



**Toi
Whakaari**
New Zealand
Drama
School



2026 Audition Workshop Scripts

toiwhakaari.ac.nz

UNIQUE
LIKE YOU

2026 Audition Workshop Scripts

Toi Whakaari: NZ Drama School

Kia ora,

We are looking forward to seeing you at the audition workshop.

Please learn and prepare ONE SHORT MONOLOGUE (1-2 mins).

The following monologues are suggestions but you are welcome to choose a monologue which isn't one of these.

All these monologues can be played by any gender.

We encourage you to choose a text for live performance that shows your range as an actor.

Please learn your monologue by heart but do not make locked choices. During the workshop you will work with these pieces under direction in the room. It is essential you can explore multiple offers of the character in performance.

***The Invisible Hand* by Ayad Akhtar**

You always think you're better than everyone else.

...

It's true. You look down on me because of what I'm doing. Here. At least That's what you think. But in fact, that's not it. Not even. 'Cause the thing Is? Wouldn't be any different if I was back in London driving around in some black Beemer in my Dolce Gabbanas, chasing after white girls like my school mates. You'd look down on me then, too, just in a different way.

...

Where I grew up? Hounslow? It's a slum, really. Where they stuck all of us. My father? Spent his whole life being stepped on, spit on by white people. Selling 'em knick knacks, and thank you, sir, and thank you, ma'am, can I have another? I wasn't going to have a life like that.

(Beat)

Something I was good at in school? History. Though you probably don't believe that, neither. Thing is, I remember this unit we had about European History. The Spanish Civil War. All these young men from different countries running off to give their lives to fight the dictator, Franco. That's what I'm doing. That's what a whole generation of us're doing. Giving up soft lives in the West to fight for something meaningful.

...

See the system's pants. There's no use working inside it. We gotta change the system. We gotta take it to the Man. Bring him to the ground and stomp his heart out. And you know what? If people gotta die in the process, so be it.

***John Proctor is the Villain* by Kimberly Belfower**

one day
maybe
the new world we were promised
will actually be new
one day
maybe
the men in charge
won't be in charge anymore
one day we can dance in the forest
and in the streets
and with each other
in our rooms that belong to us and only to us
on our beds we share with no one
under the moon
under the sun
under the shade of our favourite trees
under the shower of the blood and brittle bones of supposedly strong
men who failed us
and when that day comes
it won't matter that we're not supposed to dance
it won't matter that once upon a time
I married a man who made me feel smaller than nothing
and like his shame was my shortcoming
it won't matter that when you were sixteen and newly orphaned
a married man two decades older than you made promises he had
no intention to keep
and said things in the dark that made you feel like your were made
of fire
it will matter that you that fire and burned him down whit it
because that same fire will spread
it will scorch the earth to make room for the new world we deserve
it won't matter that he told you and told me it was our fault
each of us
both of us
it won't matter that we let him think he had reclaimed his goodness
in the face of death
it won't matter because that kind of currency has been out-of-date
for centuries in our new world
those feelings will be so far away from us by then
at first we won't remember their names
and that will plague us
them the faces of those feelings will become blurry
and we'll feel stirrings of peace
and then we won't remember those feelings at all
we wouldn't even recognise them if they passed us in the street
we'll sleep soundly then
we'll use our fire only for warmth

***Rotterdam* by Jon Brittan**

You Googled it and you took notes? Are you planning on writing an essay?

...

And you thought Wikipedia would tell you? ...

I tried to tell you last night. I don't really know... Look, I haven't really thought about this either, I just... I mean, I know there are procedures that some people have... But some people don't have them, some people don't have them at all, and I haven't seriously considered... I mean, even if I did... transition, which is what it's called, I'd need to live as a man for at least, like, two years before I could actually consider anything like... And in the meantime, if I did decide... I mean, it wouldn't be a huge change, would it? It wouldn't mean new clothes or much of a haircut. There'd just be... hormones.

Beat.

Sorry. Look, it won't – It wouldn't... I think there might be some side-effects but mostly it'll just be, y'know, lower voice, facial hair... man stuff. And my periods would stop, so our bad moods wouldn't be in sync any more.

