

# **That's Me in the Distance**

By

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## Characters

Sally  
Brian  
Debbie  
Liam  
Jennifer

The scene opens with the ensemble onstage in tableau position lying with their backs to the audience. Slowly they turn and each speaks to the audience.

Sally - I did something unusual the other day...  
Brian - I'm still alive...  
Deb - I love my body...  
Liam - Man...  
Jennifer - Freedom...

Together - I posed naked for Spencer Tunick.

### *Sally's lounge room*

Sally - Why did I do it? Why not? I've reached a point in my life where I can't see the reason I did half the things...No, sorry - that answer's taking the easy way out, and I swore that I wasn't going to do that any more. I did it because it sounded interesting. I heard Spencer interviewed on the radio, and I thought I'd give it a go, if only I was a few years younger. And that's what I said to my daughter.  
Daughter - Mum, you can't be serious!  
Sally - Why not?  
Daughter - Standing around naked with a group of strangers. You!  
Sally - Why not me?  
Daughter - Is this your way of getting back at Dad?  
Sally - I have no desire to get back at your father. I hope he's happy. I'm certainly a lot happier now he's gone.  
Daughter - Have you thought of seeing someone?  
Sally - I'm not ready for another relationship.  
Daughter - No, I meant more like a psychiatrist or someone. You've obviously got a lot of issues that you're suppressing.  
Sally - Just because I think it would be interesting to pose for this artist.  
Daughter - It's not just that. You've been a bit strange.  
Sally - I'm going through a divorce.  
Daughter - That's what I mean, you're not reacting the way people are supposed to when they get divorced.  
Sally - And how are people meant to react?

Daughter - You know what I mean.

Sally - Anyway, I think I might register - can you show me how to use the internet?

Daughter - You're not using my email address? They'll think it's me.

Sally - They won't even know you.

Daughter - You can't be sure. How do you know that you won't arrive and find your next door neighbour there?

Sally - I don't think it's likely.

Daughter - They probably think the same about you. What'll you say if they're there, eh?

Sally - Maybe: Interesting birthmark.

Daughter - That's what I mean - you're not taking anything seriously anymore. That's why I'd like you to talk to your doctor or someone. He could give you some pills...

Sally - What, you think I need medication because I'm not depressed? Excuse Doctor, could you put me on something to subdue my healthy outlook on life?

Daughter - I just feel your not facing up to your grief about Dad.

Sally - I faced up about my grief about him every morning for God knows how long. To be totally honest, I'm over it, all right? When he took his final suitcase last month, my overriding emotion was one of relief.

Daughter - I can't tell when your being serious.

Sally - Oh, I'm serious all right.

***Classroom. Brian, a teacher in his early fifties, is teaching poetry to Year 11. They are bored.***

Brian - "It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and know not me..."  
What's he saying with that opening?

(No response)

Ben?

Soula?

(Student puts up their hand)

Student - Can we go early, sir?

Brian - No. Now concentrate on the poem.

Student - But there's only five minutes.

Brian - Well, that's lucky for you. Ok, what's he saying with this line: "How dull it is to pause, to rust unburnished not to shine in use."

Student - Is he saying he's bored?

Brian - Good. Go on.

Student - That's the only bit I can relate to.

Brian - Well, what about this bit:

"Come my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well..." (He notices Ron showing Soula a magazine.)

Ron, put that away. No, put it right away. No, right away. All right, bring it to me. I said, bring it to me!

Thank you. Ron, I didn't expect you to be looking at dirty pictures in my class.

Ron - It's not a dirty picture, sir, it's art.

Brian - Very funny.

Ron - No, sir, it's just a Fringe Festival program. This guy takes photos/

Brian - Sit down and pay attention, please.

Ron - of nude people in public places.

Brian - Ron, you're not listening. I said sit down.

(He sits)

All right, could somebody come up with what the poem's about?

(Silence)

Student - It's about Ulysses. (Laughter)

Brian - Yes, it is called Ulysses, and yes, that *is* who it's about. Anybody else? (Silence)

All right, perhaps, if you attempt the questions at the bottom of the page.

Student - It's about this guy thinking back on his life...

Brian - Too late. Questions at the bottom of the page. Everyone! (Groans as they slowly take their pens out)

Ron - Can I have my program back, sir?

Brian - We can discuss it at the end of the period.

