

## Tasmanian Theatre Company Audition Piece: Women 20 -40 yrs

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**If you are a woman aged between 20 and 40 years, you should prepare the following extract and ONE other piece of your choice for your audition.**

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To be honest I thought maybe there really was nobody for me. It does get harder as you get older. As it was I'd had to follow him home just to meet him because the petrol station isn't a pub is it? It's not as friendly, or as social ... Sally told me you don't give your number out at a petrol station because it looks desperate. I wasn't intending to stand outside of his bedroom window for as long as I did, but it helps doesn't it? To understand the person you are attracted to. The way he keeps his house, his work - in environmental conservation, how many telephone calls he gets, and whether any of the callers appears to be a woman ... but it was the way he stripped down to nothing to watch the evening news that convinced me I should knock on his front door and claim to have car trouble. And then, would you believe, we ran into each other at his local supermarket, and at his gym, and again at a nice cafe he frequents, and why eat alone on a Thursday night at the local Thai Palace when you can have my company? I think he was secretly flattered. After he got over his initial fear. And really we did hit it off and he was the one who asked me out ... eventually. He just needed a little prompting. I honestly don't know how the word stalking even came up in conversation because it was really just strategic positioning. I mean how can two people possibly fall in love if they never meet? I was simply trying to make it easier for him to see me in his life by making certain I was in his life ... often. And I don't think it made him too unhappy as he did say on more than one occasion that he'd never met such an interesting woman before.

I've never had anybody say "I love you", after failing to get an erection though. But then I've never had anybody fail to get an erection before. (I'm an attractive woman after all.) But this was like being caught off guard and knowing someone had seen me. I thought love 'increased' desire. He told me to relax but I couldn't. I couldn't stop trying to lift his ... spirits. I changed position, did a half turn to the left, brought my hand around and under, trying to ... trying to reach his- and then I farted ... out of my *vagina*. I think it was nerves. I waited for him to take it back to tell me he'd made a terrible mistake. But he didn't. Instead he asked me to open my eyes and look at him whilst we made love. He told me he wanted to know I was there with him and for the first time I realised I wasn't. Most of me was of course but a part of me was worried about the phone bill, and my dinner hadn't settled properly and another part of me was rehashing an argument I'd had earlier with my mother. I felt so vulnerable because I have to tell you I pride myself on my sexual mastery but this honesty between us was so frightening that I forgot all my best moves and strokes. I could tell he'd know I was lying in the hope that I'd win his heart in a show of spectacular pornography because I'm not a good cook. Not really. Oh there was this one meal- but anyway now I was in bed with a great friend and I suddenly knew nothing at all about how to make love to him. And then he said just be you because you are who I love. Can you imagine that? He was saying that I was 'who' he loved ... and he knows me. I mean really knows me. I felt sick and had to go to the bathroom which I thought might spoil the moment but he followed me and we kissed right there on the tiles by the toilet bowl and I knew then. Just before I threw up I knew I was in love with him.