



APPLICATION PERIOD

Open 1 June 2022 – **Close** 16 October 2022, 5:00pm (AEST).

APPLICATION PROCESS SUMMARY

The application process for the Bachelor of Fine Arts (Acting) consists of two rounds:

- **Round One** – Online Application and Audition Video (due 16 October 2022, 5.00pm AEST).
- **Round Two** – Recall Audition.

Only applicants who are successful in Round One will be invited to audition in Round Two.

BEFORE APPLYING

Before completing your application, please read the following information:

- Course information, dates, fees and frequently asked questions:
<https://www.nida.edu.au/courses/undergraduate>
- NIDA Student Handbook, Policies and Procedures, and Course Regulations for BFA (Acting)
course: <https://www.nida.edu.au/courses/undergraduate/nida-student-policies>

If you have any further questions at this stage, please contact us at: applications@nida.edu.au

ROUND ONE: Online Application and Audition Video

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ONLINE APPLICATION

STEP 1

Create your application account in the Application Portal: apply.nida.edu.au

You will receive an email with your log in details.

Log in to the Application Portal and click the green 'New Application' button.



NEW APPLICATION

You must then select if you are interested in the **Actor** or **Singing Actor** stream, or **Both**. Round One is the same for all applicants, but this will help us organise recall auditions.

STEP 2

Collect the following documents for your application:

- Copy of your most recent qualification (e.g., school report, Higher School Certificate, diploma, university transcript or testamur)
- Proof of identification showing your date of birth (e.g., passport, driver's licence, birth certificate).

International Applicants (and non-Australian Citizens with Permanent Visas) must also submit:

- A copy of your passport, (must be valid for at least the first 12 months of your course)
- Proof of 8.0 Academic IELTS or equivalent for BFA (Acting)
- If you have a Permanent Visa (e.g., Permanent Resident, Partner Visa Subclass 801), we require a copy of your visa.

YOUR AUDITION VIDEO

STEP 3

All Round One auditions are to be submitted as video links in the appropriate field of the online application.

PREPARE FOR YOUR AUDITION

Your audition video should include two monologues. One should be filmed as a **medium shot** (i.e., from your waist up). The other should be filmed as a **long shot** (i.e., your full body).

STEP 3
(cont.)

1. ONE MODERN/CONTEMPORARY PIECE
This is a short monologue from a published play. 'Contemporary' means a play spanning the period of Anton Chekov (early 1900s) to the present day. You are welcome to present your modern/contemporary piece in the language of your cultural background, but you must be prepared to present it in English as well.
We suggest choosing a piece from the list of *Contemporary Monologues* in the Appendix of this guide.
2. ONE HEIGHTENED TEXT AND LANGUAGE PIECE
This is a short monologue in verse.
We suggest choosing a piece from the list of *Heightened Text and Language Monologues* in the Appendix of this guide.
3. **If you have indicated that you are applying for Singer/Actor**, you will also be required to upload a separate 30-60 second video performing an excerpt from a song of your choice. This must be sung without any accompaniment (acapella) and uploaded via [this Dropbox folder](#). Please name your file in the following way: First Name Last Name Application Number (e.g., *John Smith A1234*).

FILMING INSTRUCTIONS

1. Recording Format
You don't have to record with a professional camera; your audition can be recorded on your mobile phone. The important thing is that you are seen and heard clearly.
If you use your phone, please make sure the camera is not in 'High Efficiency Mode'. You should be able to check this in your phone's camera settings.
2. Set Up
You can use a stand or a surface or have someone hold your phone/camera for you.
Do not look directly into the camera, but just to one side; pick a focal point to your left or right. If someone is holding your phone/camera for you, you can speak your monologue to them as another character or a member of your audience.

If you are using your phone, shoot in landscape NOT portrait.

Background – You must be seen clearly. Try to record against a plain, light background, without harsh shadows. Avoid busy, distracting images, or 'hard' colours like green and red. Grey can work well for a wide range of skin tones on screen.

Lighting – You must be seen clearly. Do not sit directly in front of a

window. A window in front of your face and behind the camera will work better. You can also use additional lighting, like the torch light from your phone, stand lamps, or bedside lamps. Avoid hard or awkward shadows.

Sound – You must be heard clearly. Check the space for sound disturbances. This could involve closing windows, turning off devices that beep or play music, air-conditioning, or noise/talking/cooking sounds from a nearby room.

3. Audition Pieces

You should record both pieces in one continuous shot.

In **mid shot** (waist up – leave a little head room) start by saying your name, Applicant number (e.g., A12345), and tell us which pieces you will be performing (character, title, and author)

Then present your first piece in **mid shot** frame.

Adjust your position so you are now in **long shot** (entire body in frame) and perform your second piece. This is an opportunity to embody the expressive range of the character.

4. Submitting

- Review your recordings. This will help you pinpoint areas to improve on, including sound/vision quality. Have a break and then repeat the process. Don't overthink it! As a rule, try not to film more than three takes.
- You will not be timed, but the length of each monologue should aim to be close to 2 minutes. Your entire audition video should aim to be close to 4 minutes long.
- When you are happy, upload your video to YouTube, making sure it is 'Unlisted'. This means only people with the link can view your audition.
- Your video description should include your name and NIDA Applicant number (e.g., A12345).
- Only upload one submission.
- If you have any problems with the upload, contact applications@nida.edu.au

Click [HERE](#) for tips on how to record your video audition and [HERE](#) for instructions of how to upload your video audition to YouTube.

