

Audition extracts:

Sy & Adam:

ADAM

Can I pass?

SY

(laughing lightly)

No, you gotta pick one.

ADAM

This question is tapped though.

SY

Alright, but I will assume the worst.

Adam passes the spliff to Sy, who taps it into the ashtray that is rising and falling with Adam's breath. Adam sighs.

ADAM

Fine, I'd fuck my mum, kill my dad and marry my sister.

Sy sits up.

SY

(seriously)

That's your answer? Can't lie that's really messed up.

ADAM

(grinning)

Fuck you.

SY

God I feel gross just touching you.

ADAM

Get off me then.

Sy looks at Adam flirtatiously.

SY

I hate it when you call my bluff.

ADAM

You know, you're really shit at pillow talk.

SY

Yeah, probably was a bit too incest-y.

ADAM

(sarcastically)

Yeah? If there is such a thing.

Sy laughs, then leans over and kisses Adam's chest and then his neck. Adam pulls him off so they are face to face.

ADAM

I...

Sy waits for Adam to finish his sentence, enthralled.

SY

Yeah?

ADAM

I... have a really stinky cock.

SY

Eh?

ADAM

Yeah. Smells. Bad.

Sy bursts out laughing.

SY

You're aware you can just say no, right?

Adam smiles ruefully.

ADAM

Sorry.

Sy smiles back but there's a strain to it.

SY

You don't have to apologise.

ADAM

It's just-

SY

I know.

Beat.

ADAM

I'm just not...

He breaks eye contact, looking over to the corner of his room, where a large opaque plastic evidence bag rests in the corner, yellow tape sealing it shut.

ADAM

Not ready yet.

Beat. Sy understands.

Then he grins cheekily and reaches his hand under the bedsheets. Adam yelps.

ADAM

Cold!

Sy takes his hand back out. He sniffs his fingers, and gags (over-the-top).

SY

(spluttering)

Can you compromise wit' shower?

Adam grins.

Amy & Franky:

Amy reaches slowly for her gun, to find that her holster is empty.

Franky lifts up his shirt to reveal the pistol tucked into his waistband.

When Franky speaks, it is not with his voice but the deeper growlier voice of a Clint Eastwood style outlaw. They both speak in southern drawls.

FRANKY

Looking for something, sweets?

He grins.

FRANKY

Now, you weren't planning on shooting me with this here piece, were you?

AMY

Woah, there. Let's take just a minute, take a looky at the sitchyation we find ourselves in.

Franky maintains his grin, aware that he has all the power.

FRANKY

Well, that sounds about alright to me.

AMY

Two dead men. Robbed too, presum'bly.

Franky tilts his head in the affirmative. He leans back casually against the tree that Adam has now scampered up to join Sy. Casually he pulls a suspiciously spliffy cigarette from his back pocket, strikes a match off his boot and lights it.

AMY

Three witnesses. One if you're planning on shooting me and that man up yonder.

She gestures to Adam sitting in the branches of the tree, who is oblivious of his boyfriend playing melancholy harmonica next to him.

FRANKY

You're mighty presumptuous, assuming I ain't gonna track that girlie down when I finish with you.

AMY

You been terrorising us for long enough. Why?

Franky draws his pistol.

AMY

You done your job. You avenged her. Ain't nothing left for you to 'ccomplish by doing this.

Amy gestures to the body.

Franky's grin fades slightly.

Amy thinks fast.

AMY

Are you a gambling man?

FRANKY

I've been known to fold a card or two.

Caspian coughs on the floor, not dead yet. He just about stutters a half syllable "Em".

Franky steps forward to shoot him again.

AMY

Chance!

Franky stops.

AMY

Gamblers believe in luck, right? Why not put it to chance?

FRANKY

You know it was him did it, right? Took it from me. From all of us?

Amy looks in disgust at Caspian on the ground. Then back at Franky.

AMY

Still don't give you no right.

FRANKY

I have the right!

AMY

The coins!

She has his attention.

AMY

The coins. In the pouch. Empty 'em on the floor. Count what sides they land on. Heads, you let us live. Tails...

FRANKY

You think I'm so stupid.

AMY

I think you got a big hat and no cattle. You chickenshit?

Em & Caspian:

Several metres away, Caspian and Em sit next to each other. The bleeding from his head has stopped and congealed so that half of his hair is plastered to his scalp in a brown mess. He leans against Em.

CASPIAN

Should we break up?

Silence.

EM

Why would you say that?

CASPIAN

Everyone else seems to think it. They're just too polite.

EM

You're concussed. Nobody thinks Franky is polite.

Caspian smiles weakly.

CASPIAN

But we always fight.

EM

So do my parents.

CASPIAN

They split up, Em.

EM

Yeah, wasn't my best example. My point is, whenever I'm fucked up about something, you're there to help me, regardless of what we've been arguing about. And whenever you decide that sprinting into the woods with a head injury is a good idea, I give you coffee and hugs.

CASPIAN

You made me coffee?

EM

Not yet. But I will.

CASPIAN

Oh. Okay.

Beat.

CASPIAN

Thank you.

EM

Don't mention it.

Willow:

Franky arrives at the table with his own plate of food, ignoring the stares of the others. As he gets there, he spots a snail on the wood.

FRANKY

Ugh.

He goes to pick it up and then Willow slaps his hand away.

WILLOW

What are you doing?!

FRANKY

Putting it in the bushes.

WILLOW

You'll kill it!

ADAM

What? How does that work?

WILLOW

If you just pick a snail up by the shell it's really painful and like rips it apart almost, they die after.

AMY

How the fuck do you know that?

WILLOW

My inner snail.

Franky continues to try and pick it up and Willow absolutely wallops his hand away.

WILLOW

I'm serious. Don't remove it from its trail.

EM

It's trail?

CASPIAN

Yeah surely it's just picking it up.

WILLOW

Jesus guys. Just let it be.

FRANKY

But it's gross, I don't wanna eat a steak next to a snail.

AMY

Icky.

WILLOW

As though your trails are any less gross, Franks.

EM

TMI.

They laugh.

WILLOW

Just let it be. It's just vibing, on its own trail, not your decision to make. Just let it find its own way, and do what you can to help it. Disrupting shit isn't always the best option, y'know?

On the barbecue, the steaks and peppers continue to sizzle.