

# Contemporary

2024 Performing Arts Intake - Monologues  
**Arts Academy**



**Summary:**

*Young Zhang Lin: Chimerica by Lucy Kirkwood*

*Scorpius: Harry Potter and the Cursed Child by JK Rowling, John Tiffany, Jack Thorne*

*Tess: Blue Stockings by Jessica Swale*

*Dulcie: Summer of the Aliens by Louis Nowra*

*Mary O'Donnell: Bombshells by Joanna Murray-Smith*

*Douglas: Europe by Michael Gow*

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*Tom: Berlin by Joanna Murray-Smith*

*MONOLOGUES:*

***Chimerica*** by Lucy Kirkwood

(Nick Hern Books, 2013)

(This monologue is intended for a Chinese actor)

***YOUNG ZHANG LIN:***

My bed was broken. I was walking to buy a new bed. I had the money in my pocket. I'm walking down the street and I see this woman in the window of a store, a store that sells appliances. And she's electric. She's so beautiful, I have to stop for a moment and watch her, as she opens the door of this brand-new refrigerator and looks inside. And I cannot stop watching this. And I thought, whatever I have to do, whatever it takes, I've got to, I've got to have... that refrigerator.

That refrigerator would change my life, so I go in and I hand over the money in my pocket. And the store owner helps me carry it home. And I plug in my refrigerator and it starts to hum. And I already feel like a different person. I fall asleep and when I wake up it's hot in my apartment so I think, I know, I'll put my face into the cold refrigerator. So I open the door and this girl jumps out. The girl from the store, she's hidden inside my beautiful new machine. A stowaway. She's been there the whole time. Like a rat on a ship. Like a spider in a crate of melons. She's shivering. Her eyelashes are frosted up. She says 'I'm so cold.' I touch her skin and she is, she's freezing. I think, she's going to die if I don't do something, so I say, let's go to bed. It's warmer there. She nods and her teeth clatter together like spoons in a bowl. So I take her hand. Her cold little hand. And then I remembered, I don't have a bed. I spent my money on a refrigerator. I completely forgot, I was supposed to buy a bed. So we made love on the floor instead.

*Harry Potter and the Cursed Child* by JK Rowling, John Tiffany, Jack Thorne

(Little Brown 2017)

**SCORPIUS:**

*(exploding)* Try my life! People look at you because your dad's the famous Harry Potter, saviour of the wizarding world. People look at me because they think my dad is Voldemort. Voldemort. Can you even slightly imagine what that's like? Have you ever even tried? No. Because you can't see beyond the end of your nose. Because you can't see beyond the end of your stupid thing with your dad. He will always be Harry Potter, you know that, right? And you will always be his son. And I know it's hard, and the other kids are awful, but you have to learn to be okay with that, because – there are worse things, okay? There was a moment I was excited, when I realized time was different, a moment when I thought maybe my mum hadn't got sick. Maybe my mum wasn't dead. But no, turns out, she was. I'm still the child of Voldemort, without a mother, giving sympathy to the boy who doesn't ever give anything back. So I'm sorry if I've ruined your life because I tell you – you wouldn't have a chance of ruining mine – it was already ruined. You just didn't make it better. Because you're a terrible – the most terrible – friend.

***Blue Stockings*** by Jessica Swale

(Nick Hern Books 2013)

***TESS:***

There was a girl at home. Lived at the parsonage. Annabel. She'd spend a whole afternoon sewing a ribbon onto a bonnet, and she'd be content. Why wasn't that enough for me, Celia? You know, I'd climb the roof of Will's classroom just to listen. Once I lost my footing and they found me hanging by my underskirt, but I wouldn't let go of my notebook. I should have fallen and cracked my skull right then and there, I'd have been better off. But no. I was stubborn. Forfeit any hope of reputation, of a good match, wreck Mother's nerves with worry, all for this, to be here. And then I meet a boy. A poet. A poet! In a library. And I fall for him like a rock. And suddenly I can't think because my mind is full of him. I read Keats and hear his voice. I look at Vermeer and there he is, in oils. And I love him with every thought and bone and sinew. And then he buys a ring. But it's not for me. And now. What am I now? He's caved out my heart, Celia. What do I do?