Because you are submitting your audition **with your online application**, your audition video must be completed and submitted by the deadline of **5:00pm, 16 October 2022**.

STEP 4

You will receive a confirmation email when your application has been successfully submitted,

You will be advised by email if you are successful in Round One.

If you are successful, you will receive an invitation for Round Two. This will include instructions on how to select your recall audition date and location.

ROUND TWO: Recall Audition

STEP 5

Select your recall date and location

If the panel would like to see more from you, they will invite you to a recall audition, which will take place on a separate date.

We hope to be able to recall most applicants in person at your nearest Australian capital city. However, we may have to recall some applicants remotely via Zoom. Recall auditions, both in-person and remotely, will take place in November/December 2022.

To book your recall location and time please log into the application portal using your login credentials and select the city and date from the lists of available recall sessions.

STEP 6

Prepare for your recall audition.

If you applied for the **Actor stream**, you will be asked to present a **third piece of your choice – but can be something not on our list.**

If you applied for the **Singing Actor stream**, you will be asked to present a **song** chosen from [this list](#).

If you selected **'Both'** in your application, you must choose whether to present **EITHER** a third piece **OR** a song, as above.

If you perform a third monologue for your recall audition, you will only be considered for the Actor stream.

If you perform a song for your recall audition, you will be considered primarily for the Singing Actor stream but may also be considered for the Actor stream.

You **will** be asked to perform your Round One monologues again for the panel. You might also be asked to work with a partner (e.g., another applicant) on a duologue.)

After your recall audition, you will be informed by the panel if you are selected for the Shortlist. After Shortlisting, you will be informed by telephone if you are being invited to study at NIDA. Unsuccessful applicants will be informed via email.

SOME TIPS AND ADVICE

We know that auditions can be stressful, but we will do our best to make your experience as relaxing and enjoyable as possible.

Remember, the more time and effort you put into your monologues, the better prepared you will be and the more you will enjoy the audition.

DO:

- Only select monologues from published texts. Excerpts from unpublished TV shows or films are not appropriate.
- Read the whole play your monologue comes from – research is important!
- Choose characters close to your current age range.
- Choose characters that are in circumstances you can identify with and that you will enjoy exploring.
- Select pieces that are new and fresh to you.
- Pick monologues that will showcase you and your choices.
- Feel free to use contrasting material when choosing your monologues (e.g., serious and comedic; internal and external).
- Think about who you are talking to in the monologue and what you want from them – know what you mean, and what you want to say.
- Relax and enjoy yourself!

DON'T:

- Don't use a book of monologues, except as a reference – if you find a piece you like, you must still read the whole play.
- Don't choose material for shock value. There are no real rules around this, but we suggest you avoid material with strong sexual references or excessive use of explicit language.

CONDITIONS OF APPLYING

- Selection is based on merit; not all applicants who meet the published minimum entry requirements will receive a study offer.
- All applicants are responsible for reviewing the course requirements and tuition fees as stated on the NIDA website.
- It is not possible to provide applicants with individual written or oral feedback on their audition/interview.
- Applicants who receive a study offer for 2023 must accept the offer within the time frame indicated.
- It is not possible to defer a study offer at NIDA.

- All NIDA students and staff are expected to be fully vaccinated against all reportable diseases.

FAQs ABOUT INTERVIEWS

CAN I APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE COURSE?

Yes, however a separate online application form is required for each course you would like to apply for.

WHAT ATAR SCORE DO I NEED TO GET INTO NIDA?

Entry into NIDA is by audition or interview only. We do not ask for exam scores or ATARs. However, all applicants applying for any higher education course at NIDA must have completed their Higher School Certificate or equivalent.

WHAT DO I DO IF I HAVEN'T RECEIVED DETAILS OF MY APPLICATION ACCOUNT?

If you do not receive any automated emails from NIDA regarding your application account, please check your junk/spam/promotions filter. If you are still experiencing difficulties, please contact us at applications@nida.edu.au

WHERE WILL MY AUDITION/INTERVIEW TAKE PLACE?

BFA (Acting) Round One auditions will take place via pre-recorded video submission. Recall auditions will take place in person where possible (dates and locations TBC) or live via Zoom.

DOES NIDA GIVE INTERVIEW FEEDBACK?

Due to the large number of people being interviewed, it is not possible for NIDA to provide individual feedback.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER MY AUDITION/INTERVIEW?

Final selections are made for each course in December, and study offers will be distributed to successful applicants via email.

