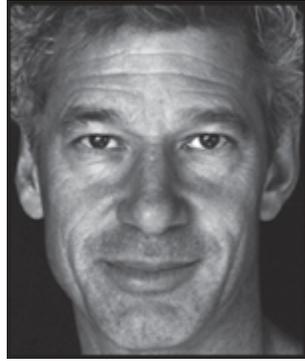




Currency Press

THE PERFORMING ARTS PUBLISHER

NOTE: This ebook has been formatted using standard play conventions. Changing the font may result in the loss of italics in stage directions, production titles, etc. For optimum viewing, always keep the font 'Original'.



TOM LYCOS was born in Aberystwyth, Wales, to Greek and English parents. Tom spent two years working with renowned Dutch company KISS before returning to Australia to join Sidetrack Theatre as an ensemble member in 1985. In 1988, he played the lead male role in Jane Campion's film *Sweetie*. He was then acrobat/musician/performer with Circus Oz for three years and then actor/musician in two stage musicals, *Buddy* and *Escape from the Forbidden Planet*. He has performed with Melbourne Theatre Company, Arena Theatre, Griffin Theatre, Melbourne Workers Theatre, Back to Back Theatre and Kinetic Energy. In 1994, he was co-deviser/actor in the Burning House production of *That Eye the Sky* with Hugo Weaving and David Wenham, directed by Richard Roxburgh. In 1996, Tom joined Zeal Theatre, co-creating eight original productions with co-collaborator Stefo Nantsou, including *The Stones*, *Burnt* and *Taboo* (which Tom has also directed for TheatreHaus in Frankfurt, Germany, and Teater Grimsborken in Oslo, Norway).

STEFO NANTSOU was born in Newcastle, Australia, to Macedonian parents. Stefo has written, co-created, directed and acted in over 120 theatre productions for companies throughout Australia, Europe, North America, Asia, South Africa and New Zealand in his 30-year career. After co-founding the Ship-O-Fools in 1980, and working as an ensemble actor/writer with Sidetrack Theatre and Freewheels Theatre, he founded Zeal Theatre in 1989. Zeal has created over 40 original productions including *The Stones*, which has been performed over 1,100 times worldwide including seasons at the National Theatre in London and The

Duke Theatre in New York, and translated and performed in over 25 countries worldwide. Stefo has also directed his plays for companies in Germany, Holland, Wales, Hungary, Canada and Denmark. He is currently the resident director at the Sydney Theatre Company, still writing and performing new works with Zeal Theatre, and is guest 'regie' with Australian Macedonian Theatre in Sydney.

Founded in 1989 by actor/writer/director Stefo Nantsou, Zeal Theatre is a touring theatre company which has created over 40 original productions, including works for theatres, schools, outdoor site-specific events and festivals, family shows and a range of international co-productions. Zeal's 'house' style incorporates live music with a range of theatrical styles and a bare-bones, no-frills aesthetic focusing on the skills of the performer. Zeal's work is known worldwide, the company having performed throughout Europe, North America, Asia, South Africa and New Zealand, with many of Zeal's plays now being translated and produced in many countries; including *The Stones*, *Australia v South Africa* and *Taboo* by Tom Lycos and Stefo Nantsou, and *The Apology* and *The Forwards* by Stefo Nantsou. Zeal Theatre received the prestigious ASSITEJ International President's Award for 'excellence in the profession of theatre' in Montreal, Canada in 2005.

Foreword

The work of Zeal has been a vital and steadily increasing part of the identity of Sydney Theatre Company (STC) for ten years or so. Initially it was a kind of umbrella connection, made through *The Stones*, which was an extant show toured into schools all over Sydney and NSW. Commissions followed, with work in schools for the education arm of the company becoming a regular and on-going collaboration between STC and Zeal. This connection became ever-broader with the *Burnt* project as the work reached beyond schools and into communities (specifically rural communities suffering under the burden of drought). For a small company, Zeal Theatre has a massive reach, a broad appeal and a phenomenal output.

The scripts in this book are indicators of that output, but indicators only because every Zeal show is different—and we mean every performance of every Zeal show. This is because more than anything else Zeal is alive. The work is highly theatrical in the time-honoured tradition of travelling players (vagabonds, blackguards and rogues they are)—from Commedia dell’Arte through to AGITPROP—Zeal are keepers of a flame where theatre is connected directly to its audience, fuelled by their concerns and their questions, charged with their well-being and the quandaries that endanger their very hearts and souls on a daily basis. In lesser hands, it would be synthesised and marginalised as ‘issue-based with educational outcomes’, but Zeal is so, so, so much more than that. They are aware of the traditions that their work springs from and aware of the terrible greyness that separates the black from the white in every vexing issue that we face. That we face when we are thirteen, sixteen, thirty-six and sixty-four. That we should face with a shudder and/or a laugh. Zeal produces theatre through and through, 100-proof. Theatre guaranteed to make you so blind that you can truly see Oedipus.

Enjoy the read and remember if you set out to mount these shows yourself or plan on using them as a model for developing your own work: the script really is just the tip of a mighty theatrical iceberg.

Andrew Upton and Cate Blanchett

Between 2008 and 2013 Andrew Upton and Cate Blanchett were co-Artistic Directors of the Sydney Theatre Company. Andrew Upton remained as sole Artistic Director until 2015.

For a Strictly Limited Season Only!

We worked together for three years as part of the full-time performing ensemble at Sidetrack Theatre in Sydney 1985–87, developing a similar style and approach to our work. It seemed inevitable that, one day, we would make a two-hander for ourselves. After leaving Sidetrack, Tom played a lead role in Jane Campion’s film *Sweetie*, had a few roles on TV, performed in two long-running stage musicals and was a long-time acrobat/musician with Circus Oz. Stefo founded Zeal Theatre in 1989 and was building the company’s reputation around Australia and New Zealand, creating original productions for schools, theatres and festivals. By 1996, both of us were living in Melbourne. We hadn’t seen each other for years, but when we finally caught up, within an hour we had decided to make that two-hander we’d said we’d make one day. Then we had a jam on our guitars and started talking about what it might be.

The Stones was inspired by a true story, where two teenage boys, aged thirteen and fifteen, were charged with manslaughter after kicking rocks off a freeway overpass and killing a motorist. We were interested in the question ‘Were these boys old enough to be responsible for their actions?’, and we wanted to write a play that posed that question to audiences of the same age as the boys as well as to adults. We developed the script with the assistance of the police officer who was in charge of the real case. After that four-hour interview at Homicide Headquarters, we made all our artistic decisions about the script and the play in the elevator on our way down to the car. We’d play two kids and two cops; we’d wear tracksuits with zipper up for kids and zipper down revealing a shirt and tie for the cops; we’d start the play with the boys running amok, the death of the motorist would be about halfway through and we’d end with the verdict.