***Summer of the Aliens*** by Louis Nowra

(Currency Press, 1994)

***DULCIE:***

Come on ... They think RSL halls are sacred or something. They don't think that anyone would have the guts to break in ... I want to make a mess of this place ... We'll tear it up, piss and shit on it all and someone passing by will say tomorrow morning: I saw angels in the RSL hall. It was angels that destroyed it. (*touching his wings*) Aren't they beautiful? Angels hover in the air like dragonflies. Like this. Now I have no wings ... Angels have to think of them and then they imagine having them and there is a feeling, like it must be when boys get stiff, a growing from the shoulders. Two wings on either shoulders. But they don't look like wings at first, they look like buds, white buds. Then slowly, like a flower, they slowly open, breaking through the angels' clothes. Real slow, unfolding like in dreamtime. And then they open out, like my wings. They begin to float testing new, unnamed muscles. Then they're like a bird flying, beak free of the ground. I begin to rise. Above you. Higher higher, like a cloud, my body feels light as a cloud. I begin speaking but my voice has changed, it's as loud as a scream, softer than a whisper. I speak like an angel. My speech sounds like this. (*she presses her lips against his hands and says the one phrase over and over*) I am saying something secret to you in angel talk.

***Bombshells*** by Joanna Murray Smith

(Currency Press, 2009)

**MARY O'DONNELL:**

No one can sing and dance like me. No one in the whole school. I am the Liza Minnelli of St Brigid's and nobody can say I'm not. I've got a better voice than Angela Mc Terry. Much better. Her only claim to fame is that she has breasts bigger than her head, of which I am envious... *not*. And I can dance which Angela Terry cannot do even though she thinks she can. She has not got the physique. Angela McTerry does not look attractive in a leotard and somebody who loves her should tell her so. She's got calves the size of the Soviet Union just like her sister Theresa McTerry – who's getting married to Ted 'The Pot-plant' Swinbank on Saturday and thereby introducing the world to the lovely vision of Angela in tangerine chiffon. And she's got tickets on herself just because her father's on *Neighbours*. Like *Neighbours* is a big deal. *Neighbours* is *not* a big deal. The talent show is a big deal. I *love the talent show*. I love the talent show. So far there's no one who even comes close. Allison Stoddard's one-woman *Waiting for Godot* was a wank. Janice McElhone's 'Islands in the stream' didn't cut it – someone should have told her it was a duet. Veronica O'Grady's 'Abba Medley' was a travesty. A *travesty*. I hope Bjorn and Benny never hear about it. Veronica O'Grady would be banned from Sweden. Mr Burbridge said: 'Mary O'Donnell, the talent show is coming up so you had better get thinking, young lady.' Mr Burbridge knows that I *am* the talent show. The talent show would be nothing without me. It would be '*the show*'. The *show*. Because I *am* the talent. Okay. Okay. Here we go. This is your last rehearsal, Mary O'Donnell. Do not stuff it up. Do not stuff it up.

***Europe*** by Michael Gow

(Currency Press 1988)

***DOUGLAS:***

What a great place. This area's like something out of Thomas Mann or Kafka. God it's exciting being in Europe. So alive, isn't it? So... pulsating. I've had a great morning. I saw your Roman mosaic. Went on a tour of that poet's house. Had a look at the inn where what's-his-name wrote his opera. And I went to this great exhibition at the big gallery. There's some amazing things in there. Stuff I knew quite well. And that altar they've got! But there was this performance art thing. Incredible! There was this big pool full of fish, carp, I don't know, and this guy, nothing on, you were right, with all these crucifixes and beads in his hair, wading through the water, dragging this little raft behind him; he had the rope in his teeth. On the raft was this pile of animal innards with candles sticking out of it. Then these other people dressed as astronauts and red Indians ran round and round the pond screaming and then they lit this fire and threw copies of the Mona Lisa into it. And then, I don't know how they did it but the water turned bright red. Just incredible. You must see it. It's great being here. Everything's so exciting. I've been keeping everything I get. Every little item, every bus ticket, gallery ticket, the train tickets. Every postcard. Every coaster from every bar, every café.



