EXTRACT

Pick Ups

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 1994 ©

"Love is the drug and I need to score."

- Roxy Music

Scenes :
(PLEASE NOTE: The list below is only one possible scene order. Scenes may be re-ordered, left out or included purely at the director and cast's discretion.)

1. STAGE — Barman1/Brett/Ian/Suzy/Wendy
2. SPADING — Angela/Peter
3. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 1 — Corinne/Warren
4. BATHROOM 1 — Nick/Simone
5. HELLO — Brett
6. THE RECONSTRUCTED FEMALE — Wayne/Natalie/Sonia/Yobbo
7. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 2 — Gina/Warren
8. EXPRESS YOURSELF — Lydia/Peter
9. WHO GETS KILLED? — Rebecca/Barman 2
10. BAD RELATIONSHIP NO. 253 — Greg/Neil
11. BACHELOR OF SLEAZE — Korry/Tali
12. THE SURE THING — Barry/Gina

Interval

13. BATHROOM 2 — Fiona/Ian
14. MR SKAG — Geoff/Corinne
15. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 3 — Geoff/Warren
16. GIRL BAR — Corinne/Janelle
17. BEER — Ian
18. JUST SAY NO — Brett/Ian/Suzy/Warren
19. PREDATOR — Bettina/Korry/Michael
20. SYDNEY — Greg/Janelle/Peter/Simone
21. THE HIDDEN AGENDA — Nick/Simone
22. DESPERADOES 1 — Barman 3/Gina/Lydia/Warren
23. DESPERADOES 2 — Arthur/ Barman 3/Gina/Lydia/Warren

Additional Scenes:

A. LOVE IS THE DRUG — Mandy/Glen
B. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 4 : "I'M NOT LOCAL" — Warren/Jo/Nigel
C. DANCE SCENES: i. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES; ii. THE PICK UP
D. IS THIS A DEPOSIT OR A WITHDRAWAL 1? — Gina/Mark
E. IS THIS A DEPOSIT OR A WITHDRAWAL 2? — Gina/Mark
F. BOYS — Susie
G. BYRON — Helen/Greg/Martin/Dominique
H. GIRL BAR 2 — Janelle/Chris
I. FOYER — Wendy/Susie/Brett/Ian

1. STAGE.

WENDY AND **SUSIE** ENTER THE THEATRE.

SUSIE: Is this it?

WENDY: Yes Susie, this is it.

SUSIE: Where's the show?

WENDY: It hasn't started yet.

SUSIE: Wow. Look at all the people.

WENDY: Come on. We got to sit down.

SUSIE: Hey. I wonder if those guys are here?

WENDY: God. Save me.

SUSIE: Who were they?

WENDY: Who cares?

SUSIE: Did you know them?

WENDY: No. Thank god.

SUSIE: They seemed pretty friendly.

WENDY: Yeah. Like dogs on heat. Where are we going to sit?

BRETT AND **IAN** ENTER.

SUSIE: Look out.

WENDY: What?

SUSIE: Here they come.

WENDY: Oh no.

IAN: Hey spunky. We meet again. So this is where you been hiding eh? I was wondering where you got to. Miss me.

WENDY: Incredibly. You just keep following around us don't you?

IAN: Like a good luck charm.

WENDY: More like a bad smell.

IAN: Woah. I don't think we actually introduced ourselves.
The name's Ian.

WENDY: Ian. How ... boring. Wendy. And this is a friend of mine - Susie.

IAN: Susie. Nice name. This is me mate. Brett.

SUSIE: Hello.

BRETT SMILES.

IAN: So what you up to?

WENDY: What does it look like? We're finding a seat.

IAN: Right next to me eh?

WENDY: As far away from you as possible.

IAN: Playing hard to get. Great. I like that. What is this place anyway?

SUSIE: It's called a theatre.

IAN: A theatre? Yeah? What do you do here?

WENDY: You see plays.

IAN: We went to a play once. Shakespeare. Boring eh Brett?
Boring as shit.

BRETT: It was okay. Quite interesting.

IAN: What are you talking about? He fell asleep halfway through.

WENDY: Where's a seat?

IAN JUMPS ON TO THE STAGE.

IAN: Hey. What's this for?

SUSIE: That's we're they do it.

IAN: Do what?

SUSIE LAUGHS.

WENDY: Look Dumbo. That's the stage. Get off it.

IAN: The stage eh? This where they do their strip tease routine? Hey Brett. Watch this. (SINGS) Da, da, da, da

BRETT: Ian. (LAUGHS)

WENDY: Look get off the stage. People are looking.

IAN: Can't take their eyes off me eh?

WENDY: You are so juvenile.

IAN: Hey Brett. I think she likes me. (SINGS) Da, da, da, da.

THE **USHER** APPROACHES.

SUSIE: Watch out. Here comes the guy.

WENDY: Now you're stuffed.

IAN: I'm so scared.

WENDY POKES OUT HER TONGUE.

USHER: Excuse me would you get off the stage please? The show's about to start.

IAN: I'm doing my routine.

USHER: I'm sorry sir, the play is about to begin.

