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MONOLOGUES – Female

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 Black Sequin Dress by Jenny Kemp

Woman 1: I can see a beautiful nightclub. Black shiny surfaces, all polished and clean, sparkling glasses full of champagne, gin and tonic, cocktails, liqueurs etc. Women melting into their partners' bodies, the men wrapped around them like blankets. The band, in a row laid back, handsome. Snacks, cards, cigarettes, money, lipstick, watches, jewellery, high stools, dancing, wild dancing, bare bodies under not much. They abandon themselves here. Get out of their day shoes and set off at a gallop, drinks whizzing down the gullet, talk gurgling up, hands wandering all over the place, anywhere will do, who cares. They have learned how not to care, how here to let go the reins.

They want to show off, they want to fall in love with the moment and it to fall in love with them. Greedy are they? No, not greedy. Hungry.

I love, I love, I love love they think. Love me, me, me, me, all of me. Fill me up, fill me up. I've had a bath, I've put on my deodorant, my clothes are impeccable. Now now now do the next bit, come over they seem to be screaming. Come over here and really fill me up with something significant something - of value. A right word a soft word at just the right moment straight down the ear hole, ping bullseye, right to the hungry spot, ping and then ah, ah, that was it. Got it thank you, now anything I can do for you back? No, yes, not a sure thing at all, perhaps not.

Or someone could walk up their timing perfect, and stand fitting the shape of me. Perfection, it would register. I would breath out, relax and they would sit and put a hand out somewhere on the table, it would contact my hand and ping down the arm would go, the message and it would run up the shoulder into the head, down whiz straight to the heart and zoom, zing the genitals aflame. And my dress would fill up with light. I would wake up and dance I would jump off the end of the pier, free fall. And he would fly over the end after me splash, gurgle gurgle gurgle.

And down we go.

The Kid by Michael Gow

Snake Honestly. I hate this trip. It's always chaos. Always a fight. By the time we get to Auntie Eileens no one's talking to anyone. I have to do everything. Get the boys ready. Stock up on drinks and Marlboro and chips. Hate it. Won't it be great when we get the money? We'll be happy. We might take over a service station. Dean can fool around with his engines I'll cook snacks and Pro can man the pumps. I'll have to help him with the change. I'll look back on all this and laugh. Hate it. All the people we end up taking along. Dean always collects someone.

You must have been the first one ever to turn him down. He was that upset. He was driving like a maniac. He just drove over the median strip and back we came. Little turd. Know why he got chucked out of school? Mrs Tucker - guess what Dean called her - was wrapped in him. She used to beat shit out of him, for any reason, no reason, just so she could grab hold of him and whack his bum. One day he'd had enough and he told her to go and see one of the Abo stockmen and he'd fix her up. Poor woman grabbed all the rulers in the room and laid into Dean. He stood up, gave her a right hook and she went down like a ton of bricks. We all stood on the desks and cheered. I reckon Dean would win wars single-handed. The enemy would come to him on bended knees. People will do anything just to get a wink or a smile that says he likes you. Little turd. Foul temper. Lazy. But who cares when it's Dean?

Radiance by Louis Nowra

Cressy She knew where I was. Where Mae was. All she had to do was visit. Once. Not good enough. Not to have a father and your mother not wanting to see you On visiting days, some parents would come, even from interstate and there I'd be, me and a few other girls with no visitors. And because we had no visitors the nuns would get us to do the laundry. To pass the time. To pass the time! There we were, us girls in the steam and stink of the laundry, with its smell of starch and dirty clothes. At first I would make believe we were in hell and I'd curse the nuns, say that I'd fuck the devil, but one day I saw a picture in one of the nun's magazines. It was a film star playing a Polynesian princess wearing a sarong, hibiscus in her hair. She looked so beautiful, so exotic, so far from the laundry. And so I pretended to be her. I'd wrap a table cloth around me, put an hibiscus in my hair and sing to the other girls. They'd applaud me and I'd do it again and again, until I thought I was that princess, pretending the copper steam was the steam of a volcano I was about to throw myself into and sacrifice myself to the gods. But instead of throwing myself in, I won a singing scholarship. I came back here on the way to Sydney. Mum said the wind was coming up from the island. The ancestors were telling me not to go. I walked out that door and made it as a singer. She didn't fight for me.

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 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- 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.