***Transit of Venus*** by Maureen Hunter

(Scirocco Drama, 2006)

**CELESTE:**

No. I don't do it, you see. I don't do any of it. I don't baste, I don't sew, I don't knit, I don't mend, I don't darn, I don't tat, I don't embroider and I do not do petti-point! I do, however, read. And because I can read, I can learn. Oh, I can't actually travel – you have the advantage of me there - but I can read about travel, I can dream about it, I can imagine what it's like. I've been everywhere with you. You don't know it, but I have. I know every inch of sea you've sailed, every island you've set foot on. I know how the rains come sweeping across the mountains of Ile de France, and how the island itself lies curled in the sea like an oyster. I know about the doldrums and trade winds and tides. Tides! Tides are so mysterious. We've known about them since the days of Alexander, yet there's so much we don't know. Why, for instance are there two high tides and two low tides every day in some places, and only one in others? Why the tides of Saint Malo rise almost ten meters and only a fraction of that on the islands you visited? They do; did you know that? I want to know why. I want to know everything there is to know before I die. This was your gift to me, you see? You pointed me at the sky and said, look! And when I looked, what did I see? Mirrors! Mirrors reflecting mirrors reflecting mirrors, on and on to infinity. So much to know, so much to learn, so much to wonder about. Once you begin to wonder, it's impossible, isn't it – inconceivable! – to abandon that sense of wonder for anything as straight-forward and mundane as a needle and a piece of thread.

***The Seagull*** by Anton Chekhov (1895)

(Translation from the Russian by Elisaveta Fen)

***NINA:***

Why do you say that you have kissed the ground I walked on? You should kill me rather. [She bends over the table] I am so tired. If I could only rest--rest. [She raises her head] I am a sea-gull--no--no, I am an actress. [She hears ARKADINA and TRIGORIN laughing in the distance, runs to the door on the left and looks through the keyhole] He is there too. [She goes back to TREPLIEFF] Ah, well--no matter. He does not believe in the theatre; he used to laugh at my dreams, so that little by little I became down-hearted and ceased to believe in it too. Then came all the cares of love, the continual anxiety about my little one, so that I soon grew trivial and spiritless, and played my parts without meaning. I never knew what to do with my hands, and I could not walk properly or control my voice. You cannot imagine the state of mind of one who knows as he goes through a play how terribly badly he is acting. I am a sea-gull--no--no, that is not what I meant to say. Do you remember how you shot a seagull once? A man chanced to pass that way and destroyed it out of idleness. That is an idea for a short story, but it is not what I meant to say. [She passes her hand across her forehead] What was I saying? Oh, yes, the stage. I have changed now. Now I am a real actress. I act with joy, with exaltation, I am intoxicated by it, and feel that I am superb. I have been walking and walking, and thinking and thinking, ever since I have been here, and I feel the strength of my spirit growing in me every day. I know now, I understand at last, Constantine, that for us, whether we write or act, it is not the honour and glory of which I have dreamt that is important, it is the strength to endure. One must know how to bear one's cross, and one must have faith. I believe, and so do not suffer so much, and when I think of my calling I do not fear life.

