

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Wretch

by Angus Cerini

EXTRACT

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1.

ABE: Belongings in locker?

BEE: Yes.

ABE: Key please.

BEE: Thanks for that, keeping my stuff safe.

ABE: Nothing hidden up your arse?

BEE: Nah, up me other hole but.

ABE: We're not allowed to search up there.

BEE: I might enjoy it.

ABE: You would. Leopard never changes its spots.

BEE: Is that right?

ABE: Too right.

BEE: Where's your shoelaces?

ABE: Took em off me. Risk of topping myself.

BEE: You would have done it now, for sure?

ABE: Nah, no remorse.

BEE: That's not what they reckon?

ABE: What you bring me?

BEE: Carton of fags.

ABE: Anything else?

BEE: If you're lucky I might give you a kiss goodbye.

ABE: Oh you wish, hag.

BEE: Don't talk to your mother like that.

ABE: Where's me fags?

2.

BEE: Them doctor he say ratshit. Him say choppy choppy, off she blows, setting sail, all gone, nothing now will save you love, Mrs Mrs. All over bar the shouting, all gone to ratshit. Him in there small room know nothing lest I tell him. And the furry armed men and the rightful girls sensible shoes know nothing if nothing I say.

Tit gone dead, all through under the arms and into the soul of the crooked spinster, crooked little baby killer, lest I say a word and spoil the game, he will never know, kill him like I am doomed.

Smile into the vase, look at all them flowers...

3.

BEE: They still doing those cups of tea?

ABE: Yeah.

BEE: Bikkies?

ABE: Yeah, suppose.

BEE: Was that your mum?

ABE: Yeah.

BEE: Is that the one with the cancer?

ABE: Yeah.

BEE: So she only got one tit?

ABE: Yeah.

BEE: What's she got, padding in there?

ABE: Yeah, spose, don't know.

BEE: Big boobs.

ABE: Yeah.

4.

ABE: And how you tell her what you done just this night just been. Weighing on the mind, all them strokes of midnight not a wink of sleep, just the sinking in, these hands sinking him, not fighting back, not breathing by the end, this night just been.

And in me little room with the shower head glinting over at me and me little tv up there in the wall and that little bit of glass in the door and in me bed all alone thinking about what I done.

Go and kill a guy what gone and done what he done.

5.

BEE: How much money they giving you?

ABE: Much more than pocket money.

BEE: I said how much money?

ABE: Me pimp me old mum, make some cash, you reckon any old drunk will go for a rub off in the trees?

BEE: I reckon.

ABE: I can smell your mess from here!

BEE: I had you out of that hole and this is the love a mother gets, all spat out and laughed at. Stitches and dreams they all disappeared and alive hardly, this little sprite gasping for air. The father effed off with his workmate, they jumped in the ute, honey off to the mines, you pregnant fat hog.

ABE: You never had no man as good as a husband as good enough to leave.

BEE: I might have.

ABE: You never did.

BEE: I could have once, maybe I could have.

ABE: Twenty cents he pays, not even that, twenty cents for wrapping your lips around his meat, and I follow him, hey mum, follow him and slash his balls off, stare him down, against the crown, follow me leader man, nice suit, schwack.

BEE: Dead.

ABE: As a doorknob.

BEE: Give mummy one of them fags.

ABE: Shut your hole.