The First Fireworks

a one act play

by

Alex Broun

PLEASE NOTE:

THIS PLAY SCRIPT HAS BEEN DOWNLOADED FROM https://alexbroun.online/

BY AGREEING TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF https://alexbroun.online/

AND PAYING THE DOWNLOAD FEE YOU ARE PERMITTED TO PERFORM THIS PLAY ***ROYALTY FREE*** ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD FOR A PERIOD OF **12 MONTHS FROM THE DATE OF DOWNLOAD.**

IF YOU DO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE VISIT OUR **RECORD A PRODUCTION** PAGE AND RECORD THE DETAILS OF YOUR PRODUCTION SO YOUR PRODUCTION CAN BE LISTED AMONGST THE THOUSANDS OF PRODUCTIONS OF ALEX'S WORK WORLDWIDE EVERY YEAR.

FOR ANY QUERIES PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR ON

info@alexbroun.online

(C) Alex Broun 2015

https://alexbroun.online/

Alex Broun
61 Greenwich Road
Greenwich NSW 2065
Australia

Phone: + 61 408 268 043
email: info@alexbroun.online

Dubai July 2015

© Alex Broun 2015

Cast

HELEN – a mother, ranges 30s to 50s

DAWN – a daughter, ranges from teens to 30s

Setting

A bench, high on a hillside over looking a city.

Time

The play takes place over three New Year's Eve eighteen years apart – 1997, 2007 and 2015.

Scene 1: 1997

New Year's Eve. Close to midnight. A bench on a hillside.

DAWN, enters together with **HELEN**, her daughter. **DAWN** carries a cooler bag.

DAWN: Here it is.

HELEN: Mum, this is crazy.

DAWN: Why?

HELEN: It's New Year's Eve.

DAWN: And why can't a mother spend New Year's Eve with her daughter?

HELEN: What about Dad and Ben.

DAWN: The boys can be together and the girls can be together.

HELEN: It's New Year's Eve. We should all be together. As a family.

DAWN: It's one New Year's Eve out of how many? Why can't I spend it with my favourite person in the whole world?

HELEN: Better not let Dad hear that. Or Ben.

DAWN: Stuff them.

HELEN: Mum!

DAWN: Graeme. Not Ben. Ben's a good boy. As for your Dad … well?

HELEN: You don't mean that.

DAWN: Yes I do. (BEAT) Sort of. (BEAT) Not really. We spend every New Year's Eve with the four of us. Tonight I just wanted it to be us. You and me. Something special. Secret.

HELEN: Secret?

DAWN: Our secret. Just between the girls. (INDICATING THE FRONT OF STAGE) Come on. Look at that view. Isn't it amazing?

HELEN GOES TO THE FRONT AND GAZES AT THE VIEW. BEAT.

HELEN: It is pretty spectacular.

DAWN: My bench and my view. Best view in the city.

HELEN: How did you find it?

DAWN: Years ago. When I was your age. I came up here with my boyfriend.

HELEN: Dad?

DAWN: No. This was before I met your Dad.

HELEN: Really?

DAWN: There was life and love before Graeme came along.

HELEN: What was his name?

DAWN: Andres. He was Turkish. Well his Dad was Turkish. His mum was Armenian.

HELEN: And?

DAWN: We came up here one New Year's Eve.

HELEN: And?

DAWN: And … we watched the fireworks and went home.

HELEN: Mum.

DAWN: So you tell me everything you do when you go out with a boy?

HELEN: Of course.

DAWN: Liar. Now, where's the bubbly?

DAWN OPENS UP THE COOLER BAG. SHE SITS ON THE BENCH AND HANDS **HELEN** A GLASS. SHE PULLS OUT A BOTTLE OF BUBBLY.

DAWN: Here we go.

HELEN: Looks expensive.

DAWN: It is. What do you expect? It's New Year's Eve.

DAWN POPS THE CORK. SHE POURS HERSELF AND **HELEN** A GLASS.

DAWN: (POURING) One for you and one for me.

THEY CLINK THEIR GLASSES.

DAWN: Cheers.

HELEN: Cheers.

THEY DRINK.

DAWN: Nice?

HELEN: Bit warm.

DAWN: Apologies your Highness.

HELEN: No it's great mum. Thank you.

DAWN: Not missing your Dad?

HELEN: A bit. It's okay. They can have the boys' party and we can have the girls' party.

DAWN: To the girls' party!

THEY CLINK GLASSES AND DRINK AGAIN.

DAWN: I wonder what they're doing.

TOGETHER: Watching sport.

HELEN: And occasionally flicking over to the fireworks.

TOGETHER: (IMITATING GRAEME) Change the channel. I'm missing the game.

DAWN: We really need a second TV.

HELEN: That's what I've been saying.

DAWN: We'll see.

BEAT. THEY LOOK OUT AT THE VIEW.

DAWN: What?
HELEN: Why do I feel like we're doing something wrong?

DAWN: You're eighteen. Almost. You're allowed a glass of bubbly.

HELEN: I've had bubbly before.

DAWN: When?

HELEN: At Christmas! Dad gave some to me. I meant this. Are we allowed to be up here?

DAWN: Of course.

HELEN: Then why is there a fence at the bottom of the hill?

DAWN: Lots of parks have fences.

HELEN: Then why did we have to climb through that hole?

DAWN: It's too far around to the gate.

HELEN: But it's such a good spot. Why aren't there more people up here?

DAWN: They don't know about the hole.

DAWN SMILES. BEAT.

HELEN: What was he like? Your New Year's Eve man?

DAWN: That was years ago.

HELEN: Tell me.

DAWN: He was very handsome, athletic, had a lovely voice. And lovely hands.

HELEN: (LAUGHING) And what did he do with his lovely hands?

DAWN: Stop it.

HELEN: You almost sound …

DAWN: What?

HELEN: Like you miss him.