We also researched other similar incidents from around the world. We were not interested in creating a ‘documentary-style’ drama of the ‘true’ events of one real story. We used the skeleton structure of the real case, fictionalising the characters as if they could be two boys, anywhere and at anytime. We created a narrative form, keeping focus on the boys and the

two police officers who charge them and sit with them throughout their trial. We wrote the play in around two to three months, over a part-time period, and rehearsed for eight days before the first performance.

The Stones premiered in Melbourne in May 1996. On the original promotional poster is printed 'For a strictly limited season only!' We have since performed the play over 1,100 times worldwide, including seasons at the Royal National Theatre in London, the New Victory Theater in New York, De Krakling in Amsterdam and a cow shed in Zain-Horn on the Danube in Austria. The play has been translated and produced in over 25 countries. We have directed the play for other theatre companies in Germany, Canada, Wales, Holland, Hungary, Denmark and Norway.

The Stones has received numerous national and international awards, with Zeal Theatre being awarded the prestigious ASSITEJ International Directors' Choice Award for 'excellence in the theatre for young people industry' in Montreal, Canada in 2005.

Tom Lycos and Stefo Nantsou
December 2010

FIRST PRODUCTION

The Stones was first performed at Trinity College, Melbourne, on 13 June 1996 with the following cast:

SHY BOY / QUINN

Tom Lycos

YAHOO / RUSSO

Stefo Nantsou

Directed and designed by Tom Lycos and Stefo Nantsou.

CHARACTERS

SHY BOY, 13-year-old schoolboy

YAHOO, 15-year-old boy

RUSSO, detective

QUINN, detective

Note: *The Stones* is a dramatised true story written as a play for two actors. The two actors play two roles each, moving from teenage character to detective character by the simple use of a zipper on a tracksuit; zipped fully up for the teenager, zipped down, revealing a white collar and tie, for the detective. The actors employ full use of verbal sound effects and miming objects throughout the performance, with the exception of torches, petrol can and lighter. The actors should also play the music live.

THE STONES



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SYDNEY



Stefo Nantsou as Yahoo (left) and Tom Lycos as Shy Boy in the Zeal Theatre production of THE STONES. (Photo: Tracy Schramm)

PROLOGUE

SHY BOY stands on a freeway overpass looking down at the passing traffic. The wind howls quietly and he shivers from the cold.

The wind picks up and SHY BOY struggles against the blowing gale until he gives up and leaves the overpass. (YAHOO is making the wind sounds with his guitar.)

SHY BOY joins YAHOO, picking up a guitar and starting to play a riff as the scene shifts to Yahoo's lounge room.

YAHOO stops the wind sound and picks up the riff as if it is a game.

They play an instrumental piece on their guitars, trying all the while to outdo each other with their guitar skills.

When the instrumental finishes they invite applause from the audience, put the guitars down and come forward to start the story.

SCENE ONE: BREAK AND ENTER

YAHOO and SHY BOY are running as fast as they can. They jump a few fences and eventually reach the side of a large warehouse.

SHY BOY: [pointing towards a side door] It's over there ... cool.

They move over to the door. YAHOO tries opening it, but it's locked. He tries shaking it open, but the door makes too much noise. So he stops.

It was open before.

YAHOO: Well, it's locked now.

SHY BOY: You probably locked it.

YAHOO: Oh, shut ya face.

SHY BOY: Give us a go.

YAHOO: Don't touch it.

SHY BOY: Why not?

YAHOO: You'll set off some sort of stupid alarm or something.

SHY BOY: I will not.

YAHOO: Yes you will.

They both laugh nervously.

Hey look, you stay here, see if the security guy comes, and I'll go around the other side and see if we can get in there. Don't touch the door.

YAHOO moves around to the other side of the warehouse while SHY BOY stands at the locked door. SHY BOY, very impatient, decides he'll try kicking the door open. YAHOO hears the banging sound from the other side of the warehouse and creeps back over to SHY BOY and stops him kicking the door.

Shut up, you dickhead. Why don't you go and call the cops, tell 'em what we're doin'?

SHY BOY: Sorry.

YAHOO: I said don't touch the door.

SHY BOY: I said sorry.

YAHOO: And I said don't touch the door.

They laugh nervously again.

Come on, let's go around the other side.

SHY BOY: [*noticing a window*] Hey!

YAHOO: What?

SHY BOY: Check this out.

YAHOO: [*very interested*] Oh. Hey, get up there.

YAHOO gives SHY BOY a lift up to see through the window. SHY BOY looks in a little while, then jumps back down.

SHY BOY: [*loudly*] There's a BMW!

YAHOO: [*covering SHY BOY's mouth*] Keep ya voice down, okay!

SHY BOY: [*recovering quickly*] There's a BMW in there and it's got one of them badge things on it.

YAHOO: Great. Did ya open the window?

SHY BOY: Na.

YAHOO: Well, get up there and open the window, dickhead. Hurry up.

YAHOO lifts SHY BOY up again and he tries opening the window.

SHY BOY: Stand still.

YAHOO: Shut ya face.

SHY BOY tries again, then jumps back down. YAHOO thinks he's succeeded.

Excellent!

SHY BOY: It's locked.

YAHOO: Well, let's go around the other side.

SHY BOY: Okay.

They creep around to the other side of the warehouse, where YAHOO sees another window, this one higher than the other.

YAHOO: Hey, get up there.

SHY BOY: Shhh.

YAHOO: Hurry up.

SHY BOY climbs up on YAHOO's shoulders.

I got ya ... I won't wobble, hurry up ... I got ya ... I got ya—shit, I'm gonna drop ya ...

SHY BOY almost falls, but successfully climbs up on YAHOO's shoulders and looks through the window.

SHY BOY: Hey!

YAHOO: What?

SHY BOY: There's a yellow ute.

YAHOO: Excellent.

SHY BOY: There's all this stuff in the back.

YAHOO: Okay, open the window.

SHY BOY: There's a window lock.

YAHOO: Well, unlock it.

SHY BOY: There's a window lock.

YAHOO: Unlock it.

SHY BOY: I told ya there's a win—

YAHOO angrily drops SHY BOY off his shoulders.

YAHOO: I thought you wanted to break in.

SHY BOY: Yeah, I told ya—

YAHOO: That was your idea.

