

**Bachelor of Creative Arts (Drama)
Audition Monologues 2023**

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: Laura Jackson

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.

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.

Dear The Culture. It's not a compliment. Sincerely Jiggle Tits

SPIKE HEELS: Theresa Rebeck

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

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.

RED: John Logan

KEN: **(Explodes.)** Bores you?!
 Bores you?! –
 Christ almighty, try working for you for a living! –
 The talking-talking-talking-Jesus-Christ-won't-he-ever-shut-up titanic self-
 absorption of the man!
 You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic
 bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and let's-
 look- at-the-fucking-canvas-for-another-few-weeks-let's-not-fucking-paint-
 let's-just- look.
 And the *pretention!*
 Jesus Christ, the *pretension!*
 I can't imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be
 SIGNIFICANT!
 KEN roams angrily.
 You know, not everything has to be so goddamn IMPORTANT all the time!
 Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul!
 Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS!
 Sometimes you just want a fucking still life or landscape or soup can or
 comic book!
 Which you might learn if you ever actually left your goddamn hermetically
 sealed *submarine* here with all the windows closed and no natural light –
 BECAUSE NATURAL LIGHT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!
 ROTHKO lights a cigarette. He continues to stare at KEN.
 But then *nothing* is ever good enough for you! Not even the people who
 buy your pictures! Museums are nothing but mausoleums, galleries are run
 by pimps and swindlers,
 and art collectors are nothing but shallow social-climbers. So who *is* good
 enough to own your art?!
 Anyone?!

He stops, slows, realizing.
 Or maybe the real question is: who's good enough to even see your art... Is
 it just possible *no one* is worthy to look at your paintings?...
 That's it, isn't it?...

We have all been 'weighed in the balance and have been found wanting.'
He approached ROTHKO.
 You say you spend your life in search of real 'human beings', people who
 can look at your pictures with compassion.
 But in your heart you no longer believe those people exist... So you lose
 faith...
 So you lose hope...
 So black swallows red.

Beat.
KEN is standing right before ROTHKO.
 My friend, I don't think you'd recognize a real human being if he were
 standing right in front of you.

LUNGS: Duncan Macmillan

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 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

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

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.

WEDDING TOAST: Laura Mannino

BECKY: Hi, everyone. If I could get your attention, please. I'm Becky. I want to mark the occasion of Ann and Jon's union with a few words, and honor my very, very special and dear friend, Ann. As you can tell, I'm not the maid of honor. It looks like she's still missing. I wasn't actually invited, but I wanted to stop by and surprise Ann. Surprise! Ann and I grew up next door to each other. We have so many memories. We spent every single day together. Every. Single. Day. We were joined at the hips. Literally! Remember when I sewed our dresses together and you had no choice but to spend the entire day with me? That was so much fun! Ann and I had a favourite game called "Tea Party Prisoner!" Since Ann was excellent at wiggling out of her clothes and running away, I would tie her up in a chair and we had a tea party for hours and hours. Not only did we spend our days together, Ann and I even spent out nights together. We would have sleepovers all the time! I would sit in a tree in front of Ann's bedroom window and watch her sleep like an angel in her bed and then slip away early in the morning before she even knew I was there. Then Ann's parents decided to move away and leave me all alone. Hello, Mr. and Mrs Johnston. Even though Ann's family took her away from me, I managed to still in Ann's life. Ann might not have seen me in over twenty years, but I've seen Ann! This isn't the first event that Ann forgot to invite me to but I was still there. Yeah, I was there at all of them. I took a nine-hour bus ride to every single one of them because that's what real friends do. Real friends never leave each other. Real friends spend their lives together. So Jon, I know you're Ann's husband now, but are you her friend? Her real friend? If this doesn't work out, Ann, I have a two-bedroom condo in Gainesville. That second bedroom is yours. Well, it looks that maid of honor of yours has returned with some police officers. You dance in my dreams, Ann! You dance in my dreams!

MR BAILEY'S MINDER: Debra Oswald

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.

