



SENIOR COE DRAMA - FEMALE ROLES

CHERIE - BLACKROCK by Nick Enright

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. You were wearing my earrings. You looked so great.

And some guy took you off and did those things to you. Wish I knew how. You know, Trace. Nobody else does. If I knew, but I'd go and kill him. I'd smash his head in. I'd make him die slowly for what he did to you.

CAROL - OLEANNA by David Mamet

Professor, I came here as a favour. At your personal request. Perhaps I should not have done so. But I did. On my behalf, and on behalf of my group. You say that higher education is a joke. And treat it as such, you treat it as such. And you think it's charming to "question" in yourself this taste to mock and destroy. But you should question it. Professor. And you pick those things which you feel advance you: publication, tenure, and the steps to get them you call "harmless rituals." And you perform those steps. Although you say it is hypocrisy. But to the aspirations of your students. Of hardworking students, who come here, who slave to come here – you have no idea what it cost me to come to this school – you mock us. You call education "hazing" and from your so-protected, so-elitist seat you hold our confusion as a joke, and hopes and efforts with it. Then you sit there and say "what have I done?" And ask me to understand that you have aspirations too. But I tell you. I tell you. That you are vile. And that you are exploitative. And if you possess one ounce of that inner honesty you describe in your book, you can look in yourself and see those things that I see. And you can find revulsion equal to my own. Good Day (she leaves the room).

BRIT IN NEW YORK - STUFF HAPPENS By David Hare

'America changed.' That's what we're told. 'On September 11th everything changed.' 'If you're not American, you can't understand.' The infantile psycho-babble of popular culture is grafted opportunistically onto America's politics. The language of childish entitlement becomes the lethal rhetoric of global wealth and privilege. Asked how you are as President, on the first day of a war which will kill around thirty thousand people: 'I feel good.' I was in Saks Fifth Avenue the morning they bombed Baghdad. 'Isn't it wonderful?' says the saleswoman. 'At last we're hitting back.' 'Yes,' I reply. 'At the wrong people. Somebody steals your handbag, so you kill their second cousin, on the grounds they live close. Explain to me,' I say, 'Saudi Arabia is financing Al Qaeda. Iran, Lebanon and Syria are known to shelter terrorists. North Korea is developing a nuclear weapons programme. All these you leave alone. No, you go to war with the one place in the region admitted to have no connection with terrorism.' 'You're not American,' says the saleswoman.

On September 11th, America changed. Yes. It got much stupider.



MARGOT – THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES by Joanna Murray – Smith

I'm not to blame for everything that's gone wrong in your lives. I'm a thinker! It's my job to think. Because that's something I do better than other people. You're all spoiled brats. Go on shoot me, but that's the truth! Talk about the Me Generation! All this nonsense about personal identity and self-growth and being fulfilled! What a load of self-indulgent crap. Has it ever occurred to any of you that there was a generation of men and women who didn't wake up in the morning and wonder how the day was going to pan out for them, but leapt out of bed intent on figuring out how the world was going to pan out for everyone? Maybe we got things wrong. Maybe we went too far. Maybe we had a goddamn mission and that was to make this planet a better place for our inheritors than it was for us. You whiners and whingers! What would you rather? That I'd sat quietly back and lead a sweet, unrestrained, anonymous life? So that your destiny as repressed, stupefied, second-class citizens could have gone on uninterrupted? I happened to get famous and now you're going to use my fame against me because you're not happy with yourselves? *Why don't you take a little responsibility and, while you're at it, show a tiny bit of ordinary gratitude?*

ROSE – THE SEED by Kate Mulvany

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. 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 dies inside you. 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 scream and swear at him and curse that he dries 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 stroke its little head and never let another person touch it for the rest of its life. Is that normal? I don't know. And I never will. Because the seed stops here.

DENISE – THE CALL by Patricia Cornelius

This mother thing sucks. I hated it right from the start. Complete strangers came up and patted my belly as if it was going to bring them luck. And after the birth, which was torture, mad people cooed and gurgled and talked in high-pitched voices. They smiled at me and expected me to smile back. Like, what the hell! It's this 'You've got a little baby' stuff. I go crazy while she sleeps in her cot and you're at work and my friends have got a life and I'm on my own and I think, 'Jesus Christ, what have I done. How the fuck am I going to get through this?' I push her in her pram to the shops because I've run out of baby wipes. I push her to the shops to buy disposable nappies and spend my last fifteen bucks. I push her to the shops because I can't think of anywhere else to push her. Sometimes I think if I leave her there someone nicer might come and get her and it'd be much much better. I meet with other mothers and I pray to bloody God that I don't look like them, or sound like them, or am like them. They tell me how smart their kid is, how early she talked, or walked. How their three-month-old baby is reading Shakespeare. And I look down at my fat little bald baby sucking on her dummy and I think, 'Oh, that's funny because mine's as thick as a brick'. This mother thing is weird. I'm bored. I'm lonely. And it doesn't stop.