SHY BOY: Yeah, but if ya just listen—

YAHOO: You said let's go down the warehouse and break in.

SHY BOY: Yeah, but will you just let me say—

YAHOO: You can't even open a stupid window, can ya?!

SHY BOY: I'm tryin' to tell ya—

YAHOO: Why don't you go home!

SHY BOY: [*hurt*] Oh?

YAHOO: Go on, piss off. Useless prick.

Pause.

SHY BOY: Ya big turd.

YAHOO: You stupid idiot dickhead prick turd.

SHY BOY: Stuff you.

YAHOO: Oh, stuff you. Why don't you go home and watch 'Play School', ya little baby.

SHY BOY: Shut up.

YAHOO: Shut up yourself.

They start walking around the warehouse in opposite directions.

SHY BOY: Man, I told ya right from the start we probably couldn't get in, eh

...

YAHOO: Shut ya face.

SHY BOY: ... but you had to go and try it.

YAHOO: Piss off home.

SHY BOY: Stuff you.

YAHOO: Stuff you.

SHY BOY: Man, I knew it all along we couldn't get in.

YAHOO sees a stormwater drain which leads under the warehouse.

YAHOO: Hey! Come here.

SHY BOY comes over sulkily.

Check this out ... Look, look. That's a stormwater drain (drain, drain, drain).

His voice echoes.

We can get in under there, man. Maybe there's a grill thing or something, we can get inside and open the door from the inside.

YAHOO/SHY BOY: Go on then!

YAHOO: No you go.

SHY BOY: No way.

YAHOO: Yeah, come on.

YAHOO tries pulling SHY BOY towards the drain.

SHY BOY: I'm not getting in there.

YAHOO: Yes you are.

SHY BOY: There's all rat turds and stuff.

YAHOO: Man, you're little, I'm big, I can't fit in there.

SHY BOY: No way.

YAHOO: [*storming off*] Okay! Forget it. I thought you wanted to break in.

SHY BOY: [*stopping him*] Alright, alright. I'll do it.

YAHOO: [*cheering up immediately*] Good on ya.

YAHOO comes over and pushes SHY BOY towards the drain.

SHY BOY: You don't have to push.

YAHOO: Get in.

SHY BOY: [*resisting*] I said I'll do it.

YAHOO: Get in!

YAHOO pushes SHY BOY into a big pile of sewage in the drain. SHY BOY looks up at him disgusted at the revolting smell and mess.

SHY BOY: Oh man.

YAHOO: Don't worry about the shit, just crawl in.

SHY BOY crawls up the drain. YAHOO kneels down to look up the drain, and kneels in some shit.

SHY BOY: Oh shit. It's disgusting (disgusting, disgusting, disgusting).

YAHOO: Shut ya face (shut ya face, shut ya face, shut ya face). Can you get in (get in, get in, get in)?

SHY BOY has reached a grille and pushes it open and pops his head through the manhole.

Are you in yet (are you in yet, are you in yet?)

SHY BOY: [*to himself*] Oh, man, this is sick as ... check it out.

He crawls through the manhole into the warehouse and starts looking around. YAHOO can't see a thing inside the drain.

YAHOO: What are ya doin', man (man, man, man?)

SHY BOY: [*inside, to himself*] A BMW ... cool.

SHY BOY runs over to a corner in the warehouse and pisses along the wall and all over the back of the ute.

YAHOO: [*angry and impatient*] Stop pissin' around and open the door, will ya (open the door will ya, will ya?)

SHY BOY runs over to the door and swings it open, scaring YAHOO. YAHOO then gets inside too.

SHY BOY: Man, I was already in through the thing ...

YAHOO: Yeah, and I was outside screamin' and shoutin', ya dickhead.

YAHOO looks around quickly outside and shuts the door. The two look at each other in triumph.

YAHOO/SHY BOY: Excellent!

SHY BOY: Check out this ute. There's all this stuff in the back.

They both look in the back of the ute. Then YAHOO notices the BMW.

YAHOO: Oh ... look at this BMW ... it's brand new. Hey, it's got one of them badge things and everything. Matho reckons we can get fifty bucks for one of these down at the wreckers. Look for something to get it off.

Meanwhile SHY BOY has found a can of petrol in the back of the ute, unscrewed the lid, has crept over to YAHOO and starts splashing him with petrol.

[*Shocked*] Hey ... that's petrol, man ... what are ya doin?!

SHY BOY: [*laughing*] I got you all down that side.

YAHOO: You think it's funny, eh?!

SHY BOY: You're soaked, look at that!

YAHOO: [*walking towards him*] You want to see something that's funny, do ya?

SHY BOY: [*still laughing*] Sucked in.

YAHOO pulls a lighter out of his pocket and lights it up and points it towards SHY BOY. SHY BOY stops laughing and backs away in horror.

YAHOO: Where's ya petrol now, dickhead?!

YAHOO, satisfied with the threat, moves away. SHY BOY knows he's lucky he's not in flames.

SHY BOY: That's stupid.

YAHOO: Why don't you pour petrol on yourself, go on, pour it all over yourself ... and I'll burn ya balls off.

SHY BOY: You're crazy.

YAHOO: You're crazy, now put the petrol away, look for something to get this badge off.

He turns his attention back to the BMW.

SHY BOY: Yeah.

YAHOO: And we can hurry up and go.

While YAHOO looks around for something to get the emblem off with, SHY BOY finds a large screwdriver in the back of the ute and holds it up in the air, ninja-style. He aims it at YAHOO, let's out some Chinese-like sounds and pretends to throw the screwdriver at YAHOO. He spins it through the air and straight into the back of YAHOO who immediately plays along, screaming in pain and agony. He struggles to get the screwdriver off SHY BOY, turns quickly and pretends to stab him in the stomach. Then he pretends to cut SHY BOY's throat, then he pretends to cut his ear off and eat it. SHY BOY is in full gory blood-spilling action TV mode. He pretends there is blood pouring out of him. He holds his heart in his hand as if it is still beating. YAHOO realises the use of the

screwdriver and goes back over to the BMW with it. He wants SHY BOY 's attention back.

Hey, dickhead. Dickhead!

SHY BOY stops what he's doing and gives YAHOO his attention.

SHY BOY: What?

YAHOO: Get off the floor, stop makin' so much noise, come over here and have a look at this.

YAHOO has got the screwdriver ready to get the emblem off the BMW. SHY BOY looks on nervously.

SHY BOY: What are ya doin'?

YAHOO: I'm getting the badge off. Hey, is there a badge on the boot? Go and see if there's a badge on the boot.