THIS RANDOM WORLD: Steven Dietz

CLAIRE: Oh, I see: you get to have the final words but I don't? Isn't that why we came here today? It sure wasn't for the food. Didn't we come here to listen to your final words to me, Gary? And we are bowing our heads ... and we are closing our eyes... before the closing of this lid – in this rainy day in February let us mark for one another this moment: Close your eyes, Gary. This lone section of quesadilla – these humble four inches of salt and flour and water and cheese... this represents the very last thing that Gary and Claire will ever share in this world. So let us properly mark the moment here today when Gary told Claire it was over. And the next moment when Claire asked Gary why. And the moment after that when Gary said it seemed like Claire could not be “present” – truly present. And let the record note that Claire said: Okay, Gary. Maybe you're right. Give me another chance. Let's give it one more try. And Gary said... And you said No. You said: We've tried for more than a year. It didn't work. I don't we should try anymore. And I said; Man, it's really raining out there. We're going to get soaked. And you didn't say anything. And I said: The hell with it – I don't care if I get soaked. I need to go. And I stood up. And here, Gary – here is where I was waiting for you to say something really Great. I was thinking to myself “God he could say something really Great right here – and maybe that would change everything – maybe we'd still work things out” I know that's unfair. I know there was no way for you to know it was time to come up with the Awesome Thing and Say It – but right there, Gary... that was the time for you to say Something Great. And you said... You should box that up. There are homeless people around the corner. You should give that food to them.” (Pause) Here I am thinking about my little shattered heart when there are people with nothing to eat. Thank you for reminding me of that. And thank you for bringing me to a shitty restaurant for our break-up, you asshole.

HEROES: Gabriel Bergmoser

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.

FOR THE LOVE OF (OR, THE ROLLER DERBY PLAY: Gina Femia

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.

We did it!!! We're fucking graduating!!

What?

What'd 'you mean I can't say it like that?

It's graduation day, who gives a shit what I'm even saying, nobody's even listening.

Can you stop rolling your eyes at me? Fine, I'll just read it from --

[Clears her throat]

Today we graduate.

You know, all of my life, I've been short. No, like, my whole life. I was always the runty kid. The slowest. I bet you think I'm gonna say it made me invisible. But it didn't. It made me small. In everyone's eyes. Like an ant. A bug that could just be swatted away. It made my heart small, shrivel up in my chest. Made me look at this world full of giants, scared. Like an ant.

But then, I started doing roller derby. And a crazy thing happened. I got taller. Instantly. Literally, three inches. And I started knocking bitches -- women -- down, and getting knocked down and getting back up again. I'm short, but I'm fast, and I'm powerful and I got good balance and -- best of all -- I don't give up. So now, even when I take my skates off, I don't shrink no more.

There's gonna be times in our lives, outside the womb of college -- Can I say womb? okay -- Outside the womb of college where we're gonna feel less than. We're gonna feel short. But it's just an illusion -- a trick of the giants around us. Don't let nobody take away your voice -- make it louder. Don't let nobody step on you. Trip them instead. And don't let nobody shrivel your heart. Do what you gotta to make it grow.

So how about that?

That was good, right?

Yeah, I know it was.

NSFW: Lucy Kirkwood

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

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

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.'

SCENES FROM THE BIG PICTURE: Owen McAfferty

MAEVE: What way did you mean them to happen?
 That I would never know and you could go on pretending
 Or maybe I was to find something in your pocket
 Something to give the game away and I was to confront you
 And although I wasn't happy with the situation I would feel a bit guilty
 about it all
 So I would forgive you
 And we could go through the rest of our lives me thinking what's wrong with
 me
 What is it about me that makes my husband want to fuck other women?
 And you thinking these things happen
 That's the way of the world
 Is that the way you meant it to happen?
 Jesus
 A thought just came to me there
 I know who it is
 I don't know her but I saw her
 Kept looking at me that whole time I was in the shop
 This girl kept looking at me then if I caught her eye she'd look away
 She runs the pub or something
 It's her isn't it
 Doesn't matter
 It is though I know it is
 Don't say a damn thing
 I'm not giving you the chance to justify yourself that's not going to happen
 You hurt me Joe and that's it
 That's all you need to understand
 Funny thing I feel in some way
 Lighter
 When I was up at the hospital today looking at all those babies I kept
 thinking maybe Joe and I aren't right for having children
 That was the first time I thought that
 I think that's why I brought the doll home
 I think to prove me wrong
 You can take one of the good suitcases
 I'll iron some clothes for you
 You don't have a choice Joe
 I'm doing my best to maintain what little dignity I have left
 If you were to stay here Joe I'd end up only having to cut your fucking eyes
 out
 I wouldn't be pretending either