APPENDIX A – HEIGHTENED TEXT AND LANGUAGE MONOLOGUES

its happenin/but you dont know abt it by Ntozake Shange

(for david)

these kisses are clandestine
no one can see them
i hold them in my hand
shd I be discovered/
i stick them in my hair & my head gets hot

under no circumstances
can the legs that slip over my hips
leave tellin marks/ scents
of love/ this wd be unpardonable
so i am all the time
rubbin my arms/ exposing myself
to river mists/ to mask the sweetness
you leave me swillin in

i cant allow you to look at me
How you do so i am naked & wantin
To be explored like a honeysuckle patch
When you look at me how you do so
i am all lips and thigh/
my cover is blown & the kisses
run free/ only to hover sulkin over

yr cheek/ while i pretend
they are not mine
cuz its happenin/ but you dont know abt it

this kisses they take a slow blues walk
back to me
in the palm of my hand
they spread out/ scratch kick curse & punch
til my skin cries/
kisses raisin hell/ in my fists/
they fly out mad & eager
they'll fly out mad & eager
if you look at me how you do so i am naked
& wantin/ if you look at me how you do so
i am all lips & thigh/
they gonna fly out mad & eager
they fly out & climb on you
the kisses/ they
flyin
if you look at me
how you do so

OMEROS by Derek Walcott - From Chapter VII (I)

The stalls of the market contained the Antilles'
history as well as Rome's, the fruit of an evil,
where the brass scales swung and were only made level

by the iron tear of the weight, each brass basin
balanced on a horizon, but never equal,
like the old world and new, as just as things might seem.

They came out of the iron market. Achille gave
Helen back the filled basket. Helen said: "Ba moin!"
"Give it to me!"

Achille said: "Look! I not your slave!"

You bound to show off for people?" Of course, she laughed
with that loud ringing laugh of hers, then walked ahead
of him. And he, feeling like a dog that is left

to nose the scraps of her footsteps, suddenly heard
his own voice ringing over the street. People turned
their heads at the shout. Achille saw the yellow dress

fold into the closing crowd. Helen never turned,
carrying the basket with both hands. Her stubbornness
made him crazy. He caught up with her. Then he tried

retrieving the basket, but she yanked it from him.

"You not my slave!" she said.

He said, "My hands tired."

VIOLA I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love:
As I am woman (now alas the day!)
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

QUEEN No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur’d much,
Full of dear guiltiness, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, until the twelve Celestial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heat of blood:
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your Love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love:
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts
And by this Virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Father’s death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other’s heart.

KING HENRY V

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have march'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

ANTIGONE It is for you Polynices
 That I am punished.

I love you.

If you were my husband,
Or even a son I bore.
I wouldn't have dared
To fight the law.

Another husband I could find,
And bear more sons by him.
But a brother of parents
Who have both perished,
How can I find another you,

Polynices, it is for this
That I am doomed to death.
All Creon can see
Is that I've sinned.
And it must be condemned.

How did I offend the Gods?
What holy laws did I break?
What world do we live in,
Where piety is branded as blasphemy?

Now that everyone has turned away,
Who will fend for me?

If my death pleases the Gods

Then so be it.

I have transgressed and I succumb.

But if I have been wronged,

I wish upon my enemies,

Thunderbolts of the heaviest assault.

And no cure for their endless agony.

Look upon me,

My ancestors,

And remember my name.

Today your royal blood is spilled

For honouring the Gods,

For honouring you.

HERALD Blackness. Waveforce. Sea heaving and swelling.
Fierce thrashing galesqualls whistling from Thrace,
hurricanes blasting, rain lashing and pelting,
ship-prow smashing ship-prow, horned beast goring beast,
beasts with their horns locked butting each other.
You know when a collie not used to its charges
scatters the daft sheep every direction,
colliding, collapsing, that kind of chaos...
well that's how the waves were. Next morning
the Aegean had mushroomed with corpses and shipwreck.
Our ship though, amazing, still whole and undamaged.
Some god interceded, got our ship a pardon.
Our helm had been guided by the hand of some he-god.
Our ship was one that didn't get shattered.
Couldn't believe it escaping thaty wave-grave,
couldn't believe our life-lot so lucky.
We were shocked in the clear light of morning,
chewing the cud of the nightmare we'd lived through.
Our ship-throng had suffered a terrible thrashing.
If any of the others survived they'll be thinking
we're finished, finished, as we still do of them.
May everyting still turn out for the better.
Menelaus, let's suppose that he's made it,

let's hope he's still somewhere under the sunlight.
Zeus can't want the whole bloodclan blasted.
That's the truth you wanted. You've got it all now.

ISABELLA – MEASURE FOR MEASURE by William Shakespeare

ISABELLA To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

PORTIA The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
 His Sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and Majestie,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings:
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
 When mercy seasons Justice. Therefore Jew,
 Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of Justice, none of vs
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea:
 Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

KING RICHARD

No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed; some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives: some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

HELENA How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs doting on Hermia's eyes
So I admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile holding no quantity
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt
So he dissolved and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain
To have his sight thither and back again.

See - all that we have here is all that we've always had.

We have jealousy
and tenderness and curses and gifts.
But the plight of a people who have forgotten their myths
and imagine that somehow now is all that there is
is a sorry plight,
all isolation and worry -
but the life in your veins
it is godly, heroic.
You were born for greatness;
believe it. Know it.
Take it from the tears of the poets.

There's always been heroes
and there's always been villains
and the stakes may have changed
but really there's no difference.
There's always been greed and heartbreak and ambition
and bravery and love and trespass and contrition -
we're the same beings that began, still living
in all of our fury and foulness and friction,
everyday odysseys, dreams and decisions . . .
The stories are there if you listen.

