paper, you know, the glue traps, I've tried everything else and that's the only thing that works and the worst thing is that when you catch them they're still alive so you have to, you know, despatch them, so I put a cloth over it and I hit it on the head with a cup, a mug, but it took quite a few, you know, hits and it was screaming and I felt sick and I was crying and everything and then I peeled it off the paper, you have to be very careful because the body's quite delicate, and then I took a scalpel that I have for handicrafts and I slit its little belly open and I tugged out all its insides and I stuck them and the body onto this Christmas card, so that it was splayed open with the guts out into this Christmas tree design, and I sent it to my boss with writing cut out from a newspaper saying 'Thanks for all the hard work and good luck in the new job cunt-face'. They called the police.

*Beat.*

I wanted to be a newsreader when I was a little girl.

*Pause. She picks up the card. He stares at her.*

## **SILENT DISCO BY LACHLAN PHILPOTT**

TAMARA: I look around and see everyone in their own little world smiling- everyone dancing to their own tune not giving a fuck what anyone else has playing in their ears.

For one whole song everything like that. You and me dance like everyone else, no-one tells us we shouldn't be there,

no one tells us we are dancing the wrong steps or we don't know shit. The Carnie winks at me and I look back at you Squid.

We face each other in the silent disco.

I look at your eyes-your tough eyes aren't tough aren't hard they're smiling. Right there and then-everything else blown away-just you and me Squid.

You so close I feel you breathe. We've never danced like this before. You reach out and pull me closer to you. The way you pull me in-makes me feel like I'm the best thing in the world.

## COMPANY BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM AND GEORGE FURTH

APRIL: Right after I became an airline stewardess, a friend of mine who had a garden apartment gave me a cocoon for my bedroom. He collects things like that, insects and caterpillars and all that ... It was attached to a twig and he said one morning I'd wake up to a beautiful butterfly in my bedroom - when hatched. He told me that when they come out they're soaking wet and there is a drop of blood there, too - isn't that fascinating - but within an hour they dry off and then they begin to fly. Well, I told him I had a cat. I had a cat then, but he said just put the cocoon somewhere where the cat couldn't get at it... which is impossible, but what can you do? So I put it up high on a ledge where the cat never went, and the next morning it was still there, at least so it seemed safe to leave it. Well, anyway, almost a week later very, very early this one morning the guy calls me, and he said, "April, do you have a butterfly this morning?" I told him to hold on and managed to get up and look and there on that ledge I saw this wet spot and a little speck of blood but no butterfly, and I thought "Oh dear God in heaven, the cat got it." I picked up the phone to tell this guy and just then suddenly I spotted it under the dressing table, it was moving one wing. The cat had got at it, but it was still alive. So I told the guy and he got so upset and he said "Oh no - oh, God, no - don't you see that's a life-a living

thing?" Well, I got dressed and took it to the park and put it on a rose, it was summer then, and it looked like it was going to be all right - I think, anyway. But that man - I really felt damaged by him - awful - that was just cruel. I got home and I called him back and said, "Listen, I'm a living thing too, you shithead!" (*pause*) I never saw him again.

## **CIGARETTES AND CHOCOLATE BY ANTHONY MINGHELLA**

GEMMA: When you stop speaking, it's like stopping eating. The first day there's something thrilling, and new, before the pain begins. The pain where you want to give up, where you can think of nothing else.

Then the second day, you feel wretched, the third delirious, and then suddenly there's no appetite, it shrinks, it shrinks, until the prospect of speaking, the thought of words retching from the mouth, how ugly and gross it seems.

Nothing changes.

I'm on the pill, I'm off the pill, I'm on the pill, I'm off the pill. I'm listening to jazz, swing, jazz, swing, I'm getting my posters framed. I'm telling my women's group everything. I'm protesting. I'm protesting. I've covered my wall with postcards, with posters, with postcards, with posters. No this. Out them. In these. Yes those. No this. Out them. In these. Yes those. The rows. The rows with my friends, my lovers. What were they about? What did they change? The fact is, the facts are, nothing is changed. Nothing has been done. There is neither rhyme nor reason, just tears, tears, people's pain, people's rage, their aggression. And silence.

## JERUSALEM BY MICHAEL GURR

NINA: And what is that idea? That everyone gets the disease they deserve? Yes, I am interested in it. And I'm particularly interested in the fact that you never hear it from the parents of a child born with its brain hanging out of its head. Karma? What goes around comes around? There's something very nasty hiding in the idea of karma. It's another way of not thinking. People get what they deserve? Sounds like the Liberal Party with a joint in its mouth.

