

# Monologues

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by

**Alex Broun**

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## Monologue 1 – BEER AND NEWSPAPER

**JAMIE IS A BLIND WOMAN DESCRIBING HOW SHE MET A MAN SHE LONGS TO ENCOUNTER MORE OFTEN.**

JAMIE: How we met.  
 I left work at 7.45pm exactly as usual. I came down the stairs of the hospital and walked across Macquarie Street and into Martin Place, past the fountain trickling on my left and the smell of garbage at the cafe where I buy my lunch. As I reached the corner of Bridge Street, I felt a slight cool breeze, ruffling my hair, and then a warm glow on my face, like someone had lit a match - then silence. No cars, no traffic lights, no people. Nothing, except the trickling of the fountain. Then suddenly an explosion of sound. A woman Screaming - car horns, drowning each other out. Footsteps, a man's footsteps, running towards me. I'm knocked to the footpath by a middle aged man in a thick jacket. He grabbed my hand and tried to pull me up. "Leave me alone. I'm alright. You're the one who's confused. I know exactly where I'm going." I check my watch. 7.57pm. I had three minutes to get to my bus stop. He'd be waiting. But first I had to get across Bridge Street and the lights have stopped working. I couldn't hear any cars moving so I stepped on to the road. It was unsafe I know but all I was thinking is that I have two minutes to get to my bus stop or he'll be gone. I took another tentative step. Ten more quick steps and I reached the other side. Now it was 7.59. One minute ! I walked quickly down the slope to Elizabeth Street and made it to my bus stop. Eight o'clock exactly. But where was he ? Where was the man who smells of beer? Not badly - he's not an alcoholic - just a faint smell. One or two after his hard day at the stock exchange. And he always has a paper which he reads on the bus. That's why I christened him Beer and newspaper. Before I knew his real name. Now it was 8.02. I had missed the bus. But no. Surely it had been delayed. But then where was he? Chanel and leather bag was there, standing on my right. She catches the bus two before mine at 7.58 and she was still there. My bus must've still been coming. I sat down on the bench inside the bus stop - it was empty - and decided to wait. 8.07. Chanel and leather bag sat next to me. "Did you see the flash ? What did you think it was ?" I did not answer. I sensed her embarrassment as she sees the cane I'm holding in my hand. 8.12. Still no beer and newspaper. Cigar and umbrella arrived. Almost fifteen minutes late. "Somebody said they've blown up the Opera House" I heard him say. "If they've blown up the Opera House why didn't we hear the bang ?" replied Chanel and leather bag. 8.20. I couldn't bear it. Where was he ? Someone else began to speak. He shouldn't have been at my bus stop. "I reckon it was a

JAMIE: (CONT) nuclear bomb.” What was he doing at my bus stop ?  
“One of those ones that just blows up the people and leaves all the buildings standing.” 8.28pm ! I was going to scream. He’d caught a taxi home or worse still he’d been hurt in the flash. Then suddenly I heard it - about a block away. A bus. Where is beer and newspaper ? The bus stopped in front of me. The doors open. Was it my bus ? I’m just about to ask Cigar when at last - the rustle of newspaper and the faint smell of beer. Only one tonight. 8.32. Beer and newspaper had arrived. Then he sat down next to me on the bench. I could feel him looking at me. Play it cool. Blind and independent is mysterious, even sexy. Blind and needy is pathetic. “I see you made it.” Was he talking to me ? “I was worried about you.” “Don’t worry about me” I thought to myself, “it’s everybody else who’s running around like fucking idiots.” But then beer laughed and I suddenly realised that I said it out loud. I was embarrassed but I could feel a smile growing on my face. “Well that’s alright then.” Beer and newspaper was worried about me. Another bus pulled up. “Come on” he said, “that’s us.” That’s us. I felt him gently take my arm. I stood and together we walked over to the kerb and stepped up on to the bus.

## Monologue 2 – PHONE CALLS

**RACHEL IS A YOUNG WOMAN, INSECURE ABOUT PEOPLE NOT RETURNING HER PHONE CALLS.**

RACHEL: People don't return my phone calls. I'm a researcher. I predict future trends. Cancer probability, salination levels, sperm counts. Maybe I can count yours. But I can't predict when my phone will ring. I'm not sure when it started but a conspiracy is at work. A secret club that I am not a member of. I have become de-looped. I'm not paranoid. I'm not. Some of their reasons are quite legitimate. But others, others I believe have made a conscious decision that I shall not be returned. I think about it often. Was it something I did? Something I said? Did I offend them? Bore them? Make them feel uncomfortable? What is the reason? One of them I do know. A couple of loose words, ill considered, went down badly. Now that one I can understand. But that's only one. What about the others? And believe me. They're becoming quite numerous.

**RACHEL HOLDS UP A CARDBOARD CHART.**

RACHEL: I've started a chart. So I can keep up. "Unreturned calls." I write the name here, the date and time of the call here, and whether or not returned here. Andy, as you can see, is my most stubborn subject. Eleven calls to date and still no return. Him, I can not decipher. I thought we were friends. Obviously I erred. John - seven calls to date - no reply. Perhaps a misunderstanding there. We dated once. He now has a girlfriend. He thinks I am still amorously inclined towards him. I am not. I just want him to return my phone calls, that's all. Harry - that's the one I spoke of, the loose words. That one is accounted for. I asked him about a girl I thought he was seeing. Evidently he was not. He became quite upset. I have not spoken to him since. Coincidence? I think not. Connection? I think so. The lottery of human society. Then there's Tony with 5, Steve with 4, Sandra also 4, Gerry 3, Michaela 2, Boris 1, Fiona 1, Martine 1 and Karen 1 and a half. I've rung her twice but I think she only got one of my messages. Her voice mail is on the blink. Then there's Teresa with eight, but she's my sister so she doesn't count. Then there's this one - marked with a question mark. That night the phone did ring. I was sitting at the kitchen table working on my chart when I heard it. I put down my pink texta, leapt to my feet and bolted for the phone. But just as I reached it - it went dead. So that's a returned call that I need to allocate to somebody. But who?

RACHEL: (CONT) Do you ever get the feeling the world is passing you by and you want to yell out stop. (SHE CALLS) Wait for me.  
(SOFTER) Wait for me.

**RACHEL EXITS.**

### Monologue 3 - GOD

DORMITORY ROOM. NIGHT. **JANINE** IS ABOUT TO BE ORDAINED AS A FEMALE MINISTER.

JANINE: I am to be ordained tomorrow. The service is set down for eleven. The laying on of hands will take place at exactly 11.45am. I am ... excited, of course. The training is nearly over. My years of devotion are reaching their climax. My work ... my life work can begin. I'm nervous. Who wouldn't be ? But as Brother Ryan said if that is what I am feeling, then that is exactly how God wants me to feel. Everything is as it should be. Brother Ryan stressed to me clearly and often that single point. That God is in everything. Including me. Including you. God guides everything. When we're in prayer, at work in the garden or even watching television at night - God is always there - watching - like the most benign and compassionate parent. Helping us live our lives, if we are willing to let him help us. I received my calling relatively late but again that is how it should be. All my experiences up to this point have led me to this moment. People say that I am passionate. If I am passionate, then God has made me passionate. If I am ardent, as they also say, then God again has made me such. He made me and I am his. Of all the myriad of lessons I have learnt I believe that is the most important. God is everywhere. Even here, with us, right now. If we listen carefully, we may even be able to hear him.

