

# OWNED

Don't believe you're free



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## OWNED

### Cast of Characters

<u>Siobhan</u>	Working class-tatts. 27
<u>Drew</u>	Working class 29
<u>Rudolph</u>	Snobby 36
<u>Prissy</u>	32
<u>Milos</u>	38 - His party. Suit
<u>Mark and</u>	26 Corporate wannabe
<u>Glorious Gloria</u>	27
<u>Ciggy dude</u>	53 Slobby

### Scene

Party

### Time

Now

ACT I

Scene II

SETTING:

PARTY SCENE

Three Groups of Two

One of Four

Lots of talking - music - bright  
lights - upmarket

All slowly fades - sound and light

Multi-coloured dull light is  
background

Young couple, DREW and SIOBHAN to  
the fore.

DREW

That's the question.

SIOBHAN

No, that's the answer.

DREW

Ah no. That's posing a question.

(demonstrates)

With a little hook at the end.

SIOBHAN

No. It's a way to back someone into a corner.

DREW

In what way?

SIOBHAN

It's stating something in a particular way to measure someone's intelligence. Mine.

DREW

I'm not responsible for your insecurity.

SIOBHAN

(not so annoyed)

Fuck you. I'm not going there.

DREW

I can't help it if you're not up for the challenge.

SIOBHAN

I'm above trying to meet your agenda. I'm not going to be judged by you.

DREW

I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable.

SIOBHAN

You're being condescending Drew.

DREW

(puts on Jack Nicholson voice)

You can't handle the truth.

SIOBHAN

You're a dick.

DREW

This I know. I also know...

SIOBHAN

...that you're a dick.

DREW

...that you can't answer my question. But... clearly way above your head.

SIOBHAN

(holds up hand)

Superiority complex. Should I call you Mister or sir from now on?

DREW

Too formal. Boss will do.

SIOBHAN

Fuck you bro.

DREW

Not bro, Boss.

SIOBHAN

Why are we in this thing? Remind me please.

DREW

Is there a thing?

SIOBHAN

(gives him a look)

DREW

I know. It's my superior intellect. And my extraordinary penis.

SIOBHAN

Extraordinary dick head maybe.

DREW

I set myself up there.

SIOBHAN

Stop being a retard with your stupid questions and go and get me a drink.

DREW

Ah! You admit it's a question!

SIOBHAN

I'm getting my own drink. Apparently. And don't fucking ask me for one.

DREW

It's my fucking beer.

SIOBHAN

What's his is hers.

DREW

We're not living together.

SIOBHAN

Where is it? Bath?

DREW

Admit that I'm right and I'll tell you.

SIOBHAN

Right about what?

DREW

That it was a question and not a freaking answer!

SIOBHAN

(half serious)

The only thing I'll admit is that you're a condescending cunt.

DREW

(Shocked)

I'm only kidding, shit.

SIOBHAN

I don't know what I'm doing with you.

DREW

(half serious)

That's possibly the worst thing that anyone has said to me.

SIOBHAN

Even your father?

DREW

That's not fair.

SIOBHAN

Maybe it is the worst but I'm sure someone said something which had greater impact. A childhood reprimand...

DREW

Go and get your beer, if you can find it. But don't expect me to be here when you get back.

SIOBHAN

All the more for me! Goodnight Drew!

DREW

Are you abandoning me?

SIOBHAN

(walks, points back)

I'll see you in Hell!

DREW

(recognising)

Hey! Where's that from?

Scene 2

SETTING:

PARTY SCENE Continues

People rotate. Another couple front and centre. RULDOPH and PRISSY.

RULDOPH

Did you see that girl?

PRISSY

I saw her tramp stamp.

RULDOPH

Ha ha. Not exactly part of the décor.

PRISSY

Too trashy for here.

PRISSY

Do you think he's paid for her?

RULDOPH

Yes. All ten dollars' worth.

RULDOPH

Ha-ha. You're terrible Muriel.

PRISSY

Your arse has more class than that skank, even after that gang bang pounding.

RULDOPH



You filthy liar. There was only three. Seriously though. What is she doing here?

PRISSY

She probably got lost on the way to Penrith darling.

RULDOPH

Don't they have seizures if they cross to this side of the harbour?

PRISSY

You are a bitch.

RULDOPH

Proud one too.

PRISSY

Milos wouldn't know her, would he?

RULDOPH

(thinking)

She may be part of the team, but I don't recognise her.

PRISSY

It's probably nothing. He's got Janine. He wouldn't stoop that low.

RULDOPH

You'd be surprised what turns a man on darling. A dirty fuck in the broom closet does wonders for stress.

PRISSY

We're not talking about those young studs you drool over. She's all bogan.

RULDOPH

They're called twinkies darling and there's nothing wrong with a bit of rough. Makes you feel alive to mess with the dark side.

PRISSY

I wouldn't know. I have high standards.

RULDOPH

The fussy ones end up alone. It explains why you need a catheter to piss. Your hole has sealed over.

PRISSY

(she hits him)

Whorebag.

RULDOPH

God I hope he's using condoms. I hear syphilis is making a comeback.

PRISSY

Gross. I'm telling Janine.

RULDOPH

Don't do that you little goss troll.

PRISSY

Why don't you ask him how he knows her?

RULDOPH

Your intuition is pretty accurate. What's it telling you?

PRISSY

It isn't. But I like Janine. My father knows her parents. They've got a business in Saint Ives.

RULDOPH

So I've heard.

PRISSY

From who?

RULDOPH

You darling. At least twice.

PRISSY

Oksy. I'll be back soon.

RULDOPH

Go you little Agony Aunt. I want all the juice, but subtle remember! I know your penchant for drama.

PRISSY

I know your penchant for group action. Don't worry. I can frame it so he won't even know I'm asking.

RULDOPH

You're a shocking little Tasmanian Devil you are.

PRISSY

How do you know I'm regrowing my map of Tassie?

RULDOPH

I knew there was some bogan in you.

PRISSY

Not in this body studly.

(walks)

RULDOPH

It's all the same in the dark.

PRISSY

You'd fuck anything. You're not suggesting you and I...

RULDOPH

Eww. I have zero interest in your raw beef sandwich.

PRISSY

Men are foul.

RULDOPH

(Shushs her.)

I gave you a meat analogy rather than an ocean one. That's almost feminism.

PRISSY

I'll not bite. Nor suck!

Scene 3

SETTING:

PARTY SCENE Continues

People rotate. Another couple front and centre. MILOS and PRISSY.

PRISSY

Hey Milos!

MILOS

How are you gorgeous?

PRISSY

Great party!

MILOS

More a gathering than a party.

PRISSY

You're looking good.

MILOS

So are you. You've been working out.

PRISSY

Just a little bit. That's all.

MILOS

Come on babe. You can't hide it.

PRISSY

I rarely go. Twice a week at most. I've been cutting back on the late night pantry attacks.

MILOS

I could do with a change in diet. I'm overdoing it on the protein.

PRISSY

God knows I could do with some of that.

(half cheeky smile)

MILOS

(eyes her not 100%, but 75%)

PRISSY

I wanted to check in with you about your new role. How's it all going?

MILOS

A lot of pressure right now. We're talking a hundred and thirty people beneath me.

PRISSY

That's so amazing.

(Flirty)

Good money too I bet.

MILOS

Look, there's expectations, but I'll show them. You wait and see.

PRISSY

Of course you will. You can do anything. Actually, I wanted to ask you ...

MILOS

I know what you're saying but it's far too early to make that call.

PRISSY

What call?

MILOS

Give me time and I'll see what I can do.

PRISSY

Ah, I didn't mean... no I'm okay. I've got my little webby thing...

MILOS

I thought you meant.

PRISSY

No, I just wanted to ask you about her.

MILOS

Who you referring to?

PRISSY

The bogan... with that feral...

MILOS

With the tats?

PRISSY

Yeah. Skanky Ho face.

MILOS

You mean my sister?

PRISSY

Ah...

Scene 4

SETTING: PARTY SCENE Continues  
People rotate. Another couple front  
and centre. MARK and MILOS.

MARK

Er, hi Milos.

MILOS

Mark.

MARK

Excellent party. Thanks for the invitation.

MILOS

Party of rabbits.

MARK

Rabbits?

MILOS

Like animal testing. For the results. Experimentations.

MARK

Sorry. I'm not sure what...

MILOS

Swift analysis. Selective invitations mate.

(beat)

Forget it. The woman. Who is she?

MARK

Which one?

MILOS

The less than savoury individual with the less than obvious  
tattoos.

MARK

Sorry, I don't know who. Show me and I'll see what...

MILOS

Don't play the innocent. I've played the game longer and far  
better than you.

MARK

Ah... I get it. You're a funny guy.

MILOS

Listen. I delivered to your company a significant addition to the client list with remunerations to match. I made you a more important person than you deserve to be.

MARK

You certainly did. And I am forever grateful.

MILOS

Don't grease up too much Mark or you'll slip out of my arse.

MARK

You're so funny. I swear you could do comedy...

MILOS

Shut the fuck up. The bitch with the slutty tattoos. Who does she represent?

MARK

I don't know who ...

MILOS

Don't fuck around or I'll sucker punch your career down the shitter.