*Beat.*

All bad deeds are accounted for? Really? In my experience there are great numbers of very bad people leading very happy lives. It's a pretty false comfort, wouldn't you say, to think they'll all get a spank in Hell. To think they'll all come back as a piece of dogshit.

*Beat.*

Surely the point is what we do now. Who we become, how we behave. To leave all the judgement up to God or the karmic compost— that's a terrible impotence, isn't it? Adults, grown men and women, with a dummy in the mouth. And look closely at this, Malcolm, look at the people who glue themselves to these ideas. For the happy and healthy these ideas are a way of feeling smug. Fifty cents in the poor box and the knowledge that the poor will always be with us. And those who actually suffer? What are they saying? I am suffering because God wants me to? I think of those American slave songs, so uplifting, and I want to be sick. In my training they take you around the wards. There was a woman, both breasts long gone into the hospital incinerator. She tried to hold my gaze while the sutures were taken out. Until the hospital chaplain came sliding across the lino. And her pale fierce eyes slid him right back through the curtain.

*Beat.*

You see, I don't believe that justice is something you light a candle for. It's just the way you behave.

## THE BOYS BY GORDON GRAHAM

No. Not by a long shot. But I'll tell you, I've had plenty of time to think about it, these last few months. Sittin' there in that room starin' at me tummy while it all went on outside. Thinkin' about that poor little kid in there, watchin' the ripples where he was jumpin' up and down, wonderin' what was goin' to happen to him.

*[Pause]*

Yeah, hah, you know the first thing I said to meself after the birth? I said, thank God it's not a girl. 'Cause I'd been thinkin' you know, about what happened to that girl that night. Thinkin' about all sorts of things blokes might do to my girl if she was pretty, and all the things she'd have to cop if she wasn't. Either way she'd lose.

*[Pause]*

I mean I s'pose you can try getting by just being on your own and that, but jeez they make it tough for you. They make you feel like you're missin' out on so much if you can't go along with it all, can't be the sort of girl who has blokes after her all the time. All that sort of playing games and putting it on you're supposed to do.

## **WHEN I WAS A GIRL I USED TO SCREAM AND SHOUT BY SHARMAN MACDONALD**

FIONA: (*very quickly*) Last week, I was on the bus, upstairs. I was going to see Dorothy and this girl up the front, she started having a fit or something. Must have been the heat. There were lots of people there between her and me but they, none of them... I went over to her and did what I could. She was heavy. I'd heard about them biting through their tongues. Epileptics. It wasn't pretty. Me and this other bloke took her to the hospital. But I saw her first. He wouldn't have done anything if I hadn't. I didn't get to see Dorothy. Well?

That's worth something, isn't it? God. Are you listening? I'm not trying to bribe you. It's plain economics. I mean, I've made a mistake. It was my fault and I was wrong. I take it all on me. OK. Now if you let it make me pregnant... God.

Listen, will you. If I'm pregnant it'll ruin four people's lives. Five. Right? My Mum'll be disappointed and her man'll walk out on her. That's two. Are you with me, God? I'll not be very happy. My mother'll hate me for the rest of my life for what I've done and that's not easy to live with. That's three. I'm still counting, God. Ewan'll be in for it. Well, he can't avoid it. I'm illegal and I've never been out with anybody else. Not that nobody fancied me. I wouldn't like to think I was unpopular. Lots of people fancied me. My mum said I had to wait till I was sixteen. Then she relented just when Ewan happened to be there.

Poor old Ewan. That's four, God, that's four. Then there's the baby. If it's there and if I have it it's got no chance. It would be born in Scotland. Still there, are you? I hate Scotland. I mean, look at me. If I have an abortion the baby'll be dead so that'll be five anyway.



