EXTRACT

we have spoken of this before

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

(C) Alex Broun 2005

Characters

MAGGIE

LEA-ANNA

PHILLIP

DAVE

The Setting

The sitting room and dining area of Maggie and Phillip's comfortable house in Hill Top, in the Southern Highlands of NSW.

There is an old but well maintained settee, with red velvet cushions, just right of centre stage and a dining area to the left.

A hallway in the middle of the upstage wall leads to the front door. To the right is a door leading through to the kitchen, to the left a hallway leads to the rest of the house – bedrooms, bathrooms etc.

The room is caringly but not expensively decorated. The furniture and décor are well preserved but dated. Old but not antiques. The room contains a lot of history

Time

The present.

The play takes place over one week in winter.

1. Morning.

The room is empty.

There is the faint sound of a door opening off. Footsteps, slow and burdened.

MAGGIE enters carrying the GIRL in her arms. THE GIRL is still, head resting on one of MAGGIE's shoulders.

MAGGIE staggers to the settee. With some difficulty she lowers the GIRL on to the couch, gently resting her head on a cushion. The GIRL remains motionless.

MAGGIE stands and goes over to the light switch. She flicks the switch and the room is filled with dim overhead light. She looks at the GIRL.

MAGGIE exits towards the kitchen. Long pause. MAGGIE returns with a bowl of steaming water in her hands. A cloth is draped over a shoulder.

The GIRL suddenly wakes. She sits up. MAGGIE is surprised and stops abruptly. Some water splashes from the bowl, on to the floor.

MAGGIE and the GIRL stare at each other in silence.

MAGGIE: I'm not going to hurt you.

NO RESPONSE FROM THE GIRL.

MAGGIE: I've brought you some hot water. And some …

THE GIRL LOOKS AT HER.

MAGGIE: For your face. There is blood on your face.

THE GIRL STILL DOES NOT RESPOND. THE GIRL LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

MAGGIE: You're safe now. This is my home. I've brought you home.

MAGGIE SITS NEXT TO THE GIRL ON THE SETTEE. SHE SETS THE BOWL DOWN AND DABS THE CLOTH INTO THE WATER.

MAGGIE: How did you get all the way out here? (HOLDING UP CLOTH) Now this will sting.

MAGGIE PRESSES THE CLOTH ON TO THE GIRL'S CHEEK. THE GIRL WINCES AND PULLS AWAY.

MAGGIE: I said it would sting. Please. I must clean it or it will get infected.

THE GIRL RELAXES A LITTLE. MAGGIE PRESSES THE CLOTH AGAINST THE GIRL'S FOREHEAD. THE GIRL WINCES AGAIN.

MAGGIE: Please stop doing that. I'm doing this for your own good. You make me feel like I'm hurting you. This has to be done.

MAGGIE ONCE MORE PRESSES THE CLOTH. THE GIRL WINCES AND TRIES TO PULL AWAY. SHE WHIMPERS AND GRIPS MAGGIE'S HAND TIGHT. MAGGIE TAKES THE CLOTH AWAY.

MAGGIE: That's enough for now. We'll try some more later.

THE GIRL STILL HAS HOLD OF MAGGIE'S HAND. MAGGIE REMOVES THE GIRL'S HAND. SHE PLACES THE GIRL'S HAND BACK ON HER LAP.

MAGGIE: Better. You look much better now. Got rid of some of that nasty muck. My name is Maggie. Short for Margaret. Mag – gie. What's your name? What's the matter – cat got your tongue. Say it. Say my name. "Mag-gie."

THE GIRL DOES NOT RESPOND.

MAGGIE: Oh well, come on. Let's get you out of that filthy jumper.

MAGGIE TRIES TO PULL OFF THE GIRLS' JUMPER. THE GIRL CROSSES HER ARMS, HOLDING THE JUMPER IN PLACE.

MAGGIE: Come along. I said I wasn't going to hurt you.

MAGGIE TRIES TO PULL THE JUMPER OFF AGAIN. THE GIRL RESISTS.

MAGGIE: Keep it then. Stew in your own filth. (BEAT) I'm sorry. That's … unkind of me. But you don't seem to understand. I'm trying to help you. What about some water? Would you like a glass of water? We have a filter. And maybe something to eat? A nice sandwich. Peanut butter?

THE GIRL NODS SLOWLY.

MAGGIE: A response – at last. Peanut butter is the magic word. A peanut butter sandwich and a glass of filtered water. Coming right up.

MAGGIE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN LEFT.

THE GIRL IS ALONE. SHE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM. HER BLANK EYES BLINK IN THE HARSH LIGHT. SHE COVERS HER EYES.

SLOWLY SHE LOWERS HER HEAD DOWN ON TO THE SOFT CUSHIONS ON THE SETTEE. HER EYES BLINK AGAIN AND CLOSE.

