

The two Ford Thunderbirds zipped through Rose Bay with its spirits high. Their yellow paint glowed and glistened in the sunshine, with its metal icons radiating heat to the other cars. Inside the vehicles, two large steering wheels with two leisurely drivers swerving in and out of traffic despite my consistent protests. Small glasses of champagne passed between driver and passenger and the passengers were dressed like kings. The smoothest Italian suits with R.M. William's boots. Swiss watches stake their rightful claim on young tanned forearms. To my left, I viewed a wonderful assortment of villas, each one with its own style of architecture, floral design and a vehicle in the driveway but all had the same air of prestige and elegance that I craved.

The passengers in the vehicle to my right were my friends. I was in the back of the two cars with my cousin, Garrett Smith. His father was the deputy mayor and his high status was a family affair with dozens of relatives being involved at Macquarie Street. Garrett had been a star water polo player at school and his piercing blue eyes made any opponent or potential date amazed but slightly frightened.

The other scorching star had my two best friends, Harry Tanstew and Donald Grant. Harry had a large build and a larger mouth. He spoke about his conquests with many women, the dates he would have where she was a model or a billionaire's daughter. His general character was reflective of his interests of rugby and debating where every chance he got, he would strike his opponent with his brawn or mental sharpness .

On the contrary, Donald was mute and observant. His brain was crammed with great knowledge, wit and piano scores. His brain burned up so much energy that his hairline was slowly receding. As the two burning stars sped towards the city, I took a sip of champagne and turned to Garrett.

"Tell me Gare, who will be at this party?"

"Everyone who's worth a damn and a million more," he jested

"Yes but anyone I know? I wish not to be shown around like a exchange student "

"What's the matter" Garrett throws his right arm over my shoulder and pulls me closer "You've got nothing to worry about, you have the grandeur to make a Murdoch think you're well off"

"Besides, if anyone's going to be the talk of the party, it'll be Harry. He was talking earlier about some people from rugby would be attending and that he intended to... embarrass them"

"Has he no shame?" This wasn't the first time Harry had spoken boldly.

“Why do we keep him floating in our social circles”

“Why does an oxpecker acquinate himself with an ox?” We sat in silence for a moment.

“Will you come see my play next week, cousin?” asked Garrett.

“Um, I might, where is it held?” I queried

“A small theater at Martin Place, it would mean a great deal to me if you came. You see cousin, I’ve been surrounded by these creative types. You know the ones. I have quite a nuanced relationship with them. On the one hand, they keep nagging me about politics and inherited wealth with no self-respect at all. On the other hand, they sure know how to have a good time.” I nodded my head out of politeness.

“You know, one of these creatives was teaching a beautiful quote from the Bard. Shall I ?” Knowing that resistance was futile, I urged him on.

“All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players' ”

As we absorbed our seemingly endless wit, the other star suddenly created a large bang with Harry and Donald failing the arms in a demonic way as if they intended to do it. A line of questioning followed when we pulled over but soon, the stars were beginning to appear above. We quickly ran towards the house. It wasn’t the way that we intended to reach the soiree but it was at least functional. The four men arrive at their theater for the evening. We strutted towards the entrance, donning our costumes, personas and lines for the night. As the party began, it was evident that this social standing and the script attached was in effect with no improvisation allowed and I was willing to play my part.