The stories are here,
the stories are you,
and your fear
and your hope
is as old
as the language of smoke,
the language of blood,
the language of
languishing love.

The Gods are all here.
Because the gods are in us.

The gods are in the betting shops
the gods are in the caff
the gods are smoking fags out the back
the gods are in the office blocks
the gods are at their desks
the gods are sick of always giving more and getting less

the gods are at the rave -
two pills deep into dancing -
the gods are in the alleyway laughing

HAMLET How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

MARGARET

Enforced thee! Art thou King, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous Wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy Son, and me;
And given unto the House of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor and the Lord of Calais;
Stern *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas;
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling Lamb environed with Wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly Woman,
The Soldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy Life before thine Honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Until that Act of Parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my Son is disinherited.
The Northern Lords that have forsworn thy Colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the House of *York*.
Thus do I leave thee. Come, Son, let's away;
Our Army is ready; come, we'll after them.

ANTHONY O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope' their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

ANGELO

From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
The Tempter or the Tempted who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the Violet in the Sunne
Do as the Carrion does not as the flower
Corrupt with virtuous season: Can it be
That Modesty may more betray our Sense
Then woman's lightness? having waste ground enough
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When Judges steal themselves: what do I love her
That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy that to catch a Saint
With Saints dost bait thy hook: most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigour, Art and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Ever till now
When men were fond I smiled and wondered how.

EDMUND - KING LEAR by William Shakespeare

EDMUND Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to th' creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th' legitimate. Fine word "legitimate"!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top th' legitimate -: I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

IAGO That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it.
 That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit
 The Moor – howbe't that I endure him not -
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
 And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now I do love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust – though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin -
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat, the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am evened with him, wife for wife -
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do;
 If this poor trash of Venice whom I trace
 For his quick hunting stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb -
 For I fear Cassio with my nightcap, too -
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness: 'tis here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

DOU YI – SNOW IN MIDSUMMER BY FRANCES YA-CHU COWHIG

Based on the classical Chinese drama 'The Injustice to Dou E That Moved Heaven and Earth' by Guan Hanqing

DOU Yi Mother Cai, don't cry
Don't get angry or curse the sky
Maybe Dou Yi is not fit for this time.
My mother read me a story about a loyal official framed for murder.
As he howled a Heaven before his execution
Frost flew from the sky even though it was May.
If we still live on a planet that hates injustice
Snow will fall from the clouds and shield my remains.
May that snow be the last water that falls on New Harmony until
Justice is brought to Dou Yi.
Officers –
Do you see the white flag flapping overhead?
If I am innocent
Not a drop of hot blood will spill onto the green earth or stain my clothes
No matter how many bullets pierce this flesh.
My blood will fly towards the Blue Sky and
Stain the white flag flying above us.
This has happened before when wrongs were suffered by honest women.
Now it will happen here
Where the good suffer poverty and a short life
And the wicked live long and make lots of money.
Because officials are heartless and choose to
Close their eyes and fill their pockets
And men in this town were born with a few words
But you are too timid to speak.

The sky darkens

This floating world dims for me

A cold wind spins!

Officers, I promise you –

It is the hottest time of the year

But soon Snow will tumble down like cotton

And New Harmony will experience the wrath of a drought for three years.

Appendix B: Contemporary Monologues

ANNA PETROVNA – WILD HONEY by Michael Frayn (after Anton Chekhov)

ANNA How can you say that? How can you lie to me, on such a night as this, beneath such a sky? Tell your lies in autumn, if you must, in the gloom and the mud, but not now, not here. You're being watched! Look up, you absurd man! A thousand eyes, all shining with indignation! You must be good and true, just as all this is good and true. Don't break this silence with your little words! There's no man in the world I could ever love as I love you. There's no woman in the world you could ever love as you love me. Let's take that love; and all the rest, that so torments you – we'll leave that to others to worry about. Are you really such a terrible Don Juan? You look so handsome in the moonlight! Such a solemn face! It's a woman who's come to call, not a wild animal! All right – if you really hate it all so much I'll go away again. Is that what you want? I'll go away, and everything will be just as it was before. Yes...? (she laughs) Idiot! Take it! Snatch it! Seize it! What more do you want? Smoke it to the end, like a cigarette – pinch it out – tread it under your heel. Be human! You funny creature! A woman loves you – a woman you love – fine summer weather. What could be simpler than that? You don't realise how hard life is for me.

And yet life is what I long for. Everything is alive, nothing is ever still.

We're surrounded by life. We must live, too, Misha! Leave all the problems for tomorrow. Tonight, on this night of nights, we'll simply live!