## **AUDITION PIECES – MALE**

### **FOOL FOR LOVE by Sam Shepard**

EDDIE: And we walked right through town. Past the donut shop, past the miniature golf course, past the Chevron station. And he opened the bottle up and offered it to me. Before he even took a drink, he offered it to me first. And I took it and drank it and handed it back to him. And we just kept passing it back and forth like that as we walked until we drank the whole thing dry. And we never said a word the whole time. Then, finally, we reached this little white house with a red awning, on the far side of town. I'll never forget the red awning because it flapped in the night breeze and the porch light made it glow. It was a hot, desert breeze and the air smelt like new-cut alfalfa. We walked right up to the front porch and he rang the bell and I remember getting real nervous because I wasn't expecting to visit anybody. I thought we were just out for a walk. And then this woman comes to the door. This real pretty woman with red hair. And she throws herself into his arms. And he starts crying. He just breaks down right there in front of me. And she's kissing him all over the face and holding him real tight and he's just crying like a baby. And then through the doorway, behind them both, I see this girl. She just appears. She's just standing there, staring at me and I'm staring back at her and we can't take our eyes off each other. It was like we knew each other from somewhere but we couldn't place where. But the second we saw each other, that very second, we knew we'd never stop being in love.

## MYTH PROPAGANDA AND DISASTER IN NAZI GERMANY BY STEPHEN SEWELL

MAX: Look, mate, I don't know what's happening – I just arrived here, right? And, all right, I know the Americans go on with all this flag-waving, patriotic bullshit and think the rest of the world hates them, but fuck, Talbot, they're right: the rest of the world does hate 'em – I hate 'em and I want to live here! It's envy, isn't it: everyone looks at what they've got and wants it, only they don't want to put the hard work into it, do they; they don't want to dismantle their own fucked-up societies and build new ones – they don't want to get rid of all the old power elites and give individuals their own power; they don't want to educate women or stop sending kids blind weaving rugs, they just want the stuff, that's right, isn't it; and figure the reason they can't get the stuff, is because the Americans are stopping them. I mean, that's just the way the world works, isn't it? Like in *The Life of Brian* - 'What did the Romans ever do for us?' That's where we're at now, and now some prick's actually done something about it, and killed three thousand people, and the Americans are fucking mad as hell, because they know every single one of them is on that plane hurtling toward the Twin Towers and they don't like it and they're not going to stand for it, and they're going to get the pricks that're threatening them. Well, all power to George W – I don't want the fucking pricks to win, either. There were Aussies killed up there, mate, there were English, there were Scots, there were fucking Moslems, for fuck's sake! There was fucking everybody: everyone's hopes were up there in those two towers – hopes for their own advancement, hopes that dumb human beings like us could actually get somewhere, hopes for a better world – and those deadshits – Osama and his mates – those fucking deadshits just went, 'Nah, we don't care about you and your hopes. Your God sucks. You're fucked. This is the way the world is now. Fuck ya.' That's what they said. And now America's saying, 'Fuck you' back, and if they didn't mate, then I'd be scared. It's a war, Talbot.

## I'VE COME ABOUT THE ASSASSINATION BY TONY MORPHETT

YOUNG MAN: Violent? Violent, are we? Tell me what else we've ever been shown, Dad. Eh Dad? Eh? What else have we ever seen, eh? Teenager ordered the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, eh Dad? Bit of a kid worked out the answer to the Jewish problem, eh Dad? All you kids. All so violent. You were a violent kid, Dad, weren't you? Fighting in the revolution. Cutting people's throats an all. Who was it told you to cut the throats, Dad? Teenager was it?

Or was it some old bastard with a grey moustache and one foot in the grave? Eh, Dad? Eh? Who nudded out the area bombing in Germany? Who worked out the flying bombs for England? Who said for every one bomb that drops on our kids, we'll drop ten on theirs? Rotten pimply-faced teenage hooligans, wasn't it? Eh, Dad? You know why you say we're violent? Because some of us have taken a wake-up to you. I wouldn't swat a fly for you or anyone else your age. But if I needed to, for myself, I'd cut God's throat. I'm not killing for old men in parliaments. I'm killing for myself. And do you know why, Dad? Because all along, right down the line from the man with the club killing on the witchdoctor's say-so, right through to the poor helpless bastards spitted on bayonets in what a warm, fat bishop could call a just war, right down the line, there's always been another generation of kids to send off to get killed. But this is it. Since that bomb. If we muff it, it .... is ... this ... generation ... that... picks ... up ... the ...cheque. So that's why I'm not listening to anyone butme.

And for all sorts of confused reasons, I am going to kill that man in the car.

## THE RETURN BY REG CRIBB

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 withit. 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?

## RUBEN GUTHRIE BY BRENDAN COWELL

RUBEN: School school school school school.

Fuck, um – well my parents sent me to a boarding school. I mean how hard is it to have one kid asleep at night in your house how hard is it but no . . . boarding school!

