EXTRACT

Lazy days in Magenta

a play

by

Alex Broun

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Cast

MICHAEL – a lover, 30-40s

AURORA – a wife, 30-40s

BOYD – a husband, 30-40s

Time
The play takes place in the recent past, over the period of one year.

Setting
A hotel room in a small town on the North Coast of NSW.

Scenes
1. April
2. June
3. July
4. September
5. The next morning
6. February, the following year
7. April

1. April

Hotel Room. The curtains are open. Sunlight streams in.

AURORA: This room is beautiful. Five stars?

MICHAEL: Four and a half.

AURORA: Pricey?

MICHAEL: You're worth it.

AURORA: And the view. The sea?

MICHAEL: The lake. The sea is on the other side.

AURORA: I like the sea.

MICHAEL: I can get the sea next time.

AURORA: Who says there's going to be a next time?

SHE MOVES AWAY TO THE WINDOW, LOOKS OUT.

MICHAEL: If there is a next time I'll organise the sea.

AURORA: Lake is fine. I already have the sea at my place.

MICHAEL: Surrounded by water on all sides. Do you ever feel trapped?

AURORA: I like the water. (BEAT) Didn't you see the sign on your way in? Magenta isn't a place. It's a state of mind.

MICHAEL: I thought it was a colour.

AURORA: That too.

BEAT.

MICHAEL: Is this making you feel uncomfortable?

AURORA: I agreed to come. (BEAT) I thought you'd forgotten all about me.

MICHAEL: Pretty hard to forget someone called Aurora.

AURORA: Sleeping Beauty. Waiting for a kiss from her Prince Charming to wake her from her slumber.

MICHAEL MOVES TOWARDS HER. SHE MOVES AWAY.

AURORA: Is that the only reason you remember me?

MICHAEL: Of course not. I remember your …

AURORA: My what?

MICHAEL: Your eyes. Your smile.

AURORA: Do you forget all the women you sleep with?

MICHAEL: We didn't …

AURORA: I'm clearly not very memorable.

MICHAEL: Did we …?

AURORA: Yes, we did.

MICHAEL: When?

AURORA: It was afterwards. I came around to your flat one night. In that ugly apartment block.

MICHAEL: Really?

AURORA: Clearly not very memorable.

BEAT.

MICHAEL: I remember kissing on the stairs when I lived in that old terrace in Paddington. Between the second and third floor, for hours. But you didn't want to …

AURORA: Not then. But later, we did.

MICHAEL: I don't remember.

AURORA: I'll be going now.

SHE MAKES TO LEAVE. HE GRABS HER AND PULLS HER TOWARDS HIM.

MICHAEL: Was is good?

AURORA: Not particularly.

MICHAEL: Then why are you here?

AURORA: Why are you here?

MICHAEL: You're a very attractive woman.

AURORA: I was nineteen when we met.

MICHAEL: But you're even more attractive now.

AURORA: Liar.

MICHAEL: And you're intelligent. And creative. And passionate.

AURORA: There must be plenty more.

MICHAEL: But they're not special.

AURORA: And I am? Or is that because I'm the only one standing in this hotel room with you?

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. THEY IMMEDIATELY BREAK APART.

AURORA: (HUSHED) Who's that?

MICHAEL: I don't know. (BEAT) It's not …

AURORA: He went to Sydney for the day. Unless he …

MICHAEL: Unless he what?

AURORA: Didn't.

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR LOUDER.

AURORA: Well?

MICHAEL: What?

AURORA: Answer it.

MICHAEL: What if it's …?

AURORA: It won't be.

MICHAEL: But what if it is?

AURORA: Then I'll hide in the closet.

ANOTHER KNOCK. LOUDER MORE URGENT.

AURORA: Answer the door.

BEAT. **MICHAEL** GOES TO THE DOOR. BEAT. HE OPENS IT. WE HEAR A MUMBLED CONVERSATION. **MICHAEL** CLOSES THE DOOR. HE RETURNS.

AURORA: And?

MICHAEL: It was him.

AURORA: What did you tell him?

MICHAEL: Come back later. We haven't finished yet.

AURORA: Bad joke.

MICHAEL: Sorry.

AURORA: Very bad joke.

MICHAEL: Sorry.

HE GRABS HER AGAIN AND PULLS HER CLOSE.

MICHAEL: It was house cleaning. They wanted to know if they could make up the room.

AURORA: And you told them you were *busy*.

MICHAEL: I said they could come back later.

AURORA: When?

MICHAEL: A few hours.

AURORA: I'm not some girl you meet for a quick shag in a motel room.

MICHAEL: It won't be a quick shag. It will be a slow shag. A slow shag, then a quick shag, then slow again. And this is a *hotel* room.

AURORA: (BREAKING AWAY) Now I really am going.