BERNADETTE ...So I guess my point is that I'm not depressed about mortgages and I really don't know why I had a breakdown at Louisa's Hawaiian themed thirtieth birthday party in Surry Hills. It just came upon me. We could be talking about anything; all the pressures of modern day life. Climate change. Politics. Catholics. I'm not Catholic but I was raised as a Catholic and went to Catholic school. I wasn't molested or anything. Sorry, when you say that to people you went to a Catholic school, you immediately have to assure them you weren't touched. And if you were, that's a conversation stopper. Not that there's anything wrong with that. I mean there IS something wrong with that. Shit. I'm sorry. Is that what I need to talk about in these sessions? Catholics? The non-touched variety of Catholics. Nan who raised us was as devout as they came. I'm talking rosary every night with my brother and sister. Praying for people – alcoholics, heathens, racists, Great aunt Mildred who ticks all three boxes. But come to think of it, I don't think being a Catholic made me depressed. And it wasn't my childhood. Nan gave us a loving, sane, safe, somewhat Catholic (non-touched) childhood! Good country living. Geraldton in the Midwest of Western Australia. Yeah no one has heard of it.

ROSE Dad measures the crayfish with an Emu Export can. If the cray's torso comes over the emu's beak, it's a good size and is coming home with us. Any less than the beak, then it's a cracker and I get to throw it back. I like searching for the crackers in the mounds of red bodies. I like to spot the weak ones and send them back to the sea - to their home.

I put my hand in the pot and fish them out carefully by their long, thorny antennae and try to keep my fingers away from their backsides. I've seen the scars on fisherman's hands from the poisonous cuts left by crays. I don't want any more scars on me.

I try to throw the crackers back as gently as possible. But they always look shocked when they hit the water – still for a moment on the surface before they thrust themselves away.

An orange smudge in the murky green. And then onto the next pot we go.

You never know what you're going to get when the pot bursts through the water. Some days it might be full of crays, clacking angrily and screaming. Sometimes an octopus that pises ink all over our ankles. Even when Dad chops their head off they have perfect aim and can hit you in the eye with one purple squirt. The deck beneath our feet speckled with black spots as it wriggles, headless, across the boat. Or sometimes we'll get a baby shark glaring at us through the rungs of the pot.

You never know what you're gonna get out there.

And sometimes you need more than a life jacket to get you through it.

TESSA Adam and I go down to the local deli for lunch.

In the lift with the corporates.

Solicitors who specialise in company law,

Italian suits,

nice, like really nice ties.

Women with silk shirts,

group of five of them

They're a different breed.

It's all corporate contracts.

They all think barristers are arrogant.

Yeah, maybe we are a bit.

Adam tells me about a law grad who wants to come and work with him.

We laugh about previous law grads we've had in chambers.

I tell him about Sophie.

young, New to criminal law.

Adam vaguely remembers her.

'I got her to interview a client.

Client says he wants to plead Not Guilty,

but she says to him,

I swear to you,

she said, "But tell me the truth, did you do it?"

Adam shakes his head.

'So I jump in,

"Hold everything Sophie",

take her aside.

"What the fuck are you doing?" She's all "what? What?"

I'm telling her, "he's pleading not guilty. What if he now tells you he

did it? You can't represent him then, can you?"

She goes, "So?"

No idea.'

Adam jokingly slaps his forehead.

"You're walking an ethical tightrope, Sophie; you don't get to ask

him if he did it? You take his instructions and that's it, if he has a

case you run it. End of story.

You don't play God,

You don't decide, or judge."

Adam is laughing now.

'Did she apologise?'

'No, not at all!' She was utterly appalled.

She said, and I swear this is word for word,

"But what if he did it?"

RICHIE

When I'm with you, I'm watching fireworks. When I'm with you I am a firework. Electricity pulses through my veins. Moonbeams dazzle my eyes and I'm blinded. Delighted. Enchanted... When I'm not with you I walk about lost, staring, talking to myself, my shirt is on back-to-front, my flies undone, my trousers falling down, hollow, completely hollow. I want to preach the gospel according to Us. Yell it from the rooftops. From a multi-storey car park... I'm not making myself plain, am I...? I think you're lovely. You are the word lovely on two lovely legs. We'll be a knockout together. We'll be Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. We'll be the Cisco Kid and Pancho. We'll be the King and Queen of Happiness. It's entirely possible. I'm not afraid of looking ridiculous. I'm not afraid of anything. I mean business.

JUNHEE – YOU FOR ME FOR YOU – by Mia Chung

JUNHEE I can't seem to make the simplest decisions. I usually bring my lunch, but a friend wanted to go out, and I want to be relaxed and engaged and approachable. But then the menu came and I couldn't decide what to order. No fish or 'specials' on Mondays cuz that's what didn't sell over the weekend. If I'm out, should I really be ordering something I could cook myself? Burnt food and potato chips are carcinogenic; not all antioxidants are created equal; I think I've caught the gluten allergy; sugar is suicide with a spoon! The New York Times told me that rice contains arsenic – even brown rice! – could that possibly be true? In the end, I got a few pieces of kale and a lentil soup and spent the rest of the day hungry. I think I'm afraid of food!

I'm learning to stay positive, don't be judge-y, step back and let go.

I take deep breaths, read Ralph Waldo Emerson on my breaks. I've tried four different kinds of yoga, splurged on a massage, signed up for meditation class. But then each thing stops working. I think I have yoga immunity! I'm always looking for the next thing. I feel empty and sad and unhappy. And then I get unhappy that I'm unhappy.