SHE LISTENS.

JANINE: People say that religion is old fashioned. I say that it is beyond fashion. People say that religion is immature. The world has grown up, we don't need the crutch of God anymore. I say we need God now more than ever. People say God is obsolete in our post-modern society. I say that God is post-modern, pre-modern, non-modern, traditional, cutting edge, computer chipped and microwaved. God is all.

Once, when I was young girl, I saw a man standing at a corner, a sort of sidewalk preacher, and he was holding up a sign. The sign said: "God is love". At the time I did not understand what it meant. For many, many years I did not understand what it meant, but now I do understand. I understand one hundred percent with body, mind and spirit. That sign conveyed an absolute truth. God is love. And that burning, searing, all consuming love fills up my life.

The light was always inside me but for years I fought it. Ego, self-will, the desire for control held me back. I constructed walls between myself and God and my life was shallow, hollow, meaningless. That was when I met Brother Ryan. He described

**JANINE:** (CONT) life as a roller coaster. A magical mystery ride full of ups and downs, twists and turns, excitement and danger, and God was the track our little, fragile car ran upon. He would always be there, cradling us, guiding us, protecting us - so all we had to do was let go of the safety rail. The ride was ready to begin but I was clinging to the platform - stubborn, scared, full of doubts. I had to learn to trust God. To let go. To give in. To ask for his help. So one day, when all hope seemed lost, I finally did. And here I am.

There have been doubts. Just last week I once more stood on the precipice, my vocation waning. A decision had to be made. In or out. I had been praying in the chapel that night, and as I stepped out into the evening air - a flash of blinding white light, stretching across the sky, blotting out the stars, illuminating the face of heaven. Here was irrefutable proof. God was with me. It's like the words of a song.

(SINGS) "I once was lost but now am found,  
was blind but now I see."

God has given me a life and I will cherish every second of it. I will let go of the rail, sit back and enjoy the ride. Tomorrow I am to be ordained. Tomorrow my life's work can begin. Brother Ryan - pray for me.

**JANINE EXITS.**

## Monologue 4 – LOVE SUCKS

**KARLA IS ON THE STREET TALKING TO HER BOYFRIEND. SHE IS ON THE POINT OF BREAKDOWN.**

KARLA: (ENTERING) Shit, crap. Crap, crap, shit.  
 I'm sorry you fell in love with me but people die. One minute they're just walking down the street and then the next their head explodes. Their brain pops. Fried inside their skull by some fuckin' light in the sky. Sizzle sizzle. Leaking out their ears. That's what happens. Love's shit. Crap. Shit. Crap crap shit. Who cares if you love me ? Does that dog care ? Over there, licking its ball. Does it care if you love me ? It doesn't. It doesn't ! Have you got a cigarette ? Oh man, don't look at me like that. That's pressure. You're pressuring me. Lindy's upstairs. You're girlfriend is just upstairs and you're pressuring me. Standing here with carnations in your hand telling me you love me. Well I don't fucking care. I can't handle it alright ? I'm not going to handle it alright ? It's abuse. It's emotional abuse. You're fucking abusing me. They are carnations aren't they ? Weird carnations. They look green. Are they green ? Don't do that. Don't cry. How dare you fucking cry ? I'm the one who should be crying. My uncle's dead. My fuckin' Uncle. His head exploded as he was walking down the street. It wasn't his fault. He was minding his own business and then this fuckin' flash comes and goes right inside his skull. Fries his fuckin' mind. One minute he's alive, the next crack, pop, sizzle sizzle. Fried brains. I'm the one who should be crying. Not you. But you're telling me that you love me. Well I don't care. I don't fucking care. Don't love me alright. I'm telling you - don't love me. Love that dog. Love that ball licking dog.  
 Don't blame me. Don't blame me ! Did I ask you to fall in love with me ? Did I give you an order ? Did I write you a note saying you had to fall in love with me or die ? Did I ask you to make up that stupid song and play it in front of Lindy on your stupid old guitar ? She's your girlfriend. She's the one you should be in love with. Write songs for her. I'm just me. Karla. I don't have anything to do with it. I never wanted you to fall in love with me. My Uncle was in love with me. My Uncle loved me. And now he's dead. That's what happens when you love someone. You die. One minute you're alive - next you get fried by the flash. Love sucks. Don't be fooled. Love kills. I gotta go. This is spinning me out. I gotta go. Stop abusing me okay ? Just stop fucking abusing me. You are abusing me. You are. You're telling me you love me. That's abuse. That's pressure. That's manipulation. You're trying to manipulate me. So stop it okay. Just fucking stop it. Abuse Lindy. Pressure her. Manipulate her. Have you got a cigarette ? I gotta go. Have you got a cigarette? Fuck it I'll get one from someone else then. Someone's who's not going to

KARLA: (CONT) hassle me. Someone's who doesn't love me. Someone who's heads not about to explode. I don't care if you can't help it. I'm outta here. And stop fucking following me around alright? I'll tell Lindy. Follow her around. Or else ... or else the flash'll come. The flash'll come and fry your brain. Hey. Give your carnations to the dog.

SHE THROWS THE FLOWERS ON THE GROUND AND EXITS.

**Monologues 5 - DENIAL**

**ROS** IS ADDICT TO PRESCRIPTION DRUGS BUT DENYING IT.

PUBLIC TOILET. AFTERNOON.

**ROS** ENTERS, CARRYING TWO LARGE HANDBAGS. A TOILET FLUSHES.

**ROS** EMPTIES THE HAND BAGS, WHICH ARE FULL OF PILLS, ON TO THE FLOOR.

**ROS:** I've had a very busy morning. One could even class it as exhausting.

I started out at Wilson but he has become, unfortunately, somewhat judgmental lately. Looks at me, over his glasses, concern in his eyes. "What do you actually want these for ? Perhaps we could discuss this further." "It's the flash. The flash. You stupid old fur-ball. Don't you understand that frigging flash is freaking me out. It went right through me. I need something to take the edge off. I'm going crazy." So I went to see Paramam. Much better. He understands what I'm going through. Didn't even have to use the flash story. Wrote me out a prescription - no problem. But I forgot the Percodon. I find the Librium makes me too lethargic with out the Percodon so I had to go to Russell. Dame Russell. Well I couldn't go back to Paramam could I ? That's stretching it a bit too far. Russell got all uppity too. "How many of these are you taking Ros ? How long have you been on them ?" So I went to see Edmed, just got in before lunch. I don't like going to him. Who does ? He just raves on and on incessantly but my options were quite reduced at this stage. But he gave me the Percodon and some Rohypnol as well. I was thinking of pushing for some Narconal too, I'm running a bit low, but I usually get that from Walsh and after some consideration I thought there's no sense risking it. Don't be greedy, grandma always used to say. Anyway - mission accomplished - eventually. Except for the Tryptonal. Very hard to get at present. It's been taken off a list or something.