FRATERNAL: Jake Stewart

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.

SO WET: Samantha Bews (AUS)

SILV: Work is done, work is out, the stop work bell screamed - it was enough some hours ago. that's it, I've had enough, today can completely fuck off. Down pens, down dogs, the hungry pack can find something else to stare at. out of here, the day is done, goodbye the sun, bring on the night.

Tonight I will party.

Into the car. The three of us and vodka. Tim and Tom and one more is me. It's late. it's cold. it's dark. Fuck I love this. This turn of the night into a pretty picture of shimmering light. like I'm finally awake. The daylight glare of broad night. this is where my life could be. the only light sparkles and gleams. Who gets to sit on pretty Tom's grin. The pretty boy. tall dark and handsome. not even a scratch on him. tall dark and handsome, eyes that you could drop into. charming. gentle. strong. obnoxious. charming. feelgood. touch his skin. mouth. full dark haired moustache. do I want him. enough.

Up the stairs to the party. You and me and him. Party lights screaming. people yelling. music blaring. people drinking. occasional eating. Much flirting. And I love it. The party girl thing. Have a sip of vodka. have a bit of shmoozing. hear the news hear the gossip. tell me a thing. cut me a line. having a fine time. I walk around the room. I start to notice. Something. There's someone I want to know something from. can't sit down. can't stand still. another conversation a bit of a laugh. There's something itching at my side. I start looking. looking for what. looking for you. The boy in the car. Pretty boy blue. Tom, I knew it was you. I wander around the room. now I have you. I have you like a spy. I monitor you.

Dance. dancing will get you. Arm over some boy as he leans on the wall. That will get you. I walk past legs swishing. that will do. Oh god is that a flicker from you. Dance. It's late as I see you leave the room.

Him and me and you.

you and me and him.

him and you.

fuck. me.

ANTIGONE: Jean Anhouilh (FRA)

Antigone: I love Haemon. The Haemon I love is hard and young, faithful and difficult to satisfy, just as I am. But if what I love in Haemon is to be worn away like a stone step by the tread of the thing you call life, the thing you call happiness; if Haemon reaches the point where he stops growing pale with fear when I grow pale, stops thinking that I must have been killed in an accident when I am five minutes late, stops feeling that he is alone on earth when I laugh and he doesn't know why - if he too has to learn to say yes to everything - why, no, then, no! I do not love Haemon!

I am too far away from you now, talking to you from a kingdom you can't get into, with your quick tongue and your hollow heart. *(Laughs.)* I laugh, Creon, because I see you suddenly as you must have been at fifteen: the same look of impotence in your face and the same inner conviction that there was nothing you couldn't do. What has life added to you except those lines in your face, and that fat on your stomach? Do you think I can't see in your face that what I am saying is true? You can't admit it, of course; you have to go on growling and defending the bone you call happiness.

I spit on your happiness! I spit on your idea of life - that life that must go on, come what may. You are all like dogs that lick everything they smell. You with your promise of a humdrum happiness - provided a person doesn't ask too much of life. I want everything of life, I do; and I want it now! I want it total, complete: otherwise I reject it! I will *not* be moderate. I will *not* be satisfied with the bit of cake you offer me if I promise to be a good little girl. I want to be sure of everything this very day, sure that everything will be as beautiful as when I was a little girl. If not, I want to die!

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE WORKING CLASS?: Andrew Bovell, Patricia Cornelius, Melissa Reeves & Christos Tsiolkas (AUS)

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 'coz 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".

