

BLACK AND WHITE
by Danielle Brame Whiting

CREED

Let me tell you how life works. You do right by me, and I'll do right by you. It's that simple.

There's right and there's wrong. None of this grey shit people go on about.

I've lived by this motto since I was about fifteen and I stand by it. You want some examples, yeah, of course you do. You shouldn't just take a man at his word, hey. What kind of a world would we be living in if you just took a man at his word?

Stares at audience.

You know I'm being sarcastic, right? I think it's fricking disgusting how distrusting people are now-a-days. Why, you tell me, why is it that we are constantly asking people to prove themselves? I back myself, I do. And I pride myself in always telling the truth, no matter how it makes other people feel. At least they always know they're getting the truth. Might not like it, but they could never doubt my honesty. And yeah, sure, I could probably find a nicer way to say things at least... oh... three quarters of the time, but that's not my problem. Your reactions are your responsibility. I've said my piece, I've been honest, and fuck you if you don't like it.

Beat.

Lost a few friends along the way, obviously. People who think I'm too harsh. One idiot who said I had no compassion. Can you believe it? No compassion? I've got compassion up the bloody wazoo. I know what it feels like to have people lie to you. I know what it feels like to be betrayed. My compassion is telling that idiot the bloody truth and if he didn't want to hear the truth, well, that's his fricking problem. I am who I am, and if he can't just accept me for



who I am then he was never a friend to begin with. Told me I had no compassion. You know what I did? I stood up, gave him the bird, and walked away. That's me, that's just how I work.

Beat

You know what he did? We had an agreement right. We were both looking after this guy's dog and, yeah fair enough, I was working more than he was, so he was watching the dog more than me. Then there were these few weeks where I was just overwhelmed right, with work and stuff, life, and he had to take it on. That's life right. Well, all of a sudden, out of nowhere, he bites my fricking head off saying crap about me being selfish and stuff. Goes on about his mental health, like I'm psychic or something and I should've just known that stuff about him. I mean get a grip, it's just a dog, you just chuck food in a bowl and take it for a walk once a day. What's he fricking whinging about? Yeah, well, I'm not having that. He can take his friendship and shove it fair up his arse with that attitude. Doesn't he get how full on my job is? Yeah? At no time did I hear him ask me about how I was or anything. And it wasn't my fault that he kept changing the times of the walks and stuff. Like I'm responsible for the crap that goes on in his life or something!

Bottom line, he did the wrong thing. And when I didn't just lie down and take it, he couldn't cope. That's on him.

Right and wrong, mate, it's not hard. You do right by me and we'll have no problems. Understand?

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