

Audition piece for 'The New Messiah of Woy Woy'

FATHER: Oh no, not another lightbulb moment! Remember what happened when you tried to turn the cat into a vegetarian and it ate all the blue wrens in the neighbourhood?

MOTHER: Now don't be too harsh, dear. It takes practice to save the world.

[MOTHER looks at SON and speaks encouragingly]

What words are you thinking about sweetie? You can tell us. It'll be a family secret.

FATHER: Like your Aunt Julia's drinking.

MOTHER: Please don't write about Aunt Julia. She's a wealthy woman who's very fond of you. Consider your future.

SON: I wasn't thinking about Aunt Julia at all until you mentioned her.

FATHER: Well, you should pay her more attention. She's been ... very good to us.

SON: So what is it you want me to write about her? Alcoholism or bank transfers?

FATHER: Don't use that tone with me, it's—

MOTHER: *[stands quickly, interrupts]* Would anyone like dinner?

SON: I'm not hungry.

FATHER: No sulking. Your mother's gone to a lot of trouble making dinner.

MOTHER: No, I haven't. I've been out at the Bowlo all day. I was thinking of using Uber eats.

SON: Yes!

FATHER: Don't be so rude about your mother's cooking.

SON: Please, I just want to write my play.

FATHER: But you're not even sure what it's about.

SON: I want to write something that will illuminate—

FATHER: You've said that already and nothing turns audiences off quicker than repetition.

MOTHER: Unless it's deliberate.

FATHER: Why would anyone deliberately want to turn off the audience? MOTHER: Sometimes you can be so obtuse.

FATHER: Never intentionally though. In fact, I do very few things by design. SON: *[suspicious]* You mean, most of what you do is accidental?

...

Like having me, for example?

No wonder I feel so unloved.