I'm not an addict.

I'm not. I work. I have a job. I have a life. I've never stuck a needle in my arm. I've never ODED. I have never bought any illegal drugs. Never. Yes, I have cheated on the odd prescription - that is true - but the drugs - if you can even call them drugs. The pills - the pills I take are one hundred percent safe. They are prescribed by

ROS: (CONT) doctors, not quacks - doctors. They know what's best for me. They have prescribed them for my nerves. It's not my fault I have bad nerves. I'm just going through a bad time, but when it passes I'll reduce my intake. I'll cut back.

A little.

My life is manageable.

My life is manageable. It is. It's true I do occasionally double up. Occasionally. But that doesn't mean I'm an addict. It's just the only way I can get some - relief. Some respite

from the never ending pressures of a busy life.

Yes, I should get off them. Yes, they're probably bad for me in the long run. And I will - when I'm better. When I can cope better.

Yes alright, things haven't been getting better for a long time, in fact they're probably getting worse, quite a deal worse, but that's got nothing to do with the medications. That's just because I'm not taking the right balance. I'm still finding the correct dosage. Once I do that - once I find the right mix I know - things will get better. The world will make sense again.

Look at it rationally. If you have a problem and someone offers you a solution - safe, one hundred percent safe - you'd be mad not to take it. If you had cancer and someone offered you a cure - quick, effective, painless - you'd be insane to refuse it. I am merely availing myself of the best of modern medicine. I'm putting out my hand and accepting the offer of help. I have a problem and through taking a simple pill the problem can be removed. Completely removed. I ask you - what is wrong with that? It's sensible. Just plain sensible.

**ROS SEARCHES, BECOMING MORE FRANTIC.**

ROS: Shit. Where's the Benzonal ?

**Monologue 6 : BOOTS**

LIGHTS UP ON **TRACEY**, WORKING IN A RESTAURANT KITCHEN. SHE WIPES CUTLERY AND PLACES IT BACK IN A TRAY. SHE TALKS OF HER ONE GREAT LOVE IN HER LIFE – HER BOOTS.

TRACEY: I love my boots. I - love - my - boots.  
 I love their colour. I love their smell. I love their smooth leather trim, thick rubber soles, long black laces. I love the way they feel when I put them on.  
 I love the shop near Kings Cross station where I bought them, the little bald man who sold them to me, the money I gave him in payment. I love the plastic bag he put them in. I love the way I carried them home on the train, smiling proudly like a new mum. I love the way they looked when I took them out of the box - shiny and fresh. I love the way they squeaked when I squeezed them on to my feet for the first time - the way they squeak when I put them on anytime. I love putting them on in the morning. I love putting them on at night. I love putting them on when it's raining. I love putting them on when it's not. I love putting them on.

**TRACEY STRIDES AROUND THE STAGE.**

TRACEY: I love the way they feel when I take that first step on to the footpath, the sound of the soles on the concrete, the toe cap glistening in the sun. I love striding off down the street, walking fast, my head held high, wind whistling past my cheeks. I love the way they make me feel tall, powerful, beautiful. I love the way they move about a little as I walk - just a little bit, not too much. I love the way other people look at them as I walk past. I love the way they stand out and announce to the world "They are special and so am I." I love how little old ladies look at them and give me space, kids look at them and think I'm cool, men look at them and know I'm a girl you don't fuck with. I love stopping and having a chat in my boots, how I can rest easily - one sole on the ground, the other as thus. (SHE DEMONSTRATES.) I love how the people I chat to comment on my boots with an impressed look on their faces. I love the way they ask me how much they cost and where I bought them, how I can hear a trace of envy in their voice. I love waving goodbye to them and marching off down the street, knowing their watching my boots as I go.

**SHE BEGINS TO HURL THE CUTLERY INTO THE TRAY.**

TRACEY: I love taking big steps in them, small steps, running, stopping, just standing in them and watching the world

go by. I love the way the world treats me with respect. I love the way I was missing something before my boots but now I feel complete. I love polishing my boots, scraping dirt off the soles, rubbing in the leather preserver with my fingers. I love the way I look after my boots and my boots look after me. I love the way my boots are my best friends, they'll never run away from me, they sit by my bed all night patiently waiting for me to wake up. My boots will always be by my side. My boots will stay with me to the end. I love my boots. I love my boots and my boots love me. Fuck the flash – I've got my boots.

SHE THROWS THE TRAY TO GROUND, CUTLERY SCATTERS ACROSS THE STAGE, AND EXITS.

## Monologue 7 - The voice behind the fence

### MASOOMA IS A MUSLIN WOMAN AND REFUGEE, DETAINED IN A DETENTION CENTRE

MASOOMA: You ask me to tell you my story but every time I tell you my story do I give away another little piece of myself. I will not tell you my story. I will tell you what I remember. What is burnt into my skull. I remember my name. My name is Masooma Mohebbie. My number is one two six nine. Here my name is not important - only my number. I am not a refugee. I am a refugee applicant. I have been moved. Unaccompanied woman, so I could be moved. Away from the numbing emptiness of the tin sheds - cooking ovens in the day and ice caves at night. I am one of the lucky ones.

Asif. He has suffered. He use to remind me of my husband, very intelligent and brave. One day he broke a fluorescent tube in the bathroom and started eating the glass. He had eaten glass and their answer was to take him from tin sheds and put him in jail. People are surprised a human being can be reduced to that. Three years in the tin sheds will do many things to a man. Or a woman.

I remember the announcements from the loud speaker. All day, all night. What do they say? What do they mean? If they do not stop I will go mad. People go mad. Some for real, others for fake. Going mad is the only way of getting out from behind this razor wire. The other way is dying.

I am not scared of dying anymore. I am only scared of going mad. Not to know. It terrifies me. I can not lose myself, it is all I have left. No one should have to go through this.

Do you know how desperate you have to be to get on a leaking boat with four hundred others ? I remember jumping into the water, holding onto my son, people jumping on top of us - my son's hand slipping from my ... No. I will not speak of that.

I miss my dignity. Everything they say in this country is a lie. I remember thinking that outside in this country it is always so hot but inside the people are cold. They have no hearts. The sun has burnt it from their chests. They don't care if we die. But the voice - the voice did care.

It was the day of the light in the sky, someone said a Bus was just outside. We could hear a voice. A women's voice calling to us from behind the fence. "We know you have suffered. We welcome you." When I heard this I am ashamed. They people are not cruel. They have a heart just like mine. The soldiers who pulled me from the water were from this country.

Then I remember other soldiers and the night I stood in front of my house and watched as they ... I have seen how they kill people in my country and I will not go back there.

MASOOMA: (CONT) Today. This morning it was very hot, one of the guards, Sandra, she brought us some extra water and a rag to wipe our foreheads. She said tomorrow she will bring a nice ribbon or some flowers to try and cheer us up. She calls me "Zoomy". So funny here how they add "y" to everything.