***A Rabbit for Kim Jong-Il* by Kit Brookman**

Oh – yes, alright. Down to business. Of course, it's obvious why you're here, people only come here for one reason, and it's not to see me or to enjoy my schnapps, people only come for one reason, the reason you're here, they come for Felix.

For the rabbit. Exactly. Although interest has dropped off lately. There was a lot of interest early on, when the pictures got onto the internet. Mostly from local news stations, wanting to get a picture of the rabbits. No-one took it seriously, no-one was interested in my reasons for nurturing Felix, for creating him. I was just the last item on the news, a crackpot living alone outside of Bonn who like rabbits.

So I was surprised to hear from you, but happy! This is a very time-consuming one-man operation, and so lately in order to take care of the rabbits I've had to cease going to my regular workplace and obvious consequences have followed regarding my employment. So it was a very opportune moment that you got in touch, because I wasn't really sure how much longer I could...hang on.

Maybe things on the internet take longer to reach you, I understand that there's something of a filter.

Or maybe not, maybe not at all. And all this is not to say I'm desperate, that I'm just, ah, just make me an offer and there we are! Because this is just temporary, I have qualifications. I could get another job like that, just like that.

***The Perfect Image* by Sam Brooks**

So, the bread is honey mustard, even though it tastes like neither honey nor mustard and frankly, barely tastes like bread.

Cheese is cheddar. You're not getting me with that Swiss bullshit, that's just less cheese, more holes, by the pound. Cheddar all the way.

Toasted, of course. Who eats room temperature bread? The worst people you know, that's who. Why do they even make non-toasted bread? Give me my bread warm or give it to me cold, over my similarly cold, dead, body.

Chicken and bacon. Two meats is the right amount of meats. Three is too much. Three meats is basically a cockfight. One meat? Not nearly enough. Two meats? A sparkling, chunky, duet.

Vegetables? No lettuce. Lettuce is just ice, but leafy, green and unsatisfying. Capsicum, onions, jalapenos, a must. Tomatoes? A sub is no place for a fruit, my friends. No place at all. Carrots? Carrots usurp the texture of a sub, not a fan. On their own side of the street, fine? But in a sub, get out of here. Find your own dance, carrots.

Salt and pepper, obviously.

Sauces? Ranch, sweet chilli, mayonnaise. BBQ if I'm feeling it. It gets messy, but hey. Does the job. You really need a river of sauce to carry these mouthfuls.

Wrap it up, and that's my sub.

***Black Medea* by Wesley Enoch**

I am not frightened of you. I have faced everything I fear and defeated it. You think you are a match for me? The day has finally come...and today...I will vanquish you. Today....Jason and I will no longer run. And you will feel the sharpened edge of a mother's love and a wife's loyalty.

I can feel you, I can hear you coming. I am ready for you. Hear me...I am ready for you.

Come out and face me. Face me!

This is not a fit place for our final battle. But here you have chosen and here it must be. Were it up to me I would choose the open desert where you could not hide amongst these scared strangers clutching to the coast like cowering children.

I have not sacrificed everything to fail now. I have dreams.

Who am I to have such dreams? Who am I to go against even you?

I am a daughter of this Land, I have the knowledge of my people. I have the power of my clan, I have the strength of my marriage, I have the love of my husband, I have the weapons of my wits. I am Medea.

So come now and face me.

There is a blood debt to pay and not a drop of min shall fall upon the thirsty earth.

***Atlas/Mountains/Dead Butterflies* by Joseph Harper**

You know how when you're a kid and you're little, everything looks massive and impossible? Like your dad is that giant guy who can do anything. And you just assume that when you grow up (if you manage to still be alive I mean), you'll be this big thing too. And everything else will become small and manageable. Like, you won't be scared of dogs. And you'll jump off the high diving board at swimming pools. I figured that was the same with mountains. That climbing mountains would be possible when I got big. But that never happened. When I was in high school, there was an avalanche and the top fell off of Mount Cook and so it shrunk by ten metres. But it didn't get any smaller, y'know. It just remained this thing that is totally impossible. But we used to climb mountains, eh? We climbed mountains. Really really big ones.

