EXTRACT

Scenes from an Affair

a 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

Alex Broun 2000 ©

Cast

A.. Director. Male. Early thirties.

B. Actor. Female. Mid to late twenties.

A city. Now.

Scenes From An Affair

was first performed by

The Arena Theatre Company

at

The Gauloises Warehouse
Cape Town, South Africa

On March the 31st, 2000

with the following cast:

A: Jan Ellis

B: Anthea Thompson

The production was directed by **Christopher Weare.**

1. Begin the Beguine

In darkness, we hear music : “Gymnopedes” by Erik Satie.

SLOWLY THE LIGHTS COME UP TO REVEAL **A** AND **B** STAND IN SPOTLIGHTS ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE STAGE.

B DRESSED IN PERIOD COSTUME, IS WATCHING SOMETHING, SMILING.
A ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE.

A: So what is the story of this play ? It’s a story about a man, a young man, let’s call him an artist. He meets a lady, a beautiful lady and falls in love with her. They get married and for a short time he lives in a state of total bliss. But then one day she gets sick and dies. He is heartbroken and each night he goes to lie on his lover’s tomb to weep for her loss. Then one dark night in the graveyard he is visited by a dream, a nightmare, a terrible vision – where all is revealed. And after that, what he thought was real, no longer seems real and what he thought was illusion is suddenly larger than life. And the subject of this dream, the trigger of this transformation ? Read on.

FADE.

2. Aphrodite.

Bar. Upstage, a copy of the Venus de Milo.

A AND **B** ENTER, LAUGHING.

A: He didn't say that.

B: He did.

A: Lauren Bacall ?

B: The one and only.

A: Now that's a line.

B: A very unsuccessful one.

THEY REACH THE TABLE.

B: Now this is more like it.

A: Few less Romeos.

B: (SITTING) So far.

A: What are you having ?

B: Champagne.

A: Champagne. My pleasure.

A EXITS. **B** LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. SHE LOOKS AROUND THE BAR, SMILING. **A** RETURNS WITH DRINKS – A CHAMPAGNE FOR HER, A MINERAL WATER FOR HIMSELF.

B: That was quick.

A: One champagne with strawberry.

B: Very large strawberry.

A SITS.

B: I've never been here before.

A: No ?

B: I've walked past it lots of times but I've never actually been inside.

A: Well, not anymore.

B: It's quiet nice. Very ... Mediterranean.

A: Greek. Thus the name.

B: "Aphrodite" ?

A: The Goddess of Love.

B: I thought that was Lauren Bacall.

A: No. You're Lauren Bacall.

THEY LAUGH.

A: Cheers.

B: Cheers.

THEY CLINK GLASSES AND DRINK.

B: Very nice.

A: French ?

B: South Australian. Definitely. (REMOVING HER STRAWBERRY)
Why do they put strawberries in the champagne ?

A: I don't know. Why do they put strawberries in champagne ? Makes it taste better.

B: It might taste better if you liked strawberries.

A: But you don't like strawberries ?

B: Uh – huh.

B OFFERS THE STRAWBERRY TO **A**.

A: I think that might be a little too champagne soaked for me.

B: That's right. You don't, do you ?

A: No.

B: Never ?

A: I used to. Too much. That's why …

B: I see. Very wise.

A: Eventually. Life is a lot less dramatic now.

B: Sounds interesting.

B OFFERS **A** A CIGARETTE.

A: No. I've got my own. (HE PULLS OUT A CIGAR AND STARTS TO SMELL IT) So, what did you think ?

B: I'm not sure.

A: Come on. You can tell me. What did you think ?

B: It was okay.

A: Only okay ?

B: I didn't really like what she did.

A: Katie ? I thought she was alright.

B: It was all really general. White noise.

A: White noise ?

B: Unclear. Fuzzy. Like on a TV set.

A: I'm not up on all these technical terms.

B: Shut up. I just didn't think she - got it.

A: Maybe. (PAUSE) She did get better though.

B: True.

A: In the second act. She did have her moments.

B: The shopping bag ?

A: Now that was good.

B: (UNCONVINCED) Yes.

A: "Oh my God ! My potatoes are green !"

B LOOKS AT HIM.

