EXTRACT

Here and There

Ten short plays

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

© Alex Broun 2005

The Plays

Act 1: THERE

1. The Choice – VINCE, ROD, THE BOY

2. The Dead Sun – SIMON, MAY, KEN

3. Gun Laws – LISA, BRON, THE BOY

4. The Pool of Cerberus – “ALAN”, “SAM”, MAN

5. Tel Aviv Disco Bombing – ARIEL, JULIA

ACT 2: HERE

6. The Problem with language – MARK, LISHA

7. Donuts – MONICA, DOUG

8. Delta Goodrem and Humphrey B Bear meet the Thorpedo – LEE, KAT, WOLF

9. Armistice Day – PHIL, KENNY

10. A Difficult Birth – PETER, CAROLINE, SIMONE, THE BOY

Act 1 : There

1. The Choice

A war zone. Vince's Apartment. 5pm.

Sounds of gun fire and distant explosions.

Lights come up on **VINCE** sitting at a coffee table. On the table pills, plastic packets, a needle. **ROD** sits nearby. They both stare at the table.

Long Pause. Eventually:

VINCE: So, how can I help you ?

ROD: It's okay.

VINCE: (SUDDENLY ANGRY) Don't you – Don't you tell me it's okay ! I know it's okay. Don't – you – tell – me … !

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HANDS.

VINCE: What now ?

ROD: Nothing.

VINCE: (HOLDING UP HAND) What is this ?

ROD: Nothing.

VINCE: Just don't tell me it's okay. I know it's okay. So, once more. How can I help you ? How can I possibly justify you flying all this way ?

ROD: Just thought I'd drop by.

VINCE: Long way to just "drop by".

ROD: Just thought we could -

VINCE: Don't say talk Rod. Just don't say *talk* !

ROD: No. I actually came to give you something.

VINCE: What you gonna give me Rod ? A blowjob ? Be my guest. But don't say advice. Please don't say advice.

ROD: It was something somebody once gave to me.

VINCE: Is this like a Kenny Rogers song Rod ? When you were a little boy, out on the prairie, your daddy gave you your first bum fuck?

ROD: (LAUGHS) You're all fired up.

VINCE: Yeah – I'm fired up Rod. All fired up. That's how I'm feeling. That's what I feel. Is it okay to feel like that – Rod ?

ROD: What do you want me to say ?

VINCE: How about sure ? Let's try *sure*.

ROD: Sure.

VINCE: Perfect.

PAUSE.

ROD: Looks like your all set then.

VINCE: My one way ticket to wonderland.

ROD: And then ?

VINCE: Don't give – Don't give me that crap, Rod. If you give me that crap you can fuck off right now ! This is it. This is all that matters. This moment – right now. Look out the fuckin' window. The city's fuckin' burning. The bombs are getting closer and closer. We could be dead in the next ten seconds. (HOLDING UP PACKETS) Nothing else matters. Just this second. And this, this and this.

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HAND.

VINCE: What is that ? What are you doing ? What is this ?

VINCE HOLDS UP HIS HAND. **ROD** LOWERS HIS HANDS.

ROD: All fired up.

VINCE: All fired up.

PAUSE.

ROD: How long have I known you ?

VINCE: I don't know Rodney. How long have you *known* me ?

ROD: Six years.

VINCE: That long.

ROD: All I'm asking –

VINCE: Yes.

ROD: All I'm asking is that you listen to me. One minute for each year.

VINCE: He's got it all worked out, haven't you Rod ? All worked out. A catch phrase for every convo. Flies into a fuckin' red zone to deliver his diatribe. Mr Dial-a-Cliché.

ROD: Six minutes. Then I'm out the door.

VINCE: Mr Dial-a-cliché.

ROD: It's your choice.

VINCE: I know it's my choice.

ROD: I'm just reminding you.

VINCE: But I know. I already know it's my choice. You don't have to remind me of anything. (PAUSE) Six minutes. And then you'll piss off back to La La Land ?

ROD: If that's what you want.

VINCE: Leave me in peace to get down to business.

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HANDS.

VINCE: Can we please lose the hands ?!

ROD LOWERS HIS HANDS. PAUSE.

VINCE: So, do I drop a flag or something ?

ROD: Sorry.

VINCE: To indicate when you're six minutes is to begin. Your six minutes of cliché filled splendour.

ROD: As you wish.

VINCE: I do wish.

VINCE PICKS UP AN EMPTY PACKET. HE DROPS IT TO THE FLOOR. THEY WATCH AS IT FLOATS TO THE GROUND.

VINCE: The flag is dropped. Come on Rod, I'm listening. Let the magic roll.

ROD: What you're going through –

VINCE: Ah – hah.

ROD: What you're … experiencing now.

VINCE: And am about to experience.

ROD: It will –

VINCE: Give it to me.

ROD: Pass. It will pass.

PAUSE.

VINCE: It will pass. (LAUGHS) Shit Rod, that's good stuff. You come all this way to tell me that. How long did it take you to think that up ? Whole flight ?

ROD: About as long as it took you to decide to do this. Because if you stopped, if you thought about it for one second, you'd realise how wrong it was.

