

ELITE AUDITIONS

FEMALE:

WHEN I WAS A GIRL I USED TO SCREAM AND SHOUT by Sharman MacDonald

FIONA: (very quickly) Last week, I was on the bus, upstairs. I was going to see Dorothy and this girl up the front, she started having a fit or something. Must have been the heat. There were lots of people there between her and me but they, none of them... I went over to her and did what I could. She was heavy. I'd heard about them biting through their tongues. Epileptics. It wasn't pretty. Me and this other bloke took her to the hospital. But I saw her first. He wouldn't have done anything if I hadn't. I didn't get to see Dorothy. Well? That's worth something, isn't it? God. Are you listening? I'm not trying to bribe you. It's plain economics. I mean, I've made a mistake. It was my fault and I was wrong. I take it all on me. OK. Now if you let it make me pregnant... God. Listen, will you. If I'm pregnant it'll ruin four people's lives. Five. Right? My Mum'll be disappointed and her man'll walk out on her. That's two. Are you with me, God? I'll not be very happy. My mother'll hate me for the rest of my life for what I've done and that's not easy to live with. That's three. I'm still counting, God. Ewan'll be in for it. Well, he can't avoid it. I'm illegal and I've never been out with anybody else. Not that nobody fancied me. I wouldn't like to think I was unpopular. Lots of people fancied me. My mum said I had to wait till I was sixteen. Then she relented just when Ewan happened to be there. Poor old Ewan. That's four, God, that's four. Then there's the baby. If it's there and if I have it it's got no chance. It would be born in Scotland. Still there, are you? I hate Scotland. I mean, look at me. If I have an abortion the baby'll be dead so that'll be five anyway.

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.

Repeat After Me

Donna talks to her younger brother, who also happens to be learning impaired; that she needs for him to respect the items in her room. The environment in which this family lives in aren't the safest conditions to raise children but it's a family of love and passion and strength who are truly there for one another despite their hardships.

DONNA: Fifty times a day. It's all I do! Repeat, repeat, repeat! God, you think once you would get it through your head Jeremy. Just once! I know we live in a small house, okay? I get that, I get that. Which is why I let you play in my room. Which is why I don't mind you messing up my things. But I just want you to have enough consideration to put things back. Can't you do that for me? Please?

Don't look at me like that, with those big brown puppy dog eyes. They won't work. Don't you know I rather you hang out in my room like you do instead of going outside where it's not safe in the front yard. I love you like crazy but you need to listen to your older sister.

I get so embarrassed when I have my friends come over and my room looks like a pigstye. My bed is unmade, like you were jumping up and down on it and I told you not to do that. All the items on my desk, my candles, my pens and pencils, my jewelry box, all knocked over...I mean really, if you want to mess up everything, FINE, I'm not even mad about that.

All I am asking of you is to clean up afterwards. Don't leave a mess!

In fact, I'm not asking you anymore Jeremy, I'm telling you. If you don't respect my space than I am putting locks on the doors and I won't allow you to play in my room anymore.

(pause)

Just do the best you can, bro.

(beat)

Okay? That's all I ask. I didn't mean to get angry with you. It gets tough sometimes.

(beat)

Give me a hug.

(beat)

I love you so so much.

MALE

CB, a teenage boy, writes to his pen pal about the death of his childhood pet.

CB: My dog died. I don't know if you remember, but I had a beagle. He was a good dog. My best friend. I'd had him as far back I can remember, but one day last month, I went out to feed him and he didn't come bounding out of his red dog house like usual. I called his name. But no response. I knelt down and called out his name. Still nothing. I looked in the doghouse. There was blood everywhere. Cowering in the corner was my dog. His eyes were wild and there was an excessive amount of saliva coming out of his mouth. He was unrecognizable. Both frightened and frightening at the same time. The blood belonged to a little yellow bird that had always been around. My dog and the bird used to play together. In a strange way, it was almost like they were best friends. I know that sounds stupid, but.... Anyway, the bird had been mangled. Ripped apart. By my dog. When he saw that I could see what he'd done, his face changed to sadness and he let out a sound that felt like the word "help". I reached my hand into his doghouse. I know it was a dumb thing to do, but he looked like he needed me. His jaws snapped. I jerked my hand away before he could bite me. My parents called a center and they came and took him away. Later that day, they put him to sleep. They gave me his corpse in a cardboard box. When my dog died, that was when the raincloud came back and everything went to hell...

AWAY by Michael Gow

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

X-Stacy - Ben

BEN

When Stacy got sick that night, I brought her back to her own room. I didn't wake Mum. I knew she wouldn't have been able to handle it, seeing Stacy like that. There was spew on the sheets. In her hair. I just sat with her, watching her, holding her hand. Willing her to get better. I even invited God to help, but he must have been busy that day. [*Brief pause.*] About five o'clock in morning I woke Mum. We called an ambulance and got her to hospital. Then we just waited. Finally they said we could see her. She was hooked up to all these machines and tubes and crap. She didn't look like Stacy anymore. But she was alive, and she seemed to be hanging in there, you know? And for a while we thought she might make it. But then they told us no. She wouldn't. Her brain's totally fucked. Stacy's brain dead and she's going to die. [*Pause.*] Then Mum had to decide whether she was going to be cut up and her organs donated to... whatever. It's the old supply and demand see. [*Pause.*] I should have got help straight away. I should have called the ambulance. But I was shit scared. She's done all this stuff, and I thought they'd call the cops...