Look, I gotta say I wasn't like —this at boarding school, I didn't like getting smashed on rocket fuel and talking about vaginas, honestly I had no interest in Alcohol at all.

I spent my money on magazines and electronics – fashion mostly. By the time I reached Year Eight I had fifteen pairs of jeans.

So of course the rugby guys and the rowing guys and the wrestling guys would come in at night and they'd pin me down and get it out of their system – the rage.

—Nice shoes faggot – you got mousse in your hair let's put mousse in his anus!

I'd be flipping through MAD magazine and just put the thing down and take it. Fine.

But then this guy called Corey joined our school, and suddenly all that stopped.

Corey was older than me, bigger than me and a whole lot cooler than me. He drove a black Suzuki Vitara had five earrings and the word 'Fuck' tattooed inside his lip. My mum was always saying —bring Corey with you on the weekend and she'd go all flushed and wear low-cut tops in the kitchen.

To this day I don't know why he chose me but he did.

## **PUNK ROCK BY SIMON STEPHENS**

CHADWICK: Human beings are pathetic. Everything human beings do finishes up bad in the end. Everything good human beings ever make is built on something monstrous. Nothing lasts. We certainly won't. We could have made something really extraordinary and we won't. We've been around one hundred thousand years. We'll have died out before the next two hundred.

You know what we've got to look forward to? You know what will define the next two hundred years? Religions will become brutalised; crime rates will become hysterical; everybody will become addicted to internet sex; suicide will become fashionable; there'll be famine; there'll be floods; there'll be fires in the major cities of the Western world. Our education systems will become battered. Our health services unsustainable; our police forces unmanageable; our governments corrupt. There'll be open brutality in the streets; there'll be nuclear war; massive depletion of resources on every level; insanely increasing third-world population. It's happening already. It's happening now. Thousands die every summer from floods in the Indian monsoon season. Africans from Senegal wash up on the beaches of the Mediterranean and get looked after by guilty holidaymakers. Somalians wait in hostels in Malta or prison islands north of Australia. Hundreds die of heat or fire every year in Paris. Or California. Or Athens. The oceans will rise. The cities will flood. The power stations will flood. Airports will flood. Species will vanish forever. Including ours. So if you think I'm worried by you calling me names, Bennet, you little, little boy, you are fucking kidding yourself.

## LOVE BY PATRICIA CORNELIUS

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!

## SECRET BRIDESMAIDS BUSINESS BY ELIZABETH COLEMAN

JAMES: Look, sex and love are separate things...Well, they can be, that's all I'm saying. This thing with Naomi-okay, it should never have happened-but it didn't have to impact on what I have with Meg. I thought that was the deal. It was a separate arrangement. She told me she just wanted a bit of fun, and now she turns around and does this...! I mean, where the hell did that come from? If I'd known Naomi felt like that I would've broken it off with her months ago. Well maybe. Oh shit, maybe not. But I just-I just wish women would say what they mean. You know-plainly, clearly state what they want instead of expecting you to be psychic. Meg bought me this T-shirt at the Warner Brothers store, and it's got a picture of Superman on it. He's wearing this perplexed expression and he's saying You want me to leap tall buildings and be sensitive and supportive?! That's how it is with women. They want you to slay a dragon for them one second, then cry at a guide dog commercial the next.

And somehow you're expected to guess when they want you to be controlling and when they want you to be crying-and if you don't make the right guess at the right time it's instantly construed as proof that you don't love them enough. If you really loved me you wouldn't need to ask. How many times have I heard that? Well I'm sorry, I've loved a few people a lot, but no-one's ever stepped out of the shadows and handed me a crystal ball. Anyway, I know I'm trying to change the subject. The fact is, I've been acting like a prick.



## DEATH OF A SALESMAN BY ARTHUR MILLER

BIFF: Now hear this, Willy, this is me... You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail... I stole myself out of every good job since high school!... And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody!

That's whose fault it is! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, I saw the things that I love in this world. The work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy?...Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you! I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash-can like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing them home!... Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it anymore. I'm just what I am, that's all. (*CRYING, BROKEN*) Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phony dream and burn it before something happens?

