

## **CHARACTERS**

Actor 1

Actor 2

Actor 3

Actor 4

Actor 5

Actor 6

Actor 7

Actor 8

Actor 9

Actor 10

Actor 11

Actor 12

As written, the scenes unfold as a daisy-chain and should be presented in the order they appear. However, directors are encouraged to work with different casting and cast sizes to suit their ensemble. Although ‘she’ / ‘he’ pronouns are used throughout the script, gendered casting need not be specific.

Unassigned dialogue can be assigned collaboratively as new discoveries are made.

## **A NOTE ON PUNCTUATION**

(name) is intended to be substituted with the name of the actor performing the role

/ indicates the exact point of interruption in overlapping dialogue

... indicates the character is choosing not to speak

## 1.

**Prologue.**

*All ensemble members*

- That time I stank like cigarettes in PE and tried to cover it up with Lynx deodorant.
- That time everyone judged me because I was the only girl playing cricket.
- That time I got kicked out of Big W for trying on every single pair of shoes.
- That time I was busking in the Canberra Centre, and a woman came up to me and told me I was good, but to play quieter.
- That time I got drunk on cooking wine and kissed you at a party.
- That time Mum hugged me so hard I thought she'd break my bones.
- That time I let in a goal at hockey and my team lost.
- That time I tried harder than I've ever tried and only got a C.
- That time I snuck out of class to kiss my first girlfriend under the stairwell.
- That time when my guitar string broke on stage.
- That time when I cheated on my boyfriend.
- That time my boyfriend cheated on me.
- That time when the lads in Civic called me a fag.
- That time when a guy told me he'd cut himself if I didn't send him my nudes.
- That time my best friend came out to me.
- That time I had no idea who Dakota Fanning was.
- That time when I said sorry and didn't mean it.
- That time I said I love you and didn't meant it.
- That time I said I'm fine and didn't mean it.
- That time I realised I didn't want to be like my friends.
- That time I had the perfect comeback.
- That time I decided to tell the truth.
- That time I actually felt free
- This is me.
- This is me.
- This is me.
- This is me.

2.

**Breakup.**

*The girl's lockers/change room 8:55am.*

ACTOR 1: You shouldn't break up with people by DM.

ACTOR 2: You shouldn't be in the girl's locker room.

ACTOR 1: I'm just saying you need to do it face to face.

ACTOR 2: I was busy.

ACTOR 1: You're supposed to look someone in the eye when you break up with them, that's the rules.

ACTOR 2: I don't think there's concrete rules around it.

ACTOR 1: It's called human decency.

ACTOR 2: Human decency isn't technically a 'rule'.

ACTOR 1: You're supposed to look someone in the eye, and tell them you don't want to go out with them anymore.

ACTOR 2: Have you made your point or is there more?

ACTOR 1: Just say it to my face-

ACTOR 2: Here we go-

ACTOR 1: "I don't love you." See, it's easy. Say it.

ACTOR 2: ...

ACTOR 1: Go on. Say it.

ACTOR 2: I've got PE.

ACTOR 1: You owe me an apology.

ACTOR 2: Why?

ACTOR 1: Because... Because you do. You texted me out of flipping nowhere.

ACTOR 2: I had an assignment to finish last night, and I wanted to let you know before school formal tickets went on sale-

ACTOR 1: "School formal tickets / went on sale" ?

ACTOR 2: Yes! *Before!* You're welcome by the way. I was doing you a favour /

ACTOR 1: A *favour*. Because this doesn't DM doesn't sound like a favour.

*Actor 1 takes out his phone and reads from his phone.*

ACTOR 1: (*Reading from his phone*) “(Name Actor 1). Full stop. I’m changing my relationship status to single. Full stop. Because I’m dumping you. Sad face emoji.”

ACTOR 2: I thought it was pretty straightforward.

ACTOR 1: You’re mental.

ACTOR 2: *Fine.*

*Pause.*

ACTOR 2: I’m *sorry*.

ACTOR 1: You have to mean it.

ACTOR 2: But I’m not sorry.

ACTOR 1: I could tell that by the total lack of empathy.

ACTOR 2: Because I don’t *feel* sorry.

ACTOR 1: Could you at least attempt to say sorry in a way that makes it *sound* like you do?

ACTOR 2: You mean lie?

ACTOR 1: No.

ACTOR 2: Because that would be a lie.

ACTOR 1: I just mean work on your crap apology skills.

ACTOR 2: You literally demanded an apology. That’s not how apologies work. If you didn’t want a crap apology, then don’t beg like a dog for one.

ACTOR 1: ...

ACTOR 2: ...

*Silence between them. Neither wanting to speak first.*

ACTOR 1: Forget it.

ACTOR 2: I’m guess maybe I’m sorry that I’m not sorry. If that helps?

ACTOR 1: I know you’re not the nicest person in the universe, but this is like, on another level.

*Long pause.*

ACTOR 2: Hey?

ACTOR 1: What?

ACTOR 2: I don't not love you. I just don't want a boyfriend.

ACTOR 1: Apparently.

3.

**Bus interchange.**

*The city bus interchange during school hours. Two kids from the same school stand waiting for a bus. They aren't standing together. One watches the other.*

ACTOR 3: Bet you it's gonna rain.

*He ignores her*

ACTOR 3: Bet you it's gonna start pissing down in like ten minutes.

ACTOR 1: Never rains here. Even when it looks like it might.