I wonder if people can still imagine themselves doing that. I can't. I think about myself on the side or something. I don't see myself as this heroic guy or this adventurer or this brave as guy with a little axe and crampons. I can only see myself as just this man on a *mountain*. A mountain! Thousands of metres of ice and rock and the possibility of death. And no possible way that I could ever climb to the top. So what's the point right? Why climb if you aren't gonna get to put your little flag in the summit. It's like I just don't have the part of me that can imagine climbing a mountain.

***Gloria* by Brandon Jacob Jenkins**

There's this girl who works here – Vanessa? She one of them girls that has Witherspoon face. You know how some white girls just randomly be looking like Reese Witherspoon? Vanessa be getting so mad when I say that though. She be like, 'Shawn, that is racist! All white people do not look alike!' And I'm like, Bitch, it's not racist if I say you look famous. I mean, it's only racist if I say you look like some basic run-of-the-mill white chick, you know? There's a difference. I mean people be mistaking me for somebody else all the time. And that's the shit that be getting me mad, you know? That's when I'm like, all black people do not look alike, you know what I mean? It's like No, I'm not the guy who mowed your dad's lawn. And no, I'm not your student from the year you did Teach for America! That's different. Vanessa just be so sensitive. It's not like I mistook her for Reese Witherspoon. It's not like I tapped her on the shoulder and was like, 'Reese Witherspoon, is that you?' I just said she look like Reese Witherspoon, because she got a Witherspoon face. I mean, it would be different if somebody mistook me for somebody famous once in a while. That would be nice. But that, like, never happens.

***Slave Play* by Jeremy O. Harris**

She said speak from aggression.

And I've expelled

All of it.

I'm done.

To speak to you from aggression would mean to speak to you like I care.

And I don't.

I don't give a fuck anymore.

I don't even know if I like you.

I just know that whatever love I have for you is the only reason I'm even talking to you right now.

Because I just want to crawl into myself and disappear for a good little while.

I feel stupid.

"I refuse to dignify that."

How dare you?

"I refuse to dignify that."

I'm so fucking stupid.

So fucking

Stupid.

For almost a decade I've given myself over to someone who doesn't dignify me who acts like he's the

prize and I'm the lucky recipient.

No motherfucker I'm the prize.

Always have been, always will be.

Somehow I forgot that.

Or I never knew that.

How could I?

Got so wrapped in you

That I forgot myself because when someone presents themselves as a prize you receive them as one.

And when we met nobody but my mama had ever told me I was a prize.

And nobody had ever thought I deserved to receive one.

But then one day there you were on the train.

Your little beige belly poking out and your eyes staring at me from behind a script like you were saying:

"This is a gift just for you if you're willing to take it."

And I did.

And I loved it.

Because we were babies

And receiving your gift felt like a type of reciprocation like you were receiving me as a gift too.

But you weren't.

You never did.

***Mo & Jess Kill Susie* by Gary Henderson**

He was lying on the floor, with blood hosing out of his leg. He'd chainsawed himself. A big artery. There was blood everywhere, all over the walls, even the fucking roof! Jesus! It was dripping down in dark, stringy gobs, all thick and lumpy like it was mixed with phlegm. He looked up at me, and inside, in through his eyes, I could see it happening. He spoke, all bubbly and gurgly, 'Run and get Mum,' so I did. For a start. Then I walked. Then I dawdled. then I lay down on my back on the grass, and spread my arms and legs like a star staring straight up into that blue, blue sky. the clouds were drifting down towards me, or it was me rising, travelling out into that vast hot blue. I could hear little sounds way below, like a house creaking as it cools down. It was so easy. That lazy, tumbling ride, every inch of my body being licked and caressed by the heat and all that blueness. It was the easiest thing in the world. It was just the easiest thing I'd ever done in my whole life.

***Inky Pinky Ponky* by Leki Jackson-Bourke and 'Amanaki Prescott-Faletau**

I'm so lost right now. What if things start getting serious? I catch myself doing things I wouldn't usually do. Stealing the car to pick him up, stealing money to top him up. He's been hinting heaps about the ball. I've always dreamed of the perfect prince sweeping me off my feet. Wearing one of those beautiful peach cocktail dresses like in the movies, but what would Mum say? Mum would never let me go. This is the first school that I feel respected and accepted, and it's all because of the power this one guy has. Has he forgotten that underneath it all I'm still a boy, or does that not even matter to him anymore? We talk for hours on the phone, sometimes until we both fall asleep. Surely that means something? He's so good to me and kind, he cares about me. I don't know. God just give me a sign!

