Friday 24 August – 3:20am - Male

Neon lights bleed across the room. She waits facedown and in complete silence, not sure if it is over. His shadow reappears, blanketing her in an icy confirmation that the worst is yet to come. Clammy palms press hard against her mouth. She scratches at his arms but it only makes him smile. Watering eyes stream panic and fear down her cheeks. He's too heavy, too big, too strong. The grimace on his face is playing games with her. It's an encouraging one. Almost like he wants her to put up more of a fight. She kicks. He doesn’t budge. His calloused finger wipes her tear then he decides to release. The air floods into her lungs. She can't speak. She just breathes. It’s still not over.

Tossed over like a corpse, her air quickly disappears. The blackness of the room is strangely comforting. But his forceful grip on her hair soon kills the comfort. He lifts her head up, revealing a vulnerable, slender neck and exposed an Asian tattoo meaning strength. Ironic. A thin red line is left from running his cigarette stained fingernails across it, marking her body like an artist marking a blank canvas.

She is able to let out a quick 'Please!' he doesn’t respond. His silence leaves her wondering how much longer it will take. With little chance to catch a solid breath her face once again is buried into the pillow as her toes dig into the mattress. This time the blackness is not the same, she can hear him mumbling. She screams, desperate for air. Hopeless noises smothered by the scarlet silk sheets. The screams get louder, as do his murmurs. He yanks her hair, giving her a chance to briefly get some air yet the blackness steals it almost instantly.

Her toes curl and cramp as her arms and legs flail. She continues to scream, louder and louder each time.
He doesn’t care, as his clichéd and tacky tattoos of the Southern Cross on his neck and barcode on his back point out.
She throws her head back with a piercing scream, surely it's done, that's got to be it. His murmurs turn to yells, muting her screams.

She lays there, lifeless, not moving. Still and numb. He leans in incredibly close. She can feel his breath on her neck and his heart beat on her chest as if it were her own. With one finger he gently brushes her hair off of her shoulder and tucks it behind her ear revealing yet another tattoo. Hope.
After clearing his throat he whispers “Thanks Honey...best I've had in a while”, she replies “It was fun baby”. They both sit up and straighten themselves out. She walks him to the door, down the long, empty hallway. She walks with a limp and he walks with pride. Just before he sets off into the dark of night seeking his next prey, or victim if you will, he sings out his famous last words “I'll call you in the morning...” Yeah yeah she thought, “I'll believe that when it happens” she mumbled under her breath with a gentle smirk and slight wave.
And just like that he was gone.

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**Saturday 1 November – 1:45am – Girl Number 1**

Unbelievable.

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**Monday 3 November – 8:15am - Male**

19 y/o. Caucasian. 184cm. 82kgs. Green eyes. Tattoo on neck and back. Sandy blonde hair. Alleged to have raped four young women over the past four months. Excellent.

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**Friday 7 November – 12:35am – Girl Number 2**

*All I wanted was a gap between my thighs. I wanted light to shine through that gap, to get rid of the darkness in my soul. I wanted to be light. I wanted to fly, to get rid of the heaviness weighing down on my bones. I wanted to see the white on my rib cage so my mind wouldn’t seem so black. But what nobody warns you is, the only thing you are starving yourself of, is happiness.*

*For every meal that is going down the toilet, a part of your sanity goes with it. You do not get lighter, darling. You get even heavier. Your bones get weaker and like they could break at any second. By thinking you can’t control anything else, you try to control your food, your weight, your body. But what they don’t tell you is you lose control of everything. You were so desperate for light that you let yourself be thrown into the dark just to watch the flames of hell burning.*

Relevant.

*4:10am*

I worked and I worked hard. I pushed myself to the absolute limit to lose weight, watched what I ate, worked out and just tried to get that gap between my thighs but during that whole gruelling process I never once realised that I had lost control. I lost all happiness. I lost myself. I lost. But maybe this will help me find myself again. Give me some temporary happiness and make me feel like I am worth something, anything. Make me feel like I belong.*
Friday 7 November – 6:10am - Male

Another day, another act. On the job again, day in day out. It’s all the same. I wonder who will be my favourite today… So many to choose from, but only one will have it. Only one will have what I am looking for. Here we go again.

Saturday 22 November – 3:20am – Girl Number 3

Neon lights bled across my room. I waited facedown and in complete silence, not sure if it was over. His shadow reappeared, blanketing me in an icy confirmation that the worst was yet to come. Clammy palms press hard against my mouth. I scratched at his arms, but it only made him smile. Watering eyes stream panic and fear down my cheeks. He’s too heavy, too big, too strong. The grimace on his face is playing games with me. It’s an encouraging one. Almost like he wants me to put up more of a fight. I kicked. He didn’t budge. His calloused finger wipes my tear then he decides to release. The air floods into my lungs. I can’t speak. I just breathe. It’s still not over.

I lay there, lifeless, not moving. Still and numb. He leant in incredibly close. I can feel his breath on my neck and his heart beat on my chest as if it were my own. With one finger he gently brushed my hair off of my shoulder and tucked it behind my ear revealing my tattoo. Hope.

After clearing his throat he whispered “Thanks Honey… best I’ve had in a while”.
I replied “It was fun baby”. We both sat up and straightened ourselves out. I walked him to the door, down the long, empty hallway. I walked with a limp and he walked with pride.
Just before he sets off into the dark of night, seeking his next prey or victim, if you will, he sings out his famous last words “I’ll call you in the morning…” Yeah yeah I thought, “I’ll believe that when it happens” I mumbled under my breath with a gentle smirk and slight wave.
And just like that he was gone.

Sunday 1 December – 7:15am – Male

Tossed over like a corpse, her air quickly disappears. The blackness in the room is somewhat comforting. But his forceful grip of her hair kills the comfort. He lifts her head up, revealing a vulnerable, slender neck and exposed tattoo meaning strength. Ironic. A thin red line is left from running his cigarette stained fingernails across it, marking her body like an artist marking a blank canvas.
She is able to let out a quick 'Please!' he doesn't respond. His silence leaves her wondering how much longer it will take. With little chance to catch a solid breath her face once again submerges into the pillow as her toes dig into the mattress. This time the blackness is not the same, she can hear him mumbling...She screams, desperate for air. Hopeless noises smothered by the scarlet silk sheets. The screams get louder, as does his murmurs. He yanks her hair, giving her a chance to briefly get some air, yet the blackness steals it almost instantly.

That's enough for today.

Monday 9 December – 4:30pm - Male

Convicted. Sentence = life. Every dog has their day I suppose, this must be his. Well deserved, solid efforts, good try. All good things must come to an end. This is the end.

Tuesday 10 December – 12:00pm – Girl Number 4

Thanks Honey...best I've done in a while!

Friday 24 December – 6:30pm – Male = Director of film

The past 4 months have been a blast. I've loved playing around, trying new things and having fun whilst getting the job done. I don't know how I would have possibly done it without you. I hope you have had just as much fun as I have and enjoyed every second. I will see all of you at the advanced screening on Wednesday and hopefully back on set next year for part two!

And that's a wrap.

Tayla Hendry