Blackrock by Nick Enright

Cherie: It was my fault. If we stuck together like we said, you and me and Leanne, you wouldn't be here. But I lost youse all. Now I've lost you. And no-one knows how. You should hear the rumours. Someone seen a black Torana with Victorian number plates. It was a stranger in a Megadeath T-shirt, it was a maddie from the hospital, even your stepdad. All these ideas about who did it, who did it, like it was a TV show. It is a TV show. Every night on the news. I want to yell out, this is not a body, this is Tracy you're talking about. Someone who was here last week, going to netball, working at the Pizza Hut, getting the ferry, hanging out. You were alive. Now you're dead. But I know you can hear me. I can hear you. She plays a bit of the song. Your song. Times we danced to that, you and me and Shana, Shana singing dirty words, remember? Mum hearing and throwing a mental.... I shouldn't laugh, should I? Not here. But all I can think of is the other words. She turns off the tape. You were wearing my earrings. You looked so great. And some guy took you off and did those things to you. Wish I knew who. You know, Trace. Nobody else does. If I knew, but I'd go and kill him. I'd smash his head in. I'd cut his balls off. I'd make him die slowly for what he did to you.

The Libertine by Stephen Jeffries

Elizabeth: You have no understanding, do you? You have comprehended – just – that I am tired of being your mistress and your solution is to conscript me into becoming your wife. It is not being a mistress I am tired of, John. I am tired of you. I do not wish to be your wife. I do not wish to be anyone's wife. I wish to continue being the creature I am. I am no Nell Gwyn, I will not give up the stage as soon as a King or a Lord has seen me on it and, wishing me to be his and his alone, will then pay a fortune to keep me off it. I am not the sparrow you picked up in the roadside, my love. London walks into this theatre to see me – not George's play nor Mr. Betterton. They want me and they want me over and over again. And when people desire you in such a manner, then you can envisage a steady river of gold lapping at your doorstep, not five pound here or there for pity or bed favours, not a noble's ransom for holding you hostage from the thing you love, but a lifetime of money amassed through your own endeavours. That is riches. 'Leave this gaudy, gilded stage'. You're right, this stage is gilded. It is gilded with my future earnings. And I will not trade those for a dependency on you. I will not swap my certain glory for your undependable love.

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

MALE OR FEMALE

Fewer Emergencies—Face to the Wall by Martin Crimp

And it's interesting to see the way that some of them hold hands -they instinctively hold hands – the way children do -the way a child does -if you reach for its hand as it walks next to you it will grasp your own -not like an adult who will flinch away -never touch an adult's hand like this or the adult will flinch away -unless it's someone who loves you -a loved one -anyone else will flinch away -but a loved one will take your hand like a child -they will trust you like a child -a loved one won't flinch away -a loved one will hold your hand because the hand reminds you of your lovewhole afternoons for example spent simply feeling the spaces between each other's fingers –or looking into the loved one's eyes -the thick rings of colour in the loved one's eyes -which are like something -what is it? - don't help me –the precipitate -the precipitate in a test tube –But anyone else -an adult -will flinch away –just as the child -child A -now flinches away from what? -yes?

MONOLOGUES- MALE

West by Stephen Berkoff

Mike: Do you wanna dance / I took her on the floor / the crystal ball smashed the light into a million pieces / a shattered lake at sunrise / the music welled up / and the lead guitarist / plugged into ten thousand watts zonging in our ears / callused thumb whipping chords / down the floor we skate / I push her thigh with mine / and backwards she goes to the gentle signal / no horse moved better / and I move my left leg which for a second leaves me hanging on her thigh / then she moves hers / swish / then she's hanging on mine / like I am striding through the sea / our thighs clashing and slicing past each other like huge cathedral bells / whispering past flesh-encased nylon / feeling / all the time knees / pelvis / stomach / hands / fingertips / grip smell / moving interlocking fingers / ice floes melting / skin silk weft and warp / blood-red lips gleaming / pouting / stretching over her hard sharp and wicked-looking Hampsteads / words dripping out her red mouth gush like honey / I lap it up / odours rising from the planet of the flesh / gardens after light showers / hawthorn and wild mimosa / Woolie's best / crushed fag ends / lipstick / powder / gin and tonic / all swarming together on one heavenly nerve-numbing swill / meanwhile huge mountains of aching fleshy worlds are drifting past each other holding their moons / colliding and drifting apart again / the light stings / the journey is over / the guitarist splattered in acne as the rude knife of light stabs him crushes his final shattering chord / the ball of fire stops / and I say thank you very much.

