

**Audition Sides: MY ROBOT
OPHELIA**

Ophelia sits inside a cardboard packing box. She addresses the audience.

Ophelia: We're all just made from pieces. There are the obvious ones, like...
[Considers and points] Like arms and hands, and nose, and toes – and ear, and rear, and here, and here.

But there are other pieces too – ones-you-can't-see pieces. Like the ones that fill a head. Or fill a heart. Or fill a cardboard box that you pack when your parents they decide to go live by the seaside. A box full of memories that weighs nothing – but that's nearly too heavy to lift. And those pieces, they can be all kinds of shapes. They might be the shape of a girl, say. Who you used to walk to school with, say, and who was the exact right size for a best friend to be.

Or the shape of a small red house with a chimney, and a thick lovely carpet that used to be perfect for disappearing your toes in.

Or the shape of... of a tall pointy mountain covered with snow. And on that memory-mountain lay the memory-footprints of memory-bushwalks you used to take with mum and dad, back when that mountain lived right behind your house, and not three hours flying in an aeroplane away.

All those 'used tos' – because they're not here anymore. But also all those 'used tos'. Because I was so used to them.

Pause.

We're all just made from pieces. And I know lots of them (like best friends and red houses and snowy mountains) aren't gone. I know really they're right where I left them. But that's the point...

I left them. And so I feel a piece less. *[Beat]* I feel less peace.