ACTOR 3: Nup. It's gonna rain on us for sure.

ACTOR 1: Definitely won't. The clouds are too high.

ACTOR 3: Would ya give me ya hoodie if we got heaps soaked?

ACTOR 1: Clouds that high don't contain water.

ACTOR 3: Since when are you some cloud expert?

ACTOR 1: You'd know if you didn't wag science every week.

ACTOR 3: You miss me?

ACTOR 1: Your absence is... a thing... I guess.

ACTOR 3: You miss me.

ACTOR 1: You wish.

ACTOR 3: Then why are you cutting science and not at the bus stop?

ACTOR 1: Shit day. Why are you cutting science and not at the bus stop?

ACTOR 3: Meeting the girls in Civic to look for formal dresses before everyone else.

ACTOR 1: Heard tickets went on sale.

ACTOR 3: Neet ta find something heaps classy. I'm thinking Mylie Cyrus, only hotter.

ACTOR 1: Who ya meeting?

ACTOR 3: Not telling.

ACTOR 1: Say.

ACTOR 3: Nup.

*Long pause.*

ACTOR 3: You got a smoke?

ACTOR 1: Nah.

ACTOR 3: Liar.

ACTOR 1: I don't.

ACTOR 3: (*Grabbing at him*) Gimme one.

ACTOR 1: I'm all out.

*She reaches for his jeans pockets. They scuffle. Playful.*

ACTOR 3: Here-

ACTOR 1: Get off-

ACTOR 3: Just show me what's in your pocket-

ACTOR 1: Stop it-

ACTOR 3: I can see them!

ACTOR 1: Alright alright-

*She wrangles them off him.*

ACTOR 3: Knew you were full of it.

ACTOR 1: Give 'em back.

*She puts the packet down the front of her top.*

ACTOR 3: Come get 'em them.

ACTOR 1: Yeah yeah, give 'em back.

ACTOR 3: Come get 'em, if you want them so bad?

ACTOR 1: Unlike you, I don't go grabbing at people without permission.

ACTOR 3: You have my permission.

ACTOR 1: Eww. No thank you.

ACTOR 3: Chicken.

ACTOR 1: I prefer the label "gentleman", but sure.

ACTOR 3: You're a loyal boyfriend. I'm impressed.

ACTOR 1: No offence, but you're not particularly tempting.

ACTOR 3: I'm definitely keeping ya smokes now.

*Pause.*

ACTOR 1: We broke up actually.

*Pause.*

ACTOR 1: I broke up with her this morning.

*Pause.*

ACTOR 1: Wasn't really feeling it, to be honest. She was pretty upset. Poor girl. But she'll be right.

*A silence between them.*

ACTOR 3: I'm still gonna keep your smokes.

ACTOR 1: Scab.

ACTOR 3: You owe me.

ACTOR 1: For what?

ACTOR 3: Grade two. Sammie F's Maccas birthday party. You didn't get the Ratatouille toy in your happy meal. You bawled your eyes out, so I traded you mine for your chips.

ACTOR 1: I actually still have that toy.

ACTOR 3: Now we're even.

ACTOR 1: That was like a \$2 toy.

ACTOR 3: By year three standards makes it like twenty bucks. With interest you pretty much owe me like forty, forty-five bucks. I guess twenty if we deduct the smokes.

ACTOR 1: Jeez, never ask you for a favour.

*Pause.*

ACTOR 3: Do you remember Sammie F? Samantha Fleming.

ACTOR 1: Yeah.



ACTOR 3: Remember her Dad?

ACTOR 1: No.

*Pause.*

ACTOR 3: He killed himself when we were in grade five.

ACTOR 1: Oh yeah.

ACTOR 3: Out on their property in Bungendore.

ACTOR 1: Yeah.

ACTOR 3: I remember her Mum coming to pick her up from school that day.

ACTOR 1: I hated year five.

ACTOR 3: I had no idea what to say to Sammie. So I never said anything.

#### 4. skin of a perfect girl

*Music suggestion: Yosi Harikowa 'Stars'*

*All female identifying ensemble members.*

Raise me up to slip into the skin of a perfect girl. Then raise that skin high like a flag, and be willing to die for it.

Why step outside the box when the box is smooth like liquid moonlight.

Why fight to remove our chains when we can wear them like jewelry, compare the metal they're made from.

Compare the color of our flesh. Compare the flesh that hugs our bones.

I promise there is no liquid-foundation luminescent enough in this universe, flawless enough to make you love yourself.

Can you trust me even though I'm shifting shape?

Can you trust me even though you cannot tame me?

Love it when I smell of jasmine and peppermint. What about when I stink of smoke and dirt and sweat?

Pour us like scented candles into a mould that suits you. Teach me to perform gentle with absolute precision. Teach me to perform perfect. Doesn't matter if I feel it.

Come closer. Try harder. Do better.

Can you love me even if I'm brighter than you? So bright you can't look directly at me. So bright my light lingers upon distant moons.

I'm stronger than you think.

I want to be strong in a way that's not about dominance and sex and pride.

I want to influence people in a way that's not about backstabbing and cinnamon smiles and empty promises.

I want to be adored in a way that's not about success and popularity and perfection.

My words won't anchor you home, because I'm nobody's lighthouse.

Can you love me even if I fall into the depths of the ocean? Swallowed by the waves and sink into the briny deep where the water is black. So dark that no one can reach me. Not even you.

What about then?

I'm stronger than you think.