A: Stick to directing ?

B: Probably best.

A: If you ask me, it was the script that was white noise. On stage, nothing can be superfluous. Everything means something. Every comma, every syllable, every movement. If I was to reach over and touch your hand now. In life that wouldn't mean much.

HE TOUCHES HER HAND.

A: But on stage, it means everything.

PAUSE. SHE MOVES HER HAND AWAY.

B: Where's … ?

A: Karen ? Home. I guess. She's had a big week. And Ian ?

B: Same. Or he still might be at work. He's been flat out.

A: What's he working on ?

B: He's designing "Streetcar". He's built this fantastic set but there's one problem.

A: Yes ?

B: It keeps falling down.

A: Hazardous for the Thespians.

B: It's a very complicated design.

PAUSE.

A: How's things going between you two ?

B: Fine.

A: In the past, there was some ... wasn't there ?

B: It's settled down now.

A: Sorry. It's none of my business.

B: Not really. And Karen ?

A: Early days. She's a great girl, very good to me. We'll just have to wait and see.

B: (REFERRING TO CIGAR) Are you ever going to light that ? Or are you just going to sit there and smell it all night ?

A: Sorry.

A LIGHTS THE CIGAR AND TAKES A BIG DRAG.

B: Very impressive.

A: What ?

B: The cigar. Didn't Oscar Wilde smoke cigars ?

A: I think his were a little bigger than this.

B: Impressive nonetheless.

A: Would you like one ?

B: No, I couldn't.

A: Sure you could. You're a big girl.

B: I'll cough my lungs out.

A: It's not much worse than a cigarette. Trust me.

HE HOLDS OUT THE CIGARS. SHE TAKES ONE.

A: The trick is learning to smoke them properly.

B: And if you don't.

A: You cough your lungs out. Now this is the way I smoke it. You don't have to smoke it this way but you can. (DEMONSTRATING AS HE GOES) First of all I inhale, quite deeply. But I don't draw it right back, not into my lungs. I just breathe it in to the back of my throat , then I roll it around, getting the taste. That's what cigars are all about - the taste. Then I breathe it out. Now this is the tricky part. While I breathe it out, I re-inhale the smoke through my nose and it's some of that diluted smoke that goes down to my lungs and doesn't make me have a coughing fit.

B: Sounds complicated.

A: Not at all. In the end you get both. Taste and satisfaction. Now you try.

B: Let me watch one more time.

HE DEMONSTRATES AGAIN.

A: Now you.

SHE TAKES A DRAG. SHE STARTS COUGHING.

B: Think I made a mistake.

A: You inhaled when you should have exhaled.

B: Right.

A: Try again.

SHE DOES.

A: That’s better. Did you taste it ?

B: I think so.

A: And how did it taste ?

B: Very … cigary.

A: Wash it down with some champagne.

SHE FINISHES HER GLASS.

A: Another.

B: Why not ?

A: Sans strawberry ?

B: Yes please. I think I’d like to drink the next one. Not eat it.

A: Back in a sec.

B: Now don’t you pick up any strange women at the bar.

A: I only have eyes for you Lauren.

SHE LAUGHS. HE EXITS. **B** SMOKES THE CIGAR. SHE COUGHS AGAIN.

3. Apartment.

A's apartment. **A** AND **B** ENTER.

B: Yes !

A: Yes what ?

B: Yes, I am definitely too drunk to drive home.

B FLOPS DOWN ON SOFA.

A: Coffee ?

B: Strong and black.

A: (INDICATING CD PLAYER) Pick a song. That is if you're not too "strawberried".

B: It's your fault. You made me eat them.

A: All five ?

B: It was a little excessive. But you me – Vivien Leigh.

A: What happened to Lauren ?

B: Got bored. Went home.

A: Same to you.

B: Go. Make coffee.

A: Choose song.

A EXITS. **B** GOES THROUGH CDs.

B: Duran Duran.

A: (OFF) Don't lie. You've got them too.

B: Do not.

A: Yeah, yeah.

B: (PICKING OUT CD) I wasn't even born when this came out ?

A: Hey, I'm not that ancient.

B: Aren't you ? ABBA. Now that's more like it.