Soula - He wants to have a perve at it. (Laughter)

Brian - That's enough. (Bell. Brian speaks over the din of them leaving) Yes, you can go. Complete those questions for homework. Ron, just wait a minute.

Ron - Keep the festival guide, sir, I've got another at home.

Brian - Then why did you just ask for it back?

Ron - Just to annoy you.

Brian - You're a bit old for these juvenile games.

Ron - You've got to do something to liven up the lesson.

Brian - In my day, we expected school to be dull.

Ron - Did they have schools when you were young?

Brian - Ha ha.

Ron - So, are you gonna pose for this photographer guy?

Brian - Go home, it's Friday.

Brian - Getting old's funny. I mean, one day, you're laughing about the people who spend their time taking about superannuation, the next minute, you think: I wish I'd planned for my retirement. You see people you haven't seen for ten years, and you think how old they look, and you wonder if they think the same about you. You start using phrases you never thought you'd use.

I guess I'm not really that old. But something about teaching, kids can make you feel a hundred.

I remember thinking, if only the kids knew what I was like when I was younger. Like, I would've posed for that photo. I haven't always been as predictable as I am now. I mean, in my youth, I took part in demonstrations, went to wild parties, drunk myself stupid.

I never thought of myself as the sort of person who'd stick at teaching. Or marry. Or have children. Or go to dinner parties and talk about the stock market.

I had other plans.

I can't remember what they were now, but I remember that I had them.

(He reads)

"Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming of men that strove with Gods"

There it was on the page. And next to it, the information about the Spencer Tunick shoot.  
It was like a time bomb, ticking away.

### *Office*

Debbie - I hate those women's magazines. All of them. You know, story one: girl battles with anorexia, feature section: new diet - you can lose kilos; then all those shots of famous people who've "just let themselves go", photos of Fergie's cellulite. They try to make you feel so bad about being fat. Like why don't they ever run a story to help all those women who think they're too skinny.

Wear black, it's slimming. Never wear horizontal stripes.

But then, I do take their advice. I do go on diets. I wouldn't dream of buying anything but a one piece bathing suit.

And so that day,

Male Officeworker - Hey girls, you going to the big nudie rudie photo shoot?

Female 1 - Get out off here.

Male - Come on, I'll give you a lift.

Female 1 - Get lost, I've got work to do.

Male - What about you, Janice.

Janice - Fuck off!

Deb - What's this photo shoot?

Male - This guy he's American, he films all these people naked in public places, and he's going to do a shoot here in Melbourne. What a job, eh?

Janice - I heard him interviewed.

Male - So none of you want to join me? This may be your last chance to see what you're missing.

Janice - If only that were true.

Male - Come on, Deb, what about you? It must be a while since you saw a naked man?

Deb - Oh, all right then, what time are you picking me up?

Male - Good one, Deb (He smirks and walks off)

Janice - God, he is such a turd!

Female 1 - I think you handled him really well, Deb.

Janice - Yeah, call his bluff.

Deb - Maybe I was serious.

Janice - Really?

Deb - No, not really.

Female 1 - I couldn't take my clothes off in front of total strangers.

Janice - God, half the men in Melbourne must have seen you naked by now.

Female - Don't be a bitch.

Janice - Sorry. It does sound interesting, I mean, I'd consider it, if someone would go with me.

Female - Count me out.

Janice - Oh come on, it'll be a hoot.

Deb - I'd consider it, if only I didn't look like this.

Janice - Come on, no-one'll care what any else looks like.

### *Street*

Liam - My dad gave me an ultimatum, either get my act together at school, or he'd get me a job. Well, fuck him! I stuffed around for another two months, and then one day, he announced I was going to work at his business - as a cleaner. I know what his thinking, two days of cleaning toilets, and I'll want to go back to school. So, I pretended that I enjoyed the job. I whistled, I looked happy.

So the prick sacked me, and threw me out of home.

I've worked quite a few dead end jobs since then. Spent a lot of time on the dole. So anyway, one day, Dad feels guilty or something and contacts me and says let's have lunch. We'll try the whole reconciliation thing. And so, once every month or so, for the past few years, he takes me to lunch. So, anyway, one day he picks me up and takes me to this extra fancy place, and like, I'm the only one in jeans, and I can't help but wonder if he's not still trying to make some fuckin' point. About halfway through lunch he tells me that I should smarten up the way I dress, and I could get a better class of job. Yeah, I'll go and buy an Italian suit out of the fortune I've put away, I tell him. But I stick out lunch, cause, hey, there's no such thing as a free lunch, but shit I'm not paying for it. The food's good and he orders some expensive bottle of wine, and I could almost get to like him, expect he won't stop telling me the way things are, like I'm not on the same fuckin' planet.