I remember another guard back in the tin sheds - an old man called Tony. He didn't say very much. One day I was crying and I couldn't stop. He said "Don't cry love, you don't understand. It's just the election." What type of human beings must we be that a man can win an election because he promised to keep us out of his country? Do I need a document to prove my husband was murdered?

I will not get angry anymore. Anger will only destroy me. Eat me up from the inside and I am the only one left. I will not go mad.

I remember the night after the flash - when we all lay on our beds in the dark. I don't sleep. If you sleep you dream. I thought of my friends in the tin sheds. I wonder - if they had seen the light in the sky and heard the behind the fence.

That is what I remember. That is my story.

## Monologue 8 – CHILDREN OF THE FLASH

KITCHEN, NIGHT. **RUTH** IS GOING BLIND AFTER SEEING A STRANGE FLASH OF LIGHT IN THE SKY.

RUTH: In the beginning I wasn't the only one. In the days after the flash the papers were full of stories of others who had suffered the same fate. But theirs was only temporary. Gradually, after a few days or a week their darkness lifted. Until there was only two - myself and a six year old boy in Holroyd - Colin Douglas. He had been looking through a magnifying glass at the sky when the flash hit - trying to get closer to the stars. I use to wonder what Colin was like. Fair hair or dark, olive skin or bright pink, slender or still carrying his baby fat. If he smiled. I could've asked somebody to describe him to me, god knows he was on television enough, but somehow I felt that would tarnish it. I preferred my very own Colin. At night my dreams would be full of images of him - running along the beach, playing on a swing, studying some ants with his magnifying glass. I wondered if he would ever be able to do those things again. I also dreamt of our meeting. The fatal day when we would somehow be brought together - the oddest of odd couples. The children of the flash. Then one morning I heard his mother's voice, Sarah Douglas on the radio, elated: "It's a miracle. A miracle. He can see. My boy can see." Colin had simply woken up one morning, blinked his eyes and seen his mother for the first time in over a month. So now I'm all alone, by myself, in the darkness. Of course there are hundreds, thousands of people like me, living perfectly normal lives. But it's not the same you see. They weren't blinded by the flash. Like me ... and Colin. (CHANGE) I was quite a celebrity when it was me and Colin. A cute six year old boy blinded by the flash was a terrible tragedy - the coverage was immense - and I tagged along for the ride. The networks felt an obligation to include number two - Colin Douglas and Ruth What's-her-name. When they wrote a heart warming story about Colin's trip to the zoo they would include a few paragraphs on me as well. Or if radio needed an interview and it was past Colin's bedtime my phone would be ringing hot. I thought, hoped, that one intrepid media person would one day do a story on me and Colin together - so I could meet him. Tearful shots of our tentative handshake in Centennial park. But sadly they never thought of that and I just couldn't bring myself to suggest it. Would Sarah, his mother, have welcomed my call? Once Colin got his sight back things were different. They quickly lost interest in me. A blind six year old boy is tragic. A blind woman approaching middle age, living alone, is just sad. I was placed in the too hard basket and too alleviate everyone's guilt rumours began to circulate - is she a spinster? What happened to her

RUTH: (CONT) husband ? Maybe she killed him. Is she gay ? Maybe she's a witch. Maybe she's a gay witch who killed her husband ? How come she got blinded anyway ? What did she do wrong ? Probably did it herself to get some attention. Why would God choose her ? (PAUSE) Pre-existing condition - that's what Dr Russell said. No magnifying glass required. Weakened retina. He was surprised I hadn't already noticed some deterioration. I would've definitely required surgery in a few years if ... I hadn't seen the flash. It was the moon's fault. This extraordinary full moon, glowing, bright yellow, right above my flat. I'd just finished my dinner and was placing my plate in the sink when I glanced out the window and saw it. You couldn't miss it. The moon, drawing me, beckoning me onto the balcony. I'd never seen it so big, so magnificent and as it turned out - I never would again. I'd just reached the railing and craned my head up to take in the full beauty of the moon when the flash came. I remember it - so clear, so intense, so bright. Instantaneous. By instinct I turned away and shielded my eyes. A futile gesture as it turned out. I uncovered my eyes but everything was still black. I blinked, once - twice - but just black. I clambered back into the house, felt my way through the glass sliding doors. I wanted to call someone, anyone, but in my disorientated state I couldn't seem to find the phone. The flash had taken away my sight and my balance. I stumbled against a small table and fell. The carpet felt soft and safe so I stayed there. I crawled on my hand and knees and slowly felt my way into the bedroom. Eventually I found the bed, somehow I managed to pull myself up onto the covers and I flopped on to my back. I closed my eyes. Maybe they were already closed and to my surprise I was asleep. I woke up sometime later. I have no idea how long. Whether it was day or still night. I opened my eyes. I blinked. Blinked again. Black. Just black. Complete, empty, stretching out in front of me. Black. Sometime that day, I don't know when, I did find the phone. I called Barbara, my sister. Thankfully she was home. "Had I seen the flash ?" "Yes. Yes I had." She arrived shortly afterwards and took me to the hospital. They were very kindly, very efficient, very understanding. They wrote down my name. I was official. A casualty of the flash. My new life could begin. (PAUSE) Rage. Do I feel rage ? That's what everybody keeps asking me. Am I angry ? Do I feel a need to blame ? But I don't. There is no rage. Dr Russell says maybe I'm still in shock. I will feel anger - soon. So I sit here alone in the dark and wait for the rage to come. But who shall I blame ? The moon. That big, bright, beautiful yellow moon hanging over my house one clear autumn night. How can I blame that ? (PAUSE) The strangest thing -and I haven't even told Dr Russell this - before the flash I used to get this terrible pain in my lower back. Just about here. It felt like something was eating away at me from the inside. I was too scared to ask him

RUTH: (CONT) about it. I thought it might be ... And now, since the flash, the pain is gone.  
My eyes are finally open. Aren't they ?

**RUTH** REACHES FOR HER CANE. SHE CAN'T FIND IT.

SHE FEELS AROUND AND EVENTUALLY FINDS IT, SHE EXITS.

**Monologue 9 - GOLDILOCKS**

ART GALLERY. 2AM. **KEITH** IS THE SECURITY GUARD.

KEITH: I like it here among the paintings. Quiet, peaceful, warm. Funny word that - art. Add an f an what do you get ? Fart. That's what my father used to say. He didn't go much on art. Another one, gone to god. They're all gone now. Mum, Eric, Betty, Tom. All gone. Except me.

I've been asking for overtime of late. I need to be here at the moment. Among the warm glow. My wife, Drie, went too you see a couple of months ago and I'm not bearing up too well. We were married for 27 years come Christmas. They say four months is the danger time. It's about then when things start to get tricky. At first I didn't think it would. I thought I'd be one of the lucky ones. But it's around then you really start to miss them and you begin to realise how empty your life is without them. You begin to understand the real meaning of the word loneliness. It's all to be expected of course. It's always hardest for the one who remains. The other one sits on a cloud, sipping nice cups of tea, with cream and sugar, while you're stuck down here, among all the tears and memories. Hope they do have tea in heaven. She always loved a good cuppa. Not too hot, not too cold, just right. Like Goldilocks with her bowl of porridge. That's who she was to me. My very own Goldilocks. Have a cup for me love. That's what I reckon that flash was all about. I was up in the canteen, on me break. It was so bright it went right through the whole building. Like an xray. They said it was dry lightning. Lightning out of a cloudless sky ? I never seen lightning like that. Then they said it was some build up of static electricity due to the new power station. But I reckon it was something else. (WHISPERING) I reckon it was them over there - sending us a sign that they were okay. Saying hello. It was Drie. Telling me I'm not alone.