SENIOR COE DRAMA - MALE ROLES

ROO - SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL by Ray Lawler

You selfish little bastard! You listen to me - we come down here for the lay-off, five months of the year, December to April. That leaves another seven months still hangin' - what d'yer reckon Olive does in that time? Knocks around with other blokes, goes out on the loose every week? No, she doesn't, she just waits for us to come back again - 'coz she thinks our five months is worth all the rest of the year put together! It's knowin' that that brought me down this time, broke and - and when I would have given anythin' to have stopped up there. But I couldn't let her down - and if I hear you mention either grapes or the Murray to her now, I'll kick you so far they'll have to feed you with a shanghai.
(BEAT) Now remember what I said.

KONSTANTIN TREPLEV - THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

(Picking the petals from a flower) She loves me - she loves me not, she loves me - she loves me not, she loves me - she loves me not. *(Laughs)* See - my mother doesn't love me. Why should she? She's desperate to believe she's still the same woman she was a decade ago - the star of her day - but all of a sudden I'm twenty-five - the hard-to-hide evidence that she's no longer very young. When I'm not around she's still forty-something, but when I am around, she's joined the over-fifty club and she hates me for it. Plus she knows I think theatre's dead. A middle-class mausoleum. She still believes in it, of course. Says she loves it - even imagines it serves a function - that she actually has some effect on people's lives. She can't see that it's a dead form that people only cling to out of nostalgia. It's got nothing to do with reality. With being alive now. May as well be television - it's equally as banal, deadly and meaningless. All we ever get is the same sentimental, self-congratulatory shit masquerading as reality. Or second-hand ideas dressed up as cutting fucking edge. When I see actors on stage pretending to be real - pretending to eat, drink, walk, talk, love - wear *jackets* - I want to scream: STOP. STOP TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL YOUR FAKE FEELINGS. STOP TRYING TO TRICK ME. STOP TREATING ME LIKE A CHILD. YOUR REALITY IS NOT MY REALITY. YOUR DEAD WORLD IS NOT MY WORLD. When I see the same clichés - the same reheated lies over and over - I want to run screaming from the theatre and bury myself in life.

RUBEN - RUBEN GUTHRIE by Brendan Cowell

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!'

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.



MAX - MYTH, PROPAGANDA AND DISASTER IN NAZI GERMANY AND CONTEMPORARY AMERICA by Stephen Sewell (adapted)

Look, mate, I don't know what's happening – I just arrived, right? And, all right, I know the Americans go on with all this flag-waving, patriotic bullshit and think the rest of the world hates them, but fuck, Talbot, they're right: the rest of the world does hate 'em – I hate 'em, and I want to live here! It's envy, isn't it? Everyone looks at what they've got and wants it...They just want the stuff, that's right, isn't it? And figure the reason they can't get the stuff, is because the Americans are stopping them. That's where we're at now, and now some prick's actually done something about it, and killed three thousand people, and the Americans are fucking mad as hell, because they know every single one of them is on that plane hurtling towards the Twin Towers and they don't like it and they're not going to stand for it, and they're going to get the pricks that're threatening them. Well, all power to George W – I don't want the fucking pricks to win, either. There were Aussies killed up there, mate, there were English, there were Scots, there were fucking Moslems, for fuck's sake! There was fucking everybody: everyone's hopes were up there in those two towers....It's a war, Talbot – It is a war. It's a war against terror and it's a war against ignorance, and it's a war against prejudice and pure dumb-arsed fuckwittedness, and we've got to win that war, otherwise we're fucked.

STEVE - THE RETURN by Reg Cribb

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 gettin' 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 excuses why they turned out to be bad eggs. And I got all of the above... Oh yeah! Truth is, most of 'em are just bored. They leave their shit-ass state school and live on the dole in their diddly bumfuck nowhere suburb. Before ya know it, ya got some girl up the duff and no money. She spends the day with a screamin' sprog and a fag in her mouth plonked in front of a daytime soap wearin' her tracky daks all day, dreamin' of bein' swept away by some Fabio and she just gets... fatter. But... her Centrelink payments have gone up and all her fat friends are waitin' in line behind her! It's a career move for 'em. Gettin' up the duff. And you... drink with ya mates, watch the footy and the highlight of the week is the local tavern has a skimpy barmaid every Friday. And ya know the rest of the world is havin' a better time. Ya just know it. The magazines are tellin' ya that, the newspapers, the telly. Everybody's richer, everybody's more beautiful, and everybody's got more... purpose. And ya thinkin', how do I make sense of this dog-ass life? And then one day ya just get hold of a gun. Ya don't even know what ya gonna do with it. It's like the sound of a V8 in the distance. It takes ya... somewhere else. [Pause.] I didn't see ya writin' any of this down. I'm spillin' my guts out in the name of art and you don't give a shit. What sort of writer are ya?

CHUNK - THE CALL by Patricia Cornelius

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.