MARK

I really don't know who you mean. I'll find out, just show me which one. I'll do it.

MILOS

(looking about)

She was here.

MARK

You sure?

MILOS

I'm not making it up you slow cunt. Find out who she is and who she works for. I don't want anyone tracking me.

(hushed)

Especially if it's in my own fucking firm.

MARK

Okay, but...

MILOS

They want to bring me into the open. Especially now. A lot of people want in. I'm stuck out here but I can't let go. There



was a feral fucker with her. Some troll type. No business being here that I can conceive of. Got to be an agenda.

MARK

I'll do what I can but...

MILOS

No private investigators either. I don't want a fucking trail. You do it.

MARK

But I didn't see any woman.

MILOS

I'll cancel the whole fucking deal. I don't care. Do it, or there'll be shit right up to your doorstep. In fact, right up your mother's sloppy apron.

MARK

Take it easy.

MILOS

I was going to say her cunt but I didn't want to be that nasty.

MARK

(pauses between sentences)

Thanks. I'll sort it. Whatever it is.

MILOS

(serious, paranoid)

You better. I swear to God. You don't know half of what's going on. I'm surrounded by cunning cunts.

END ACT I



ACT II

Scene I

SETTING:                   An image on a wall of a long road,  
                              SLOWLY TRACKING in. (cliché?)

SIOBHAN

(Voiceover only)

I ran. To where I don't know. I only knew that I did not want to be here. Pushed on. The first steps were the hardest. The first hour. The first day. Soon, I left it behind but not far enough. I knew then that I needed more than distance. I needed time. Time the Healer. Time the Destroyer. Time our True God.

I ran until nothing I knew remained. Only then, could I grasp that there was more to my situation than the people I had escaped from. There was more than the sheer ugliness of my surroundings. My home. My work. The street. The burning open light of the corner Motel. The missing apostrophe above the

Café sign. The smoking punters outside the T.A.B. It was all of them and it was nothing. It wasn't their fault. It was all me. Reacting. My movements through its alleyways. The metaphysical labyrinth created by my continuing presence. Every decision. Every conversation. All threads leading to *I*. A particular language only I could understand. A thread only I could wear, a cloak of unending burden.

I ran. Until I understood that I had to lose myself too. I would have to recreate... no... not recreate... invent... make new. A metamorphosis. Until I can emerge fully formed as a shape unbeknown, so that not even I would recognise me. Only then could I salvage an opportunity.. a fresh path... alternate ocean.. currents alien.. even terrifying. All it has to be is... not what was.

I may hate it. But I will take that chance. I'm ready. So I say goodbye, and implore the universe to forgive me. To allow me a second step into the light. Or the dark. And finally... after enduring this terrible anguish... I say...

Hello.

## Scene II

SETTING: CIGARRETTE STAND. MARK and CIGGY DUDE.

MARK

Hi.

CIGGY DUDE

(stares)

MARK

How are you?

CIGGY DUDE

What are you after?

MARK

That's a very interesting question. I'm actually searching for a particular thing... and um, you might be a little taken aback.

CIGGY DUDE

You're in the wrong joint mate. I don't sell ice. Or weed.

MARK

Oh God, I didn't mean...

CIGGY DUDE

There's no back rooms either mate. If you're after that other kinda stuff you can piss off down Darlington.

MARK

God no.

CIGGY DUDE

Do you want cigarettes or not?

MARK

I don't smoke.

CIGGY DUDE

Then stop wasting my time. Piss off.

MARK

Are you busy, are you?

CIGGY DUDE

What?

MARK

I mean, I don't exactly imagine that you're inundated with presentations, excel spreadsheets, budgets...

CIGGY DUDE

Next to my feet, is a cricket bat.

MARK

I was only joking.

CIGGY DUDE

So was I.

MARK

(pointing, smiling)

Hey you got me.

CIGGY DUDE

I don't need one.

(holds up fist)

I'll use this to pound your head into the shape of an egg carton.

MARK

Interesting. Is that a self-taught skill or something they teach you at tobacco school?

CIGGY DUDE

(rises and grabs MARK before he can get away).

Smart cunt hey?

MARK

Sorry. I'm sorry sir.

CIGGY DUDE

Who do you think you are, talking shit to me? You Jar Jar Binks cunt.

MARK

Mark. I'm Mark.

CIGGY DUDE

Mark hey? Mark my words cunt. Come here again and I will lose my shit.

MARK

I'm truly sorry. I don't know what I'm talking about.

CIGGY DUDE

Makes two of us.

MARK

I'm just looking for a girl.

CIGGY DUDE

I wasn't born yesterday mate. You're looking for a dude.

MARK

I'm actually looking for a particular girl. Covered in tats.

CIGGY DUDE

You're looking for tats alright. And plenty of metal studs. Some in a leather jacket and one in a cock Ha ha ha.

MARK

Um, no mate. A woman. She has tats all over her arms, like someone spilt a vegetable shake on her. I think there's one on the back of her neck. Apparently.

CIGGY DUDE

Do you know how many people I get in here with tats?

MARK

I've got to find this girl. She's mid-twenties. Maybe late twenties. I don't know. I've never talked to her.

CIGGY DUDE

Love at first sight hey?

MARK

No. But I have to find her.

CIGGY DUDE

Are you recording this?

MARK

No. Why?

CIGGY DUDE

(looking around)

Is there someone else out there?

MARK

I could lose the contract.

CIGGY DUDE

Is this one of those reality shows?

MARK

(circumspect, looking down)

I don't know what the deal is. Not the actual deal, but this deal.

CIGGY DUDE

Pay TV or free?

MARK

He means business. It's his business. Something to do with his actual business.

CIGGY DUDE

Jesus Christ mate. Why didn't you say? I'll do it for sure. How much do I get paid?

MARK

(looking away)

She's somebody important. Why else would he talk to me that way?

CIGGY DUDE

Is there a contract? I better sign.

MARK

If I screw this up, it could be my whole career.

CIGGY DUDE

You gotta get that paperwork sorted.

MARK

What is it about me lately? My girlfriend dumped me three weeks ago and now this.

CIGGY DUDE

Are you one of those talent agents? Do I get paid for repeats?

MARK

Is the words *useless cunt* on my forehead?

CIGGY DUDE

I didn't call you a cunt. I said runt. Runt.

MARK

You can call me that if you want, which you already did, but you better help me find this girl.

CIGGY DUDE

This is the set-up, is it? The plot. Is this gunna be a big program like *Bride and Prejudice*? I love that shit.

MARK

I was told she comes here. She's a local, isn't she?

CIGGY DUDE

I think I know who you mean, but I get all types in here.

MARK

Do you know her name?

CIGGY DUDE

If it's the one I'm thinking of... it's Pamela.

MARK

Pamela?



CIGGY DUDE

She's here every week. Couple times.

MARK

Twenty five? Tatts?

CIGGY DUDE

I'd say more like thirty five.

MARK

Really? It's not what he said.

CIGGY DUDE

Who?

MARK

You don't know.

CIGGY DUDE

Should I? Do I get an envelope? Multiple choice?

MARK

How can I find her?

CIGGY DUDE

Do I get a prize or something? I mean, maybe I'm not supposed to tell you anything. Are you the bad dude?

MARK

No.

CIGGY DUDE

(lowering voice)

You're trying to fucking stooge me.

MARK

Uh. You're supposed to help me but I'm not supposed to tell you that. We're a part of the same team.

CIGGY DUDE

Really? What colour?

MARK

Colour?

CIGGY DUDE

Our team. What colour is it?

MARK

Oh red.

CIGGY DUDE

Red team. I like red.

MARK

(Turns to the invisible camera)

Edit that bit out please...

CIGGY DUDE

What'd you do that for?

MARK

(whispering)

There's a camera over there... but I can't say there is.

CIGGY DUDE

Got it mate!

MARK

Now, let's move on or we're out of the game.

CIGGY DUDE

Okay. Her name is Siobhan.

MARK

What about Pamela?

CIGGY DUDE

I was thinking Pamela Stephenson.

MARK

So... is that her or not?

CIGGY DUDE

Pamela's my Aunty. She's dying.

MARK

Oh, right. Sorry to hear that.

CIGGY DUDE

Cancer. That's what happens if you smoke.

MARK

You're not a smoker?

CIGGY DUDE

Do you think all the people who work in a titty bar get their tits out?

MARK

Um, I don't know.

CIGGY DUDE

Fuck that shit.

MARK

Anyway, I'm sorry.

CIGGY DUDE

Fuck sorry. I don't like her anyway. She was a bitch to me mum. They're sisters. That's what my mum said.

MARK

That she's a bitch?

CIGGY DUDE

No, that they're sisters. I only met her once so I'm not sure who the fuck she is. I just know that she's dying and me mum is suddenly all fucked up over it.

MARK

Weird.

CIGGY DUDE

My mum is weird. She was always a bit that way I s'pose. Looking back.

MARK

As you do.

CIGGY DUDE

As I do?

MARK

As we do!

CIGGY DUDE

What do ya mean, we?

MARK

I don't know.

CIGGY DUDE

That bit's not going to be in is it? I don't want that bit in.

