

Grace audition monologue

JANE: I miss him.

BEAT

GRACE: Me too, Jane, me too.

JANE: Of course you do, Mum, sorry. (PAUSE) You sure you don't want to sell up and come and stay with us? Phillip wants you to. If you do. As do I of course. You don't have to live alone. You'll feel safer. I mean let's face it Mum, there is such a thing as getting old.

GRACE: Well you know me, Jane. I'm in denial. About all sorts of things, but especially about getting old. Anyway, let's not get maudlin. Come on, come and have a look at the laundry, or should I say the Studio of Ceramic Arts.

JANE: Laundry will do, but you can call it what you like Mum, I won't tell.

GRACE: It's almost finished.

THE LIGHTS CHANGE.

She missed him a lot. Her father. We all did. (BEAT) Derrick, he was political all his life. Very much a Labor man, although I think he was tempted to join the communist party at one point. For about five minutes. When he died we had been married for fifty-six years, and in all that time I I was just never interested in politics. I voted the other way most of the time. Although he never knew. But for him it was a driving force. Even after his accident. (BEAT) He was due to retire anyway, but it sapped him of something, not being as mobile as he used to be. By the time he'd been retired for five or so years he waswell somewhat diminished, you could say. Lost a lot of weight, which was good in some ways but as his health went down as well, it added to his appearance of well I had never thought of him as small, until those last few years. He was always my 'Big Bear'. And he got to worrying about all sorts of things. He couldn't really cope with the speed with which things were changing around him. Well it's hard isn't it? Especially for us older ones. But it wasn't just things like technology. It was the loss of values. He blamed politicians for losing sight of values. At least, values that he understood. And to make things worse he found it hard to accept that his only child, who had been the apple of his eye, had become someone else, someone who was lets say, he felt betrayed.

Jane audition monologue

years later. Thirdly, you seem to have also forgotten that Roger was a drunk and a charlatan who managed to fool everybody into thinking he was the nicest man on earth. He fooled me for eighteen years. He fooled both of you for just as long.

GRACE: Not me, I never really liked him.

JANE: Yes you did, mum. He played a game, dad. He played you, he played everybody. And I am not going to talk about him because I can't bear to. You know enough about what happened and if that isn't enough then too bad. It's over, passed, dead. And I wish you would stop thinking that my life was in some kind of golden age when I was with him. It wasn't. Why do you think my kids are so messed up?

DERRICK: They're not messed up.

GRACE: Tim can be a little strange sometimes but he's a boy, well, man and Tracey, she's fine. She's lovely.

JANE: Mum, she joined a circus!

GRACE: Cirque de Soleil!

JANE: As a ticket seller.

GRACE: But she gets to.....

JANE: I know you don't like Phillip dad -

DERRICK: I don't like what he's done to you.

JANE: What, what has he done to me? He's made me feel alive again, Dad, that's what he's done. Taught me to enjoy going to church again. I actually feel happy for once, for the first time in God knows how long. The funny thing is, I didn't know how unhappy I had become. It's not like when something happens suddenly, which turns your life upside down and everything crashes around you and misery hits you over the head. Sometimes it creeps up on you. It slips into your life, under the radar, and like water dripping on a stone you don't notice it wearing away at you. Nobody does, not even family. That's how it was with me for years. And I didn't know it. I just thought 'well this is me, this dull unenthusiastic, hard working dag is who I am and hell, is there nothing more?' Well guess what? There is, and I found it and I wish you could just let me enjoy it.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE

GRACE: I don't think your father doesn't want you to be happy love, do you Dell?

DERRICK: Have you seen my pack of filters?

JANE: That's it; smoke yourself to death.

Derrick audition monologue

DERRICK: For crying out loud, Jane, this is the point, this is what it's all about; you are losing sight of what matters. You think like he does: that it's all about money. This madness that the world is falling into is caused by bloody money. Governments ruled by it, people enslaved to it. I look at our grandchildren and their kids and my heart bloody weeps for what we are leaving them. For the chains we are putting around their ankles. The new convict class. Educated in a system that doesn't want them to be bright, and doesn't allow them to reach beyond their grasp unless they can pay for it. 'The individual is king in the kingdom of The Dollar. *That* should be their only goal, if they can't cut it, then too bad.'