## THE CALL BY PATRICIA CORNELIUS

CHUNK: You've got it all wrong. It come to me like a whack on the back of the head, like the floor's suddenly given way. An epiphany, that's what I'm having. Ever heard of an epiphany, Aldo? It's like God's spoken, like lightning, some fucking big moment of enlightenment. And I'm having it. It's all crap. It's a big load of bull. A hoax. Someone major's pulling our leg, got us by the throat and is throttling us, got us boxed in, packed up. Nothing—means—nothing. You got it? Once you got that, you're living free. Who says how life's meant to be? Who says what's good, what you should or shouldn't do? Who in hell's got the right to measure a man's success? He did this, he did that, he got that job, he got paid a lot. Fuck off. He owns a house, a wife, two kids. So what? He's a lawyer, a doctor, he's made a success of his life. No success story for the likes of us.

And you know what? I don't give a shit. Finally it's clear to me. It's all crap. And I'm free of it at last.

## **COSI BY LOUIS NOWRA**

DOUG: It was the fault of the psychiatrist. I'd been seeing him because of my pyromania-that's a person who likes lighting fires-but you probably know that being University educated. You know the problem with pyromania? It's the only crime where you have to be at the scene of it to make it a perfect crime, to give yourself satisfaction. "Course, that means the chances of you getting caught are greater, especially if you're standing in front of the fire, face full of ecstasy and with a gigantic hard on. So, the cops got me and I'm sent to the shrink. He tells me that I've got an unresolved problem with my mother. I think, hello, he's not going to tell me to do something Oedipal, like fuck her or something...but that wasn't the problem. My ego had taken a severe battering from her. He said I had better resolve it, stop treating her like I was still a child. It made some sort of cosmic sense. I had to stand up to her. So I thought about it and realised that I had to treat it like a boxing match, get the first punch in, so to speak, to give me the upper hand in our relationship. She had five cats.

One night I rounded them up, put them in a cage, doused them with petrol and put a match to them. Well, boy, oh, boy, what a racket! They were running around the backyard burning and howling-there's no such thing as grace under pressure for a burning cat, let me tell you. I hid in the shrubs when Mum came outside to see what was happening. Totally freaked out, she did. Five of them, running around the backyard like mobile bonfires. I figured I'd wait a couple of hours till the cats were dead and mum was feeling a bit sorry for herself and I'd knock on the front door and say to her 'Hi, mum, I've come to talk about our unresolved conflicts' but, oh, no, one of those cats ran into the house. In a couple of minutes the whole bloody house was alight and within half an hour there was no bloody front door to knock on. (a beat) If it wasn't for that damn cat, I wouldn't be here.

## AWAY BY MICHAEL GOW

TOM: Yeah, that's what I had. An infection. Everyone knew I had some infection. I was sick. I was told the infection was running its course. That I had to fight. I did. One day a doctor came and sat on my bed and had a long talk with me. He told me that before I got completely well again I would get a lot worse, get really, really sick. And no matter how sick I got not to worry because it meant that soon I'd start to get well again. He was full of shit. He couldn't look me in the face to say it. He stared at the cabinet next to the bed the whole time. And the nurses were really happy whenever they were near me, but when I stared them in the face, in the end they'd look away and bite their lips. When I was able to go home the doctor took me into his office and we had another talk. I had to look after myself. No strain, no dangerous activity. Keep my spirits up. Then he went very quiet, leant over the desk, practically whispering how if I knew a girl it'd be good for me to do it, to try it. 'It', he kept calling it. It, it. I put him on the spot. What? Name it. Give it a name. He cleared his throat. 'Sexual intercourse'. But if I was worried about going all the way I could experiment with mutual masturbation. Know what that is?

## THE FATHER WE LOVED ON A BEACH BY THE SEA BY STEPHEN SEWELL

DAN: What's the matter with you? Haven't you got fucking eyes? Look at the place! They've turned it into a fucking prison...Jesus Christ. You never understood, did you? What did you want me to do? Turn my back on the whole thing? You bring me up to believe in truth and charity and then you want me to ignore what's going on in the world. You can napalm fucking peasants to the shithouse and still receive communion on Sunday. The cops can murder blacks in the streets, but the rule of law still holds. Did you ever ask whose law? Didn't you ever ask why you ate bread an' dripping an' them on the North Shore fed steak to their dogs? Fuck me dead. If you wanted me to be anything else, why didn't you just teach me how to cheat an' swindle a fortune for myself an' leave it at that?

*(PAUSE)*

... Why don't you say something to me, for God's sake? Why didn't you ever say anything to me? Were you frightened of me? Don't you think I need you?