(looks beyond MARK)

Can youse edit that out too?

MARK

They will.

CIGGY DUDE

Right. So, you want to know where Siobhan is.

MARK

Hell yes.

CIGGY DUDE

And then I get the contract?

MARK

Siobhan first. Then the Producer will be in touch.

(looking back)

Edit that bit out too!

CIGGY DUDE

Whatever you want mate. Hey I can probably get you some great film of me Aunty *carcking* it! I'll sell it to ya...

### Scene III

SETTING:

An image on a wall of a tree.  
SIOBHAN sitting underneath it in  
true perspective writing in her  
diary. (cliché?)

SIOBHAN

(Voiceover only)

I don't know where to begin. It's been months... I don't know... too long. Since my last confession. Jesus Christ. Catholicism never leaves you. They make sure of it. Maybe they're all like that.

(pauses)

I'm just glad I got out. Not that it was that bad, like an escape from enforced solitude but it was necessary to get out

on my own terms. And particularly, get away from mother's hold. Stranglehold.

People only write diaries when they're going through a hard time or the birth of love. It does mean that I've been happy for a while prior to now. Drew and I have been getting closer. We went to a party Friday night. Ducks out of water. People kept giving us strange looks, especially this one bitch. Drew's colleague I suspect. I don't know what her problem was. A real insular, judgemental snob. Maybe I'm being paranoid but I think she had it in for me. I wanted to confront her but I didn't want to make a scene in front of Drew. I came close to fucking it up. I just kept my psycho shit to myself, as stressful as it was. I knew I could lose him for good. I know he's worth it because I've never been like this with a guy. I've always had control. Maybe that's why he has this hold on me. Maybe I deserve it. After all those times I was dismissive of other guys. To be honest, they were only boys. I thought so at the time anyway. A touch arrogant I guess. I knew it all and no one could tell me otherwise. The older I get the more it seems it's the opposite. Is it karma? Or is there no meaning at all?

I've never believed in fate but now I'm not so sure. I think it's coming back on me now. I must be going soft. You've done this to me Drew you asshole. All it took was one all-nighter and I lost my balls. Who would have thought? He should stick to me like glue. Can't he see what's in front of him? I should be the one giving him cold treatment for a month... see how it feels. Prick. Make him question every fucking thought. Kill all those sleeping hours. Write a million texts and never send them. Make him fuck strangers in revenge. A silent poetic fuck you.

Listen to me. I'm like a pathetic teenager. I don't want to feel this way. You won't get me Andrew Pearson. You arrogant prick. I'll take back every scrap of power you ever stole from me.

## Scene IV

SETTING: DREW on his own.

DREW

(WALKS to front of stage)

How do you feel about getting older? About making sense of all those uncertain smiles. Those half-finished stories and strewn lies. And the encroaching realisation that your willingness to deceive is no different. That your pain is more worthy. Your singular state as a human being is more valuable than all those mere drones. Those sheep to the slaughter... of which you are not... the masses.

If life serves you lemons, you squeeze out the juice, throw it in their faces and tell them it's piss. I'm not like them. I'm unique. Just like you. And if not, we go down together... unsatisfied... as that's the most worn path. Yet, perhaps... hoping for redemption ... at the last. Because you are worthy. You are noble. You are the most important being in the universe. For without you, the universe does not exist.

## Scene V

SETTING: Milos on his own.

MILOS

(front of stage PRAYING)

Before I lay me down to sleep, I ask my Lord for me to keep My Soul Intact, within my search, no matter how far, I fall from the perch. I lie, I cheat, I steal, I decree... But I promise you Lord, in you I believe... steal me against my foes, see me to my goals and my dedication will be ten-fold ... bringing converts to your endearing cause... without you Lord, I falter and pause... Lost before my purpose unfolds. I beseech your mercy... spare me the suffering of the everyday sheep... I promise to be your worthy angel... a dedicated prize, forever to keep.

END ACT II



ACT III

Scene I

SETTING: MILOS AND MARK drinking take away  
coffee in the street.

MILOS

(not facing MARK, disinterested)

Tell me you've got something for me.

MARK

I do indeed. You're going to love this. Her name is... Siobhan.

MILOS

Siobhan.

MARK

Siobhan Mendelsohn.

MILOS

Mendelsohn

MARK

That's the one. Mendelsohn. Real *Meddling* bitch. Ha-ha that's  
funny, isn't it?

MILOS

Jewish.

MARK

Huh?

MILOS

I'm trying to think of my Jewish connections. See if...

MARK

She's Jewish?

MILOS

Mendelsohn. Of course she's fucking Jewish.

MARK

But she's got tats. And her hair.

MILOS

How have you lasted this long? If there's one thing I've learnt and I've learnt many things Mark, do not underestimate people, especially important people. Especially Jews!

MARK

I thought all that rich Jew stuff was a myth.

MILOS

Don't believe all you hear.

MARK

I don't.

MILOS

There are some and then there are some others... but you can be guaranteed that the others are in some way connected to the sum.

MARK

I get it.

MILOS

No. You don't, do you?

MARK

I'm trying.

MILOS

What's her address?

MARK

Address?

MILOS

Holy Mother Mary of Christ. Her phone number. You got that, please tell me...

MARK

(blank)

MILOS

Fuck stick! I sent you on a clandestine operation and I expect results. I thought you understood the financial ramifications.

MARK

For me. I know.

MILOS

For me, for fuck's sake! If I go down, you're well and truly butt fucked.

MARK

Can't you Google her or something?

MILOS

I could and then guess what?

MARK

Let me think.

MILOS

Please don't. We'll be here all night. Search algorithms Mark. I can't have any trace. It's bad enough I have to call you at the office... but I can pass it off as a business discussion.

MARK

You don't like talking to me?

MILOS

(waving hand)

We're not in a fucking relationship Mark. It's a business arrangement though I suspect you don't want it anymore.

MARK

I do. I really do.

MILOS

Look. It's not that I dislike Jewish people per se, but they do have positions of power and money, disproportionate to other races, you know what I'm saying? I don't trust people and for good reason. My father got fucked over by a partner of his.

MARK

Ah, Jewish.

MILOS

No, he was Swedish but my father got screwed. My grandparents had to step in. I wouldn't have gone to university if it wasn't for them. Maybe I was a bit harsh on my father, but he allowed himself to get fucked over because he wasn't careful. I was ashamed. I even told my friends that my dad had a car accident and copped a brain injury.

MARK

Shit.

MILOS

That's never gunna happen to me. I'm suspicious of every cunt. Especially money people. That means Jews. And now the fucking Chinese are up to their pork dumplings in money. Right, so listen. Our little friend Siobhan stinks of corruption or something. There's a shit smell about Mark. Get your nose aligned. Get your radar turned to the Jewish airwaves and do some serious footwork without leaving your footprints, get it?

MARK

Yes Milos. I'll do it. I've got her name so the job's half done.

MILOS

I wouldn't say that, not by a long dingo's donger.

MARK

Is that like ... a measurement metaphor?

MILOS

This is the last time I'm going to say this. I want to see High Definition images of the inside of Siobhan's Jewish cunt and I want you to take them while she's sleeping so that she doesn't have a clue that you've been sniffing around her tattooed, mangy bangbox, okay?

MARK

Are you saying I should drug her?

MILOS

Do you have a brain injury Mark? Or do I need to download a storm of fucking diarrhoea on your head!

MARK

I only wanted to clarify.

MILOS

Don't call me again until you've got every little detail of her shitty existence... including the DNA of her filthy poodle.

MARK

She has a dog?

MILOS

Lord help me. Now fuck off and don't leave any IP trails like a farting lumpy fat fuck after Indian takeout.

MARK

I'll try.

MILOS

Don't try Mark. Just get it done for fuck's sake.

Scene II

SETTING: SIOBHAN and DREW at a table in a bar.

SIOBHAN

Incredibly sad.

DREW

I didn't think you cared about celebrities?

SIOBHAN

What do you mean?

DREW

Being such a hard arse and all.

SIOBHAN

You don't know much about me at all then, do you?

DREW

Come on. You've always been a ball buster.

SIOBHAN

That's not true. Sometimes I get emotional.

DREW

You called me a cunt.

SIOBHAN

When?

DREW

At the party.

SIOBHAN

No, I didn't.

DREW

And a dick.

SIOBHAN

Not possible. You have no dick.

DREW

That's exactly what I'm talking about! Besides, there's proof to the contrary.

SIOBHAN

It's completely the opposite and you know it. You're being a dick.

DREW

You've made... certain outbursts.

SIOBHAN

Congrats. Now you have a dick. Dick.

DREW

You know what I mean.

SIOBHAN

If you want a walk over girl, go for it. See how long she keeps you happy.

DREW

Wouldn't know. Never had one.

SIOBHAN

Because you're not interested in one! Not your type.

DREW

You know so much about me.

SIOBHAN

I thought so. I don't presume to know anymore.

DREW

You presumed a lot at the party.

SIOBHAN

I was pissed.

DREW

Plenty of people get drunk without...

SIOBHAN

So what? I like you. You know that.

DREW

Do I?

SIOBHAN

Please. I'm not that... I'm not as strong as I should be. Not at the moment.

DREW

You're plenty strong.

