# SCRIPT – LOOKING FOR ALIBRANDI

**Jacob** You know, I didn’t know what to talk about today, because I was only told an hour ago that I had to say something. I was gonna speak about the freedom you feel when you ride a motor bike, but that has nothing to do with having a say. When my neighbour up here was talking about ignorance when it came to sex education I was worried. I couldn’t think of anything to say that was as worthwhile as her speech. Until I looked out and saw everyone. And I felt lucky. Because we have a choice, and I think that we vote, not to get the *best* party in, but to keep the *worst* party out. Because we can stand here and protest. We can get all riled up about the Premier’s ideas. We can say he’s a dickhead even. We can call the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition one as well.

*We* can scream and shout and protest and even burn our flag if we want to. Because we’re free to do whatever we want to do and if we break the law we get a fair trial.

But in some countries, people can’t do that. They can’t go out into places like Martin Place and protest.

In some countries people our age can’t concentrate on their schoolwork or their lives because of the sound of gunfire.

In some countries they have one-party systems and they have things called the People’s Army and when the people come out and have a say like we’re doing today – scream and shout and voice their opinion – the People’s Army shoots the people. Young people like us.

So great. Let’s be apathetic. Let’s not vote. Let’s let anyone run this country. Let’s all be ignorant and let’s all be proud of that ignorance. And maybe we’ll have a People’s Army one day to.

# SCRIPT – LOOKING FOR ALIBRANDI

**Jacob** Sometimes I’m with my friends and I feel as if I don’t fit in because of you. Because you opened me up to this whole new world out there. I don’t want to become a mechanic and work all day long and then at night go to the pub and marry someone just like me and have two children and whinge about housing payments and petrol prices and the economy. I wanted that last year. No, that’s not true. I thought that’s what life was all about last year. But this year I realised, because of you, that there’s more to life. I still want to be a mechanic, but I want to step outside my circle and look at the other options. I don’t want to do what other people think I’ll end up doing. I don’t want to be stereotyped because of the school I attend or the district I live in. I want all things in life that John Barton gave up because he was too scared to step out of his circle. But I have to do that on my own.

# SCRIPT – LOOKING FOR ALIBRANDI

**Jacob** You were right not to let me make love to you. Because you’re you. Out of some misguided thinking you would feel the need to stay with me for the rest of your life, because you probably think that the first man you make love to is the man you have to marry. I’ve thought of that and it seems pretty freaky, but beautiful. My father was the only man my mother ever made love to, but she was sure of herself. You’re not, Jose, I’m not saying we haven’t got a chance. We have a great chance. But now is all wrong.