**Year 12 Literature class**

**BEGINNING**

*[It is the 1950s, on this particular day the streets are vibrant, traffic is jammed from the influx of people, the rain is violent, and the city is full of life. Amid this all, Phillip on the way home from work bumps into Oliver, resulting in a dispute.]*

*Phillip: Watch where you’re going, I’m walking out here!*

*Oliver: Sorry, my bad.*

*[Oliver mutters under his breath and insults Phillip, But Phillip hears this]*

*Oliver: Snob!*

*Phillip: What did you just say to m…*

*Oliver: Is that you, Phillip?*

*Phillip: Well I’ll be damned, I’d have mistaken you for a no good crook.*

*Oliver: I’d have mistaken you for a snob.*

*[Both Oliver and Phillip laugh, as they greet each other with firm handshakes]*

David Angelo Panyuan

**CREATIVE**

*Outside, standing out on the Gallery, two young adults, look down upon the rail, silent. The man is wearing a suit, conveying a very formal appearance, with his hair slicked back. The woman beside him also has the appearance of formality, with her short hair in tight curls. They appear to be trying to listen to the sounds from within, not focusing their attention on each other.*

GOOPER [*tilts his head up, seemingly frustrated*]: They’re still going on about his drinkin’. When will they just let him go?

MAE [*continues staring at the ground below, and says with self-assurance*]: That won’t be an issue when we get Big Daddy’s property, and Brick will have his fall from grace. You just wait, honey. You just wait.

GOOPER [*frustratingly*]: That’s all we’ve been doing, Mae! Waitin’! Waitin’ every damn minute for them to realise I’ve worked hard my whole life. I didn’t become a corporate lawyer for nothin’! But that irresponsible brother of mine, is the favourite! He’s always the favourite! He just continues to pull the wool over their eyes, like his alcohol blurs his own!  That BRICK-

Katelyn Morland