IAN: What's this play about then? Todd Carney.

USHER: It's called Pick-Ups.

IAN: About trucks is it? Hey Brett, this play's about trucks. Brrrm. Brrrm.

USHER: Sexual Pick-Ups. Off the stage. Now.

IAN: Make me.

USHER: I only play with men. Not little boys.

IAN: Woah.

IAN GETS OFF THE STAGE.

USHER: (TO **WENDY**) I'd grab a seat. We're about to start.

WENDY: Thanks.

THE **USHER** MOVES OFF.

IAN: Poofta. Listen, me and Brett are heading back up to the Courty. Want to come?

WENDY: We're here to watch the play.

IAN: Oh forget that. It'll be boring. Come on. (TO **SUSIE**) What do you say cutey? I think Brett's got the hots for you.

BRETT: Ian.

IAN: He has. He told me. That's why we followed you.

SUSIE: But we've already bought our tickets.

IAN: Cash in 'em. The poof won't mind. Hey mate.

WENDY: Look, would you just leave us alone?

IAN: Just being friendly.

WENDY: Jesus! You can't even come to a play anymore without two dumb yobbos trying to crack on to you.

BRETT: I'm not a yobbo.

IAN: Hey, beggars can't be choosers Wendy.

WENDY: Just leave us alone. Come on Susie. Goodbye. And you're not sitting anywhere near us. So don't even try.

IAN: You want to make a bet?

WENDY AND **SUSIE** MOVE OFF. **IAN** AND **BRETT** GO TO FOLLOW. THE **USHER** APPEARS.

USHER: Could I see your tickets please?

BRETT: We haven't got any.

IAN: Yes we have. They're in my pocket. (**IAN** SEARCHES) Oh no. Must've dropped them.

USHER: You'll have to leave if you haven't got a ticket.

WENDY: See you later, Ian

IAN: I love you too Wendy.

BRETT: Bye Susie.

SUSIE: Bye Brett.

IAN: Bitch. I'll fix her.

USHER: The door's that way gentlemen.

BRETT: What are we gonna do?

IAN: How much is a ticket?

USHER: For you fourteen dollars.

IAN: What's it about again?

USHER: Men and women trying to have sex with each other.

IAN: Yeah. The full bit? Hey Brett, live sex on stage. You get to see it all?

USHER: You'll have to buy a ticket and find out.

IAN: What do you reckon? Fourteen bucks.

BRETT: It's only a couple of shouts.

IAN: I reckon Wendy's pretty keen. And you're hot for that Susie.

BRETT: She's okay.

USHER: I haven't got all night.

IAN: Alright. Let's do it. We'll have two. Give 'im the money Brett.

BRETT PAYS FOR THE TICKETS.

USHER: Just take a seat.

IAN: Hey this better be good - or we want our money back.

USHER: I'm sure you'll find a lot to relate it.

THE **USHER** MOVES OFF.

IAN: Hey Wendy, lover boy's on his way. Where did they go?

THEY RUN OFF.

2. SPADING.

ANGELA ENTERS. **PETER** APPROACHES HER.

PETER: Excuse me, do you have the time?

ANGELA: You'll have to dig better than that.

PETER: Dig?

ANGELA: Spading. That's the oldest line in the book. If we're to make contact, you'll need something a little more fresh. Try again.

PETER: What?

ANGELA: Try again. Grab my attention, and who knows where it may end.

PETER: Right. (**PETER** RETIRES. APPROACHES) Don't I know you?

ANGELA: Bad start.

PETER: Is it always this crowded?

ANGELA: Worse.

PETER: Do you come here often?

ANGELA: Definitely not. You need a different tact.

PETER RETIRES. APPROACHES ONCE MORE.

PETER: Are you alone?

ANGELA: Better.

PETER: I'm very attracted to you.

ANGELA: Good. The honest approach. You're getting warmer.

PETER: Can I buy you a drink?

ANGELA: Always sure to work, but not tonight.

PETER: You have beautiful eyes.

ANGELA: Too wimpy.

PETER: Excuse me, I think I made love to your sister - Elle, and it was fantastic and she said you taught her everything she knew.

ANGELA: Too kinky.

PETER: Didn't I meet you at that Dance Party? I had my noggin' shaved and you had your nickers down around your -

ANGELA: And you were getting so close.

PAUSE.

PETER: I'm twelve. You'll be thinking centimetres, we're talking - inches.

ANGELA: So what?

PETER: How long have you been modelling?

ANGELA: (YAWNING) Boring.

PETER: You know you want it.

ANGELA: No I don't.

PETER: I suppose a root's out of the question?

ANGELA: Sleazy.

PETER: I've just bought this new Porsche right? And I was wondering if you like to spin for a come with me? I mean, come for a spin.

ANGELA: Very sleazy.

PETER: Do you believe in love at first sight? Or do you need me to walk by you again?

ANGELA: Close but no cigar.

PETER: Have you ever stubbed you're foot on a tree?

ANGELA: No.

PETER: What about a root?

ANGELA: Original but ... (SHE MAKES SOUND OF BUZZER.)

PETER: So, how about it?