LOVECHILD: Joanna Murray-Smith (AUS)

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.

JERUSALEM: Michael Gurr (AUS)

[available at australianplays.org]

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 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?

BOY SLAUGHTER: Maxine Mellor (AUS)

JIMMY: *(coughs harshly, coughing up blood. He wipes it with the back of his hand. He notices the audience.*

What are you looking at, eh? Just a scratch, that's all.

He slowly, heavily pulls himself to his feet.

We all need a bit of pain...It builds character. And if that's the case then I must be Steve Irwin or something, if pains builds character I mean.

Pain builds character...Dad said that. Said a lot of crap.
[imitating his Dad] Nothing like belting a bit of sense into the boy! Called me boy...or dickhead. Which ever applied to the circumstance.

But me real name is Jimmy Slaughter. And I come from Blackbutt, Queensland. Dad's the local butcher. Some say he was the best butcher in Blackbutt which...I suppose is true, considering he's the only butcher in Blackbutt.

I remember once, when a new butcher's shop opened up just down the road from where we were. Run by some cheery, Christian family. Dad did all sorts of stuff to 'em but the icing on the cake was when he sent a parcel of dog turds to their door.

He got one for every person in their family and then he moulded them like clay so that they looked like people, and then he carved each person's name into them. The message was crystal clear...They soon closed up their shop and left.

It was probably the most beautiful thing I had ever seen him make. He put so much time and effort into it, he even let the turds bake in the sun so they had the right consistency for carving. He laid them all out on the back step, lined up like they belonged to some sicko-obsessive compulsive collector or something...

That's probably one of the better memories I have of Dad.

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!

THIS UNCHARTED HOUR: Finegan Kruckemeyer (AUS)

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.

GLORIA: Benedict Andrews (AUS)

JARED: At night when I can't sleep, I walk through the rooms. Feet quiet on the carpet. The refrigerator hums. Our house is a stage set and I'm the only living character. The others are puppets. Made of wood, cloth and porcelain. Faces painted on. They lie in their beds, attached to strings, snoring, mumbling, farting, until the string jerks and up they get to play their parts. That weird glow. Is it moonlight? Or glare from the city? Don't care anymore. I walk the halls. Open fridge. Drink juice. Pick at leftovers. Not hungry but do it anyway. All that stuff in plastic and foil. Half-eaten. Cold. Balcony. The city lights stop where the sea begins. Points of orange float in the black. Freighters anchored offshore. Out there I'd sleep. On a bunk. In a cabin. Rocked by swell. One day I'll leave and see the world by ship. I'll work hard, and when day is done, the throbbing of the engines will comfort my sleep. Down in the hull. Cocooned.

I walk through our cold, blue rooms. I'm the only real character. The others are puppets. Jerking in their sleep. Derek dribbles into his pillow. Snores. Like a tractor dragging machinery. How can she stand it? Her porcelain face on the pillow. Kiss her sleeping eyes. They open. Stare. We're statues. No. We're actors on the far side of the curtain, listening for the audience. That hum. We dare not move. The curtain billows. Her eyes click shut. She rolls over. On her strings.

I walk the silent rooms. Headphones. Computer. I'm a sniper taking out targets. Get a position on the roof, zoom in on a target. I place the shots where I like. Head or body. Leg if I want them to fall first. So I don't get bored. So each kill doesn't feel the same. Or porn. The clips where the girls talk to the camera as if the camera is you. I prefer this. When they're pretending to be with just me, not some guy or girl or gangbang. She talks to me as if I'm in the room with her. In front of her on the grey carpet. Crawling toward the sofa where she rips holes in her stockings. Teasing me about how I can't touch her, can't *really touch her. Bet you wish you could touch this perfect little pussy.* But she's wrong. I don't want that. I just want to watch her contort on the sofa until I fall asleep. I'll play the game or watch the girl until I'm asleep. Soon we'll wake, begin the day, play our parts. The house is quiet. Listen. This is how our house sounds at night—

Silence.

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.