***Osama the Hero* by Denis Kelly**

This one boy comes in wearing trainers, new trainers, really nice trainers, showing of his trainers to the entire class, not a friend but not an enemy so for me that's a friend, they break his legs, getting the trainers, they break his legs, didn't have to, misunderstood the complexities of the social structure and his place within it, I remember sitting for an hour looking at my trainers trying to understand the complexities of the social structure and my place within it. No idea. No idea at all. On the way home Mum stopped me in the street and asked me for some spare change. Breath like pickled death. Gave her some, went home, had fish fingers and pop tarts.

Points of view, it's all about points of view; killing two thousand people's not wrong, it just all depends on what two thousand people it is.

Said that in maths, got detention, said it in media studies and got an A; she thought I was quoting Orson Welles. Said it in games and I was asked to leave the gym. Teacher looked like he might cry. Didn't say it again.

***She He Me* by Raphaël Amahl Khouri**

Location: Amman, Jordan. Time: 4:30. The advertising agency he worked at was trying desperately to look authentic. Its furnishings of skateboards, graffitied walls decorated with vintage posters, just reeked of middle-aged ad executives trying to look "Street," trying to get down with the kids. On one lonely wall hung a framed certificate that licensed OMAR M to pursue the calling of art director, with no one ever suspecting him of being an agent of gender subversion. Just when the sexist macho bigots working at this office begin to find comfort in his big fat bearded man exterior, BAM! He camps it up! He is nothing short of invincible. He was born into a gender dystopia, a Fertile ground where the patriarchal villain of bigoted masculinity thrives and reproduces itself from generation to generation. But no matter how they tried, he would not succumb. Nothing short of ending compulsory gender norms would satisfy him. His mission at work today? SHOCK THE BIGOTED MALE CO-WORKERS INTO RETHINKING GENDER. His outfit? GOPHER MAMBO!

(Campy dance to Yma Sumac's "Gopher Mambo.")

***Waiora* by Hone Kouka**

Well anyway, at the end of one of the dances I had had enough. I went up to him and said 'I'm going to the flicks next week. It's a John Wayne movie, *Tall in the Saddle*, I'll see ya there, and left.

I turned up at the movie and he was nowhere to be seen. I thought I scared him off. I was really angry. We sat down, me and my cousin Missy. I was thinking 'That Hone, I'll give him what for when I see him.' The movie was on and John Wayne was rockin' and rollin', getting the bad guys. Pow! Pow! I'd almost forgotten about him. Then, all of a sudden the hall was filled with light. Everyone turned round and at the door was Hone, on horseback, dressed like John Wayne. I didn't know what he was gonna do – no one did. People were yahooing, chucking stuff, lollies, chairs going, oh it was such a hooaha. He comes riding down the aisle yelling, 'Wai, Wai, where the hell are ya? Wai?' I tried to hide, but my cousin called back, 'Over here, over here!' The next thing he shot down, scooped me up. Well, everyone let out a big cheer, it was just like the movies, and we rode outta there, the hall caretaker yelling at us, 'You two come back here, come back. I know who you are! I know your parents!' We got banned from the flicks for ages after that, but I didn't care. I had my man.

Untitled F*ck M*ss S**gon Play by Kimber Lee

Hmmmm
MmMmMmmmmHm
Sometimes I think
My body is completely separate from me
Like a
Like a
Space suit
a Me Suit
I come home from space and take off my Me Suit
and hang it on a hook on the wall
Me Suit
Where did it come from
Why do I wear it
What if I put on another one
would she be me
or he
Hmmm
Sometimes I think
I would like to go out into space without my Me Suit
Without any suit at all
Just let me be raw pink purple red jelly boneless skinless
coagulation
pulsing through space would it feel
Free
wouldn't it?
Weightless and Light
But
This is ridiculous of course
No one goes out without their Me Suit
No one does that
Or
Or
Or if they *do*
If they *do* do that
go out without their Me Suit
I think
I think maybe they go and *they never come back*
(*She feels her cheeks*)
uh ohhhhhhhh
oh
noooooooooo
It's here
The Redness

Boys and Girls at the School Silent Disco by Jack McGee

Pop culture is dead. There aren't any choruses left that everyone knows the words to. Trust me. I've polled it.