Things like that happen. You get little signs and you gotta be aware of them. Like this bloke the other day. He was standing in front of the Magritte for hours, with this intense look on his face. I thought at first that he was, pardon the expression, a little barmy. We get them in here some days, trying to scribble on the Picasso. He wasn't like that though. In fact, he was quite the opposite. "Purify". That was his first word. Not a "Hello" or "What's the time ?", or even "What's this one called ?" Just "Purify." Then he went on. "Sit with it. Go through it. Emerge cleansed." Then he stopped for awhile. Went all silent. And then he said, real quiet like: "Begin now." Then he picked up his bag and just walked off. "Purify. Emerge cleansed. Begin now." Heady stuff. I remember it cause I wrote it down on the back of a

KEITH: (CONT) piece of newspaper and stuck it in my wallet. I take it out and look at it from time to time. Especially at night. It helps me sleep. Not sure why. But it helps me nod off. I don't who he was or where he come from but I'll tell you something, I think that chap had a direct line to him up there. You're gonna think I'm crazy but I think he was some kind of angel sent down to help me out. Those words he said, and the flash, they've given me renewed faith. And nothing, nothing on earth, is more important than that.

You see, that light cleansed us all. It's given me courage to go on. To wake up each morning and try to smile. But never forget she's there with me. Watching, laughing – gazing down at me through the flash. Sit with it. Go through it. Emerge cleansed. Begin now.

**KEITH EXITS.**

## Monologue 10 - Dante and other diversions

**STEVE STANDS IN FRONT OF A GRAFITTIED WALL.**

STEVE : (WRITING ON THE WALL)  
 “ In the midway of this our mortal life,  
 I found me in a gloomy wood astray.”  
 (TO AUDIENCE) Did you see that light the other night ? The blinding flash. Incredible wasn't it. I was up on the roof, hanging out some laundry. I was standing right on the edge, looking out over the park. Bats screaming in the trees. Then it happened. This huge brilliant light in the sky. Bloody thing almost swallowed me up. Then afterwards -silence. This beautiful silence. I couldn't talk. Made me forget about myself, forget. For a whole five minutes.  
 You see recently I've become obsessed with the idea of killing myself. I have these fantasies about a train slicing me in two, my guts spilling all over the track. Or throwing myself off a tall building – or not so tall building - smashing my body on the concrete below.  
 I don't think the anti-depressants are working. Maybe I should increase my dosage. Six a day probably isn't really enough. The problem is I'm just really depressed. I mean really, really depressed. But I'm not letting it get me down.  
 (HE SMILES) In fact I've come to a decision. It came to me in the flash. Well I saw it in the flash. The graffiti. On the wall, across from my building, scrawled in red paint:  
 (READS FROM WALL) “In the midway of this our mortal life  
 I found me in a gloomy wood astray.”  
 Dante. Inferno. You know ? Inferno.  
 So in that moment – when I saw those words - I thought: “Why not ? If I go through nine circles of hell maybe I can get a little Paradise too.”  
 “Through me you pass into the city of woe  
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”  
 But pass through here we must to attain paradise.  
 (PAUSE)  
 If they had a competition for the most depressed person in the world I'm absolutely sure I'd win. Or at least come a close second. My sister would come first. She's depressed too. She's been in therapy for six years but her psychiatrist isn't as expensive as mine.  
 It's not much fun this greyness. I think it's a family trait. An overabundance of angst. Strindberg, Van Gogh, Beckett and Morrissey all rolled into one. Maybe I should just die. But what if you still get depressed even after you're dead ? Think about it. I mean what do you do then ? I don't think the pharmacy in heaven is that flush with anti-depressants. And you can't commit

STEVE: (CONT) suicide. You're already dead. The question I most ask myself is why can't I live ? I mean- live. Just live. It's like I'm playing a game and I don't know the rule but everyone else does.

**STEVE STANDS IN FRONT OF THE WALL, CHALK IN HAND.**

STEVE : Why am I angry ? Try who am I angry with ? (WRITES) Father. Mother. Sister. Wendy. (TO AUDIENCE) I hate them all. But I don't hate anybody half as much as I hate myself. There it is. I should you know, I really should. Better for all concerned if one day I just popped off down to the laundromat one last time and never came back. Spun out in the spin dryer. Save everybody from all my crap. But I want to live. Yes, that's right. Me. I want to live. Maybe it's because I like reading the paper on the bus everyday on the way to work. I'm a Nurse at a Psychiatric Hospital. How's that for irony ? Or because I go crazy about a good Pizza Mexicana. Or because I just love the smell of coffee. Or maybe it's because this Sunday at the Florentine – I'm doing Shirley. Finally. (SINGS) "Goldfinger." I'm going to start up a blinding flash cult. "Guardians of the eternal light." We'll meet every full moon on different roofs around the city, hang out our smalls and chant for the return of the great light. "O come to us now - fast freaky flash." Maybe I can get a tie in with Kodak. We could all wear cute sponsored T-shirts. Maybe we can even bottle the flash. Sell it like some kind of elixir. "Fusion of Flash", "Essence of the ether." Or maybe deep down, underneath all the mumbo jumbo, the anger, the depression, the attacks of silliness, maybe underneath all that, the deepest thing at the core of my being is this absolute burning fear that one day I'll meet someone who'll really love me. Love me. Just me. Who I am, not who I pretend to be or who I fantasise about being. Me. I might one day find something, somewhere, resembling love. Always was a romantic. Barbie, that's my psychiatrist, she's one of those boring people who think that the flash didn't mean anything. Electro magnetic pulse, dry lightning, natural phenomena. But I say it did. It had to mean something. Or else nothing means anything. That light was a key. A key to something. (SINGS SOFTLY) "The minute he walked in the joint, I could see he was a man of distinction  
A real big spender  
Good lookin', so refined  
Wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind ?"

BLUE SPOTLIGHT

STEVE :                "By that hidden way  
My guide and I did enter, to return  
To the fair world : and heedless of repose  
We climb'd, he first, I following his steps  
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven  
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave;  
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."

**Monologue 11 - PARTY 1**

Drinks Party. 9pm.

BRENDA: They're fucking. Not right now, but they are fucking. How did I know ? Put it this way, it wasn't hard to guess. I know what you're thinking. I'm just being paranoid. Final confirmation came the night of the flash. I came in to collect him from the office and surprise, surprise. She was there. Taking dictation. And then came the light in the sky - blinding, hideously bright. The little mouse got so scared she virtually leapt across the desk and into his arms. A split second later the lights went out. But I'd seen all I needed to see.

