

THE GOAT, OR WHO IS SYLVIA?

BILLY

(Male, Playing Age – 17-25)

Note: this piece is edited from Scene 3 of the original script to create a monologue for the actor performing the audition.

Billy

They asked us at school – when? Last week, last month? – They asked each of us in this class to talk about how normal our lives were, how ... how conventional it all was and how did we feel about it. And a lot of the guys got up and talked about – you know – our home lives, how our parents get on, and all; and it wasn't very special except the guys whose parents are divorced or one has dies or gone crazy, or whatever. I mean, it was all about what you'd expect. Maybe everybody left all the juicy stuff out, or they didn't know it. So, it was all pretty dull, pretty much what you'd expect. *(waits a little)* You know what I'm going to tell them – when I get up there on my hind legs? I think what I'll tell is this: that I've been living with two people about as splendid as you can get; that if I'd been born to other people it couldn't have been any better. No; really, I mean it. You two guys are about as good as they come. You're smart, and fair, and you have a sense of humour – both of you – and ... and you're Democrats. You *are* Democrats, aren't you? And you've figured out that raising a kid does *not* include making him into a carbon copy of *you*, that you're letting me think you're putting up with me being gay far better than you probably really are. Thank you, by the way. Anyway, you've let me have it better than a lot of kids, better than a lot of 'mums and dads' have, a lot closer to what being grown up will look like – as far as I can tell. Good guidance; it's great to see how two people can love each other. ... At least that's what I thought – until today, until the shit hit the fan! *(big crying underneath)* ... until the shit hit the fan, and the talk I was going to do at school became history. *(exaggerated)* What will I say *now*?! Goodness me! The Good Ship Lollipop has gone and sunk. *(more normal now)* What will I say?! Well, lets see: I came home yesterday and everything had been great – absolutely normal, therefore great. Great parents, great house, great trees, great cars – you know; the old 'great'. *(bigger now, more exaggerated)* But then today I come home and what do I *find*? I find my great mum and my great dad talking about a letter from great good friend Ross ...A letter from great good friend Ross written to great good mum about how great good dad has been out in the barnyard fucking *animals*! Animals! Well, one in particular. A goat! A fucking goat! You see, guys, your stories are swell or whatever, but I've got one'll blow your socks off, as they used to say, wipe the tattoos right off your butts. Ya see, while great old Mum and great old Dad have been doing the great old parent thing, one of them has been underneath the house, down in the cellar, digging a pit so deep!, so wide!, so ... HUGE! ... we'll all fall in and *(crying now)* and never ... be ... able ...to... climb ... out Again – no matter how much we want to, how hard we try. And you see, kids, fellow students, you see, I love these people. I love the man who's been down there digging – when he's not giving it to a goat! I love this man! I love him!