

FIRECROTCH Audition Piece

That shut her up but still, everyone was gettin' up me. After the bonfire at Ettalong, Westie came to see me.

He was a looker in that firies uniform but not the full quid, ya know? Coupla stubbies short of a six-pack. Few roos loose in the top paddock.

Just me type.

Fire captain told him to come talk to me. Thought I was lightin' them fires.

So Westie pops over and I make him a cuppa. Got out the good biscuits and everything. And he tells me, 'You gotta stop lightin' these fires. Bush fire season's comin' and it's not gunna end well.'

You know what did end well? My cuppa with Westie. 'Spose you coulda called him my boyfriend after that. Once he locked eyes on this, I mean, he was only human. Shit got serious real fast.

After that, it didn't matter who lit them fires. Even though, well, I 'spose you know it was me. That's why we're here, right?

My money's on Cheryl for dobbin' me in. She's had it in for me ever since I rooted her son. She shoulda thanked me. He was 31 and someone had to pop his cherry.

But you don't wanna talk about that do ya? No. Ya wanna know about the fires.

Look, I'm not proud of what happened. But in my defence, I was having a shit time. Craig, me boyfriend, he left me – would ya believe – for an older woman. That scrubber. She can have him.

Then my cousin goes and gets up the duff. Now she doesn't want to come down the pub and pull all night benders. Mole. But the final straw was this bloody spray tan I got.

It's rubbed off now but shit, you shoulda seen me. If I was any more orange, I coulda been president of the US of A.

So I lit a little fire. To, I dunno, ease the tension.

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It wasn't a big deal. It was just in a wheelie bin. I had it under control. But then someone goes and calls triple O. It woulda gone out soon enough. Such an overreaction.

But once I got a taste for it, I was hooked. Lighting them fires made me feel good, real good.

Calm, like.