MAGGIE RETURNS WITH A GLASS OF WATER AND A SANDWICH ON A PLATE.

MAGGIE: Here we are. A peanut butter sandwich and a glass of our finest filtered water. (SEEING THE GIRL NOW LYING DOWN) Oh you're … Are you …? I've got your sandwich. Hello …?

THE GIRL DOES NOT RESPOND.

MAGGIE: I'll just put this down here then. (SHE PLACES THE TRAY DOWN ON A SIDE TABLE.) You can have it later. (SEEING BOOTS) Oh no, you're nasty dirty boots on my sofa. We'll just get them off and then I'll leave you. (SHE BEGINS TO UNTIE THE GIRL'S BOOTS.) These are awful aren't they? So … dirty. And the laces all knotted. How am I going to get …? (SHE STRUGGLES WITH THE LACES) I can't get my fingers in. Maybe if I just … (SHE TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO PULL OFF THE BOOTS WITH OUT UNDOING THE LACES.) Stuck. Hold on a moment.

MAGGIE GOES TO A CHEST OF DRAWERS IN THE CORNER. SHE OPENS THE TOP DRAWER AND PULLS OUT A SET OF SEWING SCISSORS. SHE COMES BACK TO THE GIRL.

MAGGIE: I'll just give them a little. (SHE CUTS THROUGH THE LACES.) Now we can … (SHE LOOSENS THE BOOT AND PULLS IT OFF.) Oh dear.

MAGGIE REMOVES THE BOOT TO REVEAL A PUTRID BLACK SOCK WITH HOLES REVEALING FILTHY BLACKENED TOES.

MAGGIE: Oh no - this is worse. How can you …

MAGGIES EXITS RIGHT AGAIN AND RETURNS QUICKLY WITH AN OLD TOWEL. SHE WRAPS IT AROUND THE GIRL'S FEET.

MAGGIE: There, now at least my lovely cushions will be protected until you … You sleep now. I'll just be in the next … Nearby. I'll be so nearby if you … Sleep. Just sleep.

MAGGIE GOES TO THE LIGHT SWITCH AND TURNS OFF THE LIGHT. SHE LOOKS BACK ONCE MORE THEN EXITS LEFT. FADE.

2. Early evening.

IN DIM LIGHT WE SEE THE GIRL STILL ASLEEP ON THE SOFA.

AFTER AWHILE SHE WAKES. SHE SITS UP SUDDENLY AND HER HEAD DARTS AROUND, TRYING TO WORK OUT WHERE SHE IS.

SHE REALISES SHE IS ALONE AND SEEMS TO RELAX A LITTLE.

SHE SEES THE SANDWICH AND GLASS OF WATER STILL SITTING ON THE TABLE. SHE GOES TO THEM AND GULPS DOWN THE WATER.

SHE PICKS UP THE SANDWICH AND SHOVES IT INTO HER MOUTH, TAKING A LARGE BITE. SHE CHEWS SLOWLY AND WITH SOME DIFFICULTY AS IF HER JAW IS TENDER.

SHE EVENTUALLY SWALLOWS THE FOOD AND TAKES ANOTHER BITE, AGAIN CHEWING SLOWLY.

SHE STANDS NOW AND BEGINS TO WALK AROUND THE ROOM.

SHE LOOKS AT THE ORNAMENTS AND BRIC-A-BRAC CAREFULLY ARRANGED ON THE TABLES AND ON TOP OF THE CABINETS.

SHE PICKS UP ONE – A SMALL PINK CAT. SHE HOLDS IT UP FOR A CLOSER LOOK.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHT SNAPS ON. PHILLIP IS STANDING AT THE DOOR, WET UMBRELLA IN ONE HAND, OLD BRIEFCASE IN THE OTHER. HE DRIPS FROM THE WALK HOME ON THIS COLD WINTER NIGHT.

THE GIRL IS TERRIFIED AND DROPS THE CAT. IT BREAKS ON THE FLOOR. SHE LOOKS SLIGHTLY RIDICULOUS WITH A FILTHY BOOT ON ONE FOOT AND JUST THE PUTRID SOCK ON THE OTHER.

PHILLIP: How did you get in here?

THE GIRL BACKS AWAY TOWARDS THE WALL. PHILLIP PUTS DOWN HIS BRIEFCASE AND UMBRELLA AND MOVES TOWARDS HER SLOWLY.

PHILLIP: What have you done with Margaret?

THE GIRL CONTINUES TO MOVE AWAY, PHILLIP EDGES IN.

PHILLIP: (CALLING) Margaret! Maggie. (TO GIRL) What's that in your hand? Drop it. Drop it!