SIOBHAN

I know I'm aggressive... it's a flaw... I haven't always been like this. I can change it back... I know it's a cliché but I am working on it.

DREW

I think you need to work on it a lot harder.

SIOBHAN

(fast)

Would you cut me some slack for fuck's sake? I've had a cunt of a year and you haven't helped.

DREW

I've done nothing to you that you haven't done to yourself.

SIOBHAN



You know where I'm at. Just back off a bit.

DREW

Back off? Really?

SIOBHAN

No. Don't back off.

DREW

Jesus Christ you women are confusing. You really don't have an idea what you want.

SIOBHAN

Maybe not all the time but we know what we don't want. And I don't want a non-Drew.

DREW

A non-Jew?

SIOBHAN

Drew. Not Jew.

DREW

But you are Jewish, aren't you?

SIOBHAN

What are you getting at?

DREW

Nothing. I thought you might have a problem with my atheism.

SIOBHAN

What the fuck?

DREW

You said you didn't want a non-Jew.

SIOBHAN

Why is everyone religiously obsessed all of a sudden?

DREW

I'm not.

SIOBHAN

Everyone's got the answer, especially all the non-believers.

DREW

Not me. I'm staying out of that argument.

SIOBHAN

No one stays out of it. Even if they say they accept everyone. Push them hard enough... and they'll tell you exactly what they really think, especially if they think no one's listening. The quieter the room, the louder the voice.

DREW

I'm not so sure about that.

SIOBHAN

Don't worry about it.

DREW

Then explain it to me. I'm listening.

SIOBHAN

Why start now?

DREW

Christ.

SIOBHAN

I'm saying people only hear what they want to hear. Most of what people say to each other goes out the fucking window.

DREW

Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

I'm not talking about you and I. Maybe a little about us but we are all running around each other... trying to reach out... to

connect. But we can't get there. We need someone to rip us out of our collective wankfest... vortex.

DREW

Wankfest vortex? There's a T-shirt.

SIOBHAN

The whole world is self-obsessed with the singular universe of one. It's a wonder there isn't seven billion inhabited planets. The pioneers of *Meeee*!

DREW

It's social media. It's not real.

SIOBHAN

People on their phones driving into houses. Tell me that isn't real.

DREW

It's part of life now. Jesus. Get real.

SIOBHAN

Get real. There's some irony. For many it's more real than reality.

DREW

Not to me.

SIOBHAN

That's what they all say, until you see their self-serving posts. They sneak a quick masturbation session in and pass it off as commentary.

DREW

Christ Siobhan. You have to get over it.

SIOBHAN

Don't tell me to get over it. I fucking hate that expression. Like you can't have an opinion against the status quo. That we all have to acquiesce to the mainstream. It's like the

Victorian era code of conduct. Well fuck that. It makes me sick.

DREW

Keep it down.

SIOBHAN

That's it there. That's what got the Germans in trouble.

DREW

What does it matter what we do? It just goes on and on without us.

SIOBHAN

If you don't follow the trodden path there's something wrong with you.

DREW

You can't beat them Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

Okay Drew. You're totally right. I won't try to fight. I'll roll over and they can pack rape me.

DREW

You're talking shit now.

SIOBHAN

It won't even be rape because I agreed to it.

(beat)

Do what we say or you're out of the village. Away with your tongue you blasphemer! If you don't toe the line, you'll be burned at the stake. You're a racist, sexist, homophobic ignoramus and nothing in-between, because people really are that black and white.

DREW

There are people like that. Are you Siobhan?

SIOBHAN

You know me. I'm about as liberal as you can get.

(hand to head)

Oh my God. There I go having to defend myself. This is what I'm talking about. You can't have a conversation about it. It's like McCarthy's spies are hunting down all those communists. You're blacklisted mate.

DREW

Yeah, well, I think my beer's warm.

SIOBHAN

Get another one.

DREW

I feel a bit spewy now.

SIOBHAN

Maybe the conversation doesn't agree with you.

DREW

I don't know Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

You know you're in trouble when people keep saying you're name over and over.

DREW

It's all a bit... different now. After how you were.

SIOBHAN

I know what I've done. I'm not easy work but who is?

DREW

I think...

(standing)

... maybe.

SIOBHAN

Oh that's a good solution.

DREW

I just think it's better if I go home.

SIOBHAN

If you don't want to be with me just say it. It's probably for the best. I don't need you anyway. I don't need any guy, especially one who wants to *toe the line*.

DREW

You're a cool chick Siobhan... but I can't save you.

SIOBHAN

I suppose I should just *up* my medication. That will solve it.

DREW

You're getting too weird lately Siobhan. It's not my problem.

SIOBHAN

Yeah, that's it. You run off now and join the sheep. You fucking sell-out.

DREW

That's it. I'm done with you.

SIOBHAN

Fuck off you spineless cunt.

DREW

(gets up and leaves)

SIOBHAN

(bangs her hand on the table  
repeatedly)

### Scene III

SETTING: SIOBHAN at a table in a café. PEOPLE walking past, unnoticed.

(shift scene forward and location?)

SIOBHAN

Everything's messed up now. I thought Drew was different. Can't believe it's the same guy that I was obsessing over.

Did I really misread the situation so badly? He wanted me in the beginning. He wanted my body. It's starting to make sense. He wanted the image of me, my physicality, but he couldn't handle the essence of me. My complexities. Such chicken shits. That's why they insult us. Belittle us. They are running scared. And maybe they fucking should be. We are united now. And they are terrified.

They've had their turn. Only their cocks have kept them relevant. Thanks for the species guys but there's probably enough jizz stored around the world to last a thousand years. Mass cloning is around the corner. Control C some 3D printed tadpoles and bypass their monotonous pickup lines and pathetic parades to impress. Transparent worms.

Yeah, I've thought about it. I would roll over tomorrow if I could. Women are so sexual. But I just can't do vagina. Perhaps a girl with a cock. And not a plastic one. The same disposition of a woman, yet with a hard cock. Fully serviceable transplant organs are surely not that far off. We could push for it as a human right. Get that shit up and running in no time. Move to the extinction list, you facile outdated cunts.

Oh my God, what am I saying? This is what he's done to me. Fucking men. I hate them.

And I love them. I can't let one good long straight thick stiff dick ruin my entire outlook. No one has the right to

treat me like this. I'll fuck with his life. Truly. Madly.  
Deeply... Into the fucking ground.

Scene IV

SETTING: SIOBHAN at the CIGARRETTE STAND.

SIOBHAN

Thanks.

(hands money over).

CIGGY DUDE

Another dollar.

SIOBHAN

Huh? I thought I gave you the right change.

CIGGY DUDE

It's gone up.

SIOBHAN

Again? You're kidding me.

CIGGY DUDE

Taxes.

SIOBHAN

Taxing you mean. Bet you still get paid the same don't ya?



CIGGY DUDE

I got bills sweetheart, like everyone.

SIOBHAN

Do you get more income because the tax rate has gone up?

CIGGY DUDE

I'm not paid shit love.

SIOBHAN

Of course you're paid. Every cigarette is not doing *you* damage.

CIGGY DUDE

I don't ask people to smoke 'em.

SIOBHAN

Yeah but you sell 'em. How does that feel, being the deliverer of death?

CIGGY DUDE

I only sell what people want. I could work in a pub or sell fatty fries. Different products, same shit.

SIOBHAN

Speaking of which... you should give your heart a rest.

CIGGY DUDE

You smoke. It's your prerogative lady.

SIOBHAN

It's hypocritical I know. It got my mum too, which makes it doubly sanctimonious.

CIGGY DUDE

Lung cancer, hey?

SIOBHAN

Heart attack. Well, emphysema then heart attack.

CIGGY DUDE

Maybe that's better hey. Cancer's a bitch.

SIOBHAN

No, it wasn't better! She was paralysed. But didn't die. She stuck around for almost two years.

CIGGY DUDE

Paralysed. Hmm.

SIOBHAN

She couldn't really walk and it got worse over time, but tell you what. Her fucking mouth worked just fine. And she was pretty successful at fucking up things for me.

CIGGY DUDE

Shit love. She's ya mum. We only got one mum.

SIOBHAN

You don't understand.

CIGGY DUDE

Lung cancer...

SIOBHAN

She was a drama queen before all that. I had a lot of issues with her. My dad went off with another woman when we were kids. I never blamed him for leaving even though I had to put up with all her shit.

CIGGY DUDE

Bummer.

SIOBHAN

My brother didn't talk to her. So, after the stroke I had to do most of the caring... instead of travelling like I'd planned. She owned me. I was her slave.

CIGGY DUDE

Ouch. How old was she?

SIOBHAN

Fifty seven.

CIGGY DUDE

Smoking will do that to ya. You wanna give 'em up love.

SIOBHAN

Yeah, I know. It's kind of like a fuck you to her. Not that I didn't say fuck you when she was around. Said a lot of nasty shit to each other, but we never really resolved anything, you know? It was too fucked up. There was no Hollywood hugs and tears.

CIGGY DUDE

You were too young for that shit sweetheart.

