

# Audition Pieces for Women

## They're happy playing on their phones, Jenny.

Jenny: Happy on their phones? How can they be happy on their phones? Why is every kid these days on their phone? Why have they got phones to begin with? And the parents let them stare at them - that's the worst thing. The parents actually let them sit there staring at their phones for hours! The parents are worse than the kids of course - that's why they think their kids' behaviour is totally normal!

You know what these young people do all day? They take photos, with their phones, of themselves. That's what they do. All day long. They take thousands and thousands of photos of themselves. That is sick. It's sick! Isn't it? I mean something is very wrong with society when that kind of thing is considered normal.

Happy on their phones!?! I very much doubt it. Addicted to their phones more like. And would it kill them to play outside for a change?

## SCENE 4 Reedy River. Mary and Joe's baby has died.

Mary: Somehow it all seems so long ago, now. It was the Union... always the Union with him. Joe told me he wouldn't be shearing at Wilson's that year. He was going up north for the Union. I didn't know what to do. The baby was on its way and we had no money. I felt sure Joe would put his family first. I wondered whether he cared as much about me and our son as he did about the Union and his mates. Oh, I guess I'd backed the Union before, but this was different.

*(speaks Lawson's poem)*

Now up and down the siding brown the great black crows are flyin'  
And down below the spur, I know another milker's dyin'  
The crops have withered from the ground, the tank's clay bed is glarin'  
But from my heart no tear nor sound, for I have got past carin'.

Through Death & Trouble, turn about, through hopeless desolation  
Through flood & fever, fire & drought, and slavery and starvation  
Through childbirth, sickness, hurt, & blight, and nervousness an' scarin'  
Through bein' left alone at night, I've got to be past carin'.