And on the way home, I'm not saying much. His car radio's on the ABC and I'm not really listening, this guy's being interviewed. My father scoffs and says it sounds like something that went out in the sixties.

And I say, like I'm drunk, I don't even know what I'm talking about, but I tell going to be part of it. And he says "What, pose nude?" And I say, "Yeah...Like you said, it's only what I wear that stops me getting a better job."

And then I know what I'll give my dear old dad for his birthday, a photo of me - without my disgusting clothes.

### *House*

Jennifer - I wish I'd been alive in the sixties. Maybe I was, and did lots of sex and drugs, and died of some drug overdose or something, and I've been given this life as punishment. Whatever, I've always felt an affinity to the time.

When I heard about the event, I knew I wanted to be part of it. It sort of sounded like a sixties happening. You had to be over 18, which I had just turned.

Mother - Jennifer! Jennifer, come here please!

Jennifer - Of course, it's easy to feel like you're a child of the sixties when you've got parents who belong in the fifties. (To her father) Yes, what is it?

Mother - Your father says you want to stay out all night next Saturday.

Jennifer - Yes.

Mother - Well, where are you going?

Jennifer - Dad, I'm eighteen.

Mother - Yes, but you are living here, and it's only good manners to let us know where you are. What if we need to contact you?

Jennifer - You've got my mobile number.

Mother - That's not the point. I've got no objections to you staying out, but I'd just like to know what exactly you're planning to do. Especially when you're so secretive about it.

Jennifer - I'm not being secretive. It's just that there's this event on. Part of the Fringe festival. I'd just like to go and watch it.

Mother - In the middle of the night?

Jennifer - First thing in the morning, but there's no public transport, so I just thought I'd go in and...

Mother - You not planning to wander round the city alone all night?

Jennifer - I'll be right, I'll go to the Casino...

Mother - What about that girl?

Jennifer - What girl?

Mother - The one who disappeared from there?

Jennifer - That was years ago. Look, I'll be all right.

Mother - Your father'll have a fit. I'll drive you in.

Jennifer - There's no need.

Mother - No, I much rather get up and drive you than spend all night awake worrying.

Jennifer - I have to be in there by quarter to five.

Mother - Fine, it's settled then. I'll drive you.

### *Sally's lounge room*

(Husband is there. Sally enters)

Sally - You don't live here, any more. You really should knock.

Husband - What? You want me to wait outside in the car?

Sally - I'd prefer if you let me know when you're planning to drop in.

Husband - This is still my house too.

Sally - For now.

Husband - Ok, I didn't come over here to fight.

Sally - So what do you want?

Husband - Maxine told me about your ... um, condition.

Sally - What?

Husband - She said you're behaving really strangely.

Sally - After everything you've done lately, I find it funny that she thinks I'm behaving strangely.

Husband - She told me about the ...er, thing.

Sally - The *thing*?

Husband - You were getting involved with some cult that encourages nudity.

Sally - Oh, the photo shoot! I was only half serious.

Husband - Good, I was concerned that you might be having some sort of breakdown.

Sally - Posing for the Spencer Tunick photo would hardly constitute a breakdown.

Husband - Maybe not for some people.

Sally - What do you mean by that?

Husband - Well, I mean it's not you, is it?

Sally - So what is me? Being your wife? Well, that's changing. Maybe I'm changing in other ways too.

Husband - Let's just drop it. I didn't come here to start an argument, I was just worried about your welfare. I'm glad you're being sensible. It saves me a lot of anxiety.

Sally (goes to the phone) - Hello, yes, can you get me the number of the Melbourne Fringe Festival?

Husband - What are doing? (She ignores him) This is just ridiculous. If you're trying to make some point...

Sally - Thank you. (She writes down the number) Thanks for your concern. I'd like you to leave now.

Husband - This is still my house too, you know.

Sally - But it's no longer your home, so get out.

### *A break at Work*

Liam - You gotta dart, man? I've had a shit of a day.

Friend - Na, sorry, I'm out.

Liam - Shit... Do you think Danny'd have some?

Friend - Haven't you heard?

Liam - What?

Friend - Danny's pissed off.

Liam - About what?