SIOBHAN

One night I brought a guy back and fucked him in the hallway so she would hear. She started yelling out shit and the guy bolted. Ha-ha. Don't blame him. So, I used to disappear. Just to fuck her up. That last night, I went out, pulled a stray fuck and didn't come home until the next day. There she was on the floor. I reckon she'd been there since not long after I'd left. She fallen, had a stroke and couldn't move. She suffered there on the floor all night.

CIGGY DUDE

*Fark.* She died?

SIOBHAN

She never said another word after that... but oooh... so much anger. Her face. Like a map of hate.

(crunching her hand out)

All twisted up. It was all my fault. And my brother's. Our existence fucked up her miraculous life.

CIGGY DUDE

People are fucked up love.

SIOBHAN

You know, I gotta say... I'm not fucking love or baby or sweetheart, alright mate?

CIGGY DUDE

I know Siobhan. You're ... Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

How'd you know?

CIGGY DUDE

You told me.

SIOBHAN

That's bullshit. Why would I tell you? We've never had an actual conversation.

CIGGY DUDE

You do know me though.

SIOBHAN

I get my ciggies here. Not the same.

CIGGY DUDE

(MARK approaching)

You're right. You're just a customer. Nothing else.

SIOBHAN

Damn straight. Jesus.

MARK

Hell. Hi.

SIOBHAN

(to CIGGY DUDE)

I'll see you again, maybe, if you're not a dick again. Dicks everywhere lately.

MARK

Can I talk to you?

CIGGY DUDE

Shit.

(starts closing up)

SIOBHAN

Hey. Where's my change?

CIGGY DUDE

(hands back money)

Forget it. Tax free.

(closes)

MARK

It's my fault. I apologise.

SIOBHAN

I have defensive training so don't even try.

MARK

Is that a form of karate? Sounds frightening.

SIOBHAN

Try it on if you want. I'll break your arms and your balls.

MARK

Arms okay but not my balls. They don't actually have bones.

SIOBHAN

I can protect them with bones. I'll just kick them up under your ribcage.

MARK

Very thoughtful of you.

SIOBHAN

I'm guessing you don't have many shags in your C.V.

MARK

I don't believe I applied for a job with you.

SIOBHAN

(smiles)

That's not funny.

MARK

Actually, it sort of was. And I'm generally not funny.

SIOBHAN

No kidding. So maybe I won't kick you in the balls. I might rip them from your body... so I can give them to your grandmother as Easter Island earrings.

MARK

Let's backtrack here.

(Hand protectively over balls).

SIOBHAN

You better because I'm seriously close to losing my shit and I've already been close for days, if not years. Do you really want years of estrogen angst surging up your arse?

MARK

I promise I'll go soon but I have to talk to you.

SIOBHAN

I've had enough of men, I really have. Besides, I don't go for guys who represent... whatever it is you represent.

MARK

I'm sorry. But I don't have a choice.

SIOBHAN

Of course you do. You walk or I'll turn your scrotum into a phone case.

MARK

It's not me. My boss asked me. Well, not strictly my boss.  
It's a contract, you see.

SIOBHAN

You're inexperienced at this, aren't you? Piss poor pickup  
lines.

MARK

A contract I need for my company. I'm screwed without it.

SIOBHAN

You've lost me. And pissing me off more than before.

MARK

He needs to know who you are. Can you please... Are you  
connected with his organisation at all?

SIOBHAN

What the fuck are you on about?

MARK

Just tell me who you work for.

SIOBHAN

What the fuck? I'm not telling you shit!

MARK

I'm sorry. I have to ask. Do you have anything to do with  
Milos's business or not?

SIOBHAN

Milos? The guy from the party?

MARK

His party. Yes.

SIOBHAN

For what purpose exactly?

MARK

I can't answer that.

SIOBHAN

Happy to stalk me though aren't you freak.

MARK

I can't answer because I don't know.

SIOBHAN

But you know plenty of shit talk 'coz that's all I'm hearing.

MARK

I get that sometimes.

SIOBHAN

A lot I bet. Look, you seem reasonably harmless to me, even with your creepy stalking. I don't see why I should tell you anything. You have zero credibility.

MARK

It's true. People think I'm compliant but in my line of work it's a plus.

SIOBHAN

You mean the corporate world.

MARK

Call it what you will.

SIOBHAN

I'll call it the world of ladder climbing, the hierarchy system.

MARK

I suppose it could be construed that way.

SIOBHAN

The realm of the kiss arse; the brown noser, the sphincter smilers.

MARK



That's not it.

SIOBHAN

It's the same fucking thing mate. A different uniform, same mannequin.

MARK

You're rude.

SIOBHAN

I'm a truth-sayer.

MARK

I don't care what you say. I'm going back with what I know.

SIOBHAN

I'm so frightened. You have sooo much against me.

MARK

It'll have to do.

SIOBHAN

Oh please. Don't go to your boss. I'm just a little girl...

MARK

He's not my boss.

SIOBHAN

But you are his bitch.

SIOBHAN

You realise that those who bend over in the name of loyalty are the first ones to be fucked over, don't you?

MARK

Loyalty is rewarded. There's a long history of it.

SIOBHAN

You've got the *I'll be rewarded one day* blues. Do you know how many people subscribe to that philosophy? Millions. Religion

is responsible for feeding this thinking. Poor people are more valued. Summed up with this line. 'It's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God.' Keeps society fluid. Otherwise there'd be anarchy. Wouldn't there?

MARK

What's wrong with wanting to be rewarded? That's what everyone wants.

SIOBHAN

There's so much more dear boy.

MARK

You despise it because you've got no chance. You missed the boat. I'm right on the money.

SIOBHAN

Ha. The money.

MARK

You'll see. When I've got it all, I'll cruise past your shitty unit in my expensive car and you'll climb behind your cheap curtains in shame.

SIOBHAN

You really believe all that crap, don't you? I'll be the one coming back to check out the hollows of your empty dreams.

(slight beat)

Ohh, I like that. Hollows of your empty dreams.

MARK

Dreams are never empty. They're the product of winners.

SIOBHAN

You mean the birthplace of winners. Product is the end result. You've got it arse about face mate. Again. But so is your entire philosophy. It's not about dreaming. It's a materialistic lust. A lust that can never be satisfied. You want more and more. Like a gambler has a relationship with a

pokie machine or the G.G.'s but you pricks see the flaws... the demise of others... as a stairway to the next level. Treading on corpses. Worse than that. You profit off the decaying. It's like you're fucking a cancer patient to get their insurance.

MARK

Wow. You're really sick. You're the one who doesn't get it. You can't get by in the real world, so you hate everybody. How easy it is for you. You and your ilk.

SIOBHAN

Ilk. There's a word you don't hear every day.

MARK

Hipster types. Slackers. That's all.

SIOBHAN

Yes, you got me narrowed down to the millimetre. Genius. Except for one detail. Where's my beard?

MARK

You know where. Down south.

SIOBHAN

You are filthy. You know, in a different universe, I may even like you.

MARK

You people are sucking the system dry. Welfare cheaters. Get a job.

SIOBHAN

Ah, your precious taxes. You're right mate. I'm so sorry that my bearded vagina is draining Medicare.

MARK

(pause)

Too many drugs. That's your problem.

SIOBHAN

You see the world in two colours. Not the in-between. Not the majority of grey, which is truth.

MARK

Shut it.

SIOBHAN

You think you've got the whole world strategically sussed out.

MARK

I don't but I make the effort to learn. Whereas you...

SIOBHAN

You're so busy chasing the dollar that you're totally blind to all that means anything. The next thing is everything, isn't it? Gotta get the right car, the boat, the house. That's your God.

MARK

I'm going Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

Good, because I'm really tired of your face.

MARK

You won't have to see it again. I already told you, I'm not the one interested. I personally wouldn't care if you committed suicide.

SIOBHAN

That's really smart Mark. What if I took that to heart and did it tonight. You don't know me. I might be all bravado, putting on a front to protect my sensitive, fragile true self. And then actually do it. How would you feel then?

MARK

Feel? Let me put it this way. You could take a bottle of pills right here and now and I would cross my arms and watch.

SIOBHAN

And if I collapsed and started flapping around on the ground like a fish?

MARK

I'd probably get a bottle of water and pour it on you so you could remember what the ocean was like.

SIOBHAN

Interesting analogy.

MARK

So, you could suffer a bit more while you're gasping for breath.

SIOBHAN

That's pretty creative Mark. Cruel but creative. Shows your true self. Also demonstrates how you got this contract of yours. Congratulations. You're going to be a success.

MARK

I told you, I'm good at what I do.

SIOBHAN

But not too good with personal relationships, huh?

MARK

I'm finished here.

SIOBHAN

Bet it's been quite a while since you pulled a decent fuck. One you didn't have to pay for, I mean.

MARK

Goodbye loser. He'll be seeing you soon.

SIOBHAN

Bring it on. I won't be intimidated by a bunch of salivating bulldogs.

MARK

I'll text him now.

(pulls out phone)

SIOBHAN

Gimme that.

MARK

No you don't.

SIOBHAN

I'm giving you my phone number, you knob jockey.

(takes and enters number)

I'm keen to meet the man who wants to meet me so badly. He probably just wants to fuck.

MARK

He's too sophisticated for you ...