SHY BOY: [*whispering*] Yeah.

YAHOO: Excellent, I'm gonna get this badge off, and you're gonna get that badge off, so come over here and see how I'm gonna get this badge off.

SHY BOY: I can see. Hurry up.

YAHOO: Shhh.

SHY BOY: What if someone comes?

YAHOO: Shut up. We'll get these badges and we'll go. You see where I've got it?

SHY BOY: Yeah.

YAHOO: Fifty bucks each, man, easy money.

He hits the screwdriver onto the car and the car alarm goes off very loud. They stand in shock.

Get ya can ... get ya can ... it's got your fingerprints on it ... get the can, shut this door and crawl out through the shit.

YAHOO goes out the door, SHY BOY slams it shut, and heads down the drain. YAHOO waits outside as SHY BOY appears at the drain entrance without the can of petrol.

Where's ya can? Go back and get the can. It's got your fingerprints all over it. Go back!

SHY BOY *crawls quickly back through the drain, sticks his head back inside the warehouse, reaches for the can, and crawls back to the entrance of the drain with the can, the car alarm still blasting loudly.*

Run!

They run away from the warehouse, jumping back over a few fences on their way. They eventually stop running, look behind them and break into huge laughter and celebration.

SHY BOY: That was close.

YAHOO *drops the screwdriver and starts having a major asthma attack.*
SHY BOY *doesn't notice, picks up the screwdriver and keeps playing.*

Hey, that's mine ... Ha, cool.

SHY BOY *then notices YAHOO sitting, gasping for breath.*

What's wrong? Come on, let's go ... let's just go, eh?!

YAHOO: [*barely able to speak*] Wait a minute.

SHY BOY: Let's go.

SHY BOY *runs off. YAHOO is left alone gasping for breath.*

SCENE TWO: WAREHOUSE INVESTIGATION

Two detectives, QUINN and RUSSO, are at the warehouse in response to the car alarm. They investigate the area with torches.

RUSSO: All the windows are still locked and bolted from the inside. There's no sign of forced entry anywhere. That door over there is locked and bolted too. Through here, there's an office ... there's a fax machine, computer, safety deposit box, but nothing's been touched at all. Owner said the car alarm has never gone off before, he reckons it might've been a pussycat. What do you reckon?

QUINN: There are a lot of cats in the area.

RUSSO: So you agree with the owner?

QUINN: There's petrol been spilt from here to there. Something's attacked the BMW emblem with a screwdriver, and there's cat piss over here in the corner.

RUSSO: So, we got ourselves a computer-illiterate, petrol-sniffing, pyromaniac kitten with a weak bladder.

QUINN: Two.

RUSSO: What do you mean two?

QUINN: With hands.

RUSSO: Oh right, two pissed cats with hands?!

QUINN: I powdered the ute, there's two sets of prints. Looks like they got out through this mouse hole, and they've taken the petrol with them.

RUSSO: Is that all you've got?

QUINN *produces a ventolin spray.*

QUINN: One of the cats has asthma.

RUSSO: Well, you better go tell the owner the good news.

QUINN: No, you go.

RUSSO: You're better at explaining the asthmatic kittens than I am.

QUINN: Oh, come on, Russo, I'm always tellin' the owner the good news.

RUSSO: And you are very good at it.

QUINN: Alright, I'll go.

RUSSO: Good. And bring the car around while you're at it.

QUINN: Yeah, right.

QUINN *leaves.* RUSSO *shines his torch around the warehouse.*

RUSSO: Here kitty, kitty ...

SCENE THREE: RECKLESSLY ENDANGERING LIFE

The two boys are setting fire to bushes. Suddenly their firebugging is interrupted by the sound of a cat. They find the cat, catch it, pour petrol over

it, go to set it on fire too, but it escapes. Someone comes out of their house across the road, and the boys run off. They stop to catch their breath.

SHY BOY: You wouldn't have done it.

YAHOO: Woulda.

SHY BOY: What if it'd run into that building all on fire, man, the whole place woulda burnt down.

YAHOO: Yeah ... I woulda done it if it was a dog. They burn better.

They find themselves at a rock pool. There are stones all around.

SHY BOY: This is the creek where the Abos are building that rock thing.

YAHOO: You wanna go see if Matho's at the video shop. Wanna see if he's there?

SHY BOY skims stones across the pool. YAHOO gets nervous and bored.

SHY BOY: Pretty scary place.

YAHOO: [*sarcastic*] Yeah, I'm shittin' mi pants.

SHY BOY: It's all really sacred, I reckon.

YAHOO: Are you scared of some weird Abo joint or somethin', are ya?

SHY BOY: Mum reckons Aboriginals have sacred sites.

YAHOO: Your mum is so smart. Look out ... dreamtime!

YAHOO pushes SHY BOY into the water and laughs loudly. They begin throwing rocks at each other. SHY BOY picks up a big flat stone.

SHY BOY: This one is like a UFO.

YAHOO: This one's a bomb.

YAHOO drops his rock on SHY BOY's rock, the water splashing all over them.

SHY BOY: Yeah, let's make them bombs.

He starts collecting big stones. YAHOO joins him.

YAHOO: Yeah, we'll make them bombs, let's bomb the shit out of that frog.

SHY BOY: No ... let's take them back to Matho's.

YAHOO: Yeah, we can bomb the shit out of his garage.

They gather a whole stack of stones from the riverbank then head off and come to an overpass bridge above the freeway. YAHOO stops and looks down at the traffic.

Man, look at this red Monaro. I'm gonna get one of them.

SHY BOY: I'm gonna get a Volvo.

YAHOO: They're a heap of shit.

SHY BOY: They're stronger than Monaros when you smash 'em.

YAHOO: Man, this is wicked.

SHY BOY: What?

YAHOO: This, up here.

SHY BOY: All the cars and that. Look at this truck. What a bomb.

YAHOO: Throw a rock on the roof, scare the shit outta the driver.

They watch as the truck passes under them.

Oh, man, why didn't you throw a rock on the roof and scare the shit out of the driver?

SHY BOY: You see if you can hit one. Bet ya can't.

YAHOO: I bet I can.

YAHOO places his stones in a line across the edge of the overpass.

SHY BOY: No, come on, ya gotta chuck 'em.

YAHOO: I'm gonna line mine up and kick 'em off. That way no-one'll see me chuck 'em. Hey, why don't you line yours up too? We'll have one big line of rocks and we'll take it turns to kick 'em off. Come on.

SHY BOY: Right-oh.