Friend - He's gone. He's doesn't work here any more. He's joined another tribe.

Liam - What other tribe?

Friend - We've all got our tribes.

Liam - You're out of it.

Friend - No, man, it's true. We've all got our tribes. People with suits, people with make-up, people with dreadlocks, people who love trees, people who love cutting down trees, people with chairs up their noses... (Friend giggles)

Liam - You're stoned, you're talking shit...

Friend - It's true. We wear these little badges, these little signs so we can recognise each other. I was watching the news on TV and all these people came on, and I could tell who they were straight away. I mean, they didn't have to say anything. It was like they had their soul tattooed on their face...

Liam - You're really giving me the shits. What happened to Danny?

Friend - He's gone and joined another tribe...

Liam - You said that before. Where is he?

Friend - He's gone to join the army.

Liam - Danny?

Friend - He said he wants to protect Australia from that Sadaami Bin Loader.

Liam - Fuck man, he really has joined another tribe.



(Boss enters)

Boss - What are you two doing?

Friend - We're on a break.

Boss - Again?

Liam - There's no dishes in there anyway.

Boss - I don't care. You're meant to be in the kitchen for when they arrive.

Liam - I just want a ciggie, all right?

Boss - Have one on your break. Now get back in there.

Friend (indicating Boss) - Different tribe, man. See what I mean?

### ***Brian's Home***

Brian -

### ***Just Deb***

Deb - So Janice convinced me to go. Then, she goes and gets the flu'. Now, there's no way I was going by myself. But when I woke up it was 3 am. I couldn't get back to sleep. I felt sorry for the poor photographer... I imagined him standing there with two or three people. "Bummer about the weather", they were all saying. I felt obliged to go. I hate letting people down.

### ***Just Jennifer***

Jennifer - "Set the alarm, Jennifer!" Yes, Mum. God, I'm 18. I can vote, and drink, and fuck. (Voice off: Language!) Sorry...All legally... But I can't remember to set the alarm for an event I've been looking forward to.

Are they going to be like this when I'm forty? Are they going to ring me to remind me to brush my teeth?

What were they going to say when they discovered where I'd been and what I'd done? It was funny, but for the first time in my life, I felt I couldn't predict what my parents would do. Would they throw me out on the street? (She looks slightly excited by the idea.)

Probably not, more likely...

Voice Off - We're very disappointed in you. Now, we'll say no more about this, and just let you get on with your exams.

### ***The event***

Brian - I showered and dressed, but I wore my nakedness underneath my clothes... Which I guess I've done every day of my life, except this time it was different. It was like a layer of something had been peeled away. I was aware of the fact that my clothes were a choice. Not just which ones I wore, but the fact of them.

(Brian turns and walks toward worker)

Worker - Have you filled out a registration form? Here you go. (She hands out registration forms. Brian takes one and starts to fill it out.)

Liam - I had two things concern me. What if the place is full of poofers trying to pick me up, and two, what if I get an erection? (Liam approaches. He is given a form)

Liam - Hey, man, can I use your pen?

Brian - Sure.

Liam (starts to write on his knee) - Hey can I use your back?

Brian - What? Oh, sure. (Liam rests the form on his back and fills it out) They should have tables and pen set up.

Liam - Thanks, dude.

Brian - Big turnout.

Liam - Yeah.

Brian - Bloody cold. You wouldn't have thought so many people would...

Liam - No.

Brian - I guess we're all going to get a lot colder in a few minutes. When we take our clothes off.

Liam (grows a little uncomfortable) - Yeah, I guess so. Look, I think I see someone I know over there. (He walks away from Brian, pulls a stubby out his pocket and starts drinking)

Sally - I had steeled myself without the thought that no-one I knew would be there. Of course, if I'd thought about it, I would have known that there would have been media coverage. Still, no-one could force me to do an interview.

(Sally enters and takes a registration form. Brian walks over and offers her his pen)

Sally - Oh, thank you.

Brian - You can have my back, too, if you like.

Sally - Pardon?

Brian - To rest the form on.

Sally ( a little relieved ) - Thanks, I can probably manage. (She fills in the form and returns the pen).

Brian - My name's Brian.

Sally - Oh, Sally. (A pause)

Brian - Very cold.

Sally - Yes, a pity they didn't do it in summer.

Brian - Yes...

Sally - Mm.

Brian - My name's Brian, by the way.

Sally - Oh, Sally.

Brian - Pleased to meet you.