MICHAEL: Stay.

AURORA: I think I should take that as a sign.

MICHAEL: The cleaner knocking on the door?

AURORA: Yes.

MICHAEL: A sign of what? The room needs a service?

AURORA: That what we are doing is wrong.

MICHAEL: According to who?

AURORA: According to me.

BEAT.

MICHAEL: Okay. Go. Walk out the door.

BEAT. **AURORA** HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

MICHAEL: But just answer one question first?

BEAT.

AURORA: One.

MICHAEL: Why did you come? (BEAT) Why did you come?

AURORA: I wanted to see you again.

MICHAEL: Why?

AURORA: That's two.

MICHAEL: It's the same question.

BEAT.

AURORA: Because I enjoyed seeing you that day at the art gallery.

MICHAEL: Even though I said you *didn't* look forty.

AURORA: Which was kind of interesting because I'm not.

MICHAEL: I meant it as a compliment.

AURORA: Do you often tell women they look forty?

MICHAEL: *Didn't* look forty.

BEAT.

AURORA: Apart from that I enjoyed seeing you.

MICHAEL: Why?

AURORA: You said *one* question.

MICHAEL: Why did you enjoy seeing me?

AURORA: Because it reminded me of when I was young, attractive,

MICHAEL: You still are.

AURORA: Free.

MICHAEL: So you do feel trapped?

AURORA: It reminded me of when I was wild.

MICHAEL: And now?

AURORA: Now I'm a mother. With two kids. And a part time school teacher.

MICHAEL: A very sexy school teacher.

AURORA: And mother.

MICHAEL: Still sexy.

AURORA: Who makes salad sandwiches in the morning.

MICHAEL: Still sexy.

AURORA: And the most exciting thing I do all day is make up Tweets for my dog.

MICHAEL: Still sexy. You have a dog?

AURORA: Henry.

MICHAEL: With a Twitter account?

AURORA: All the best mutts do.

MICHAEL: Mongrel?

AURORA: I'll have you know - he's a border terrier.

MICHAEL: On the border of what?

AURORA: Middle age. And some days I look into the mirror and wonder where did she go. That wild child. What happened to her? How did *she* become *me*

BEAT. **MICHAEL** GOES TO HER.

MICHAEL: You are still wild. And amazing. And sexy. Even if you do have a dog on Twitter.

AURORA: Then how come I don't feel it?

MICHAEL: Maybe someone isn't making you feel it.

AURORA: Don't talk about Boyd. Boyd is an amazing man.

MICHAEL: Then I'll ask you again … why are you here?

BEAT. **AURORA** KISSES **MICHAEL**.

AURORA: It's such a cliché. The lovers in a tawdry motel room. A steamy embrace. All we need now is the private dick to jump out of the closet with a camera.

MICHAEL: This room isn't tawdry.

AURORA: It's still a cliché.

MICHAEL: You rang me.

AURORA: I didn't ring you.

MICHAEL: You made contact.

AURORA: On Facebook. That doesn't count.

MICHAEL: You suggested we meet?

AURORA: After some prompting from you.

MICHAEL: Not how I remember it.

AURORA: We have already established your faulty memory.

BEAT. THEY KISS AGAIN.

MICHAEL: I never forgot that.

AURORA: What?

MICHAEL: What an amazing kisser you are.

AURORA: At least I've still got that.

THEY KISS.

AURORA: You too.

THEY CONTINUE TO KISS AS THEY FALL BACK ON THE BED.

LIGHTS FADE.

2. June

Hotel Room. AURORA and MICHAEL lie together in the bed.

MICHAEL: So how did you ever get a name like Aurora?

AURORA: My parents were Greek.

MICHAEL: Is that your only excuse?

AURORA: And mad. Well that's not completely true. My mother wasn't mad. My mother was wonderful. But Dad was mad. Completely bonkers. Still is. Do you know once, he detonated a bomb in our backyard?

MICHAEL: I'm sorry. I thought you just said -

AURORA: Bomb. I did. But just a small one.

MICHAEL: Glad to know.

AURORA: It blew a crater between the back shed and the fig tree.

MICHAEL: Why did your father detonate a bomb in your backyard?

AURORA: He had an interest in amateur explosives.

MICHAEL: That's nice.

AURORA: He used to make them in his shed.

MICHAEL: As Dad's do.

AURORA: Then one day he thought he'd test one out. And guess what? It worked.

MICHAEL: Did he get arrested?

AURORA: Surprisingly no. Though several neighbours did comment on the crater.

MICHAEL: And the ear shattering boom?

AURORA: I remember that. It was like the whole house was caving in.

MICHAEL: Probably lucky it didn't. Still doesn't explain the name.

AURORA: Well if you must know the truth I was conceived in the Arctic. Under the aurora borealis.