

## **ATYP Audition Monologue – 2021**

### **FOLLOW ME HOME by Lewis Treston**

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Home. A little past midnight. Dad's gone ... No car, no keys, no Nefertiti Cleaning Supplies -- all the cardboard boxes have just, vanished ... Nothing ... The whole house looks empty. Cleaned out. Like some other family might come through the front door at any moment and just move in. Just because he isn't here doesn't mean he isn't coming back. He could be back soon -- real soon maybe. Head down the hall. My room. Mirror ... The swelling around my eye has started to come down. Still red though. Back pack. Jumper. Shoes. Jeans. A few shirts. Airport pillow. It's hard to think what you might need. Tooth brush? Deodorant? Food? It doesn't take long to fill the bag -- with what almost doesn't seem to matter ... Head back down the hallway and I see mum. Mop in hand, head down, lathering up the floor with suds. The smell of pine. It's like she doesn't even know it's the middle of the night. It takes her a moment ... Five seconds maybe before she realises I'm there ... She looks up at me. I know she sees the bag but her expression remains sort of frozen. Neither happy nor sad just an empty face of someone who has already died somewhere behind the eyes. I see it in my eyes sometimes, just a flicker, a flash of that same emptiness some mornings when I get out of bed. She steps towards me. Her bare feet walking across the hot mop water. She looks at me and maybe for a moment I see something. A shimmer of my Mum who used to follow the model train tracks with me in a loop, all around the library ... "Please, if you see your father, don't tell him I saw you" ... Then she disappears again. Gaze down as she pushes the mop head in reverse figure eights across the floor.