SIOBHAN

Oh that's right. He wouldn't like my big hairy vagina. Well maybe I'll get the hedge clippers out but there's just so much of it. He'll undoubtedly get lost, like Jack Nicholson in The Shining.

MARK

Goodbye hippy. Enjoy life dancing around the daisies or whatever you freaks do.

SIOBHAN

You enjoy that shit on your nose and all those cocks in your cheek. Just don't get a prolapse jaw.

## Scene V

SETTING:

SIOBHAN writing diary.

SIOBHAN

(expression changes-Voiceover)

Now I've done it. I'm a sensitive soul. I had a voice. Not a whisper now. I want no one to hear me. I don't want answers to questions I've never understood. I had an expectation. An internal promise of where I'm headed. A drive of a certain, undefinable thing... which may or may not be called hope... maybe it's just blind faith that it will work out in the end... but not anymore... even if there's a snippet of a dream leftover, because I don't want to be let down... again... because disappointment is draining... and I'm prepared for it... but surely it has limited runs. Maybe tomorrow I'll be stronger... and maybe today I'll persevere, but sooner rather than later, it will wear me down... to reveal defects that I'm not yet conscious of... and bring me undone.

I'm already bleeding... a spotted trail reveals my path to here. They cover their mouths in shock and wait to see the gush and my insides tumble out. The person they thought they knew, is now laid bare, exposed. Vulnerable. And not as human as they're used to...

Scene IV

SETTING: MILOS in the street.

MILOS

(Checking time).

Christ. She better turn up. I've got shit to do.

(Paces)

She's going to cost me. Question is, how much? If I leave now and she turns up, all pissed off like a crazed cat, goes to her bosses. Then I'm fucked. This is insane. Okay okay. In... One, two, three. Again. ... I am whole. It's going to be fine. She's just a little spy. Probably has no power at all. I'll outsmart her at every turn. She's in over her head. Stupid cunt. I am the pyramid top. The people are beneath me. They comprehend my strength. They want everything I have...

(beat)

Oh shit, it's her.

SIOBHAN

(from the shadows. Emerges silent).

MILOS

You made it.

SIOBHAN

Don't expect me to stay.

MILOS

We have some interesting points to discuss.

SIOBHAN



Really? Well, interesting is a subjective term, isn't it? Is it a PowerPoint Presentation?

MILOS

No. What makes you say that?

SIOBHAN

They're so outdated. You use them a lot?

MILOS

If the situation calls for it. Some of the regular execs prefer it.

SIOBHAN

That's because they're old farts. Behind the times and can't be bothered farts.

MILOS

(smiling despite himself)

It's useful. At times.

SIOBHAN

And in those cases, what do you do with younger people in the audience?

MILOS

They're not the ones I'm focusing on.

SIOBHAN

So you only represent old farts? Young people are irrelevant?

MILOS

No but they're not at the top of the chain.

SIOBHAN

You need the young to do all the grunt work, right?

MILOS

What are you? A union representative?

SIOBHAN

Is that why you wanted to see me? A union policy debate?

MILOS

So, you are union.

SIOBHAN

Christ Almighty Jack.

MILOS

Look, I thought we could have lunch and a friendly tete-a-tete about our shared acquaintances.

SIOBHAN

You want me to spill my guts.

MILOS

No, no...

SIOBHAN

Bullshit. This is all about control.

MILOS

Who at the party did you know again?

SIOBHAN

You're paranoid. And you're scared. It's all over your face like...

(checking)

Oh my God. Are you wearing foundation?

MILOS

(embarrassed)

I have a short fuse. And a long list of friends.

SIOBHAN

Please. Scare tactics are so old school.

MILOS

Just try me.

SIOBHAN

I'm sure you'd like to. I can only do what I do... and that's my own thing. I really couldn't give a sweet and sour shit about your brethren or your duty to your...

MILOS

Brethren? I'm not the Sopranos. Or Tony fucking Montana.

SIOBHAN

You are full of shit though, you fucking cock-o-roach. You might be able to convince converts but not me.

MILOS

I don't need to convince you of anything. I just want to know who you work for. I'm not interested in you. Tell me what you know and I'll leave you alone. I may even tell you what I know. Win Win.

SIOBHAN

I don't like to '*Win.*' I'm not '*interested*'. You annoy me.

MILOS

(nodding)

Well, that's an emotion, right? That's an investment.

SIOBHAN

I'm want to invest my fists into your face.

MILOS

Don't overreact.

I just want to know why you're spying on me. If you're too scared to tell me who they are, I understand. I could protect you.

SIOBHAN

You'd do that for me? Little old me!

MILOS

Of course.

SIOBHAN

Please take me under your muscular wings and whisk me back to your nest. I might even let you slip it in.

MILOS

Smart cunt.

SIOBHAN

I asked for it. Didn't I? All women ask for it.

MILOS

You are really pushing my buttons.

SIOBHAN

You got it mate. I want to be raped! Please arse fuck me with your razor wired condom. I've got a Middle Ages fetish.

MILOS

(worried about being overheard)

You're insane. Jesus. This is a mistake.

SIOBHAN

So, you don't want to rape me?

MILOS

Of course, I fucking don't.

SIOBHAN

Of course, you fucking do. You have a cock and with a cock comes insatiability. I acknowledge that. I just don't believe it has any place in today's world.

MILOS

Dicks don't have a place?

SIOBHAN

The world has turned. You're on the outer.

MILOS

I don't know what you're saying...

SIOBHAN

Of course you don't. You're a by-product of the old ways. A husk of a mammoth that once dominated the landscape. But it didn't last. Nothing does. And change becomes history.

MILOS

Let's start over. I'll buy you a drink.

SIOBHAN

(sighs)

If I say yes, and if I do it's only curiosity. Then we have a conversation, then I never want to discuss it again.

MILOS

I'm not even sure what we're discussing.

SIOBHAN

I'm sure you do and I'm also sure you'll twist it around to that singular objective, like all men. But I'll be sending you on your way and you'll retreat with your tail across your balls wishing you had a life.

MILOS

I do have a life thank you. I'm very happy. I just got a promotion and not a small one.

SIOBHAN

You think that's the life because that's what they sold you, hook, line and sinker. You lapped up like a wide eyed possum presented with an apple.

MILOS

What are you on about with your hippy metaphors?

SIOBHAN

You became what they wanted because you wanted what they had. You chomped on it like a chocolate gorging slut.

MILOS

I was warned about you Siobhan and he was right. You're a riot.

SIOBHAN

You'll take it any which way no matter the pain because you see the golden chalice sparkling in the sunset. You'll do anything to get close to it. Even murder is worth contemplating.

MILOS

You've got quite an imagination there.

SIOBHAN

You've spent your entire life in an insular cocoon of education, nanny's and academia.

MILOS

I never had nannies.

SIOBHAN

World of false smiles and ambition.

MILOS

Nothing wrong with ambition.

SIOBHAN

Brown nosing, backstabbing, secret agendas and circle jerks.

MILOS

Circle jerks? Ha ha

SIOBHAN

Yeah, you know the drill. Shake their hand, grab their balls, give 'em a hand job then slit their throats. The higher you go, the more important you are.

MILOS

(points)

That's true!

SIOBHAN

The more money you'll earn, the better the neighbourhood, the more you'll be respected...

MILOS

You're jealous because you can never have it.

SIOBHAN

... how much happier you'll be.

MILOS

You want it just as much. Everyone does.

SIOBHAN

It's all a big pile of steaming llama-shite because it's not external. It's not in your house or car or fucking suburb. It's in your relationships.

MILOS

Fuck that hipster shit. I'm plenty happy.

SIOBHAN

I'm talking about people who *genuinely* care about you. Respect. Being valued...

MILOS

I have that. In troves.

SIOBHAN

You think that they don't bitch about you the second your back is turned? Just like you do it to your bosses, of which there will always be because there's always another peak beyond the top. Someone's dirty arse which you have to lick. It's a stupid fucking charade that's been going on forever, and none of you can step back far enough to see how pathetic it is.

MILOS

Tell me how you really think.

SIOBHAN

There's an incredibly vibrant world out there and we have to get involved in it. Get our hands dirty. Feel and taste and evolve beyond the desk in an open plan office.

MILOS

I'm well-travelled. More travelled than you I bet!

SIOBHAN

I'm not talking about sitting in a hotel room which looks like the last hotel and the one before that, no matter which country, with the same smiling sycophantic, English speaking staff rolling off the same spiel. Providing those cutesy little details like chocolate on your pillow and conditioner bottles for you to steal.

MILOS

Hey, I paid for those!

SIOBHAN

I'm talking interaction, love, laughter, sex, food, sunshine, cold, dark days, everything you can think of, not just the good stuff because it's impossible to be happy all the time; sure you can chase it but you'll never get there, not all the time. Embrace it all because at the end of things, whenever that may be, tomorrow or next month or years from now, all we'll truly possess is our life experience, our loves, our losses and all that other shit will be gone with the wind.

MILOS

Haven't seen it.

SIOBHAN

Fucking hell, you're not listening to a single word. Do you think I don't know what having money is? My grandparents had plenty, once upon a time.

MILOS

So you give me this big lecture and it turns out...

