



**INTERMEDIATE COE DRAMA - MALE ROLES**

**JUICE** by Stephen Davis

**RODNEY** There was a bird in a cage. Our cage. It died the other day. I won it at the Ekka. I threw three hoops onto this weird-looking clown's head. Number one went on, couldn't believe it. My dad was behind me saying, 'That was a lucky shot' . . . I looked at him . . . he was always a bit of an idiot. I chucked number two, thinking 'This is for you!' and it landed straight 'round the clowns head and balanced on his red nose. Clowns are weird things. Then my Dad leaned in and he said in my ear . . . 'You won't get number three, Rodney'. So I closed my eyes, and I saw that clown's head and I saw my blue hoop, landing on his stupid curly wig and I didn't open my eyes. I just tossed the hoop, guiding it with my brain to smack that clown on the head. Then there was silence, juts the screams from the rides that were nearby. And when I opened my eyes, this bloke was giving me this bird. This yellow canary. I took the cage and I leaned in to Dad and said, 'Did it' and dad just walked away. And I thought . . . 'I don't want to be like him'.

**EATING ICECREAM WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED** by David Brown

**DAYNE** Always when there's a group and the group feels that it needs to point out that I'm different to everyone else. It's weird.  
Well, not really weird.  
Yeah, actually it's way weird because there's this thing where they all go 'He's a good kid' and I know that they think that because I've heard people say it, but living in a place like Mayoonderie you just know that if you're stand-offish that that just sort of creates heaps of gossip and the gossip just feeds itself, you know.  
But if you just get in there and get on with it, they sort of start to like you and then when they hear stuff about you, they realise that it's too late to dislike you. Like my one on one friendships are fantastic, right. I have some really close friends but there's always one person in the group who starts trouble you know?



**INTERMEDIATE COE DRAMA - FEMALE ROLES**

**CHILD OF WAR** by Michael Fessaha

Don't tell me how to feel.

*PAUSE*

I know what I feel...all I have ever done is feel.

*Remembering her mother.*

I felt when they took me away from my mother, and they made me watch her call out to me as they beat her...and laughed

*PAUSE*

I still remember them laughing at me for crying, so don't tell me how to feel. All my crying, and all my feeling couldn't save my mother, it only amused those *(with disgust)* men.

Men who abused her, right in front of me, and made me watch

*PAUSE*

Before they slit her throat, and left her to die in my arms. You don't know what I am feeling. I used to feel love, but I can't anymore, all I feel is hate. Hate for everything around me, even you.

**JUICE** by Stephen Davis

MELISSA-ANNE I mean, I couldn't let them get away with it. They were not my parents and ehre they were stopping the event. I eman, can you think of a more boring way to celebrate the end of Grade Ten? Videos and popcorn . . .it's so Grade Seven.

BEAT

'Happy together'. That's what he said. I remember thinking that's kinda sweet what he said, but he was a bit drunk and I know that booze can make you a bit sappy. I sorta wanted to get up there with him you know. I mean, the view sounded really nice. But heights make me go wobbly. I don't deal with them at all.