VINCE: Wrong ? Is that the best you can do ?

ROD: How this is not an answer.

VINCE: This is the only answer.

ROD: You know that isn't true.

VINCE: All I know is that nothing you say is true. Your words, your cliches. They don't mean anything.

ROD: Everything means something.

VINCE: A million words of love, a million words of hate. Nothing.

ROD: Listen to yourself.

VINCE: Words mean nothing. The only thing that means anything is sitting on this table. Ready and waiting.

ROD: Everything means something.

VINCE: No. Nothing. Nothing ! Nothing means anything. Except for this. This is definite. This is real. This means something. I know that if I take this pretty soon I will feel okay. I won't care anymore about anything.

ROD: Can I tell you something ?

VINCE: How much will it cost me ?

ROD: This is free of charge.

VINCE: No ! I don't want anything for free.

ROD: This doesn't mean anything. And in your heart you know that. This is only going to make what you're going through worse.

VINCE: No. No !

VINCE PUSHES **ROD** UP AGAINST THE WALL. HE HOLDS HIM THERE. SILENCE.

VINCE: Don't you – Don't you tell me what to do ! Never ever tell me what to do.

ROD: Do you want me to go ? I'll go.

VINCE: No, I don't want you to go. I just want you not to say anything. I want you to sit there and not say a single word. No more sounds. No more words. Words are our enemies. Only actions now. Actions that mean something. That change something.

VINCE LETS **ROD** GO. HE SITS.

VINCE: The deal is on the table. Something is sitting on the table. Something that means something.

VINCE BEGINS TO OPEN THE PACKET ON THE TABLE.

ROD: So that's -

VINCE: No words.

ROD: You're just going -

VINCE: No – words.

ROD: Am I meant to just sit here and watch this ?

VINCE: No fucking words ! You can stay or you can go. That's your choice.

ROD: Six years and you're just –

VINCE: Your – choice.

ROD: Throwing it away.

VINCE: Howdy doody.

ROD: Is it really worth this ?

VINCE: Something has happened. Something that requires action. This action .

ROD: Is it really that important ?

VINCE LOOKS AT **ROD**.

ROD: People leave.

VINCE: Not her. Not – her.

ROD: It happens.

VINCE: It doesn't happen. I did everything. Everything she wanted.

ROD: It may have had nothing to do with you, you ever think of that ?

VINCE: (AFTER A PAUSE) No.

ROD: You said it yourself. Look out the window. That's a funny kind of environment to be living in. Maybe it wasn't about you.

VINCE: I should've been able to – We should've been able to -

ROD: Haven't you –

VINCE: No – you listen to me. We should've been able to get through this. I should've been the person she turned to. I did everything right. And then one morning, because she feels like it. She walks out on me. On us. I don't deserve this.

ROD: Bad things happen to good –

VINCE: Shut the fuck up ! For six years. I've tried, to make it work – her way. Your way. Good little boy. Behaving myself. Nine to five, eat shit, wank on Sundays. We survived. Survived all this and then she -

ROD: Haven't you heard a single word I've said in six fucking years ?

VINCE: I've listened to every syllable. And you know what ? In the end they don't add up to shit. I've tried and I've failed, so now I'm going back to something that I know works.

ROD: Only for a very brief time.

VINCE: We have no time. Now. Now is all that matters. At least I know it works. I think your time is up.

ROD STANDS. HE GOES TO SAY SOMETHING.

VINCE: Don't.

ROD: What ?

VINCE: Don't speak. I don't want you to speak anymore.

ROD: You agreed.

VINCE: And so did you. Your six minutes is up. Now, if you'll excuse me.

VINCE OPENS A PACKET. HE BEGINS TO PREPARE THE DRUGS.

ROD GRABS **VINCE**'S HAND.

ROD: Just …

VINCE: Let go of my hand.

ROD: For one second –

VINCE: Let go of my hand Rod –

ROD: Think of what you're throwing away.

VINCE: Let go of my hand

ROD: Think of your son –

VINCE: Let go of my hand or I'll slice you fuckin' open.

VINCE GRABS A KNIFE FROM THE TABLE. **ROD** RELEASES HIS HAND.

ROD: I want you to know.

VINCE: That's great.

ROD: I just want you to know.

VINCE: So – you – said !

ROD: This means something to me. What you are about to do means something to me.

VINCE: That's great Rod. Absolutely fantastico. Six minutes. Over. Now fuck – off.

PAUSE. **ROD** STARTS TO LEAVE.

VINCE: So that's it ? Mr Dial-a-Cliché is all Cliched out.

ROD: I've made my choice.

VINCE: Why don't you stick around ? "Let's get this party started right."

ROD: I'm not going to sit by and watch you -

VINCE: Yeah baby !

ROD: Do this to yourself all over again.

VINCE: Ooooh baby !

ROD: That's my choice.

VINCE: Bravo.

VINCE STANDS AND APPLAUDS **ROD**.

VINCE: There you go Rod. You're very own standing fucking ovation.

ROD LOOKS AT **VINCE**.

VINCE: Thunderbirds are go.

ROD TURNS TO EXIT. **VINCE** GOES BACK TO PREPARING.