SIOBHAN

It's not that simple. It goes back. My grandmother was quite a... it was my grandfather's money, but grandmother was the matriarch of the house.

MILOS



So what are you telling me? That you come from a line of suffragettes?

SIOBHAN

It was his money. She still had to acquiesce to him.

MILOS

You're not working class at all then.

SIOBHAN

It was a long time ago.

MILOS

They lost it all? Come on...

SIOBHAN

They divorced. It was ugly. My grandmother was ... very angry. She wanted to drain him of everything. She never let go of anything until she got her way.

MILOS

How did that work out for her? She ended up with nothing didn't she?

SIOBHAN

(raises eyebrows)

MILOS

Congratulations!

SIOBHAN

She fucked him good.

MILOS

Yes I bet. And I also bet that their kids got caught in the middle.

(beat)

Being your mother or father.

SIOBHAN

My mother. My grandparents tried to turn their kids against the other but they were old enough to know what was happening. It was all about revenge. My grandparents ended up where they deserved.

MILOS

Why didn't he just make it back again?

SIOBHAN

His clients lost respect for him because he couldn't keep his wife under control. It made him weak in their eyes. That's how lowly women were considered then.

MILOS

Lost his reputation. Yeah but she knew that would happen.

SIOBHAN

She was a super bitch.

MILOS

Ahh, at least she succeeded in passing down her traits.

SIOBHAN

Fuck you.

MILOS

Demonstration complete.

SIOBHAN

I'm wasting my breath with you. Forget it. Enjoy your self-stylised importance.

(begins walking)

MILOS

I deserve a right of reply.

SIOBHAN

I'm not one of your kiss-arse *team*. I don't have to do anything. Goodbye.

MILOS

Wait. I have to tell you something.

MILOS

It's important.

SIOBHAN

You can't handle women not acquiescing.

MILOS

You'll want to hear this.

SIOBHAN

How much you hate women...

MILOS

I think I love you.

SIOBHAN

What?

MILOS

I do. I mean, it's early but there's a spark here for me and I can't ignore it.

SIOBHAN

You're fucked mate.

MILOS

It's true.

SIOBHAN

It's not going to work.

MILOS

Listen to me. I can barely get a sentence out. I'm like a schoolboy.

SIOBHAN

You are immature, that's true.

MILOS

No-one's ever had this effect on me.

SIOBHAN

That's probably due to the fact that you go for docile doormats. *Oohh you're so big and powerful. I love your water views! Oh my God!*

MILOS

How do you know I've got water views?

SIOBHAN

(slowly, emphasising)

It's just a shame that you have the twisty end of a cheap sausage for a penis, but hey, no-one's perfect.

MILOS

I can prove otherwise.

SIOBHAN

Gross. The only way I'd get even close to that snipped piglets tail is with a large dose of Rohypnol ... and I wouldn't accept a drink from you regardless. It's never going to happen.

MILOS

Come on. Let me take you out to dinner. I'll take you somewhere really classy...

SIOBHAN

Oh, because I've never had that before, you big important man.

MILOS

We can have a civilised discussion.

SIOBHAN

We already had one. You just don't know it.

MILOS

I'm being serious. I'll pick you up. We'll go to a really nice expensive restaurant.

SIOBHAN

The two are naturally entwined, are they?

MILOS

The best wines...

SIOBHAN

I don't drink wine. Plebeians drink vodka and coke.

MILOS

Whatever you fancy.

SIOBHAN

Actually I do drink wine but I don't like the taste of Rohypnol.

MILOS

Just name it. A walk along the beach. A boat ride. A plane ride! How about an aqua plane? Take off from the harbour...

SIOBHAN

Not big on flying.

MILOS

We can do a cruise then.

SIOBHAN

Havana is nice at this time of year.

MILOS

That's um... a long way.

(slight pause)

You're messing with me again.

SIOBHAN

You're getting it. Albeit, very slowly.

MILOS

I'll get there. You watch me. I can pick up anything.

SIOBHAN

And have.

MILOS

Tell me. What do you want?

SIOBHAN

(sighs)

Well, you know... I'm a simple girl. Westie type. I'm happy with a sandwich in the park.

MILOS

I get it.

SIOBHAN

And maybe a couple of craft beers.

MILOS

Hey, I like beer. That sounds good. How about Saturday?

SIOBHAN

I'm booked up this weekend.

MILOS

Tomorrow then.

SIOBHAN

Don't you have some bullshit meeting to attend?

MILOS

Of course. And you're right. It's mostly bullshit. But we've got to have them.

SIOBHAN

Go hard for the team huh.

(fist pump)

MILOS

I can get out of it. I'll do it for you, okay?

SIOBHAN

For little old me? Shucks.

MILOS

I know you want to. You're not that cold.

SIOBHAN

Never tried to be. Quite the opposite in fact.

MILOS

I know.

SIOBHAN

I'm a humanist. You're the cold one. Detached from reality.

MILOS

If I'm cold, then perhaps you're the one to melt my ice.

SIOBHAN

Oh my God.

MILOS

Warm my heart.

SIOBHAN

Can you repeat that? I'm not sure my brain actually processed that insipid drivel into a discernible language.

MILOS

If I'm so insipid, why are you still here?

SIOBHAN

That's a good point.

MILOS

Of course you know. It's going to take a while to adjust. You can't imagine being with someone like me. You may even hate yourself for it but the more you try to fight, the more powerful it becomes.

SIOBHAN

Kinda like after old Ben Kenobi gets killed.

MILOS

Is that a Star Wars thing?

SIOBHAN

Oh my God. Please tell me you've seen it.

MILOS

Ah, I have but...

SIOBHAN

You haven't, have you?

MILOS

A long time ago.

SIOBHAN

A long, long time ago.

MILOS

How about you explain it to me?

SIOBHAN

I don't think I can date anyone who hasn't seen Star Wars.

MILOS

There's those preconceptions again. You said that life is all about experience. The good and the bad. Challenge yourself.

SIOBHAN

God. Brought down by my own philosophy.

MILOS

So that's a yes? Yes means yes.

SIOBHAN

And no means no.

MILOS

You're not saying no though, are you? You're saying yes.

SIOBHAN

No.

MILOS

You're not saying yes?

SIOBHAN

Yes.

MILOS

So that's a no.



SIOBHAN

No. I don't know. Your logic is worse than mine.

MILOS

I won't accept I don't know either.

SIOBHAN

I'll say no if I want to mate. I'm not one of your fucking doey eyed bath mats.

MILOS

I respect that. In fact, you may even be the first woman I've ever respected, aside from my mother. And my therapist. Actually, I don't respect her. She doesn't understand me. Maybe my primary school teacher. Though I believe I had a crush on her so not sure that counts.

SIOBHAN

Really?

SIOBHAN

She had huge knockers.

SIOBHAN

Christ almighty.

MILOS

Scratch that.

SIOBHAN

You can't undo it as much as you can reverse an earthquake.

MILOS

Don't be judgemental. You're supposedly against that sort of thinking.

SIOBHAN

Judgement has nothing to do with it. Regret is irrelevant. Sorry is irrelevant. It's null and void.

MILOS

Well, look. I wish I hadn't said it but it's too late.

SIOBHAN

(pauses - sighs)

You know. You're probably right. I get ahead of myself sometimes.

MILOS

You sure? You looked pretty serious there.

SIOBHAN

God, that makes me sound like such a hypocrite. You probably think I'm a weirdo now.

MILOS

You certainly are. But I like it.

SIOBHAN

Ah you don't know me.

MILOS

I'd like to try. Unless you go completely off the rails.

SIOBHAN

I need to settle down a bit more. I've been 'off the rails'... and it's not good for my mental health.

MILOS

It really isn't. Trust me. I'm doing you a service here.

SIOBHAN

I'm a little scattered. I've come out of a difficult separation recently.

MILOS

Tell me about it.

SIOBHAN

Actually, I'd rather not. It's still all...

MILOS

Raw?

SIOBHAN

Yes. Exactly.

MILOS

Don't worry I won't.

SIOBHAN

Thank you.

(pauses. Checks her out)

Why don't you come over here?

SIOBHAN

(shy)

Why?

MILOS

It's time.

SIOBHAN

For what?

MILOS

You really want me to spell it out?

SIOBHAN

(confused)

Um. I think you may have to. Sorry.

MILOS

I want to kiss you.

SIOBHAN

Kiss me? More like you're shitting me.

MILOS

(hand to heart)

I'm truly honest.

SIOBHAN

Really? Why?

MILOS

*Because.* Of all you said to me.

SIOBHAN

I don't believe you.

MILOS

(both smile)

Trust me and you'll see I'm genuine. Go with it.

SIOBHAN

...little...

MILOS

Little what? Nervous?

SIOBHAN

Isn't that pathetic? After the way I carried on.

MILOS

It was in the heat of the moment. I said my fair share too.  
I'm really a decent guy.

SIOBHAN

I can see that now. I'm sorry I didn't see it before. I just  
got fixated on...

MILOS

Enough talk now. Come here. I need to kiss you. Make a woman  
out of you.

SIOBHAN

(not sarcastic)

Ha ha. Thank God for you. What would I have done? How would I  
ever have become a true woman?