***Three Sisters*** by Anton Chekhov (1900)

(Translated from the Russian by Elisaveta Fen):

**ANDREY:**

Oh, where has all my past life gone to? – the time when I was young and gay and clever, when I used to have fine dreams and great thoughts, and the present and the future were bright with hope? Why do we become so dull and commonplace and uninteresting almost before we've begun to live? Why do we get lazy, indifferent, useless, unhappy?... This town's been in existence for two hundred years; a hundred thousand people live in it, but there's not one who's any different from all the others! There's never been a scholar or an artist or a saint in this place, never a single man sufficiently outstanding to make you feel passionately that you wanted to emulate him. People here do nothing but eat, drink and sleep... Then they die and some more take their places, and they eat, drink and sleep, too, – and just to introduce a bit of variety into their lives, so as to avoid getting completely stupid with boredom, they indulge in their disgusting gossip and vodka and gambling and law-suits. The wives deceive their husbands, and the husbands lie to their wives, and pretend they don't see anything and don't hear anything ... and all this overwhelming vulgarity and pettiness crushes the children and puts out any spark they might have in them, so that they, too, become miserable half-dead creatures, just like one another and just like their parents!

***The Matchmaker*** by Thornton Wilder (1954)

**CORNELIUS:**

Isn't the world full of wonderful things? There we sit cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs Molloy are walking around in New York and we don't know them at all. I don't know whether - from where you're sitting - you can see - well, for instance, the way (*pointing to the edge of his right eye*) her eye and forehead and cheek come together, up here. Can you? And the kind of fireworks that shoot out of her eyes all the time. I tell you right now: a fine woman is the greatest work of God. You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids; they aren't in it at all. Of course, up there at Yonkers they came into the store all the time, and bought this and that, and I said "Yes, ma'am", and "That'll be seventy-five cents, ma'am"; and I watched them. But today I've talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal, and to the finest one that ever existed, in my opinion. They're so different from men! Everything that they say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. (he laughs) Golly, they're different from men. And they're awfully mysterious, too. You never can be really sure what's going on in their heads. They have a kind of wall around them all the time - of pride and a sort of play-acting: I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without ever being really sure whether she liked you or not. This minute I'm in danger. I'm in danger of losing my job and my future and everything that people think is important; but I don't care. Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch-digger who once had a wonderful day.

*Frankenstein* by Nick Dear

(Faber & Faber 2011)

**CREATURE :**

My heart is black. It stinks. My mind, once filled with dreams of beauty, is a furnace of revenge! Three years ago, when I was born, I laughed for joy at the heat of the sun, I cried at the call of the birds – the world was a cornucopia to me! Now it is a waste of frost and snow. (*From his sack the Creature takes silver cutlery, a plate, a pewter goblet, a napkin. He lays a place on the ice. He places strips of fresh meat on the plate, and fills the cup with wine from a flask.*) The son becomes the father, the master the slave. I have led him across the Black Sea, through Tartary and Russia. I have led him past Archangel, and out on to the ice. We go north, always north. His dogs are dead; his supplies exhausted. But we have a compact we must keep: he lives for my destruction, I live to lead him on. (*Calls into the wind.*) Frankenstein! Come! (*To us.*) I used to have dreams... I dreamt we were hiking, over the mountains, under a glorious sky. We would walk together, and talk together... he would tell me how to live. The mistakes to avoid. How to woo a girl. For this I came to find him, but he turned me away! Why did he do that? Why did he turn me away?

*The Crucible* by Arthur Miller (1953)

**MARY WARREN:**

I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (Like one awakened to a marvellous secret insight) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think-- she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

***Death Of a Salesman*** by Arthur Miller (1949)

***BIFF:***

Now hear this, Willy, this is me. You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail. I stole myself out of every good job since high school! And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! It's goddam time you heard this! I had to be big boss shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw—the sky. I saw the things that I love in this world. The work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know *who I am!*

***The Fantasticks***: music by Harvey Schmidt and book and lyrics by Tom Jones (1960)

**LUISA:**

This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark, or a peacock; something like that. So I said hello. And it vanished, flew away, the very moment I said hello! It was quite mysterious. So do you know what I did? I went to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times, without stopping. And as i was brushing it, my hair turned mauve. No, honestly! Mauve! Then red. then some sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.... I'm sixteen years old, and every day something happens to me. i don't know what to make of it. When i get up in the morning and get dressed, I can tell...something's different. I like to touch my eyelids, because they're never quite the same. oh, oh, oh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, then I close my eyes and cry and cry till the tears come down and I can taste them. I love to taste my tears. I am special. I am special! Please god, please, don't let me be normal!