Liam (shouting) - Come on, when are we gonna get naakkked!

Sally (laughs) - Sorry. It just sounded funny. I mean, it's a weird thought, isn't it? In a few minutes all these people suddenly taking off their clothes. I wonder if some of them'll get cold feet.

Brian - I think everyone'll get cold feet... and cold everything else, for that matter.

Sally - At least the rain's stopped now.

Brian - Yes.

Deb - Of course, I had no idea how many people had registered. The early hour, the cold, the sheer lunacy of what I was doing, all suggested to me that I'd be better off in bed.

But the traffic was the first giveaway, the difficulty getting a park.

(Deb enters.)

Jennifer - So my mother drove me. She looked at what I was wearing and asked me if I'd be warm enough. I started to laugh. What's wrong, she asked. I shook my head, got out of the car and disappeared into the crowd.

(Jennifer enters the scene)

Brian (to audience) - So here I was. Five o'clock Sunday morning, standing in the rain, waiting for Spencer Tunick.

Sally (to audience) - Someone on a megaphone urged us all to register, and told us that this would be a world record.

Deb - We cheered.

Sally - I saw the television crews interviewing people, but I didn't real think about them. I remember looking at this man being interviewed and thinking I'm glad they didn't ask me.

Jennifer - Eventually, Spencer Tunick got on the megaphone and said that he'd start in twenty minutes when the light was right.

Liam - Then what are we doing here so fucking early!

Brian - We made small talk.

Deb - We hid from the rain.

Sally - We watched two early starters begin to strip, while standing on the tram shelter.

Liam - We waited.

Jennifer - We received our instructions.

Brian - Because of the large crowd, everything had to be said twice.

Deb - Once to the left and once to the right.

Jennifer - We were told that there would be three locations.

Sally - We were asked to try and remain quiet when Spencer was talking.

Liam - And we waited some more.

Deb - But some sections of the crowd still couldn't hear.

Brian - Eventually, a man called John took up a position across the road from Spencer.

Sally - He was to repeat everything that Spencer said.

Jennifer - Spencer explained what we were to do for the first shot.

Sally - And John repeated it

Deb - They reminded us to take note of where we left our clothes.

Sally - And John repeated it.

Brian - They asked the media present not to get in the way.

Sally - But John didn't repeat it.

Deb - So we shouted at him to pay attention.

Liam - And then we waited some more.

Jennifer - We were told that in a few minutes, we'd be told: 1,2,3 and then we were all to disrobe and move to the bridge.

Sally - Which John repeated.

Jennifer - We were told: Leave your clothes where they are.

Brian - Walk out onto Princes Bridge.

Deb - When given the command, pretend you are a puppet and someone has cut your strings.

Sally - Let yourself collapse to the ground.

Liam - And then they stopped talking, and let us wait some more.

Deb - I didn't really mind the waiting.

Liam - I did!

Deb - I was content to be there. To be part of it.

Jennifer - I was blown away by the number of people. In a city where the football is the cultural highlight, I was stunned to see so many there. I mean, nothing like this happened in Melbourne in the sixties. Maybe now is just as interesting, just as dynamic. And if it's not, well, maybe we could make it so.

Liam - Come on, I'm ready to get naked!

Sally - It's rather funny, isn't it. There's so many people we won't be able to recognise ourselves in the photo.

Brian - Oh, I have a rather distinctive tattoo on my buttocks.

Sally - Really?

Brian - No. And it's too late to get one.

Sally - I've got a birthmark on my right shoulder.

Brian - I guess that might help.

Jennifer - I started to wish that I wasn't here alone, that I had someone I knew to talk to. To share the moment with.

Brian - I began to wish that we'd get started.

Sally - But one should always think carefully about what one wishes for.

Deb - One, two, three, came the command

(The actors disrobe. They search for a spot to put their clothes. Brian and Jennifer stand near each other for the first time. She looks at him)

Jennifer - Hello, sir.

Brian - Jennifer. (Awkward moment) I'll catch you later.

Liam - We ran to bridge.

Sally - We filled the space

Sally - We stood naked in the cold.

Deb - We stood naked and unashamed.

Brian - Speak for yourself.

Jennifer - We stood awaiting the puppet master

Liam - Then our strings were cut and we fell to earth.

(Tableau. They lie in position. They stand and go back to their clothes)

Brian - So Jennifer, I didn't really expect to see you here.

Jennifer - Same here, sir.