SHY BOY follows YAHOO's example and lines up his stones accordingly.

YAHOO: Okay, here comes a truck, you go first.

SHY BOY: No, you go first.

YAHOO: No ... you gotta go first.

SHY BOY: I'm not goin' first, you go first.

The truck passes under them. YAHOO loses his temper again.

YAHOO: Alright, we won't play, then, Christ, you're gutless. You said you were gonna play and now you won't do it, okay.

SHY BOY: Okay, okay, I'll chuck mine, I just wanna see you do it first.

YAHOO: You're so gutless. Okay, here's a truck in my lane, you watch this.

YAHOO kicks his stone off and it misses the truck.

YAHOO/SHY BOY: Missed it! Man ...

YAHOO: Nearly got it.

SHY BOY: Crap, you missed by a mile.

YAHOO: I did not.

SHY BOY: Did so.

YAHOO: Okay, you see if you can hit the next truck.

SHY BOY: Right-oh.

They wait for another truck. It does not come. Impatience settles in.

YAHOO: Man, now there's not gonna be another truck, see, that's all your fault.

SHY BOY: Wait forever for another truck. Let's go to Matho's ...

YAHOO: [*excited*] Commodore! See if you can hit that Commodore, it's in your lane.

SHY BOY: Yeah, right-oh ...

SHY BOY kicks the stone and it too misses the target.

SHY BOY/YAHOO: Oooooo, that was close, man ... unreal ... hahaha ...

YAHOO: Here's a Falcon in my lane, watch this.

YAHOO kicks a stone off and misses the Falcon.

SHY BOY/YAHOO: Oooo, that was close.

SHY BOY: Hey, Toyota.

YAHOO: Let's do two at once.

SHY BOY: Right-oh.

They both kick rocks onto the Toyota.

YAHOO/SHY BOY: [*imitating a car commercial*] ‘Oh, what a feeling!’

SHY BOY: I got one rock left.

YAHOO: Here comes a Volvo, get one of your favourites ... go on, go, go go!

SHY BOY: Right-oh.

SHY BOY kicks the last stone and it smashes through the windscreen of the passing Volvo. There is a momentary silence. Pause. The boys look at each other.

Let’s go.

YAHOO: Yeah.

They run off the bridge and back through the creek area, where they stop for a while.

SHY BOY: Reckon anyone saw us?

YAHOO: Na.

SHY BOY: What if someone saw us?

YAHOO: No-one’s around, it’s Sunday.

SHY BOY: Man, did you see it go straight through the windscreen? It shattered everywhere.

YAHOO: Yeah ... I gotta go home now. See you at school tomorrow.

SHY BOY: Okay.

YAHOO: Don’t tell anyone, will ya?!

SHY BOY: As if.

YAHOO: I said don’t tell anyone, okay?

SHY BOY: I won’t.

YAHOO: Okay ... See ya!

SHY BOY: Yeah, see ya.

YAHOO runs off. SHY BOY is left on his own.

SCENE FOUR: OVERPASS INVESTIGATION

QUINN is at the freeway overpass site. He is looking up at the overpass bridge, and working out a few things in his mind. RUSSO enters.

RUSSO: Three or four other cars were hit. One passenger hit on the side of the head, lucky to be alive. The dead guy is a university lecturer. No-one answering at his home address, we can't find his wife anywhere.

QUINN: I don't know whether he died from the fallen rock or the impact into the other car.

RUSSO: Well, if some pissed bloke threw a rock from up there, at a car that's going a hundred ks, did you see the hole in the guy's chest?

QUINN: No, but Russo, he must've been still alive.

RUSSO: No way. There was nothing left of his heart or his lungs, he was dead.

QUINN: But he drove a kilometre up the road.

RUSSO: The car's going a hundred ks, it's only gonna take a coupla seconds to go a kilometre ...

QUINN: I'm going up on the bridge to take a look.

RUSSO: No, you gotta help me and Phil find the wife first.

QUINN: I just want to have another look on the bridge.

QUINN leaves. RUSSO stands looking up at where his partner is going.

RUSSO: Oh come on, you won't see anything now, it's too dark. I'm gonna help Phil find the wife, okay?

RUSSO leaves too as music starts, the scene shifts.

Yahoo's place. YAHOO rushes through the door and looks around.

YAHOO: Mum? Mum?

There is no response. He runs to another part of the house.

Mum?!

Nobody home. He looks around as fear wells up in his stomach. He runs off.

SCENE FIVE: SURRENDER

SHY BOY is running as fast as he can. After running for some time, he stops to catch his breath. He is in shock.

SHY BOY: I felt real bad after we ran off home. I was scared shitless. I know I'd done something real bad. My mum had made dinner. She asked where I'd been. She asked me if I'd been chased by a doberman, that I looked pale as a ghost. She asked if I was feeling sick. I told her I just wanted to go to my room and lay down. I heard the news come on the tele, how the rock killed a guy on the freeway. I felt my heart going too fast. I went to the bathroom and dry retched and got real shaky 'cause I knew it was me. I went back to my room and lay down. My mum comes in and asks if I'm alright. I lied to her because I was so scared. I wanted to tell her the truth but I couldn't. I wanted to tell someone what I'd done. Why didn't the guy just see the rock and drive around it? He could've driven around it. They said on the tele he was dead.

I couldn't sleep. Kept looking at the clock. I thought I gotta go to sleep, and try and be normal. The next morning I was trying to be really normal. Mum said I could stay at home. I said I was feeling alright and I forced myself to eat breakfast, like a normal kid, and then go to school. Then I thought the police might be there waiting for me. Then my mum says you're all nervy this morning. I walked into the street with my bike. The neighbour said hello, she was always friendly and made me embarrassed. I rode my bike halfway to school and got off near the creek and couldn't help it, I cried a lot because I didn't know what to do. I knew I couldn't be normal anymore. I thought about running away. I was at that spot by the river a long time. I got on my bike. I went home and I told Mum, she looked at me, she didn't move much, she kept just looking and being real still, then she said, 'Get in the car, we're going to be brave and tell the police'. I wasn't going to cry now. I wanted to know what was going to happen to me. I never thought I'd ever kill anyone. I'm only thirteen.

SCENE SIX: MANSLAUGHTER

RUSSO is in his office. He is very busy. SHY BOY is waiting at the door. For a long time RUSSO does not notice SHY BOY's presence. Eventually he does.

RUSSO: You right, mate?

No answer.

You looking for someone?

Still no answer.

Come in?

SHY BOY *doesn't move.*

I said come in, mate, come on, get out of the doorway ...