***Box the Pony*** by Scott Rankin and Leah Purcell

(Hachette Australia, 1999)

(This monologue is intended for an indigenous actor)

**LEAH:**

When I grow up, I took off from up'ome'der. I grabbed the essentials...And jumped in my little yellow Datsun Sunny...(sings) 'Sunny, thank you for the smile upon my face...' Good car. Straight to Sydney, Eastern Suburbs, real flash. Had to live somewhere, right? So I go to a real estate agent. 'G'day'... and true's god, the woman behind the counter looks at me and says, 'We haven't any money, we haven't any money, take whatever you want.' So I took a one-bedroom flat. See, blackfella not greedy. So now I live in Woollahra, real fuckin' flash, which is nice...because as Auntie Pauline Hanson say, 'Too many people up'ome get paid too much money for

sitting around drinking too much port.' So Woollahra feels like home. Then I gets this job presenting on cable TV and all of a sudden I'm a BIG star in Woollahra! Solid, eh? But serious now...them fellas in Sydney they different mob, eh? Up'ome'der when you drivin' and a car passes, you wave. 'Hey, cuss.' But here in Sydney,

biggest mob of bloody cars, I'm wavin' all bloody day, what's wrong with them fellas? None of them bastards wave back! And another thing, you're sitting next to someone. 'G'day.' 'Where you come from?' 'Woollahra?' 'Hey, you and me and this bloke over here, same mob. We'll have to get together and have a cup of tea.' 'I'm

from up'ome'der, 'Murgon.' 'My father he's white, two wives, two families, one white and one black...and...that...was...my mum. Here, wher you goin'? 'It gets better! I haven't got up to the part about me being conceived at the dump!' 'Suit yourself...'

Another time, I'm walking down the street and this lady comes out of gate and, true's god, it's like a bloody cartoon. She grabs her bag and goes...

(As WHITE WOMAN frightened by seeing a blackfella up close, she clutches her handbag to her chest and blinks, stopping in her tracks as if she fears LEAH might hit her.)...like I was going to hit her or something...

***City of Gold*** by Meyne Wyatt

(Currency Press 2019)

(This monologue is intended for an indigenous actor)

***BREYTHE:***

I'm not living up to my end. I was arrogant, selfish, in denial. So, I go. Knock back a couple. Couple become many. Get pissed as parrot. Games go for two and half hours, three? Took my sweet arse time. Shit, even went

to pub after. Pub crawlin' bastard, rocks up home, waltz through the door smelling like a pirate! And he looks at me...I'll never forget that look. Can't. Won't. Don't...His eyes. I'm fucking around with life here. Literal life or death situation, for the condition he was in. He's barely standing up. So am I. He's livid. Disappointed. Not just

cos I let him down, cos I went and got drunk... He was hungry all day, waiting, while I was at work. And there I was making him wait all night. No doubt in my mind I took years off his life in that instance. Later that night, he's coughing his guts up, in the room. Worst I'd ever seen at this point. Tell him to get up, we're going to the

hospital. All the while he's apologising to me. I don't want to make a fuss. As if he done me wrong. He's in that position because I put him there. I'm the cause of his suffering. Two, three months later, he's here, on his deathbed. Fear's replaced that look of disappointment... Looks at me and says, you're the apple of my eye. He's

proud... But this fruit is rotten...No, I don't regret not being here when he died. I regret not treating him better when he was alive...I don't want to be a disappointment anymore...I can pay for the funeral...But I have to do something first...

***Pronoun*** by Evan Placey

(Nick Hern Books 2014)

***DEAN:***

I woke up.

I woke up. I showered.

I woke up. I showered. And then the mirror was just there. Suddenly there.

Only it had always been there, but I'd, somehow, I'd managed to never look.

