

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



# Homepage

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by Kate Rice

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EXTRACT

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## SCENE ONE

*Leonie's room. The walls are covered in posters of teen stars of soap and pop, mostly female, and mostly Delta Goodrem. The room is messy, with empty packets of biscuits, cans of diet coke, clothes and magazines littered about. The bed is unmade. The desk is swamped by a messy computer set-up that sprawls over half the room. There is also an old phone.*

*Leonie arrives home from school and throws her bag off. She wears a shapeless long-sleeved T-shirt and jeans, her hair is flung up in a bad ponytail.*

LEONIE: *(yelling out the door)* Whatever, Dad, I've got things to do, okay? I SAID hello. She's not my friend anyway, she's your friend. I've got my own friends.

*She slams the door shut. Turns her computer on. Takes a packet of chocolate biscuits out of her bag. They're a bit melted.*

I got friends, what I don't have is a FRIDGE. *(to herself)* Tightarse.

*She eats a biscuit, sits at the computer and logs on. A piece of paper is pushed under the door. She picks it up as though she has done this many times before.*

*(reading)* "I refuse to speak to you through a door, that's no way to communicate." HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?

*She sits down at the computer finishes logging on.*

*(at her father outside)* YOU'RE NOT MY MOTHER.  
Okay.

*She is set up, ready to start her work.*

*She takes out a magazine with Delta Goodrem on the cover. She looks at it with great satisfaction.*

*She takes out another four copies. Puts them where she can see them as she types.*

*(typing)* Post number one thousand nine hundred and ninety-four.  
Hi, it's me. Sorry I'm late. Don't tell me you don't know why! Dadaaaaa! Delta tells – exclusive story – my battle with cancer.  
Omgod. It's – whew. I mean, why didn't you tell me?

*The mobile phone plays a few bars of Lost Without You. Leonie ignores it.*

You know I never really knew what it was like. Hodgkin's Lymphoma. Of course I read up about it when I first heard you had it, but it's not the same as hearing about it from you. It's made it more real. Thank God there's a five-year survival rate of ninety-six percent if you're under forty-four at time of diagnosis.

*The mobile phone goes off again. Leonie ignores it.*