SILENCE. DERRICK HAS ROLLED HIMSELF A CIGARETTE. HE PLACES IT AND THE FILTERS IN HIS TOBACCO POUCH. JANE PICKS UP CAR KEYS.

JANE: If you put some effort in getting to know him, you'd Look, I've got to go. I'm sorry you feel like that dad. I'm well, I hate seeing you sad. (SHE MOVES TO GRACE AND KISSES HER) I'll see you at the weekend.

GRACE: All right love. Drive safe.

JANE: Of course. (SHE MOVES TO DERRICK, PAUSES AND THEN KISSES THE TOP OF HIS HEAD) Come on, cheer up you old bugger.

DERRICK: Yes alright. Next week. (HE PATS HER HAND) Drive safe.

JANE: I will.

JANE EXITS. DERRICK RUBS THE MIDDLE OF HIS CHEST A LITTLE. GRACE NOTICES JANE'S MOBILE PHONE ON THE COUNTER AND PICKS IT UP.

GRACE: Oh she left her phone.

DERRICK: She'll be back when she notices.

GRACE: She could be half way up the freeway before she does, wondering why no one has called her.

GRACE GOES AFTER HER. DERRICK WINCES AND RUBS HIS CHEST SOME MORE. HE SITS STILL FOR A MOMENT. BREATHES A COUPLE OF DEEP CAUTIOUS BREATHS. SITS STILL, THINKING. STANDS AND STRETCHES A LITTLE. GRACE RE-ENTERS AS DERRICK PICKS UP THE TOBACCO POUCH, TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE .

DERRICK: Where did I put that lighter?

GRACE: You go out if you're going to smoke that bloody thing.

Tim audition monologue

TIM: He opened my eyes, Nan. Made me realise that everything we do is a political act. Got me to read Marx and talked about the way things were changing; the relationship between the people and government and 'the big end of town'. The 'new ruling class' he called them. He said, he knew the ruling classes *used* the people, but at least, thanks to unions there was always a chance of fighting back. He said Vietnam was the beginning. When it started to change. After he lost his brother.

GRACE: Uncle John, yes, that really effected him.

TIM: Yeah. Well, it all shifted after that, he said. When lies were exposed. When government stopped serving the people and people started serving the government.

GRACE: Yes, losing John was a big blow to him. The whole war was. He hated politicians more than ever after that.

TIM: You can say that again. You remember that week-long fishing trip he took me on? My eighteenth birthday present? We were in the middle of Lake Cargelligo. It had been a really hot morning, must have been 35 degrees at 10 am and the ice in the esky was on the way out and we had a dozen beers in there, and the bait and some sandwiches, and he said 'well, better drink these before they warm up like a dog's belly.' So we started drinking. Then the clouds came over which cooled it down a bit, but by then the sandwiches were just a soggy mess sloshing around with the bait and it started to rain, and we started singing. The only songs we both sort of knew were The Road to Gundagai and Kookaburra Sits and other old things like that. Then he stood up and started singing Christmas Tree Oh Christmas Tree. He was quite drunk by then, we both were, and he looked fantastic. Standing there with these black clouds behind him, shining with the rain, looking like Santa Claus with that beard he used to have, like a bush of silver, arms outstretched, and I'm going 'Go Derrick! Go Grandad! Go Pops!' Then he said 'I'll sing you my version, dedicated to all politicians where-ever they may be. 'I'd like to get them by the neck, and shove it up them yes by heck. I'd shove it once and shove it twice, and maybe-once-more 'cos it's very nice. Yippee'. Then he fell out the boat. God, it was funny.

(BEAT)

GRACE: So you inherited song writing from him too? The things you learn.

TIM: He was great Nan. The best. (PAUSE) I'd better pack. Mum should be here soon. (PAUSE) I can't begin to..... begin to imagine what you went through nan. (BEAT) I