KENDRA Yes! Because, after Austin told me he wasn't editing the print piece and I realized you were a fucking liar, he was just like, 'Why don't we just call Kara in here and you can give her your notes yourself' and so, like, in stalks Kara, who I guess had been eavesdropping and she's like, 'What notes?' And I just bring up some of the liberties she took with Sarah Tweed's sexuality and, I guess, this strikes a nerve because Kara is insecure and knows she's not supposed to be writing this, so she starts screaming at me, accusing me of being homophobic, which is not fair because I totally have a gay brother – I think – and then Michael comes over from next door and he's like, 'What's going on?' And Austin's all, 'Kendra is just giving Kara some notes on the Sarah Tweed piece,' then Michael's like, 'Are these coming from Eleanor?' And I'm just like, 'No, they're coming from me, why would they be coming from Eleanor?' And then Michael's like, 'Because I just signed the piece to Eleanor like ten minutes ago.' And then the room gets really quiet and I have to make up some excuse about how Eleanor's been in meetings all morning and I look like a fucking asshole when you and Kara are the fucking assholes!

FIONA You Googled it and you took notes? Are you planning on writing an essay?

...

And you thought Wikipedia would tell you?

...

I tried to tell you last night. I don't really know... Look, I haven't really thought about this either, I just... I mean, I know there are procedures that some people have... But some people don't have them, some people don't have them at all, and I haven't seriously considered... I mean, even if I did... transition, which is what it's called, I'd need to live as a man for at least, like, two years before I could actually consider anything like... And in the meantime, if I did decide... I mean, it wouldn't be a huge change, would it? It wouldn't mean new clothes or much of a haircut.

There'd just be... hormones.

Beat.

Sorry. Look, it won't – It wouldn't... I think there might be some side-effects but mostly it'll just be, y'know, lower voice, facial hair... man stuff. And my periods would stop, so our bad moods wouldn't be in sync any more.

EMMY and that's what people assumed,
 and Torvald – now he's so far in
 and to explain the truth – I know it's a weak thing he did
 but he had his job at the bank and was
 a very respected member of the community,
 very well-liked, trusted,
 to have to explain such an embarrassing set of
 truths and misunderstandings and so on –
 so he said nothing.
 And by saying nothing
 he was sort of saying something
 which is that you
 had died.

 And once people came to think that,
 that's when – well you know what happens when that happens -
 there's an outpouring of affection and support,
 people visited,
 they brought food,
 they really rallied around him
 and us – the whole family.

 And there's also some government support for the families,
 there's that – some money you get – of course there
 was no death certificate ever filed,
 but these things happen, mistakes, oversights –
 just because of the way people found out,
 this gradual sort of realization that that's what was – and because
 Torvald is well-respected, well-liked, and because he runs the
 bank –

 You see?

 It's a problem. You being here, doing what you're doing.

Do you - ?

KEN

(Reliving it.) I woke up... and the first thing I saw was the snow outside my window. I was glad it snowed because it was Saturday and I could go sledding. My Dad would take me sledding, me and my sister. But...but... I didn't smell anything. That was weird. Normally my Mom would be up making breakfast. It was really quiet. I put on my slippers – they were those Neolite ones that look like moccasins. Go into the hall... Now it's really quiet... And it's *cold*. There's a window open somewhere... Then I see my sister, she's just standing in the hallway, staring into my parent's room. The door's open. My sister...she's standing in a puddle of pee. Just staring. Her eyes... I go to the door and look in and see the snow first. Outside the window, so much snow, maybe I'll still go sledding. And then the blood. The bed's stained with it. And the wall. They're on the bed... It was a knife... Apparently it was a knife, I found out later.

Beat.

Burglars, I found out. At least two of them... But right now I don't know what to do. I just see... I... don't want my sister to see any more. My little sister... I turn around and push her out and shut the door. The door handle... With blood... Is red.

JASMINE – FAIRVIEW BY JACKIE SIBBLES DRURY

JASMINE *(To herself):* Just trying to make some conversation
about some nice uplifting movies
and she's trying to tell me that:
that doesn't happen to people.

(sucks teeth)

Like nobody know somebody that's dead
or got a new dog in their whole life:
that doesn't happen that's not true.

Please.

...

I. Am not talking. To you. Ok?

(continuing to herself:)

Having a private-ass conversation with myself
thinking through my own damn thoughts
and she trying to tell me
that what I'm thinking to myself is wrong.

I'm not even talking to her.

Why she got to have an opinion

About every damn thought in my head

like, damn,

let me think something stupid, I'm just thinking to myself
and if I want to be stupid when I'm just thinking to myself,
what is it to you? Huh?

Like if I want to think about something stupid, to myself,

by myself,

what is that to you?

Like if I want to think that Beverly is uppity,

and she like to put on like she better than everybody,

but everybody know she cheap as shit,

and I want to say that to myself

and not say that to anybody else,

then what's the problem with that?

Huhn? You got anything to say?

You better not because I'm not even talking to you.

Damn.

She not that bad.

Beverly's not that bad.

She's just all pent up because her man don't love her right.

FLEABAG

I find my sister outside the lecture hall. She is uptight and beautiful and probably anorexic, but clothes look awesome on her so...

Mum died two years ago. She had a double mastectomy and never really recovered. It was particularly hard because she had amazing boobs. She used to say I was lucky because mine will never get in the way. When I asked her what she meant she used to demonstrate by pretend-struggling to open the fridge door, or pretending not to be able to see what's on the floor.