Her name is Cheryl. Cheryl. Who in their right mind would have an affair with a girl called Cheryl. Sounds like a new brand of washing powder. "Use Cheryl on all your household stains." Her name is Cheryl and they're fucking. Everyone can tell. It's so bloody obvious. We're the laughing stock of the whole party. Scratch that. I'm the laughing stock of the whole party. "There's Brenda Williams. Did you know her husband is doing his PA ?" Look at her. She makes me want to vomit. Nineteen. Nine-teen. I mean, look at that dress. Could it be any shorter ? Could her tits be pushed up any higher ? Does she have to be so bloody cute though ? Look at that face, angelic, and where did she get that tan ? Skin like that doesn't exist. I've got to give it to him. He always had taste. After all - he picked me. (LAUGHS) I'm pissed, and I don't care. In fact, I might get really sloshed and put on a show. Liven things up. Go over, slap her on the face, call her a tart and pour my champagne all over those pushed up, pulled out, over cooked tits. Why in the world did he have to bring her here ? Some decorum please. These people are my friends, for Christs' sake. How am I meant to look them in the eye when my husband has brought his work home with him ? His office floozy. His afternoon screw. His mistress. Such an exotic word for such a little slut. I wonder where they do it. A quickie bent over the photocopy machine. A coffee break bonk in the broom closet. Or do they sneak off to a little hotel for a sunset rendezvous ? I wonder how long it's been going on ? Quite a while I would say. I'm not sure when it started but it soon became apparent. Listen, when your husband is sleeping with someone else four times a week you don't have to be Einstein to work out something's changed. Christ. Now he's introducing her around. Like she was his bloody wife or something. Or his daughter. Christ knows he's old enough to be her grandfather. She keeps looking over at me. Like a cat guarding it's food. She thinks she's got a future with the boss, if only she could get rid of the old hag. I wouldn't hold your breath lovey. He'll get bored with you, just like he got bored with me. So how do I exact my

BRENDA: (CONT) revenge on this superhuman prick? An affair. Hit him with his own medicine. See how he likes it. A nice public one too. With someone really close to him. Chosen to cause maximum humiliation. Terry. Too old. Lionel. Too married. Barry. Perfect. The trustworthy, second in command. Good old Bazza. See how he likes them apples. And I'll make sure he knows. Rub his face in it, just like he's doing to me. Leave some stained undies under the bed. Or casually put Bazza's tie in with the dry cleaning. He'll soon get the picture. I'm having an affair with Barry. Ha, ha, ha. But there 's one problem. Just a teensy, weensy one. I don't want to have an affair with Barry. Or even Terry. Even after everything the prick's done to me I still love him. I don't want to sleep with anybody else. I don't want to cuddle up to anybody else in the middle of the night. He's the man I raised two children with and I don't want anybody to be with anybody else - now or ever. Pathetic isn't it? Guess I can't say the same for him. Are you sure you wouldn't like a sandwich ?

**BRENDA SCREAMS AND HURLS SOME SANDWICHES ACROSS STAGE. SHE EXITS.**

## Monologue 12 - INFIDELITY

MUSIC: Dido's lament from Dido and Aeneas.

**CLIVE ENTERS, CARRYING A SMALL TABLE AND BOUND VOLUME. HE SETS UP THE TABLE.**

CLIVE: Shakespeare was wrong.  
 Not in all respects of course. In most respects, he was often quite right, but in this respect he is most definitely - wrong. "The readiness is all". Hamlet, Act 2, Scene 4.  
 The readiness is not all. Acceptance is all.  
 It was an unceremonious departure. No tears and screaming at two o'clock in the morning. No harsh words or desperate pleas. I came back from lectures late last Tuesday. The night of the flash. The house was empty. But the lights were back on. I found a note on the bed. (READS) "Dear Clive, " so formal, "Dear Clive, I've gone." Two words. As simple and as complex as that. A fourteen year marriage dead in two words. "The girls are at Helen's" My mother's, not hers. That at least was decent of her. No mention of him. That priceless snippet came later. She rounded off with a short perfunctory sentence. "I'm sorry, but I don't love you anymore." I don't love you anymore.  
 Why did she say sorry ? It's not her fault she doesn't love me anymore, is it ? It's not her fault she changed her mind. It's not her fault she broke a life time vow. It's mine. It must be mine. I have done something to make her stop loving me. It's not a small thing - losing love. It must have been me. She left me. Accept it. Walked out on me and our two children. Accept it. Ran off with a man half my age. Accept it. He is everything I am not. Young, handsome, virile. He can give her everything I failed to deliver. Accept it. The acceptance is all.  
 He was my star pupil. I taught him Hamlet. If you can teach Hamlet. They met at one of the University drinks parties. Someone was giving someone a cheque and we were brought in to make up the numbers. Guzzle, chat, hob nob. I actually introduced them. "Simon, this is my wife." Perhaps I should've stressed "wife" a tad more.  
 I didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. No bolt of lightning. No blinding flash. If I remember correctly, we chatted for awhile, not long. I was called off by the cheque givee to say a few words. A little later I glanced over and they were still chatting. Didn't look like much, some innocuous palare, but that's obviously where the seed was sown. So to speak. I didn't think anymore about it. Till I got the ... note. The Dear John. Or in my case, Dear Clive.  
 I often wonder just how it did happen ? The mechanics. Did he ring her up and ask her out on a date ? "Listen Katharine, I know

CLIVE: (CONT) your married to my tutor and all that but would you like to go and see a movie next Tuesday night ? It's half price." Or was she the one who sought him out ? Had I caused her to not love me so tremendously, that she needed to pursue a little outside adventure? A dangerous liaison that snowballed into something more. And exactly how long did it go on for ? How could I have been so blind? It seems this was a love somewhat out of the ordinary and those who are in engaged in a love of that magnitude often do not stop to consider the consequences, especially to other people. Witness Capulet. Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Scene 5. Lines 206 to 275. A love like that just sweeps the lover up and takes them away. From children, a house, a husband, a life. That of course is one explanation. An other would be they just succumbed to a brief spasm of carnal lust. Where are they ? I don't have the faintest idea. Will she ever return ? I can't imagine so. Is our marriage over ? My opinion - yes. And this returns me to my original motif - acceptance. What good is becoming enraged? Railing against the world in blind fury? What would it achieve ? And if you were to give in to that surging emotion you might end up doing something quite regrettable. Seeking them out and wreaking retribution as they lay in their adulteress embrace. This is not a play or a novel. Life is never that cut and dried. The bad often get off Scot free and the good are left to deal with ... it.

It's just like that flash in the sky. People are so busy romanticising it, using it as the answer for every mystery in the universe they miss the fundamental point. The flash didn't change anything. Whatever it was ? Lightning, polar reflection, magnetic pulse, Shakespeare's heavenly displeasure at so many bad productions of his plays. It doesn't change anything. My wife still left me. Flash or no flash. But try as I might I just can't seem to turn the pain off. Lear, Act 2, Scene 3.

There is never anything so true as a woman in love. Never anything as cold as a woman disinterested, and never anything as fickle as a woman who changes her mind. Clive Richards. January 2002.