RUSSO *calls to another detective.*

Hey Phil? Can you go ask Tracy at the front desk who sent me this work experience kid in. And how come I always get them? [*He returns his attention to SHY BOY.*] Sit down.

RUSSO *returns to what he was doing. Pause.*

So you wanna be a police officer, do you? What school do you go to?

SHY BOY: I'm the one who threw the rock off the bridge that killed that guy.

RUSSO: Oh yeah. [*Pause. It dawns on him what the boy said.*] What did you say? Say that again, mate?

SHY BOY: I'm the one that killed the guy, with the rock off the bridge.

RUSSO *leaves the room to get QUINN. The two detectives stand at the door looking and whispering about SHY BOY. They then enter for an interview.*

RUSSO: Okay, mate, my name is Detective Russo, this is Detective Quinn.

SHY BOY: [*referring to QUINN*] Does he have to come in ... ?

RUSSO: Don't worry about Detective Quinn, that's just the look on his face.

Now we're going to ask you a few questions, you don't have to say or do anything if you don't want to, but I have to tell you that this interview is going to be recorded. Is that alright with you?

SHY BOY: Alright.

RUSSO: Now ... tell me, in your own words, exactly what happened on the day.

The actor playing SHY BOY 'becomes' QUINN. YAHOO is now being interviewed by QUINN. (The two interviews take place simultaneously, with the actors switching quickly from detective to kid.)

QUINN: What were you doing yesterday afternoon around five thirty?

RUSSO: Were you on your own?

QUINN: Who else was with you at the time?

RUSSO: And what's his name?

QUINN: Where does he live?

RUSSO: Was he with you when it happened?

QUINN: Whose idea was it to throw the stones?

RUSSO: What were you trying to do?

QUINN: How many stones did you throw?

RUSSO: Were you aiming at the cars?

QUINN: How many cars did you hit?

RUSSO: How many cars did your mate hit?

QUINN: Who threw the last stone?

RUSSO: How old are you?

YAHOO: I'm fifteen.

QUINN: And how old is your mate?

YAHOO: He's thirteen.

QUINN: And where do you know him from?

YAHOO: From school.

QUINN: Was anyone else with you?

YAHOO: No.

QUINN: Just the two of you?

YAHOO: Yeah ... we didn't mean to kill anyone, honest.

QUINN: You were just having fun?

YAHOO: Yeah ... that's all we were doin'.

QUINN: How many rocks did you kick off the bridge?

YAHOO: A few.

QUINN: Did you kick any of the rocks?

YAHOO: Yeah.

QUINN: Did you kick the last rock?

YAHOO: No.

QUINN: Are you sure?

YAHOO: Yes.

QUINN: Are you sure?

YAHOO: Yes ... Look, I've already answered this question a hundred times,
why do you keep askin' me the same stupid questions for?

QUINN: We just need to know all the facts.

RUSSO: Tell me again what happened.

SHY BOY: I've told you already.

RUSSO: Tell me again.

SHY BOY: Where from?

RUSSO: From when you got to the rock pool.

SHY BOY: That's where we got the rocks.

RUSSO: How many did you get?

SHY BOY: I dunno ...

RUSSO: Big ones, little ones?

SHY BOY: A whole stack of 'em ...

RUSSO: Just the big ones?

SHY BOY: I dunno, some were bigger than others.

RUSSO: How many did you take up on the bridge?

SHY BOY: I dunno.

RUSSO: How many? Five?

SHY BOY: Yeah.

RUSSO: Ten?

SHY BOY: Maybe.

RUSSO: Twenty?

SHY BOY: I dunno.

RUSSO: Twenty-five?

SHY BOY: Maybe.

RUSSO: Come on, mate, how many rocks?

SHY BOY: I can't remember!

The two officers then read the boys their rights together, their vocals overlapping until they say 'Do you understand?' together.

QUINN: You have the right to contact a friend or relative. You have the right to contact a legal practitioner. If you are not an Australian citizen you can contact the Consular Office of your own country. You are not obliged to say or do anything. You have the right to remain silent. I must tell you that anything you say will be recorded and may be used as evidence in a court of law. Do you understand?

RUSSO: I am charging you with manslaughter. I am also charging you with seven separate counts of conduct recklessly endangering life. You will be remanded in custody to appear in the Melbourne Children's Court tomorrow. Do you understand?

YAHOO/SHY BOY: Yeah.

Pause. The boys, now alone, look at each other, and giggle.

YAHOO: We made the front page. 'Two teens face trial over freeway rock death'. 'Boy, thirteen, surrenders to police'! 'Boy, thirteen, admits rock hit car'!

SHY BOY: 'Boy, thirteen, haunted by rock death'!

SCENE SEVEN: THE LADDER

The boys are now in separate cells.

SHY BOY: [*narrating*] They kept us in gaol overnight. Man, I couldn't sleep. I just kept seeing it over and over in my head. Kept havin' this weird dream ... couldn't sleep ... kept seein' it over and over ...

He begins to fall asleep. He wakes up suddenly and sees YAHOO standing behind a tall ladder suspended in air.

Oh, man. That's sick. How'd you do that?

YAHOO: You reckon you can climb up to the top?

SHY BOY: Na.

YAHOO: Yes you can.

SHY BOY: I'll do it for ten bucks.

YAHOO: No, just see if you can climb it.

SHY BOY: I'll do it for five bucks.

YAHOO: Come on. Are you scared of a stupid ladder? You're not gonna fall.

It's only a dream.

SHY BOY: I'll do it if you hold it.

YAHOO: Just get up there, will ya?!

SHY BOY: I won't do it.

SHY BOY goes to leave but YAHOO stops him.

YAHOO: Okay, I'll hold it.

YAHOO grabs hold of the ladder, SHY BOY accepts the challenge, comes over to climb the ladder and just as he is about to put his leg up, YAHOO let's go the ladder and moves away.

SHY BOY: What are you doing?

YAHOO: When you get up there, I'll hold it.

SHY BOY: No way.

YAHOO: I will.

SHY BOY: I'm not doing it.

SHY BOY goes to leave again, YAHOO is quick to stop him.

YAHOO: Okay. I'll hold it.

YAHOO grabs hold of the ladder again. SHY BOY comes over and starts climbing the ladder.

SHY BOY: Yeah ... alright ... see ... you're the gutless one ...

SHY BOY's foot slips on the ladder and he momentarily grips close to the ladder and looks down, very near to falling.

YAHOO: Hey, you nearly fell on your arse. You know, if you fall and die in your dreams, you're dead for real. Keep goin'.