My sister's got whoppers. But she got all of Mum's good bits.

Dad's way of coping with two motherless daughters was to buy us tickets to feminist lectures, start fucking our godmother and eventually stop calling.

These lectures are every three months. It's virtually the only time I see my sister. She looks tired. We sit in the waiting room. I realise I'm wearing the top that she 'lost' years ago, so this is going to be tense.

She really fucking loved this top.

Her eyes fix on it. But – and I can see her brain ticking – she decides to bank it for later. Makes me nervous. Ammo.

She's reading her 'Kindle'.

She's done her hair a bit fancy, I wonder if she's going out after the lecture or if she's just got her period. She always does something a bit different around her period. She gets really bad PMT. Mum called it a Monthly Confidence Crisis, but it was PMT. The only way she can get through it is to reinvent herself in some small way. One particularly bad month, she came into the kitchen on the brink of tears, in full Lycra. Even Dad had to leave the room. She looked like she'd climbed into a condom. It was an emotionally complex couple of days which we're not allowed to talk about anymore.

ALEX – THE GREAT FIRE by Kit Brookman

ALEX Oh, thank you. Thank you for building this house that Lily and Michael now live inside like penitents, that you for instilling us with this idea that poverty is noble, telling us how organic vegetables really do taste better and they're so much better for the environment, how amazing Japan is, well you can afford it!

 We swallowed up this dream, this fantasy that you were able to spin but were wise or lucky enough to avoid yourselves. We'll never be able to build anything of our own, we'll just live in your world until you die, and it becomes ours, and we will live in your home with your bones under the floorboards until we die. But we won't die soon. Because as soon as we can make our way we'll have to be supporting all you old people clinging onto life, lifting you above our heads in the manner to which you have become so exquisitely accustomed, wading into the sea as it rises around us!

 And you've polluted and ruined the planet, but we're the ones who'll have to suffer, we'll be the ones who have to dig the human race out of that particular hole, if we can, doing our best to keep things less than completely catastrophic! That's the best margin we can aim for! And you think that our generation has a disproportionate sense of entitlement?!

TREPLEV (pulling petals off a flower) She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not. (laughs) You see, Mother doesn't love me - to put it rather mildly. She likes excitement, romantic affairs, gay clothes - but I'm twenty five years old and a constant reminder that she's not so young as she was. She's only thirty-two when I'm not around, but when I'm with her she's forty-three, and that's what she can't stand about me. Besides, she knows I've no use for the theatre. She adores the stage. Serving humanity in the sacred cause of art, that's how she thinks of it. But the theatre's in a rut nowadays, if you ask me - it's so one-sided. The curtain goes up and you see a room with three walls. It's evening, so the lights are on. And in the room you have these geniuses, these high priests of art, to show you how people eat, drink, love, walk about and wear their jackets. Out of mediocre scenes and lines they try to drag a moral, some commonplace that doesn't tax the brain and might come in useful about the house. When I'm offered a thousand different variations on the same old theme, I have to escape - run for it, as Maupassant ran from the Eiffel Tower because it was so vulgar he felt it was driving him crazy... What we need's a new kind of theatre. New forms are what we need, and if we haven't got them we'd be a sight better off with nothing at all.

Bashir You always think you're better than everyone else.

...

It's true.

 You look down on me because of what I'm doing. Here. At least
That's what you think. But in fact, that's not it. Not even. 'Cause the thing
Is? Wouldn't be any different if I was back in London driving around in some
black Beemer in my Dolce Gabbanas, chasing after white girls like my school mates. You'd look
down on me then, too, just in a different way.

...

Where I grew up? Hounslow? It's a slum, really. Where they stuck all of us.

My father? Spent his whole life being stepped on, spit on by white people. Selling 'em knick knacks,
and thank you, sir, and thank you, ma'am, can I have
another? I wasn't going to have a life like that.

(Beat)

Something I was good at in school? History. Though you probably don't believe that, neither. Thing
is, I remember this unit we had about European

History. The Spanish Civil War. All these young men from different countries running off to give
their lives to fight the dictator, Franco. That's what I'm doing. That's what a whole generation of
us're doing. Giving up soft lives in the West to fight for something meaningful.

...

See the system's pants. There's no use working inside it. We gotta change the system. We gotta
take it to the Man. Bring him to the ground and stomp his heart out. And you know what? If people
gotta die in the process, so be it.

BIFF - DEATH OF A SALESMAN by Arthur Miller

BIFF Now hear this, Willy, this is me. You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was jailed. 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! It's goddamn time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! Willy! 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, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw - the sky. I saw the things that I love in the world. The work and the food and the 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, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it! A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing home any prizes anymore, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home! Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all. Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phoney dream and burn it before something happens?

GARY This one boy comes in wearing trainers, new trainers, really nice trainers, showing of his trainers to the entire class, not a friend but not an enemy so for me that's a friend, they break his legs, getting the trainers, they break his legs, didn't have to, misunderstood the complexities of the social structure and his place within it, I remember sitting for an hour looking at my trainers trying to understand the complexities of the social structure and my place within it. No idea. No idea at all. On the way home Mum stopped me in the street and asked me for some spare change. Breath like pickled death. Gave her some, went home, had fish fingers and pop tarts.

