

THE CALLING

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LOUISE STANDS AT A TABLE WITH SOME PERFECT CUPCAKES, A GIFTBOX AND A SYRINGE. WHILE SHE IS TALKING SHE OPENS THE GIFTBOX AND PREPARES TO PUT THE CAKES IN.

LOUISE: The whole casting couch thing is a myth. Doesn't work. I've slept with actors, writers, directors...At least that's what they said they were.... The only job I ever got out of it was doing data entry at a ticketing agency. There's nothing wrong with that but I'm an actor. A potentially great one. If I have to go the whole hog with someone I find extremely unattractive, I want more out of it than \$15.50 an hour and a case of RSI.

The thing is.... Every time I sleep with someone to get a job....When no job eventuates....I start to wonder whether it means I'm a bad actor, a dud root or both? It becomes mind fuck. It threatens to question my talent. And that's wrong because I'm extraordinarily talented.

For months I've been sensing a need to take my destiny in my own hands. I found a quote which is the new blueprint for my life. "Twenty years from now you'll be more disappointed by the things that you didn't do than by the ones you did". That's the most positive thing I've ever heard. It's a call to action. Its saying "Louise, do what's necessary to fulfill your dreams".

The three "p's" are my new mantra. Planning, preparation , proactivity. A 3 point plan. Getting a role is a merely process of hard work, research and...Elimination. Done right... Success is almost preordained.

Number one was reconnecting with my agent. He knows I'm gifted. So gifted that sometimes I think he finds it almost frightening. He first saw me perform in a musical adaptation of Macbeth. It closed after two performances because it was so misunderstood it just wasn't mainstream. It wasn't white bread. . It was art. I had a small but pivotal moment as a dancing dagger. I was completely nude which was nothing because I was emotionally naked anyway.

He immediately gave me a job....Cleaning his offices. Every morning after I'd finish the toilets I'd leave signed headshots taped on the toilet roll holder and the hand dryer. I wanted to keep myself front of mind.

But that's not enough. The second key is preparation. When I go to an audition I try to be in the exact mindset of the character I'm playing. If that means not washing for a week or picking up a random guy in a nightclub and having sex in the back of my car..... So be it. Acting is my God and you can't just say to a God...."No I don't feel like shagging a stranger tonight." It's a calling and you can't turn your back on a calling. You can't pick and choose how you answer.

The third thing seems complicated but is easier than you think. I make it my business to find out who my competition is and set about removing them. I'm flexible so sometimes it's a permanent elimination and sometimes it may be a temporary thing. Whatever's appropriate for the situation. Or the role.

I prefer the idea of something temporary to the more permanent option. I don't hate anyone.... I just can't have them taking the parts I'm destined for. And I'm destined for them. No question.

I know permanent elimination sounds like a euphemism but its not. I don't get up in the morning with a premeditated idea that I'm going to dispose of someone. I only ever consider it if the part's right and in some ways that makes the whole thing self defence. Defence of my calling. Defence of my God.

LOUISE PICKS UP THE CAKES ONE BY ONE AND INJECTS THE CONTENTS OF THE SYRINGE INTO THEM. SHE PLACES EACH ONE GENTLY IN THE GIFT BOX.

My experience with Susie Fisher is a perfect example. We were up for the same role but she wouldn't give in. So determined. On the morning of our audition I put sugar in her petrol tank and smashed her windscreen. But she got a cab.

I didn't want to take the next step. I tried so many things but she backed me into a corner. It was inevitable. There was no elegance about it and that was offensive. But she was just so persistent. She forced my hand.

I simply had no choice. If Susie Fisher got that role and in 10 years, won an Oscar....I would never forgive myself. Isn't it better that I actively ended her career than passively watched mine slip down the toilet? Her success would have been a constant disappointment. And disappointment is not in stars for me. Ever

Now I have a similar situation with Maddy Howard but she's different. It'll be easy to move her on with a nice little note or a surprise gift. At worst...something recently deceased left accidentally in her mailbox. That'll be more than enough motivation because Maddy knows when to call it a day.

LOUISE CLOSSES THE GIFT BOX AND PATS THE TOP, SATISFIED

It's never easy. It's definitely a duty not a pleasure. It's a necessary evil. But I realize.....All success has a cost Eventually you have to pay the band, the piper, the ferryman.....

Ask anyone...A priest...Anyone serving a God...There has to be an element of sacrifice. It's a martyrdom. And that's what makes it so worthwhile.

LOUISE PICKS UP THE BOX

LIGHTS DOWN