Look Back in Anger by John Osborne

Jimmy Anyone who's never watched somebody die is suffering from a pretty bad case of virginity. For twelve months, I watched my father dying – when I was ten years old. He'd come back from the war in Spain, you see. And certain god-fearing gentlemen there had made such a mess of him, he didn't have long left to live. Everyone knew it – even I knew it. But, you see, I was the only one who cared. His family were embarrassed by the whole business. Embarrassed and irritated. As for my mother, all she could think about was the fact that she had allied herself to a man who seemed to be on the wrong side in all things. My mother was all for being associated with minorities, provided they were the smart, fashionable ones. We all of us waited for him to die. The family sent him a cheque every month, and hoped he'd get on with it quietly, without too much vulgar fuss. My mother looked after him without complaining, and that was about all. Perhaps she pitied him. I suppose she was capable of that. But I was the only one who cared! Every time I sat on the edge of his bed, to listen to him talking or reading to me, I had to fight back my tears. At the end of twelve months, I was a veteran. All that that feverish failure of a man had to listen to him was a small, frightened boy. I spent hour upon hour in that tiny bedroom. He would talk to me for hours, pouring out all that was left of his life to one, lonely, bewildered little boy, who could barely understand half of what he said. All he could feel was the despair and bitterness, the sweet, sickly smell of a dying man. You see, I learnt at an early age what it is to be angry – angry and helpless. And I can never forget it. I knew more about – love...betrayal...and death, when I was ten years old than you will probably ever know all your life.

The Golden Age by Louis Nowra

Francis: Are you looking at the sunset? (Startled BETSHEB turns around. Smiling) I'm not a monster... No more running. Look at us reflected in the water, see? Upside-down. (He smiles and she smiles back. Silence) So quiet. I'm not used to such silence. I'm a city boy, born and bred. You've never seen a city or town, have you? Where I live there are dozens of factories: shoe factories, some that make gaskets, hydraulic machines, clothing. My mother works in a shoe factory. (Pointing to his boots) These came from my mother's factory. (Silence) These sunsets here, I've never seen the likes of them. A bit of muddy orange light in the distance, behind the chimneys, is generally all I get to see. (Pause) You'd like the trams, especially at night. They rattle and squeak, like ghosts rattling their chains, and every so often the conducting rod hits a terminus, and there is a brilliant spark of electricity, like an axe striking a rock. 'Spiss!' On Saturday afternoon thousands of people go and watch the football. A huge oval of grass. (Miming a football) A ball like this. Someone hand passes it, 'Whish', straight to me. I duck one lumbering giant, spin around a nift dwarf of a rover, then I catch sight of the goals. I boot a seventy-yard drop kick straight through the centre. The crowd goes wild! (He cheers wildly. BETSHEB laughs at his actions. He is pleased to have made her laugh.) Not as good as your play. (Pause.) This is your home. My home is across the river, Bass Strait. (Silence) What is it about you people? Why are you like you are? Don't go. I was watching you pick these. My mother steals flowers from her neighbour's front garden so every morning she can have fresh flowers in her vase for Saint Teresa's portrait. She was a woman centuries ago. God fired a burning arrow of love into her. (Smiling) When it penetrated her, Saint Teresa could smell the burning flesh of her heart.

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.

Death by 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?

Dead Heart by Nick Parsons

Ray: No! No! No! Don't give me that bullshit. That spooky Aboriginal bullshit. I don't want to hear it; I don't want to know. Christ. Time was the man was dead and that was it. A man was just a man. Now they follow you round. If he's dead he should be in the ground: in the cold fucking ground; he should be ... growing into something else, not ... crawling out and trailing you with his long rope hangin' off him. That's not ... the way it's done. I won't stand for it. I've worked for people. I've tried to make ... They gotta learn to be whitefellas! (Tapping his head) Up here. That's what the world is. You know that Dave; You – you seen it. Tribal way is finished; it doesn't have a chance, and Poppy is not gunna drag this on and on and on till every last young fella's drunk himself to death or ... strung himself up because he doesn't know what he is any more. And some poor fuckwit walks out the station and sees that ... see that ... that thing ... hangin' there and ...and carries it round for the rest of his life. I'm telling you: Poppy is going down for what he's done. I've got something on him and he's going down. (Pause) I try and think of him ... like he was, you know? Like on the footy field or something. But I can't see his face any more; it's all got ... sucked out somehow. All I can see is a ... black tongue hangin' out. Swollen up. Nothing else will come, you know? That's all that's left. Of him. In my head. A black ... tongue.

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 dogass 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?

The Cal 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.

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.

Love by Patricia Corneliuss

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!