And you know what? I am ecstatic! I have no sympathy for those who mourn the mono-culture. You who cling to its rotting corpse, so afraid of your own taste buds that you gorge on the regurgitated remains of MTV. You – the proverbial you, no targets – you ... are a relic. I look forward to aiding the world in forgetting you.

I lied. Sorry. Yes targets! Very much targets! I am locked in on Ngaio Primary's most archaic tradition, the Year Six Disco.

A relic of a time before free thought, this behemoth gets its kicks forcing our student body into conforming to ridiculous, outdated social expectations. We've grown up with Spotify!

Everyone in our year has a totally unique, utterly idiosyncratic music taste and we're expecting them all to pretend they know the lyrics to ... to ... to what? To *Bad Guy*? *I'm that bad type, make your boyfriend sad type, might seduce your dad type ...*

Duh!

God is dead and he's not coming back. Let our constituency pick their own false idols, don't make them sing hymns to your ones.

Silent disco. Let everyone have their own headphones, dictate their own music. It's new, it's trendy, you don't have to pay for a DJ or even Spotify Premium. Still get your celebration, comradeship, rada rada rada, but while respecting that we are a generation of individuals.

You, the proverbial you ... targeted you ... are not a we. You are one singular I stretched wide, desperately begging, demanding, that everyone pretend to be a we.

No guys, this isn't my playlist! It's our playlist! Right guys? Right?

I am a we. A we made up of many, many I's. There's a silent majority here. It's time we listened to them.

Edward II by **Kit Marlowe**

My father is deceas'd. Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come! these, thy amorous lines
Might have enforc'd me to have swum "from France,
And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul:
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear,—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, that are but sparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,—
Tanti,—I'll fawn first on the wind,
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.

***Rushing Dolls* by Courtney Sina Meredith**

I'm not just a street poet, don't you dicks forget I'm classically trained! We might all be living at home, or here on top of Pizza Hut in Surrey. Some of you are couch-surfing, half living in your cars, who fucking cares. We're leaders. This is our moment. If you want something that's not in the pantry, and you're pining for angles unseen, like there's something you should be saying right now but the words are in the fucking future, I know the place. I live there. It's prison but it's paradise. I'm X, the treasure, the taonga, the waiata, I'm the motherfucking chimera! Like spirits in one spirit-ridden body, I belong to you and you to me. I'm a Rushing Doll on the cusp of every glory.

***Burnt Tongue* by Daley Rangi**

I let myself hallucinate a bit longer and I imagine that I'm on a beach in Hawai'i on Capitalist Love Day 1779, and instead of this dank ass whiskey I somehow ordered, I'm drinkin' the blood of Captain Cook and his mates, 'cos you think we all cannibals, ay, even no the Pacific Ocean is just a monolith to you, is that what you do, do you eat your dead, ya scared lil' sailors?

Sure I'll such down your bone marrow, oh, you come here pretendin' you a God, takin' advantage of Pasifika hospitality mate, ain't our problem you pretended to be immortal, stone you to death bro, pity we didn't get there before you fucked everyone else up first, ooh baby, chief chef cook me up some Cook, I'll eat your heart, body, and soul, you goin' straight down to the fires my brotha, but no, one day they'll make statues of you, and my fantasy is interrupted by you, Dave.

You. It's you, the white saviour of my savage ass. You come to colonise this primal little feral?

Your white, handsome expensive piece of ass arrivn' out of the blue like a tall ship on the horizon, glidin' across the smooth floor of this smelly eatin' hole with your sails hoisted in the air.

***Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaëthon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

***Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Smashed by Tawhi Thomas

Maybe I've been thinking about things too much but ... everything is so ... hard. I mean life isn't hard. It's not hard at all, that's the problem. I have everything. I mean it. Everything. I'm good at school. I'm good at sport. I'm popular, got heaps of mates. I'm hot. Like really hot. Like I look in the mirror everyday and I can see that I am an incredibly attractive guy. If I was a girl I think I would totally do me. And I'm not just being a wanker cos girls ... well ... they throw themselves at me. Sure on the outside it's kind of ... you know I enjoy myself and I've got a steady girlfriend and everything but ... I just ... lately ... I just get real scared. Cos it's too easy. Everything is so perfect. And scary. It's really scary being me. I'm not dumb. I'm not an asshole. I know the way the world works. Big things don't happen to perfect people like me. Amazing things happen to losers. To the freaks. And I'm not a freak. I'm not a criminal or a mental or some kind of waster ... you know ... I've tried. But I'm just too intelligent. And I hate it. I fucken hate it. I'm so scared that I am just gonna disappear into the background and no-one is ever going to notice me at all. Sometimes I wish that some kind of accident or traumatic disaster would happen to me, you know ... I mean like when this guy Pete got wasted off hanging out the top of this car one day and smack ... he just got caned and was in the hospital for like a few months and he came back to school with his face all fucked up and reconstructed ... and he was a like ... a superstar. It's not fair.

***Heated Rivalry* by Jacob Tierney**

I never want to come back here again.

I fucking hate it here. And they all fucking hate me.

I pay for everything. I make sure everyone has clothes they like, I make sure the food is perfect, that Father is buried next to his parents, that the tomb is perfect.

And the only fucking word I ever hear is: "I want more, Ilya, I need more, Ilya, more, more, more, more, more, more, more!"

And I have nothing for these people. I give them everything but I feel fucking empty. They don't care.

They look at me and they see a bank. Or an enemy. Or I don't even know what.

My brother, he always hated me. And I know why, but... it kills me.

And it kills me that he took care of my father and I didn't. But I couldn't. I wasn't here. I still paid for it all. And he will never forgive me. For any of it. For existing.

And it means I have no one now.

Well, not no one. I have... Svetlana. She loves me. And I love her.

But not like... fuck me.

But not like I love you. That's the worst fucking part of all this is... that all I want is you. It's always you.

I'm so in love with you, and I don't know what to do about it.

Okay, I'm done.

English by Sanaz Toossi

One morning after I'd been living in Manchester for maybe— god, I can't remember how long I'd been there— but I took the bus. A woman asked me for directions to the city centre and I gave them to her.

She just thought I... belonged there and...

Beat

When you speak another language— a language that's not yours it's—

My god, you just feel so loud all the time. Like all the worst parts of your voice are being filtered through a microphone.

Your head hurts and the days feel longer.

You go years without making anyone laugh.

No one has any idea that you were the top of your class.

Or that you're adventurous or optimistic or that you're kind.

Really kind.

You start to forget that you're adventurous and optimistic and kind.

How long can you live in isolation from yourself?

You need to ask yourself that.

But if you can hold on... it's um...

It's everything.

Because one day, the voice that comes out of your mouth is one that you love.

It's something I can't quite...

Well, it's such a pretty day.

Get some rest. Take a walk. Don't study the day before the test.

I think that's about everything that I can impart to you.

Actually, I should ask: Do you have any questions?

***Frangipani Perfume* by Makerita Urale**

In the season when the frangipani tree is in full blossom, the village children stand beneath and ... we look up ... a gentle breeze washes over us, and whispers through the green leaves ... and a shower of white white perfumed flowers falls from the sky all around us ... we gather the frangipani flowers into big brown baskets and take them to the women in our village.

Our mother made the oil of the frangipani perfume from the white flesh of the coconut, dried brown into copra scattered on large brown mats laid out in the hot sun. The white scented flowers are soaked in the oil, and when the petals are brown and wilted, they are removed ... leaving the fragrance of the frangipani perfume.

I see, I see it now ... another world, colours everywhere – bright, yet vivid and clear. I'm lying on the grass in the shade of a tree; I hear the distant sounds of familiar voices; I look up, a beautiful sunset of rich green leaves spread across a clear sky, strung in garlands of white blossoms.

A cool tropical breeze gently sweeps over me and – plucks – a million petals free, a shower of white flowers falling and falling like pure rain, a million fragrant kisses on my skin, and I breathe and breathe their secret scent as they brush my cheeks, soft as velvet, soft as a dream. We lie beneath the shelter of the frangipani tree and we dream and dream.