

## Act 1, Scene 1

*[The lights go on to reveal the Actor sitting on the sofa in deep contemplation.]*

**Actor** I feel so helpless. I feel confused, belittled, and incensed. I don't know why it is that I love you. But there you have it – I do. That much I know.

I also know that it will only be a matter of time before my inner-most dreams will be dashed on the jagged rocks of reality, and I shall once again be hollow inside.

But at least my art shall protect me. Though it may seem like I am being dissected and displayed for the entire world to see, my core shall remain concealed, and all that you will be able to see will be an actor practising his craft – that, and nothing else.

Did you honestly believe that I would be alone forever? *[Pause]* Well then, I hope I'm not irritating you.

No. Not by a long shot. God Himself speaks to me you know? It's true, I hear him. And what he says to me is simply wondrous. *[He starts to laugh sarcastically and the Director suddenly speaks. It is a deep and disembodied voice that emanates from above.]*

**Director** Hey, hey, hey! What's with the constipated laugh?

**Actor** Oh. I just thought I'd add a touch of sardonic laughter. You know – so it wouldn't be too dry.

**Director** I see. And does the script specify that the actor suddenly bursts into sardonic laughter?

**Actor** I don't really –

**Director** Does it?

**Actor** Let me just check... *[He lifts a cushion from the sofa and takes out a script.]*

**Director** I know it doesn't. It was a rhetorical question dumb-ass. Incidentally, just like when you ask the audience if they think you'll be alone forever. You don't actually wait for an answer.

**Actor** I thought it might add a bit of tension.

**Director** Oh yes, you'd add a crap-load of tension if some smart-arse answers you. Anyway, you're not here to think – you're here to act. Now get on with it!

**Actor** Okay.

**Director** I hope I'm not irritating you.

**Actor** No, no. Not really. Anyway, I guess it's your job isn't it? *[Pause]*

**Director** Go from that line moron.

**Actor** Yes. [*He gets back into acting mode.*] I hope I'm not irritating you.

**Director** [*mumbling*] Retard.

**Actor** No. Not by a long shot. God Himself speaks to me you know? It's true, I hear Him. And what He says to me is simply wondrous. He tells me that even though He has called upon me to serve Him, love may release me so that I may serve Him in another way. It is ironic that the only one to understand me is –

**Director** Stop!

**Actor** Yes?

**Director** You had a pause there.

**Actor** Yes I know. I didn't want to slow down the tempo.

**Director** So you just left it out...

**Actor** Well, yes.

**Director** You know what the problem is with actors like you?

**Actor** I guess it's probably that we try too hard and that –

**Director** Rhetorical question.

**Actor** Sorry.

**Director** You think that just because you learnt a few new words in those fancy drama schools they have nowadays, you are suddenly an actor and don't need to follow script directions or do what the director tells you. But I'll tell you what; if you get chosen for this audition – which at this point seems pretty unlikely – I would be expecting total discipline from you. Because I'll tell you one thing – nobody likes a smart arse. Do they teach you that at drama school? [*Pause*] Well, do they?

**Actor** Sorry – I thought that was another rhetorical question.

**Director** Get out.

**Actor** What?

**Director** Five.

**Actor** Do you want me to leave?

**Director** Four.

**Actor** But I haven't even –

**Director** Three.

**Actor** Will I hear from you then?

**Director** Two.

**Actor** I'll go now.

**Director** One. *[The Actor rushes off. After a second he walks back in. He goes behind the sofa and picks up a bag.]*

**Actor** Forgot my bag. *[He exits. Blackout]*

## Act 1, Scene 2

*[The Actor is sitting on the sofa as the Actor walks in.]*

**Actor** Hey, how are you doing?

**Actor** Oh, hi. Fine, fine. Are you waiting to audition?

**Actor** Yeah. How did you do?

**Actor** Oh, you know. You can never really tell with auditions.

**Actor** Yeah. *[Pause]*

**Actor** I saw that last play you did.

**Actor** Really? Did you enjoy it?

**Actor** Yeah. I liked the second act especially.

**Actor** I see. *[Pause]* I wasn't actually in the second act.

**Actor** Oh, weren't you? Oh yes that's right – you weren't.

**Actor** Well I loved your last play. I'll tell you what, but you really impressed me in that rooftop scene when you just suddenly fell off. It was so realistic too – especially how you seemed to be on the verge of tears for the rest of the scene.

**Actor** *[curtly]* Thanks.

**Actor** And you maintained that limp so consistently for the rest of the night.

**Actor** Yes, thank you.

**Actor** Come to think of it, some friends of mine watched the show on the night after I did, and they said you were limping even before the rooftop scene.

**Actor** Yes. Thank you. *[Pause]*

**Actor** Hopefully we'll be working together in this one then.

**Actor** Yes. Well actually no. You see, there's only one character we can audition for so...

*[He shrugs.]*

**Actor** Oh yes, that's right. Well then, I'll probably get it. *[He laughs and the Actor joins in.]*

**Actor** Well I don't know. Admittedly the director was quite impressed with my audition.

**Actor** Was he?

**Actor** Oh yes, he said he was actually quite relieved that someone finally understood the text and really got the character.

**Actor** I see.

**Actor** You know – understood that the whole play is obviously a farce.

**Actor** Obviously.

**Actor** I mean, a priest leaving the church so that he can shack up with some childhood sweetheart? It's so cliché.

**Actor** I know.

**Actor** But I'll tell you what, the way he's directing it is really original.

**Actor** Yeah?

**Actor** He's doing this really vulgar, in your face comedy, and the acting is supposed to be really OTT.

**Actor** I see.

**Actor** I mean you obviously figured it out for yourself – otherwise I wouldn't be telling you all this.

**Actor** Yes, yes, of course. It was immediately obvious as soon as I read the script. Oops, my turn. See you around then.

**Actor** Yeah, break a leg.

**Actor** Why, is there a rooftop scene in this one as well? *[They both walk off looking smug. Blackout]*

### Act 1, Scene 3

*[The lights go on to find the **Actor** sitting on the sofa in a dramatic pose.]*

**Director** Whenever you're ready. *[The **Actor** attacks the monologue in what can only be described as vulgar, over the top comedy. He overacts grotesquely and frequently matches his words with what he believes to be the appropriate actions.]*

**Actor** I feel so helpless. I feel confused, belittled, and incensed. I don't know why it is that I love you. But there you have it – I do. I do, I do, I do!

I also know that it will only be a matter of time before my inner-most dreams will be dashed on the jagged rocks of reality and I shall once again be hollow inside.

But at least my art shall protect me. Although it may seem like I am being dissected and displayed for the entire world to see, my core shall remain concealed, and all that you will