EXTRACT

Saturday Night Newtown, Sunday Morning Enmore

a short play

by

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Cast

MATTHEW

CLAIRE

Setting

Matthew's room in a share-house in Enmore.

Time

Sunday Morning.

MATTHEW's cluttered and grubby room. Sunday morning.

MATTHEW and **CLAIRE** lie sprawled in the bed. Slowly **CLAIRE** wakes. She sits up and looks around, trying to work out where she is.

She looks at **MATTHEW** lying in the bed alongside her. She lifts the sheet and looks at herself. She lifts the sheet and looks at **MATTHEW**.

She suppresses a groan. Carefully she gets out of bed, trying not to wake **MATTHEW**.

She delicately picks her way around the room, recovering her clothing. She puts a few pieces on, and with the rest in her arms, makes her way for the door.

She tries the door but it appears to be locked. She re-positions the clothes under her arm and using both hands manages to open the door. But as she does she drops a shoe.

It falls to the ground with a thump.

CLAIRE spins around to look at **MATTHEW**. He doesn't move. **CLAIRE** eases her way through the door.

MATTHEW: Making a quick getaway.

CLAIRE STOPS.

CLAIRE: You're awake.

MATTHEW SITS UP.

MATTHEW: Didn't mean to interrupt you.

CLAIRE: I didn't want to wake you.

MATTHEW: Very considerate.

CLAIRE TURNS TO LOOK AT **MATTHEW**. **MATTHEW** FINDS A T-SHIRT AND PUTS IT ON.

MATTHEW: It's okay. You can still go.

CLAIRE: You're awake now. I'll stay.

MATTHEW: Then why are you holding the door open?

CLAIRE CLOSES THE DOOR. SHE MAKES HER WAY BACK INTO THE ROOM.

MATTHEW: At least you didn't have to do a coyote?

CLAIRE: Sorry?

MATTHEW: Chew your arm off rather than waking me. You weren't faced with that particular dilemma.

CLAIRE: Don't be so stupid. Now if I can just find a spot.

MATTHEW: Sorry. Bit messy.

CLAIRE: No, it's fine.

CLAIRE PERCHES ON A CHAIR AND FINISHES DRESSING.

CLAIRE: Where are we?

MATTHEW: Enmore.

CLAIRE: Enmore? But last night we were in Newtown, weren't we?

MATTHEW: Now we're in Enmore.

CLAIRE: How did we get here?

MATTHEW: Walked. Or should I say I walked. You staggered.

CLAIRE: I really don't remember. What were we drinking?

MATTHEW: I was on lite beer. You were drinking - well pretty well anything you could get your hands on.

CLAIRE: Drowning my sorrows.

MATTHEW: Tough week?

CLAIRE: That I do remember. Are the buses running by now?

MATTHEW: Should be.

CLAIRE: I better get going.

MATTHEW: Church?

CLAIRE: Very funny. Got to help my mum. She's having some people for lunch.

MATTHEW: Where does she live?

CLAIRE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Tasmania.

MATTHEW: You've got a long trip in front of you then.

PAUSE.

CLAIRE: Look, I'm sorry.

MATTHEW: It's okay.

CLAIRE: I just usually don't do this.

MATTHEW: Who said I do?

CLAIRE: I mean I'm not accustomed to being in this situation.

MATTHEW: Absolutely.

CLAIRE: Last night ... I guess I sort of lost control. Went a little crazy.

MATTHEW: Let yourself go.

CLAIRE: Did things I wouldn't do under normal conditions.

MATTHEW: You mean normally you wouldn't go home with me?

CLAIRE: I'm sorry. That must sound awful.

MATTHEW: It's okay. I gather I'm not exactly your type.

CLAIRE: No, it' not that.

MATTHEW: You mean I am your type?

CLAIRE: I've just had a terrible week. I mean a really terrible week.

MATTHEW: Gary.

CLAIRE: How do you know about Gary?

MATTHEW: You mentioned him last night. Several times.

CLAIRE: I did? He ...

MATTHEW: Dumped you on Thursday -

CLAIRE: For no reason.

MATTHEW: And then last night he was there with -

CLAIRE: That bitch. He was all over her, and ...

MATTHEW: You discovered there may have been a reason after all.

CLAIRE: So as you can understand I was a little … emotional.

MATTHEW: And you end up -

CLAIRE: In Enmore.