

THE CHICKS

WRITTEN BY DARREN BREALEY

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THE CHICKS

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THE CHICKS

This is a seriously scary look at filthy, outer suburb, cigarette-smoking scrags called Jenny, Amanda and Sheryl. If you thought boys were crude and disgusting when they mob together, these three dirty skanks will have you dry retching into your stubbie-holder from the word go. Jenny, Amanda and Sheryl could have been the school captain, the vice president of the local council or maybe even a shopkeeper. However, their antics with their boyfriends, Peanut, Booga and Pigface, somehow distract them from their futures as anything but middle class. Meeting at the local cinema for their weekly ritual of movie-going, the three young girls come together to parade their outwardly disgusting habits, language and home secrets.

The Chicks was first performed at Trades Hall in the Annexe Room, Melbourne, on 6 October 1999, with the following cast:

JENNY	<i>Naomi Lopez</i>
AMANDA	<i>Sian Price</i>
SHERYL	<i>Elizabeth Penny</i>

Three young women sit around a table, discussing their personal lives. They have met to go to the movies and are undecided on which movie to see. The day outside is drawing to a close and the cinema is busy with movie-goers. The smell of popcorn and sweets fill the air. The girls sit, scanning the foyer for men to pick up, and to look at other women and their men.

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Three young women sit around a table in the local cinema foyer, discussing their personal lives.

AMANDA: Hey, Sheryl, he's a bit all right.

SHERYL: Don't like the look of that one.

JENNY: Why not? I would...

SHERYL: Yeah, but you did Booga – and *no one* does Booga!

AMANDA: Yeah, not after what happened to him in jail.

JENNY: Peanut leaves nothing to the imagination. You can tell which side he dresses to.

SHERYL: It's not the size, Jenny, it's what he does with it.

JENNY: What does he do with it?

SHERYL: None of your beeswax.

AMANDA: I'd never go back to Mick. Not real romantic, like. There was this one time, we were doing it in the back of his car on the footy field. He reckoned he'd kick a goal if we did it on the footy field.

JENNY: Did he get it between the posts?

AMANDA: Got a hole in one.

SHERYL: That's golf.

AMANDA AND JENNY: *That's Mick.*

SHERYL: What movie we gonna see, chicks?

JENNY: What about, *Roaring Guns*?

SHERYL: Seen it.

JENNY: *Misadventure*?

AMANDA: Nah! Got that fairy guy in it, the blond-haired freak.

JENNY: *The Sister's Move*?

SHERYL: Seen it.

JENNY: I know – what about, *Burning Ring?*

AMANDA: That's Sheryl, after curry.

SHERYL: You're such a scrag, Amanda.

AMANDA: Dog's breath.

SHERYL: 'Manda reckons she's gone down on Peanut's glamour-hammer.

AMANDA: Have too!

SHERYL: Have not!

AMANDA: Have too!

SHERYL: Have not!

JENNY: Get a load of *him*.

SHERYL: Oh yeah, I'd do him.

AMANDA: You'd do *Booga*.

SHERYL: That was just a rumour started by that bitch, Karen. She was jealous 'cause I got to go down on her boyfriend, before she did. Takes a real woman to handle a whopper.

JENNY: Just like Hungry Jacks.

AMANDA: Yeah.

SHERYL: You know, I reckon if I get back with Pigface, I'd need money to rent a nice little place of my own, if I had to.

JENNY: But, you'd be living with Pigface.

SHERYL: Not if he turned into a bastard again, like when he was two-timing me with Kelly.

AMANDA: Kelly's such a dog.

JENNY: Yeah. She and Peanut were on together. I slapped her on the head. She bit Peanut's glamour-hammer.

JENNY: What about, *Rabbit's Head?*

SHERYL: Seen it.

JENNY: Oh.

SHERYL: I want to get married and tell my grandkids what a great life I had.

JENNY: You getting hitched with Pigface?

SHERYL: No. But if he asked me first...

JENNY: Can I be bridesmaid?

AMANDA: You always get to be bridesmaid.

JENNY: I'm good at it.

AMANDA: You've done it for six weddings.

JENNY: Yeah, Mum reckons it's only a matter of time before it's my turn.

SHERYL: After the good-looking ones have gone.

AMANDA: Yeah. You and Booga can get married.

SHERYL: No one goes down on Booga no more.

JENNY: It doesn't look that bad.

AMANDA: Not what I heard.

JENNY: You don't even notice the scars.

SHERYL: Aren't bits missing?

JENNY: He had 'em sewn back on. Let's see, *Seedless Time*.

SHERYL: Seen it.

AMANDA: You know, I reckon Wayne is a nice bloke.

SHERYL: Yeah.

AMANDA: Lets me be myself.

SHERYL: The Queen of Sheba.

AMANDA: He's been there to help me through some tough times.

SHERYL: All I've ever wanted in my life is eight matching plates and a recipe for a meal that won't kill anyone I have for dinner.

JENNY: When you almost killed Pigface?

SHERYL: He was on with that bitch, Kelly. I didn't put enough stuff in that batch.

Pause.

AMANDA: Have a look at what that slag is wearing!

SHERYL: Who does she think she is?

AMANDA: Look at that top. What Salvo's bin she get that out of?

JENNY: Probably the same one you shop at.

SHERYL: Who is she kidding about that hair?

JENNY: What a scrag!

SHERYL: Just like your old lady.

JENNY: She looks like that girl who threw up over Peanut.

AMANDA: Is that the girl Peanut was gettin' on with?

SHERYL: Can't tell without the vomit in her hair.

AMANDA: She's got a love bite on her neck.

JENNY: So?

AMANDA: Peanut gives love bites there.

JENNY: Let's see what movie she's gonna see. We could sit behind her and throw chewy in her hair.

SHERYL: Yeah, that would shit her.

AMANDA: Who's that guy she's with?

JENNY: He's a bit all right.

SHERYL: That's probably her brother.

AMANDA: Looks like a close family.

JENNY: What ya mean?

SHERYL: That's disgusting, Amanda.

AMANDA: Chill out, bitch!

SHERYL: He's better-looking than Pigface.

JENNY: Who isn't?

SHERYL: I bet he's the nice type.

JENNY: What is the nice type?

SHERYL: You know, someone who pays for dinner, take you out for fun – stuff like that.

AMANDA: There's only one type of man, me old lady reckons.

SHERYL: What's that?

***** Truncated *****

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