Points of view, it's all about points of view; killing two thousand people's not wrong, it just all depends on what two thousand people it is.

Said that in maths, got detention, said it in media studies and got an A; she thought I was quoting Orson Welles. Said it in games and I was asked to leave the gym. Teacher looked like he might cry. Didn't say it again.

BEAR Hey Mum. You remember how I got this scar?

He lifts his arm to show his scar.

We were six years old, Mum. Almost adults. We were supposed to wait for you to come home but we wanted to open our presents. So, we double banked Dad. Kept saying... “Just one present Dad, Please? Please? Please? Please?”

Yeah, he let us open one. The roller skates. Matching pairs. Bright yellow, glow in the dark ones. Wanted to try ‘em out straight away. So, Dad sits us down in the back yard. “Alright, sit eya, put these booger skates on. Ok? Now... I got another little surprise for ya’s. And we were like, “Ok Dad. We’ll wait.” (He Laughs) Course we didn’t, soon as he disappeared inside, we put them skates on. I got up first and then Evelyn. My legs were shaking. One was goin’ this way and the other leg was goin that way. I was nearly doin’ the splits. Ev was like this, her hands on my head and I was sinking! “Oww Stop Ev... My ring’s gonna split, my ring’s gonna split!” ... And you know, I can’t even remember how but we managed to stand up and that’s when Dad came marching out, through the back door in that gammin clown costume! You remember the one? And that mangy looking rainbow afro wig. Well, he scared the shit out of us. Looked like he came straight out of a horror movie. I screamed and fell backwards, breaking my wrist. I’m crying, Ev’s crying. Dad’s crying. And he’s trying to get near us but we’re shitting ourselves, crawling away, screaming, “Get away clown!, Get away clown!!” And we couldn’t run coz’ we still had them stupid roller skates on and then I could feel the pain in my wrist. He picked both of us up. One in each arm. And that’s when you arrived to see this clown taking your kids to the hospital.

At the hospital, Dad’s carrying Evelyn, still wearing that clown costume. Lipstick smudged across his face, wig all over the place. He didn’t care that he looked like a fool. He was only worried bout me... That was the last birthday, Mum. Before he died... I try and see him, you know? Every time I close my eyes I try and see that clown standing in the hospital corridor... But... he always disappears and all I see is him and that tree... It’s all I see now. His face, swollen. And I’m stuck Mum. I cant get my head right. I get stuck. We saw a ghost...

DOUG

No, no, quite recently. It was the fault of the psychiatrist. I'd been seeing him because of my pyromania – that's a person who likes lighting fires – but you probably know that being university educated. You know the problem with Pyromania? It's the only crime where you have to be at the scene of it to make it a perfect crime, to give yourself full satisfaction. 'Course, that means the chances of you getting caught are greater, especially if you're standing in front of the fire, face full of ecstasy and with a gigantic hard on. So, the cops got me and I'm sent to a shrink. He tells me that I've got an unresolved problem with my mother. I think, hello, he's not going to tell me to do something Oedipal, like fuck her or something... but that wasn't the problem. My ego had taken a severe battering from her. He said I had better resolve it, stop her treating me like I was still a child. It made some sort of cosmic sense. I had to stand up to her. So I thought about it and realised I had to treat it like a boxing match, get the first punch in, so to speak, to give me the upper hand in our relationship. She had five cats. One night I rounded them up, put them in a cage, and doused them with petrol and put a match to them. Then I opened the cage door and let them loose. Well, boy, oh, boy what a racket! They were running around the back yard burning and howling – there's no such thing as grace under pressure for a burning cat, let me tell you. I hid in the shrubs when mum came outside to see what was happening. Totally freaked out, she did. Five of them, running around the back yard like mobile bonfires. I figured I'd wait a couple of hours till the cats were dead and mum was feeling a bit sorry for herself, and I'd knock on the front door and say to her 'Hi, mum, I've come to talk about our unresolved conflicts' but, oh, no, one of those cats ran into the house. In a couple of minutes the whole bloody house was alight and within half an hour there was no bloody front door to knock on. (a beat) If it wasn't for that damn cat, I wouldn't be here.

SHAWN There's this girl who works here – Vanessa? She one of them girls that has Witherspoon face. You know how some white girls just randomly be looking like Reese Witherspoon? Vanessa be getting so mad when I say that though. She be like, 'Shawn, that is racist! All white people do not look alike!' And I'm like, Bitch, it's not racist if I say you look famous. I mean, it's only racist if I say you look like some basic run-of-the-mill white chick, you know? There's a difference. I mean people be mistaking me for somebody else all the time. And that's the shit that be getting me mad, you know? That's when I'm like, all black people do not look alike, you know what I mean? It's like No, I'm not the guy who mowed your dad's lawn. And no, I'm not your student from the year you did Teach for America! That's different. Vanessa just be so sensitive. It's not like I mistook her for Reese Witherspoon. It's not like I tapped her on the shoulder and was like, 'Reese Witherspoon, is that you?' I just said she look like Reese Witherspoon, because she got a Witherspoon face. I mean, it would be different if somebody mistook me for somebody famous once in a while. That would be nice. But that, like, never happens.