SHY BOY *regains his balance and continues climbing, more fright-ened the higher he goes. He stops climbing a little further up the ladder.*

SHY BOY: That's enough, eh.

YAHOO: No, hurry up, before you wake up. Keep going.

SHY BOY *continues up the ladder until he reaches the top.*

Okay ... Now, let go your hands.

SHY BOY: Fifteen bucks.

YAHOO: Come on, just see if you can.

SHY BOY *is standing on the top rung of the ladder. He slowly releases his hands and looks around at the view. He starts feeling incredibly brave.*

SHY BOY: See ... you're the gutless one.

YAHOO: How come you told the cops?

SHY BOY *freezes in terror as YAHOO takes one hand away from the ladder.*

SHY BOY: I want to get down.

YAHOO: How come you dobbed me in?

SHY BOY: Mum said—

YAHOO: There was no way they woulda caught us if ya didn't dob us both in.

SHY BOY *starts to panic.*

SHY BOY: Get me down.

YAHOO: I thought you were my friend.

SHY BOY: I am your friend.

YAHOO *now balances the ladder upright with just one finger.*

YAHOO: You're a traitor.

SHY BOY: Don't let go.

YAHOO: Traitor! Traitor! Traitor!

SHY BOY wakes out of his dream suddenly. YAHOO stands listening to him from his own cell, as if SHY BOY has been calling out in his sleep.

You alright?

SHY BOY: Yeah ... it's just a dream.

YAHOO: You been screamin' and shoutin' all night.

SHY BOY: No, it's cool ... I'm alright.

YAHOO: Well, shut up, you're freakin' me out, okay?! What do you think they'll do to us? Eh? What do you think they'll do?

They both fear the future.

SCENE EIGHT: BAIL

YAHOO now narrates the story to the audience while remaining within the 'action' of the story he tells.

YAHOO: Next day, we're in front of a magistrate in a Children's Court. He said this is a real serious case and should be heard by a jury in a couple of months' time. He said that we should never see each other again for the rest of our lives and that our parents have to pay five thousand dollars bail so that we can be let out before the next trial. Five thousand bucks. My parents never had five thousand bucks. His did, so they paid and he was allowed to go home straight away. They told me that I had to stay in gaol some more. Next day, the cop comes into my cell.

QUINN: Your mum's here. She's got your bail money. You can go.

YAHOO: Cop lets me out. And there's mi mum standin' in the corridor. Man, she looked like a mess. I said, 'Where did you get the money from?', and she just walks off. I ask her again, 'Where did ya get the money from?', and she just gets in the car. I get in the car too. I think she's driving me home but she drives straight to this private school joint, and she says, 'Get out'. We both get out of the car. We both go into the Principal's office, Mum starts to fill out a form and then she tells the Principal what I done. She just told him. Principal looks at me like I'm dirt. He says,

‘Been in a bit of trouble, have you? Well, there’ll be no shenanigans in this school, will there?’ I say, ‘No sir’. I meet these guys, ‘Hey, give us forty cents and I’ll do it’, ‘Come on, forty cents ... you said you’d give me the money...’ I make a call from a phone booth ... ‘Yeah, is that my old ... is that the school? ... Okay, this is real important ... There’s a big bomb planted! ... I’m not gonna tell ya where ... Look ... it’s a huge bomb, okay, you’d better hurry up and call the bomb squad before you get your knickers blown off!’ ... The secretary shat herself on the phone ... hahaha ...

QUINN: What do you think you’re doing?

YAHOO: It was their fault, they made me do it.

QUINN: You’ve been warned. You’ve got a couple of months until the trial. It cost your mum five thousand dollars. Now put a lid on it and stay out of trouble. Understand?

YAHOO: Yeah, I understand.

QUINN *moves off.*

I got taken back to the Principal and he says I failed the school’s trial period or something, so I got expelled on the spot. Mum comes down and picks me up, takes me to mi uncle’s place. He’s really pissed off. Mum hates me anyway. She says so all the time. Probably because I’m dumb. And I don’t like staying home.

YAHOO *gets a lighter out of his pocket and starts passing the flame over his fingers and hands. He eventually rests the flame on the palm of his hand and sees how long he can keep it there. He endures the flame for a long time, until he stops, his hand burning with pain.*

SCENE NINE: COURT

RUSSO *addresses the audience.*

RUSSO: Three months later, the trial begins.

SHY BOY *and* YAHOO *enter, hassled by numerous photographers and camera crews. RUSSO comes over to cover the boy’s faces.*

Cover your faces, don't get your face on camera, put your hood over your face, get outta their way!

They get inside the court. RUSSO approaches the bailiff.

Excuse me, can the boys sit in the gallery as opposed to the dock? Thank you, sir. Okay, you blokes, come and sit here, you move up a bit, now you sit next to your mate.

He sits the boys down and whispers instructions to them.

Now, you blokes sit here and don't move, this is your spot. And you can take your hood off your face now, mate.

RUSSO finds a seat at the back of the court, SHY BOY comes up and joins him. There is an uncomfortable pause as the two settle themselves for the hearing.

SHY BOY: How long does a trial take?

RUSSO: Some trials can take ages.

SHY BOY: What's the longest a trial's ever gone for?

RUSSO: I dunno.

SHY BOY: What's been ya worst case you been on?

RUSSO: Keep your voice down a bit.

SHY BOY: What's the worst case you been on?

RUSSO: Be quiet, do you want to go and stand up there in the dock in front of everyone?

An uncomfortable pause. RUSSO resumes his narration.

The trial took a whole month. They brought in witness after witness after witness after specialists, after psychiatrist, after psychologist, then they dragged out the files from 1942, it went on and on and on, you could tell after a while, the jury had no idea what was goin' on. The young bloke sat next to me most of the time. By the end of the fourth week, he was ready for a nervous breakdown.

RUSSO resumes the 'action' of the scene. SHY BOY is now a nervous mess.

Look, mate, you reckon you can stop shaking, you're making me feel like it's an earthquake or something, you know what I mean?

SHY BOY: Yeah ... okay ... I can't ... I can't help it ...

RUSSO: Okay, just put your hands in your pocket—You want something? I'll get you a drink if you want?

SHY BOY: No.

RUSSO: Something to eat? You probably haven't eaten in days, have you?

SHY BOY: No.

Another longer pause. RUSSO cannot stand the tension.

RUSSO: Look, I'll get you a drink.

RUSSO leaves. SHY BOY is left on his own. He shakes uncontrollably.