I wonder what Hamlet would do. Nothing probably.

**CLIVE EXITS.**

**Monologue 13 - TELEVISION MAN**

TV Room. 6.15pm.

**ADRIAN ENTERS. GAME SHOW THEME.**

ADRIAN: Today I have watched eleven hours of television. Tonight I will watch six more.

**ADRIAN BEGINS TO STRETCH.**

ADRIAN: I'm on my break. It's important to have a break. A quick half an hour before the last of the game shows and the start of current affairs. I don't watch the news. Too depressing. So six o'clock is my break time. A quick snack and stretch and then it's back to the action.

I prefer frozen foods. TV dinners. Or lunches as the case may be. Less interruptions that way. During one commercial break I take it out of the freezer and put it in the oven. Set the timer, then I come back a couple of commercial breaks later and whammo - instant satisfaction. No washing up either. I'm a Television Man. That's my job. I even write it on official documents. Last week I was sent a survey of some kind and where it said "Occupation" I filled in "Television Man". Notice, not "Television Repairman". But "Television Man". I'm a watcher. Not a fixer. Been that way since I did me back at the factory. On compo, you know. Bloke at Human Resources said "Find yourself a hobby. Can't just sit around doin' nothing all day. Develop a passion." So I did. I watch. I watch with a passion. People look at you strangely when you tell them what you do, so mostly, I don't tell them. Except for that form. I didn't have to tell them, did I? Not face to face. Just had to write it down. So I did. It's a full time job - watching. Seventeen hours a day. Tell me somebody else who works seventeen hours a day - seven days a week. 120 hours a week I'm in my chair, control in hand watching. Only time I'm not watching is when I'm in bed, or when I'm in the gents. Although I do try to restrict that to the commercial breaks. Got it well timed matter of fact. Number one's a breeze. Number two's a bit tricky at times. So I'm training to speed up, gradually.

I used to eat three meals a day in front of the television, but now I've decided to leave my post for dinner. You do need a break, sad to say but you do. Nothing good on anyway. News. "Doom and gloom in your lounge room." Not for me, thank you very much. I'll grab my chance, take a break and stock up on some sustenance. 6pm to 6.30pm. Snack and stretch. That's my schedule and I'm sticking to it.

ADRIAN: (CONT) There was one day I wasn't able to stick to the schedule. A most difficult day that day. A most difficult day indeed. The day of the flash. The television blew up.

PAUSE. **ADRIAN** CROSSES HIMSELF.

ADRIAN: I tell no lie. Right in the middle of All Saints. It was that bloody light in the sky. Sent a power surge through the whole grid. Blew my television up right in front of my eyes. Still I'm not complaining - an exploding television is almost as good as All Saints. But that night I was complaining. I was hollering, long and loud. A catastrophe. An absolute disaster. Quick as a flash I was on the phone . Two double eight one thousand. Two double eight one thousand. I remembered the number from the ad. Heard it often enough. Two double eight one thousand. Whacked a nine on the front and got straight through. But it was nine o'clock at night. Would anybody be there and more to the point would they be able to help in this time of dire emergency? A nice lady answered. Sounded young. "Need new telly. Quick. Don't care what type. Missing All Saints." Gave her the address. Half an hour later, and a dark half an hour it was too, but thirty minutes on the knocker, hey presto. Young fella, blue uniform, greasy hair. In his hands - what a glorious sight, holy majesty - a brand new magic box. Glistening, shiny, enchanting. Calling out to me - "Television man, Television man" - begging to be plugged in, longing to emit rays. I grabbed it and whacked it on, power was back on by then. Didn't even need tuning. "We do that at the shop" he says. All official like. As if I care. "It's on now - piss off." What a champion set. And the picture, what a glorious sight - overflowing greens and awe inspiring pinks. Just like the ad said. All Saints was still on. Just in time to see Georgie Parker save the life a desperate heroin addict. Don't know why she bothered. Still that's Georgie. "See you next week Nurse Terry."

Next commercial break, young fella's sneaking out with the old set. "Give her a nice funeral mate. She deserves it. Been through a lot me and the old Sanyo." Last look at the old trusty , quick goodbye – and then back to the new set before "Stingers" had even kicked off. Whole transaction took five minutes. What a glorious world we live in. The convenience of modern living. I guess it's true what they say. If you've got money you can get anything in this city.

A week later - they even sent me a cheque. \$75 dollars. Trade in. Bonus.

Yeah, that was the night. The night telly mark 1 hit the dust. The coming of telly mark 2. Not a problem with it. Beautiful one day, perfect the next. The new magic box. Where would you be without it ?

ADRIAN: (CONT) People tell me about videos. But I think, why bother recording when you can watch it as it happens. Live. I know what you're thinking. But what if there's two of your favourite shows on at the same time. What then ? I just switch over during the commercials. Get all the important stuff. Of course, you do miss some of the commercials that way. But then, you can't have everything. Besides, I'm too busy. When would I ever get a chance to watch a video. Hey maybe I should get a video. Tape a few shows on it and then keep it in reserve with a spare telly in case we get another one of those flashes. Not a bad plan. Anyway , must get back to it. Mike'll be waiting. Big night ahead. Couple of specials on two, then "All Saints" on seven, switching to "Charmed" on Ten during the commercials. Tough call that. Over to nine for "The West Wing", back to Ten for "Cops", then a late movie on SBS. French. What a life eh ? What a life. Well you know what they say - a man's work is never done.  
Today I have watched eleven hours of television. Tonight I will watch seven more.  
Sssh. It's starting.

SOUND OF HOSPITAL TV SHOW. HE WATCHES THE TELEVISION.

## Monologue 14 - The Pool of Cerberus

### 1. Canteen. Lunchtime.

LEONARD: She's there every day. Always the same. Lines up for her tea, sits at her table, over in the corner, with her friends - Betty, Katie, Marjorie. Sits there, slurping her tea, giggling pretending I don't exist. It wasn't always like that. But now - I don't exist. I manufacture headwear for uniforms. Policemen, nurses, fire chiefs. All the people who've been so busy of late. I'm at work at the moment. At lunchtime I sit over here, at the table underneath the window. I sip my tea and read my paper. But not really. Really I'm watching her. Watching her not watching me, waiting for that furtive glance that never comes. Waiting for the end of the ignoring. I sit and watch her, refusing to look at me, pretending I'm not here. Treating me like I'm nothing. An insect. The day will come when she will not ignore me any longer. On that day, she who pretends I don't exist, will realise that I - am - important. That I will not be taken for granted any longer. I will be acknowledged. That day is not far away. The Day of Atonement for the crimes she has committed against me. I saw the signal.

I understood it immediately. I listen to the radio and the idiotic theories they put forward. But that's all they are. The light was a signal. To be patient. My day is coming. And on that day she will realise the terrible cost her ignorance has borne. She will realise that she is to blame and the tears will flow. Interesting word that, borne.

(SINGS) "If you go down to the woods today  
You better go in disguise,  
If you go down in the woods today  
Prepare for a big surprise  
Cause today's the day the  
Teddy bears have their picnic."  
My name is Leonard. and I am winning.

