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# SLUT

by Patricia Cornelius

## EXTRACT

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77 Salamanca Place Hobart  
7004 Tasmania Australia

[admin@australianplays.org](mailto:admin@australianplays.org)  
<http://australianplays.org>  
Tel +61 3 6223 4675  
Fax +61 3 6223 4678

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## Slut

*A chorus of young women sit in judgement.*

- Chorus:
- A man is dead.
  - An innocent man.
  - A man with a wife and kids.
  - Three of them.
  - Two boys and a girl.
  - A good man.
  - Not someone not worth anything.
  - Not some deadbeat.
  - Not some homeless bloke.
  - Some drunk.
  - Some useless junkie.
  - Not someone old.
  - A good man.
  - A really good man.
  - A man worth a lot.
  - A man with a job.
  - A good job.
  - With responsibilities.
  - Someone important.
  - Dead.
  - Just like that.
  - Suddenly.
  - Dead.
  - An innocent bystander.
  - A total stranger.
  - His only crime is he wants to help.
  - To save Lolita.

- To do the right thing.
- He didn't even know her.
- To offer a hand.
- To save Lolita.
- A good citizen.
- Didn't hesitate.
- He put his life at risk.
- To save Lolita.
- A brave man.
- Admirable.
- Selfless.
- A hero.
- Dead.
- A dead man.
- Definitely a dead man.

*Lolita is riding a bike. She rides hard and her hair streams back in the wind.*

Lolita: I like it. I like it a lot.  
 I like it this fast.  
 I like it that if I fell I'd die.  
 I like the sound of my breath.  
 Like the ache in my legs.  
 Like the way the wind matts up my hair.  
 Like the sweat on my face and the cold air.  
 Like the whirring wheels, the clicking gears, the hum in my ears.  
 I like the smell of me.  
 I like the feel of my heart beat.  
 I like it that I can't think.  
 If I think, I'll fall.  
 I'll pedal into a hole.

If I think I'll find myself in a ditch, I'll smack into the back of a truck, wrap myself around a pole.

It's lovely not thinking, not caring, having one problem; staying on my bike.

Lovely life. Lovely, lovely life. That's what you say on a bike.

That's what I said, I reckon. Until the day I stopped, and didn't ride my bike any more.

I was nine.

*Lolita stops.*

Chorus:

- We've known Lolita for a long time.
- We've known her since we were kids.
- We went to the same crèche.
- I lived next door.
- We went to the same primary school.
- She was my best friend.
- We know her through and through.
- We know everything there is to know about her.
- We know Lolita better than anyone.
- We were that close.
- When we were babies Lolita and I had our photos taken together at Kmart.
- When we were one, we were put in the same cot because I had measles and she didn't and her mum thought she should.
- When we were two, Lolita and I went missing. We were found two hours later in a crèche cupboard, sleeping.
- When we were three we painted each other blue.
- When we were four, Lolita and I held hands and tiptoed towards the deep end of the Northcote pool and as the water