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*At Onehunga High School. Walking to school.*

- Thomus:               Excuse me there lass may I draw attent  
                               To a circumstance most grave, a portent dire,  
                               Though your abrupt abatement may cause irk,  
                               An irksome jerk on your express momentum,  
                               My methods rough with gruff expedience,  
                               My duties and my manners as a man  
                               Require my heralding thus:
- Wendy:                What is this prated prose?
- Thomus:               Your shoelace is untied.
- She looks.*
- Thomus:               I forced your gaze. Haha.
- Wendy:                Ha ha how full of origin you are.  
                               Only humour of such an earthy nature  
                               Would cause you, boy, this swinish joy.
- Thomus:               Your use of 'boy' is so disputable  
                               A tree could argue 'man' and win with ease.
- Wendy:                Oh gee, I'll not walk easy into that  
                               For next you'll mention 'wood' and all the poise  
                               Of our past conversations down the drain.
- Thomus:               Why can't I mention wood? For it is that,  
                               That very thing that makes me more the man.
- Wendy:                And there he goes, tis done our dialogue,  
                               Has reached an all-time low.  
                               What is you want oh man with mighty limb.  
                               What brought you barking hither?  
                               Enquiring after roots I do suppose.
- Thomus:               I want? Why nought of course, just saw your plight

And like the seemly citizen I be  
I stopped to help.

Wendy: Oh right, yes now I see.

The brainless damsel needed saving, help!

Thomus: Damsel, hardly, brainless possibly.

Wendy: Oh my god.

Thomus: And a blasphemer too. This white knight better find a better bint.

Wendy: Go on then.

Thomus: Ooo the lady is cut and cuts back with twice the slice. I take my leave.

*He begins to go, then*

But actually, I did mean to ask you something.

Wendy: You did? Well best you shoot in case you hit.

Thomus: Remember what we spoke of yesterday?

Wendy: Your crap poem or our delinquent pact?

Thomus: I'm glad to find that you remember that...

Wendy: Which one?

Thomus: Tis only one, forget the first.

Wendy: I think I'll hold that mem'ry dear to heart.

Thomus: You will?

Wendy: Of course! The tortures much too fun.

Thomus: Listen, I'm going to sneak away at lunchtime and I might not be back the rest of the day. Would you cover me?

Wendy: Again you wag and yet you've just arrived?

Quite the rebel our wee Thomus is.

I know it sucks here but what takes you hence?

Do you, like, have a job?

Thomus: No, no, no work.

Wendy: Then why on earth the truence in succession?

Was I right when I guessed your banishment,  
 From school before, but then perhaps I had  
 Guessed at a toxic wrongly. No not acid  
 That got this boy expelled. You smoke dat kush.  
 Dat sticky icky in the toilets huh?

Thomus: Be muted.

Wendy: Uh Huh, I'm right you're off to smoke a bowl.

Thomus: Are you quite done?

Wendy: Mayhap I should come with?

Thomus: No don't do that.

Wendy: Come now is it you do not want to share?  
 I hear that holding out is such poor manners.

Thomus: I am not holding out on nothing 'kay!?  
 It matters not the why when I depute  
 To you this task its just important that  
 You cover me.

Wendy: Of course sir smokes-a-lot.  
 Oh such the goodest job oh will I do,  
 To what extent do you henceforth require,  
 My meek and humble female servitude?  
 On many levels do I aim to please,  
 My help ranges from unctuous sycophant,  
 To deft and delicately obsequious.

Thomus: Good God when I brought up our deal to wag  
 I did not think I 'd be contemned by it.  
 Look here, it does not matter why I do,  
 I simply must Ok? Now please, will you  
 Cover my small sojourn?

Wendy: Ok, OK,

No need for you to use those baby blues.  
 I'll do it with all strength that I can muster.  
 But hold you, boy, how am I to achieve?  
 What should I say to these well vicious masters?

Thomus: You'd best just say I'm stuck in the sick bay.  
 And by the way, do you have plans this night?

Wendy: You looking for a party stoner-head?

Thomus: Um yeah, of course, whatever goes I guess.  
 Just dread to be left stuck in with the folks,  
 If I am forced to sit and take commune  
 With Graham Norton and his gang of boobs  
 I think I'll kill someone.

Wendy: Don't knock the Norton!

Thomus: "Oh Thom but look he is just risible."  
 I think the word you mean mum's rideable.

Wendy: Haha Mums have gaydar like fish have legs.

Thomus: Never a truer nor stranger sentence spoke  
 But you do solemnly swear?

Wendy: As solemnly as one could.

Thomus: Ill see you round this freaky neighborhood.

*Thomus exits running.*

Wendy: Weird.

*Wendy exits.*

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*The three G's stand huddled in conversation once more. Outside the house on Hill Street.*

George: Of course I am a fine epicurist.  
 And so I am not sated by the yoke,