Brian - Could you stop calling me, sir, please.

Jennifer - All right.

(The actors take their clothes and move them)

Deb (to Sally) - We must all be mad. I mean, what are we doing here? In this weather.

Sally - Look at those people. Don't you wish you'd brought someone to hug.

Deb - I just wish I had someone to hug.

(Sally puts her arms around her)

Brian (to Jennifer) - So, um... exams in a couple of weeks.

Jennifer - Yep.

Brian - Feeling confident?

Jennifer - I'd rather not think about them at the moment.

Brian - Fair enough

Jennifer (she giggles) - Sorry, I just can't believe you're here.

Brian - Neither can I.

Liam - Come on, I'm freezing my butt off.

Sally - Do you want to join us?

Liam (a little taken aback) - Thanks...ah, I'll be right.

Deb - So, you'd rather complain than be warm.

Liam - No. It's just... I mean, I don't know you...

Sally - That's ok, we don't know each other, either.

(The actors stand to attention. They get in position no.2)

Actor - Heads down

(One actor looks up)

Actor 2 - Heads down

(A different actor looks up)

Actor 3 - Heads down

(A third actor looks up)

Actor 4

(A fourth actor looks up. They all stay in position)

Jennifer - Eventually, everyone put their heads down.

Deb - The photo was taken.

Brian - We moved down to the banks of the Yarra.

Sally - We stood and waited further direction.

Liam - Maybe they were right. Maybe I would rather complain than be warm.

Jennifer - I was afraid we'd be asked to dangle our feet in the water.

Sally - A voice on a megaphone told us that some people needed to shift their clothes.

Deb - I was glad that mine were behind a tree, and that I wasn't one of the people holding up the shot.

Brian - I decided to help out by shifting some of the clothes.

(He does so. Lighting change)

Sally - The world had changed. I guess, I mean that my life had changed. I do not recommend divorce. Or maybe I do. But unless you've done it, the experience of standing naked with a group of strangers... No, that's not it. That's not it, at all... I hugged a woman I had never met. Because I had something she needed... My warmth... Through the coldness of my life, I have taken my warmth for granted.

Deb - Meanwhile, at a building site across the Yarra...

*The building site*

Builder 1 (enters, leans on the rail, and starts to roll a cigarette) - Fuck! (Calling) Hey, Bill...Bill, get up here.

Builder 2 (off) - What is it?

Builder 1 - You'd never believe me if I told you. Just get up here.

Builder 2 (entering) - What the fuck are you on ab...Fuck!

Builder 1 - Oh good, I thought I was fuckin' seeing things

Builder 2 - You are, mate, you are. Thousands of things...

Builder 1 - Guess there's no point shouting show us your tits.

Builder 2 - What the fuck's going on, do you think?

Builder 1 - Probably a protest by some greenie group.

Builder 2 (lifting his shirt) - Shit, they're cheering. (He lifts his shirt again. He takes it off.) They love me...

Builder 1 - I don't know, some people are just fuckin' insane.

Jennifer - Drop to the ground...Like a puppet with their strings cut. It's funny, like you should be so powerless. But I guess Pinocchio becomes a real boy in the end. It was a like a wake-up call. Lying there in the cold. I don't know why, but I felt like I was soaring.

I mean, I'm always trying to make my parents approve of me...

And I suddenly realized that they never will...

They never ever will...

And that's ok...Because there on the cold hard ground, I suddenly knew that I *would* have an extraordinary life... That all manner of things were possible...

I'm not a child of the sixties...

I am living in amazing times...Now

Deb - We were thanked for coming.

(They cheer and clap)

Liam - It was all over.

Brian - My feet were like ice.

Sally - All I wanted to do was get home and have a shower.

Jennifer - I felt like pancakes

(The actors start to put on their clothes. Deb walks from one side of the stage to the other, searching for her clothes)

Deb - I can't find my clothes.

Jennifer - Bummer.

Sally - I've got a towel in my car if it helps.

Deb - I'm suddenly starting to feel like I'm undressed.

Liam - Is that them?

Deb (she looks, retrieves them) - Thanks, I didn't feel like being the only one...

Liam - It's cool.

### *The Aftermath*

Brian - I was naked the day before George Bush bombed Afghanistan. I thought of an old bit of graffiti I once read: "Fighting for Peace is like Fucking for Virginity" It saddened me, it angered me, I don't know. I just felt like we were entering into another Vietnam. You know this idea that if we keep bombing a place, eventually they'll realize that we're the good guys and all terrorism will stop. The US bombed Cambodia relentlessly, and next thing you know Cambodia's run by the Kmer Rhouge. Like didn't that teach them anything.