To never really look. Little tricks to avoid myself. But this day, I was there, reflecting back, naked. And it took a minute, proly only seconds, but felt like ages before I realised it was me. My body. And without even thinking I

crossed my arms, have you ever noticed – how I always do that? For as long as I can remember I've always been doing that. And I tried to make them go away. I tried to look away. Because I'd never really looked. But I couldn't.

This was me. And I hated it. Because it wasn't me. Do you understand? My little cousin Adam, you met him at my aunt's wedding, and she's always complaining because Adam won't leave it alone – he's five and he won't stop playing with his willy. Always investigating. I never did. Never investigated my own body. Why? Why is that? I'm standing in front of this mirror, the steam fading away, making the image clearer and clearer, this girl, this woman staring back at me. And it was like everything clicked into place.

People say your life flashes before your eyes before you die, well I wasn't dying but suddenly everything in my life was playing back.

And in the mirror it all just suddenly made sense. Why I'd always felt a bit... wrong. And suddenly in my head, everything was... right. I'd never investigated, because I knew I wouldn't like what I found.

***Extinct*** by April de Angelis

(Faber and Faber 2021)

**APRIL:**

I came on my bike which I locked up safely several streets away. Now in the crowd, as anxiety and hunger pricks us, the emotion turns sour. Near me a fight breaks out. People turn on the one who they say was pushing in. The guy is near tears – his kids are hungry, his wife is sick. It turns mean. The thud of fists on flesh. I try to raise my voice but no one hears me. The press of bodies is claustrophobic. Ahead, the iron shutter at the depot is drawn down halfway and a woman appears. Why have they chosen a woman? Do they think we will forgive her more easily? She asks the crowd to disperse. *The depot is now empty. We will reopen tomorrow at 8 a.m. when another delivery is expected.* They can only provide for the last twenty queuers. People mutter. They know they are being fobbed off. The armed security guards at her side look on impassively though I can imagine sweat pricking their armpits. Someone once told me that in cities we are only ever six meals away from starvation but I had dismissed it. I lived a short walk away from twenty fast-food outlets. What about Deliveroo? Something like a moan rises from the crowd. The unbearable thought of another hungry night, the faces of their disappointed, bewildered kids, their cries of hunger. There is a sudden jolt forwards. I am caught in a vast river of bodies. Part of me wants to run back to my bike, flee the madness, but another part is thinking – I've stood here for two hours in punishing sun and now to be told to return home with nothing? I too taste anger, bitterness. How has this been allowed to happen? We were not born to go hungry. I'm too far back from the front and I feel guilty – I had stopped off on the way by the canal – there was a lone duck meandering along the puddling water. I wanted the normal so badly as I waited there transfixed to the spot. Wishing myself back. A year, two years, five, a decade – to when there was still time to do something about it.

***Berlin*** by Joanna Murray Smith

(Currency Press 2021)

**TOM:**

I wasn't interested at first. I didn't want to get drawn into...I don't know. but my mother showed me the databases...It was just a – a casual thing-but the pieces started to come together...The Nazis meticulously documented what they stole. Over 20,000 works on neatly typed index cards, now online. I found the Picasso and the Chagall and the Klee. But no Constable. No Aphrodite. I went back through the records to see how the works were acquired...And I began to wonder if the dealer hadn't kept a memento for himself. Lo and behold, the Constable was formally listed when your parents put it into the Sotheby's sale in '89. They retracted it as you know. [*Beat.*] Perhaps they knew someone might be looking for it.

*Beat. He allows a moment for this to sink in.*

It wasn't hard to track your mother via her own website. I told her I was writing my doctorate on English Romantic painters and I'd love to see her Constable. 'My daughter Charlotte has it,' she said. In Berlin.' Your Facebook page had enough clues to narrow it down. Shots of you hanging out of a window in summer above a ramen place, et cetera. There's a photo of you in your street in a crazy wig with your street number behind you. Your neighbour was kind enough to tell me you were working at the bar when I bumped into him in the stairwell. [*Beat.*] And there you were. [*Beat.*] And here I am.