MILOS

I'm not very politically correct at times. It takes people a  
while to warm to me, but they *all* get there in the end.

SIOBHAN

So let me ask you... Once you, shall we say, *conquer me*, will I be just another foot soldier in your brigade?

MILOS

I would never do that. Not to any woman. I always respect them. I'll prove it to you.

SIOBHAN

Now?

MILOS

Shut up and come here.

(moves in. Cups her face).

SIOBHAN

Wait. I just have to say one more thing.

MILOS

You're procrastinating.

SIOBHAN

Probably but I promise once I ... get this off my chest...

(points to her chest)

Ha-ha.

MILOS

Ha-ha.

MILOS

So say it and let's get this party started!

(leans in)

SIOBHAN

(shy, whispers)

I will... suck your dick dry.

MILOS

Whoa. Are you serious?

SIOBHAN

Deep throat.

MILOS

Oh my God! Will you do it right now?

SIOBHAN

(pauses)

I would, except you've already sucked enough cocks in your corporate climb to cause that permanent lump in your cheek. I'd rather suck the juice out of a bitter cactus and feel its prick perforate my tongue than go near yours. I'd rather lullaby a cobra into my cunt and have it bite me to death from the inside than have your fetid, dried artichoke touch a follicle of pubic regrowth. In fact, the very thought makes me want to go on a starvation diet until I shrivel up and die like Karen Carpenter.

(grins, self-satisfied)

MILOS

(stares. A long pause)

He snap punches her face and she goes down. Very out of it but not quite unconscious. He bends down and begins to pull her pants off with back to crowd.

A protracted rape follows, mostly from behind as he metaphorically *fucks her over*. Brutal and visceral. (Directors discretion)

Stands. Watches for a while. Bends down and steals her phone from her pants. Adjusts himself. Walks away.

END ACT III

## Epilogue

### Scene I

SETTING: MILOS AND MARK. Tree image again as background.

MILOS

You made it. Good.

MARK

Yes but... I'm a little confused as to why you didn't call me.

MILOS

How often have I done that lately?

MARK

Um, sometimes.

MILOS

Not anymore mate. Digital trail has trailed cold down the Pied Piper road. You know what I'm talking about.

MARK

I don't follow.

MILOS

You followed alright. You're off the cliff my friend. Bye bye.

(pulls out a wad of cash)

MARK

What's this?

MILOS

Severance.

MARK

Why? I did what you asked.

MILOS

I don't know what you mean.

MARK

I got you Siobhan's details, didn't I?

MILOS

Steven? Who's Steven?

MARK

I told you. You know what I mean.

MILOS

No Mark. I don't know what the fuck you mean. I don't even know you, other than some casual work acquaintance, whose company I was considering utilising for a contract like dozens of others. I've unearthed another option.

MARK

What are you saying?

MILOS

More financially viable too. So this thing between you and I, done and dusted. Take this as a measure of goodwill.

(holds money)

I sourced it from the Fuck Off Fund. Here. You earned it. Now... Fuck off.

MARK

But I did everything you said!

MILOS

What did I say? Any texts exchanged were perfunctory. I made sure of that. I barely know you apart from some superficial conversations around rugby and chicks. You love sport and chicks, don't you?

MARK

Not particularly.

MILOS

Oh you do Mark. I know all about it.

MARK



About what?

MILOS

You recall being a nineteen year old linesman don't you Mark?  
Under sixteen girls' soccer.

MARK

How the hell? My God.

(beat)

I was cleared. There was nothing to it. I swear to God!

MILOS

The thing with muck Mark, is that it's like cancer. You never  
really get rid of it. It can pop up anytime.

MARK

(beat)

Why are you doing this?

MILOS

I'm not doing anything. I'm not even here. Neither are you.

MARK

Milos please. I'll do anything you ask me to!

MILOS

Good. I'm asking you to listen. There's only one clause in the  
Fuck Off Fund. If that's not adhered to, it becomes the Fucked  
Up Fund. Follow?

MARK

I can't believe this ...

MILOS

One word and you better start looking over your shoulder. This  
is how things are. One day you'll do the same to someone else.  
Now get the fuck out of my life.

Epilogue

Scene II

SETTING:

ED the CHIEF EXECUTIVE and MILOS.  
Office.

ED EXEC

Milos. Pleasure to see you. Take a seat.

MILOS

Thank you sir.

ED EXEC

Dispense with the sir business. It makes me feel old.

MILOS

Certainly Ed. Is it okay if I call you Ed?

ED EXEC

(pauses)

We're all friends here. I want to ask you, how are you finding the new role?

MILOS

Very good Ed. Challenging, but I love a challenge.

ED EXEC

I'm calling bullshit.

MILOS

Sorry?

ED EXEC

You're telling me what I want to hear.

MILOS

I swear sir. I'm very much into...

ED EXEC

No one likes change. Only in increments. Slightly altered here and there, or no one would know what the hell they're doing. They want the new thing, as long as it slides into a realm that they can cope with. Not me. Shut up and take note. They're cemented in routine. That's why we employ certain people for certain positions because we know or at least assume that they can manage it, or there'd be no point. The structure would collapse.

MILOS

I see your point sir. Ed.

ED EXEC

The world would not function without these built in expectations. You would have grasped this as you went through the interview process. Intimidating yes?

MILOS

Not at all sir. As I said, I like a chall...

ED EXEC

It's not a weakness to admit it. It's meant to put you on guard. To test your resilience.

MILOS

I realise that Ed.

ED EXEC

You rose to the occasion.

MILOS

Thank you, sir.

ED EXEC

As was the expectation. And so, the expectation continues. As does the belief in the things that make you unique. Give us you, and not some ideal of what you *think* we want.

MILOS

I am delivering sir. The early research suggests...

ED EXEC

Yes yes, all that research crap is to maintain the ideal that management values the well-being of its employees. It's a silver encrusted carrot.

MILOS

I've heard that recently I think.

ED EXEC

We couldn't give a sweet and sour cherry pie as to the contentment of our staff and neither should you.

MILOS

Oh, believe me sir, I don't.

ED EXEC

(raising voice)

Don't tell me what I want to hear for Christ's sake! Though you better tell *them* what they want to hear.

MILOS

Trust me...

(fist swivel)

I'm trying to get the fear into them.

ED EXEC

I don't believe anyone who prefaces a statement with '*trust me.*'

MILOS

Sorry sir.

ED EXEC

Don't try to get the fear into them. Make them bloody shit bricks! Fear makes good soldiers. Not contentment. Any officer knows that. With loyalty and discipline comes results. And rewards.

MILOS

I agree.

ED EXEC

Not only in a remuneration sense but as an overriding principle in life. To provide purpose is to possess control.

MILOS

Totally agree sir. Loyalty is purpose.

ED EXEC

I have your loyalty, correct?

MILOS

Absolutely.

ED EXEC

Do you believe that? Wholeheartedly?

MILOS

Oh yes sir. To the ends of the earth, hand on my heart.

ED EXEC

Good. Let's put that to the test.

MILOS

Whatever you've got to throw at me, I'll complete it to your utmost satisfaction. You know, within my usual capabilities I mean. Not outside... of course, I'll do whatever you ask. I'm just saying I don't want to fail you, so if you structure...

ED EXEC

(standing)

Shut up and prove your worth.

MILOS

Shut up sir?

ED EXEC

(walks to MILOS

Hand on shoulder)

Think you're the only one in line? I've got a list of dreamy hopefuls so long I could use them to bungee jump from Melbourne Crown Tower.

MILOS

Sir...

ED EXEC

(begins unzipping)

You want the rewards? You want to win? You've got to demonstrate you're fit for management. We all have to get down for someone. It's a life lesson. The way it's always been and always will be. This is about desires. But you must act decisively. Your entire future rests on this one moment.

(beat)

Demonstrate your loyalty to me now. Get on your knees.

MILOS

(shocked)

ED EXEC

(pushes MILOS down)

It's your choice. At least... that's what we want you to think.

(He grabs MILOS's head and guides)

Now. Begin.

BONUS SCENES

CIGGY DUDE goes to see his aunty. Hesitates, multiple times. Ends up picking up a chair... pulls by her bed. End being a touching moment. No words required.

ANDREW walks towards a doorway, head down. On his phone. Arrives the same time as a young Wowan. She waits.

DREW

Quandary.

RACHEL

Is it?

DREW

To some. Yes.

RACHEL

Doesn't have to be.

DREW

I think so too.

(opens door for her)

RACHEL

(nods, smiling)

DREW

I'm Drew.

DREW

Rachel.

MARK

(pacing, on mobile)

Good afternoon Madam. You don't know who am I but you soon will. And how are you today? But don't answer that right now. Let me tell you what I'm going to do for you. I'm going to be the answer to all your problems, your one stop shop, your mobile service station, sugarine, saccharine, bubble-gum floss pot. I'll toffee your apple and grease your axle, get you the best deal this side of the demilitarised zone, in and out, undercover, bypassing borders and delivering your orders, your slave to the Master Blaster, the package deal of a lifetime, a shoe shine, one in a million lifetime dreamtimes. Hello I'm Mark and I am here for you, your saviour, your man, your shining knight, at your bidding.

**END**