## THE MATCHMAKER BY THORNTON WILDER

CORNELIUS: Isn't the world full of wonderful things? There we sit cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs Molloy are walking around in New York and we don't know them at all. I don't know whether - from where you're sitting - you can see - well, for instance, the way (pointing to the edge of his right eye) her eye and forehead and cheek come together, up here. Can you? And the kind of fireworks that shoot out of her eyes all the time. I tell you right now: a fine woman is the greatest work of God. You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids; they aren't in it at all. Of course, up there at Yonkers they came into the store all the time, and bought this and that, and I said "Yes, ma'am", and "That'll be seventy-five cents, ma'am"; and I watched them. But today I've talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal, and to the finest one that ever existed, in my opinion.

They're so different from men! Everything that they say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. (he laughs) Golly, they're different from men. And they're awfully mysterious, too. You never can be really sure what's going on in their heads. They have a kind of wall around them all the time - of pride and a sort of play-acting: I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without ever being really sure whether she liked you or not. This minute I'm in danger. I'm in danger of losing my job and my future and everything that people think is important; but I don't care. Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch-digger who once had a wonderful day.

## THE VORTEX BY NOEL COWARD

NICKY: Look at me. You've given me nothing my whole life. Nothing that counts. You forget what I've seen tonight Mother. I've seen you make a vulgar disgusting scene in your own house, and on top of that, humiliate yourself before a boy half your age. The misery of losing Bunty faded away when that happened. Everything is comparative after all. You ran after him up the stairs because your vanity wouldn't let you lose him. It isn't that you love him, no, that would be easier - you only love them loving you. All your so-called passion and temperament is false. Your whole existence has degenerated into an endless empty craving for admiration and flattery, and you say you've done no harm to anybody? Father used to be a clever man, with a strong will and a capacity for enjoying almost anything, but now, he's nothing. A complete non- entity because his spirit has been crushed. How could it be otherwise? You've let him down consistently for years! And God knows I'm nothing for him to look forward to. But I might have been if it hadn't been for you! You're not happy. You're never happy. You're fighting all the time to keep your youth and your looks, as though they mattered in the end. You're not young or beautiful. I'm seeing for the first time just how old you are. It's horrible. With your silly fair hair and your face all plastered and painted. Mother! Mother, sit up! Now then, you're not going to have any more lovers. You're not going to be beautiful or successful ever again. You're going to be my mother for once. It's about time I had one before I go over the edge altogether. I love you really...that's why it's so awful.

## BLACKROCK BY NICK ENRIGHT

RICKO: You back me up, I'll back you up. Then whatever happened we're not in it. I know you didn't kill her! I did. I fucken killed her (A BEAT) Shana come on to me, then she backed off. Spider says it's a full moon, heaps of other chicks down the beach, take anyone on. I knew which ones were up for it, mate. We both did. We checked them out together. And they were checking us out, weren't they? You and me and every other prick. The whole fucken netball squad. So, I get out there. Wazza's getting head from some bush-pig up against the dunny wall. One of them young babes, Leanne? I don't know, comes running up to me, calls my name, Ricko, hey, Ricko! She grabs me, pushes me off. She's on, no, she's fucken not, she's with some fucken grommet, he takes her off down the south end. I head towards the rock. I hear my name again.

Ricko. Ricko. It's Tracy. Tracy Warner. I go, right, Jared was here. It's cool. I'll take his seconds. She's on her hands and knees. Says will I help her. She's lost an earring, belongs to Cherie, she has to give it back. There's something shiny hanging off the back of her T-shirt. I grab it, I say, here it is. She can't see it. I give it to her. I say what are you going to give me? She says she's going home, she's hurting. I say hurting from what? Guys, she says, those guys. Take me home, Ricko. Tells me I'm a legend, says she feels okay with me. Look after me, Ricko. Take me home. Puts her arms around me. I put mine round her. I feel okay now, Ricko. She feels more than okay. I say I'll take you home, babe, but first things first. I lay her down on the sand, but she pushes me off. Oh, she likes it rough. I give it to her rough. Then she fucken bites me, kicks me in the nuts. My hand comes down on a rock...A rock in one hand and her earring in the other. (Silence) It was like it just happened. The cops wouldn't buy that, but. Would they? Now if I was with you...Will you back me up mate? You got to. You got to. Please. Please, Jazza.