

*Richard G*

## PARTY

I

The beer is starting to work.  
Michael is looking for Ralph.  
Ralph is back inside. I hope he didn't throw up on the footpath.  
Dave is fiddling around with the stereo.  
Janet, his girlfriend, is sitting by herself, drinking and looking bored.  
Lucas is arguing with Dave.  
Tom's wandered off again, looking for some girl he met at the pub last night. He's supposed to be here.  
Shane stands up, points at Dave and tells him to shut up. Lucas agrees.  
James comes in with Sharon.  
Sharon grabs something and starts drinking.  
Jeff looks bored.

II

I'm trying to talk to Janet, but her neckline is more interesting than the conversation.  
Ralph is asleep.  
Michael walks in and grabs a beer. He puts it back down, swearing. He looks at me. He's not happy that I'm talking to Janet.  
Dave, Janet's boyfriend, stomps away from the stereo.  
Lucas calls him a dickhead.  
Shane steals a bottle of whisky and goes out the back.  
James butts into my conversation and starts telling me about his week.  
Sharon is talking loudly.  
Jeff is listening to her.

III

Beer is good. I stagger over to Lucas to find out how he is, if he's enjoying himself, and to see if he knows where the front door has gone.  
Michael is talking to Janet now.  
Dave is swearing about stolen whisky.  
Lucas proposes a toast to tits. I agree.  
James is talking to Janet and Michael. Michael looks annoyed.  
Sharon pretends to be cute.  
Jeff goes along with it.

IV

Bloody stereo isn't working. Oh, yes it is.

Michael is looking at Dave, talking to Janet.

Dave hasn't noticed yet, he's too busy yelling about the whisky.

Lucas is ~~laying~~ on his back, laughing.

Tom walks in. He's dressed up and he's crying.

The lights go out. The bloody stereo bloody stops. Everyone is quiet so we can hear Shane giggling outside.

I don't know where James is.

But I can still hear Sharon bellowing. Who invited her, anyway? 'S my bloody party.

Oh, good. She shuts up. Jeff must be busy.

V

The lights come on. Thank Fuck!

Michael is looking for Janet.

Janet seems to have vanished. Wait a sec, she comes out of the toilet.

Dave tells her that they're going. She tells him that they aren't.

Lucas yells out, 'Music! Music! Music!'

Tom walks out of the room and yells, 'Where's the fuckin front door.'

Shane would be game to come back inside after his effort.

James looks bored.

Sharon's still got her clothes on.

So's Jeff.

VI

I'm sick of everything so I go to my room. The party sucks.

Janet walks in and starts pointing at things, asking about them.

Dave walks in and tells Janet that they have to go. He wants to get to the pub early. They leave.

Ralph rolls out from under my bed. He doesn't look like he knows where he is.

Whoever put him there must have thought they were funny.

I can hear Lucas singing 'Stairway to Heaven'.

Jeff saunters in and asks me for a condom ~~cause~~ he broke his doing a dumb trick earlier.

## VII

I leave my bedroom cause there's no beer in my bedroom and beer is better than a lonely bedroom.

I leave Ralph laying on my floor.

Michael's talking to Lucas about the missing door. He gives me a beer.

Dave and Janet aren't about.

Lucas turns the stereo up.

Tom's gone to bed.

Sharon and Jeff tell me that they have to be somewhere really urgently and that they'll see me later, 'Okay?'

## VIII

Bloody party's gone down the shithole. I start wandering around the house, looking for survivors.

Ralph is still on my floor. He asks me where he is. I tell him that I don't know, then turn off the light and shut the door.

I can hear Michael singing.

Lucas is teaching him the words to 'stairway'.

Tom tells me to fuck off when I go into his bedroom. Then he says that I'd better find the front door before morning or I'd be in the shit.

I find Shane. He's standing in the passage. His eyes are half open, a thin string of drool hangs from the corner of his mouth. I laugh and ask him who he is. He grunts.

## IX

The beer is starting to make me tired. I take Shane and put him on the passage floor. If someone stands on him, he won't feel it.

Michael and Lucas have just had a beer fight in the lounge. I tell them to stop, and that I want the couch.

I lay down on the couch.

Lucas says, 'Great party.'

I go to sleep.

By Michael Oates