I remembered the novel, "Catch 22" and Yossarian refusing to wear his uniform, Refusing to wear anything at all actually. And for a fleeting second I considered turning up to work naked. But I knew no-one would understand my protest... So, I compromised. I picked out a T-shirt and my most casual pair of pants, and I took my tie, and went downstairs. "Aren't you going to work today, Dear?" asked my wife. Yes, I said, and tied the tie around my head.

Sally - I watched the TV news that night. I noticed a gentleman being interviewed, and I thought, he looks like the guy I was standing near. I didn't actually see myself over his shoulder, so the next day came as a complete surprise.

### *The Hairdresser*

Apprentice - And what are we having done today?

Sally - How do you think I'd go with dreadlocks?

Apprentice - Cool. (She covers her with the wraparound)

Hairdresser - Oh, Sally, Sally, Sally.

Sally - Hello.

Hairdresser - Oh, how I admire you.

Sally - Thanks

Hairdresser - You are just so brave.

Sally - It's only dreadlocks.

Hairdresser - No, the photo.

Sally - Pardon?

Hairdresser - I saw you on the news last night. It was you, wasn't it? Standing behind that bald headed gentleman?

Sally - Yes, that was me.

Hairdresser - Oh, if only you'd told me. I would have loved to join you.

### *Office*

Deb - It's hard to say this...I know I really shouldn't have, but I looked at other people's bodies... I saw one woman with such small breasts, that I thought... You are so brave, but it's strange... I suddenly grew happy with my body...All things considered, I didn't mind it that much... A man walked past with a ring in his penis, and I thought he looked so funny. You could grab him like a bull, and lead him around by his ring, but then, I guess most men are led by their penises. I thought what funny misshapen things these men be, and I was glad that I was not a man. Don't get me wrong, I'm not on the turn.

I'm not a lesbian... I don't think I'm a lesbian. But I remember thinking how beautiful, how brave all the women were... How strange men look, when they can't power dress.

Man - So, Deb, was that you I saw in the photo?

Deb - Yes, third from the left, fifth from the front. I thought you were picking me up

Man - Slept in.

Deb - What do you look like without any clothes on?

Man - Pretty damn good.

Deb - Then take 'em off.

Man - You wish.

Deb - Got something to hide?

Man - Get lost.

Deb - I actually posed for the photo. Really.

Man - You wouldn't have the guts

Deb - But you're so wrong. I've got nothing to hide. And I'll bet you've got *almost* nothing to hide.

Man- Ha ha.

Deb - Well, come on then let's get it out and measure it. (She produces a tape measure)

Man - Hey, this is sexual harassment?

Deb - No, this is just friendly banter. You're not going all politically correct on me, are you?

Man - You're sick, you know, you're really sick. (He walks off)

Liam - Tribes, man, like we'd all just lost our badges. The things that say who we are...No, we'd found a whole new tribe... We had such different badges. Like my badge is not the person with the ugliest body, my badge is now I'm like the bravest here, 'cause my body's so ugly, and I'm still prepared to do this.

No, I don't think that's true. I think the thing that really hit me was like everybody's body was fuckin' weird. Surreal, and yet everybody seemed sort of beautiful.

My words are shit, you know. It was an experience. It was like ...Itself. It was like itself. It was unique. It was like something hit me and said wake up. These two poofsters...(correcting himself) these two men were hugging. Normally, I would have thought...

But I didn't mind... I didn't mind, you know.

It was the thing in itself.

I don't know if that makes sense, but it was like I was part of something...

Like, these people will be my "family" forever...

(Liam starts to undress)

Brian - "No man is an Iland

Intire of it selfe"

Jennifer - I went home and I wrote a poem.

Brian - "Everyman is peece of the Continent,  
A part of the maine;"

Sally - I'd like to do it again.



Brian - If a Clod bee washed away by the Sea,  
Europe is the lesse,  
as well as if a Promontorie were,  
as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were;  
Deb - I don't think I'll ever do any thing quite like it again...  
Or maybe I will.  
Brian - any mans death diminishes me,  
because I am involved in Mankinde;  
And therefore never send to  
know for whom the bell the bell tolls -  
It tolls for thee...

**END**