SHY BOY: Oh man. Why me?

SHY BOY 'becomes' detective QUINN and continues narrating the story to the audience.

QUINN: After the prosecution wrapped up its case against the boys, the defence lawyer just took hold of the younger one by the arm, led him up to the jury and said, 'This child's future, the child's life is resting in your hands'. The jury retired to make their decision, and the court was adjourned until the following day.

SCENE TEN: THE GREAT DEBATE

QUINN and RUSSO are in a bar. RUSSO is watching the races on the TV while QUINN is playing a poker machine.

RUSSO: [*to the barman*] Give us a couple of beers thanks, Frankie. And two packets of those salt and vinegar chips. And can you put it on Quinny's tab?!

QUINN: [*calling from the machine*] Hey, it's your shout.

RUSSO: No, it's your shout.

QUINN: No, I won ten bucks on this machine last night and I bought you and Phil a drink.

RUSSO: No you didn't, put your money on the bar for once and buy a shout.

QUINN: Hey, Phil, didn't I win ten bucks on this machine last night and I bought you and Russo ... ?

RUSSO: Okay, forget it. Don't worry about the beers, Frankie, put the chips back on the rack, we don't want 'em.

QUINN: [*coming over to the bar*] Right-oh, my shout. Sorry, Frankie, I don't know, mate, he's been like this for days, you try workin' with him.

RUSSO: Oh look, I'm sorry, Frankie, I'm just fifteen years old, I haven't got a clue what I'm doin', where I'm goin', who I'm with, you got to excuse all my actions.

QUINN: Oh, come on, Russo, it's the same as the kids who set fire to buildings, same as the kids train surfing ...

RUSSO: They're not the same.

QUINN: Same as the kid pulling the chair from under someone and laughing at them falling on their bum.

YAHOO: They're not the same. The kid train surfing is gonna kill himself. The one who pulls the chair out, if that kid falls and breaks his back, or dies, the one who slid the chair out should be held responsible, especially if he's thirteen, or fifteen, that's old enough to know that's a stupid act. They should wear the consequences of that stupidity.

QUINN: Well go on, lock 'em up for fifteen years for pulling a chair out from under someone.

RUSSO: I'm not talkin' about their punishment, I'm talking about whether or not they are guilty, and as far as I'm concerned, at thirteen and fifteen, they're guilty.

SHY BOY: And all I'm tryin' to say to you is that these kids made a mistake.

RUSSO: Oh, that's crap. They knew what they were doing.

SHY BOY: They're average kids like you and I were once ...

RUSSO: [*sarcastic*] Oh, well, if they're 'average', then let 'em off. If they were two black kids you'd lock them up, wouldn't you?

QUINN: That's not what I'm saying.

RUSSO: Yes you are, and if one of those kids puts bullets into a gun, goes to a playground, blows a few people away, you'd call that 'a mistake'.

QUINN: I'm not sayin' that.

RUSSO turns to a few friends also drinking at the bar.

RUSSO: Hey, Phil, this guy reckons these kids are too young to know what they're doing therefore we should let them off. How old is your nipper? Eleven? Okay, do you reckon a kid of eleven knows what he's doing? You reckon a kid of eleven knows the difference between right and wrong? If you were on the jury for these boys Phil, would you vote guilty?

Phil votes yes.

Alright, leave your hand up, Phil ... Sandy, come here ...

QUINN: Sandy's pissed.

RUSSO: Would you vote guilty?

QUINN: She's been drinking here since four o'clock this afternoon.

RUSSO: There's two-nil. Wayne, put the gun down and come over here?

QUINN: Come on, Russo, this is the wrong place to be doing this ...

RUSSO: Three-nil. Frankie?

QUINN: He doesn't know the case.

RUSSO: Guilty or not guilty, Frankie? Thank you. Four-nil. What about you, mate?

QUINN: We're talking about two kids' lives ...

The argument develops into a voting situation with everyone in the pub being asked to vote yes or no. The actors improvise this argument until QUINN loses his temper.

Right-oh, why don't you and your vigilante mates go out in the street, take a rope out of the car, take the two boys down to the main square and hang them, go on, that's what you want to do, isn't it? Hang them. And you can call up their parents on your mobile and get them to come and watch.

QUINN *'s outburst stops the whole pub, everyone turning to look at him. There is an uncomfortable pause.*

RUSSO: What if it was your father in the car? What if it was your mother in the car, and she gets a rock through the chest and kills her, and your beeper goes off now and you and I have to go down to the morgue and identify your own mother's body lying on that slab. What would you think then? That it was an 'accident'? A 'mistake'.

Small pause as RUSSO has made his point quite clear.

QUINN: And what if it was your ten-year-old girl who was up there on the bridge and threw the rock? And she came home and said, 'Dad, I've just killed a man driving a car on the freeway'. What would you do then? Your own kid.

Long pause. QUINN leaves the bar.

RUSSO: Well, we're gonna find out tomorrow, aren't we? You can put your hand down now, Phil.

SCENE ELEVEN: THE VERDICT

RUSSO *and SHY BOY are in court. RUSSO addresses the audience.*

RUSSO: The next day, we're back in court, waiting for the jury, and the verdict. As usual, the courtroom is packed, and as usual, the young bloke stands next to me. His father never came to the trial. Finally the jury arrive, they take their place. The judge enters and everyone stands. The judge then asks the head juror to read out the verdict ... 'For manslaughter and six separate counts of recklessly endangering life ... not guilty'.

Pause. SHY BOY lets out a huge release of tension and surprise. He throws his arms around RUSSO and starts crying. RUSSO helps SHY BOY contain himself enough to face the judge.

The judge said, 'These boys have been through enough'. He said 'that they could go home now' ... that 'they were free'.

RUSSO *becomes* YAHOO, *smiles broadly and begins leaving the court. Before he exits he looks back at SHY BOY and gives him a thumbs up, a sign of victory. SHY BOY returns the thumbs up reluctantly. YAHOO leaves. SHY BOY then addresses the audience.*

SHY BOY: During the trial, there was a woman who sat up the back. She was on her own. She didn't speak to anyone. She wasn't there at the end to hear what happened to us. She was the wife of the guy I killed in the car.

The sounds of wind starts, as was heard during the Prologue.

SHY BOY *walks slowly back to the freeway overpass bridge. He stands and looks down at the traffic. The wind gets stronger. He stands there for a long time, contemplating suicide. As the wind picks up strength, he scares himself with his thoughts and memories and walks away.*

Music starts.

The boys play a final emotive tune together on guitar, not looking at one another.

THE END

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