**LEONARD EXITS.**

## 2. Forest, Afternoon.

LEONARD: (SINGING) "If you go down to the woods today  
 You better go in disguise  
 If you go down to the woods today  
 Beware of a big surprise"  
 (CALLS) This area's clear. We've checked all the way up to the  
 ridge. I'd start over there.

A HELICOPTER SWOOPS OVER HEAD.

**LEONARD** COMES FORWARD. HE PULLS AN OBJECT  
 WRAPPED IN A PLASTIC BAG FROM HIS BACKPACK. HE  
 TAKES OUT AN ORANGE, AND STARTS TO PEEL IT.

LEONARD: They've offered a reward. 500, 000 dollars for information  
 leading to the arrest of. Half a million dollars. Not bad,  
 considering. They' say he's the worse ever. No one else comes  
 close . Seven bodies. And that's only the ones they've  
 discovered.  
 It's me, Leonard, the bloke from the cap factory. I'm a volunteer.  
 I'm helping out in the search.  
 (SINGS, TO THE TUNE OF "WALTZING MATILDA")  
 "The only way he'll be discovered  
 Is when it suits him to be discovered.  
 There'll come a day when he'll reveal his identity  
 He's not quite ready to finish the game  
 There's still a few more cards left to play  
 A few more little preparations to make"  
 It's only the mistakes of a hot blooded man that lead his  
 pursuers to him. His advantage is that he's not out of control. He  
 won't kill again till it's safe. He'll probably even bury them in the  
 same place, right under their noses. They're so wonderfully  
 idiotic they won't even find them for another year. His reign will  
 continue unabated, the count soaring ever upwards, until he and  
 only he decides to stop. Do you know how many missing people  
 are reported every month ? Don't ask me.  
 (HUSHED, INTENSE) Time is running out for her. The time to  
 cut her down to size. When he'll have her whimpering at his feet.  
 When he'll hear her saying she's sorry, asking for forgiveness,  
 begging for mercy. His time will come and she will finally  
 comprehend the meaning of the word terror. And then she will  
 know that it was him all along. She will know who he really is  
 and the power he possesses. Her eyes will grow red from futile  
 weeping and her throat begin to ache with worthless sobs  
 because she will realise she is to blame. And there will be no  
 one she can tell, no one who will absolve her, no one she can  
 cry out to for help. There will be nothing she can do because

LEONARD: (CONT) she will be making the same silent trek as the others - to the quiet forest and the final bed under the stars. He will be ignored no longer. The great ignorer will come undone.  
(RELAXING) He revisits the scene of the crime every day in the guise of their silly blue caps. Idiots. Unbelievable idiots. Whoever would have thought so many idiots could've been brought together in the same place at the same time. He's not concerned. Not in the least. They'll never find him. They'll never even suspect him. How could they ? He makes their little hats for their stupid little heads.  
My name is Leonard, and I have almost won.

VOICES OFF. HE PACKS HIS BACKPACK QUICKLY.

LEONARD: (CALLS) Yeah. Coming.  
(DEPARTING) "If you go down to the woods today  
You better go in disguise,  
If you go down in the woods today  
Prepare for a big surprise."

**Monologue 15: There is a better party than this**

THROBBING DANCE MUSIC. CLUB LIGHTING.

Another party. 2am.

BRENT: There is a better party than this, I just haven't found it yet. There's a better drink than the one I'm drinking, I just haven't drunk it yet. There's a better drug than the one I'm on. I just haven't discovered it yet. If I had to give tonight a score out of ten it would be a six. The first party I went to was to a five – pretty groovy but boring. The next party was definitely a three. A half empty room full of losers. The one before this was really good. It was about an eight and a half. Lots of beautiful girls, lots of expensive booze, nice, mood lighting. I probably should've stayed there but hey, I'm on the look out for the perfect ten. Nothing less will do. I haven't found it yet but I've got a feeling I'm not that far away.

This party is somewhere between a four and a six. If some more people turn up it could be a five. If they have drugs it could be a six and a half, and if the most beautiful girl amongst them thinks I'm attractive it could even push to a seven. If no one comes it will remain a four, and if that jerk in the green corduroy jacket keeps playing that stupid record it may even drop to a two. I have three more parties to go to tonight. Either of them could be the magic ten. The second one looks good, and I've got high hopes for my last stop but as for now I'm here, stuck between four and six. I won't stay much longer. It's too bright, I'm a bit hot, that jerk in the jacket is playing that song again and last but by no means least - I'm running out of drugs.

I'll keep moving. Keep rolling on in search of the perfect ten. I know it's out there. I can feel it. I'm getting closer too. I'm warm, very warm. It's just around the next corner. Nothing less will do. It's like that light in the sky. That's what I'm really looking for. Something like that. I remember when it happened. It went right through me like a shot of ecstasy. And for a spilt second I got this feeling I never had before. This feeling of total ... ten. I need something like that tonight. Something like that flash. And I will find it. There is a better party than this, I just haven't discovered it yet. There is a better drink than the one I'm drinking, I just haven't drunk it yet. There is a better drug than the one I'm on, I just haven't discovered it yet. Nothing less will do.

I'm going. Soon.

LIGHTS CHANGE.

## Monologue 16: WOMEN

ERIC: Women.

Big women. Little women. Tall women. Short women. Fat women. Thin women. Nice women. Nasty women. Happy women. Sad women. Beautiful women. Ugly women. Young women. Mature women. Elegant women. Scruffy women. Sexy women. Plain women. Sultry women. Conservative women. Voluptuous women. Curvaceous women. Buxom women. Model women. Playmate women. Wet T-Shirt women. Orgasmic women. Incredible women! Pious women. Religious women. Nun women. Doctor women. Nurse women. Lawyer women. Police women. Political women. Teacher women. Educated women. Intellectual women. Esoteric women. Philosophical women. Wise women. Caring women. Sensitive women. Women women. Proud women. Humble women. Demure women. Dominant women. Modern women. Corporate women. Business women. Powerful women. Overbearing women. Overpowering women. Arse kicking women. "Take no shit" women. Watch out women. Man hating women. Man loving women. Man eating women. Man cherishing women. Independent women. Co-Dependent women. Sober women. Drunk women. Healthy women. Addict women. Natural women. Artificial women. Made up women. Materialistic women. Flash women. Strong women. Weak women. Boring women. Interesting women. Blue eyed women. Brown eyed women. Green eyed women. Blonde women. Brunette women. Red haired women. Fair women. Tanned women. White women. Black women. Olive women. Yellow women. Freckled women. Nude women. Naked women. Flat chested women. Well endowed women. Covered up women. See through women. Belly dancing women. Erotic women. Alluring women. Beguiling women. Seductive women. Salacious women. Sinful women. Lithe women. Trim women. Athletic women. Agile women. Acrobatic women! Mother women. Daughter women. Sister women. Reserved women. Calm women. Healing women. Restoring women. Life saving women. Life nurturing women. Life affirming women. Life changing women. Life bearing women. Life giving women. Life creating women ! Life encompassing women. Women of the flash. Women.