THE GIRL CONTINUES TO EDGE AWAY. SUDDENLY PHILLIP LUNGES AT THE GIRL, GRABBING HER. SHE STRUGGLES TO TRY AND PULL HERSELF FREE WHILE PHILLIP TRIES TO GET HER HAND OPEN.

MAGGIE: (APPEARING AT OTHER DOOR) Phillip. Let her go.

PHILLIP: (CONTINUING TO STRUGGLE) I caught her. There's something in her hand.

MAGGIE: She's our guest. Leave her alone.

PHILLIP: (SQUEEZING HER WRIST) Just let me see what …

PHILLIP FORCES THE GIRL TO OPEN HER HAND AND THE SQUASHED PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH FALLS ON TO THE FLOOR.

PHILLIP SEES THE SANDWICH. HE LETS THE GIRL GO AND STEPS BACK.

MARGARET GRABS THE PLATE AND TAKES IT OVER TO WHERE THE REMNANTS OF THE SANDWICH LAY. SHE PRODS THE REMAINS ON TO THE PLATE.

MAGGIE: (HOLDING UP PLATE TO PHILLIP) There's your great robbery. A peanut butter sandwich.

PHILLIP: I came in and I thought … It was dark. She was rifling through our belongings.

MAGGIE: She wasn't rifling through anything. (TO GIRL). No one's going to hurt you. Come and sit down. I'll make you another sandwich.

MAGGIE TAKES HER OVER TO THE SOFA AND SITS HER DOWN.

PHILLIP: (PICKING UP THE BROKEN CAT) Look! When I came home she was holding this.

MAGGIE: (TAKING THE CAT) She was probably just looking at it then you scared her so she dropped it. Now it's broken.

THE GIRL: (VERY SOFT) S – s – s - …

MAGGIE: (COMING BACK TO HER) What's that? It's okay. Take your time.

THE GIRL: (AGAIN VERY SOFT) Ssss – orry.

PHILLIP: What did she say?

MAGGIE: She said “sorry”. (TO GIRL) Don’t worry. (HOLDING UP THE PIECES) Nothing a little magic glue won’t fix. (TO PHILLIP) Now, don’t you have something to say to our guest?

PHILLIP: Of course. I … apologise. I just thought –

MAGGIE: We know what you thought.

PHILLIP: It was wrong.

MAGGIE: Yes. It was.

PHILLIP: Is there anything I can do?

MAGGIE: (HOLDING UP PLATE) You can take this to the kitchen and you can put on the kettle. We will be needing a good cup of tea.

PHILLIP TAKES THE PLATE AND EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN. MAGGIE PLACES THE PIECES OF THE CAT ON THE TABLE AND SITS NEXT TO THE GIRL.

MAGGIE: (COMFORTING THE GIRL) Never mind. It’s alright now. He’s always doing things like that. Barging in, breaking things. Very indelicate our Phillip.

PHILLIP: (RETURNING) Kettle’s on. (BEAT) Time for some introductions.

MAGGIE: Don’t be stupid. She already knows our names.

PHILLIP: But I don’t know hers. Who is she? And what is she doing in our house?

MAGGIE: Stop talking about our guest as if she is in the next room.

PHILLIP: I’m sorry but it’s a legitimate question. I have a right to know who is sitting with her dirty boot and filthy sock on my settee.

MAGGIE: Would you be quiet? She is our guest.

PHILLIP: Then tell me who she is?

MAGGIE: I don’t know. I found her.

PHILLIP: You – found her?

MAGGIE: Under the railway bridge, coming home from shopping.

THE KETTLE BEGINS TO SCREAM OFF STAGE. PHILLIP DOES NOT MOVE.

MAGGIE: Would you mind?

PHILLIP LOOKS AT HER, A LITTLE DAZED.

MAGGIE: The kettle.

PHILLIP REALISES AND EXITS. FROM OFF STAGE WE HEAR THE KETTLE STOP WHISTLING.

MAGGIE STAYS ON THE COUCH NEXT TO THE GIRL, SHE STROKES HER HAIR, SOOTHING HER.

THE GIRL FLINCHES A LITTLE AND COVERS HER EYES.

MAGGIE: What's wrong? The light? Too …

MAGGIE GOES TO THE CORNER AND TURNS ON A LAMP. SHE THEN GOES TO THE SWITCH AND TURNS OFF THE OVERHEAD LIGHT.

THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH A SOFT RED GLOW.

PHILLIP RETURNS WITH A TRAY WITH TEA CUPS AND POT. HE PUTS IT ON THE DINING TABLE.

MAGGIE: Thank you.

PHILLIP: Anything else?

MAGGIE: You know how I take mine and put a lot of milk in her's. Don't want it too hot.

PHILLIP POURS THE TEAS. HE BRINGS MAGGIE'S OVER.

MAGGIE: Her's first.

PHILLIP TAKES MAGGIE'S BACK AND PICKS UP THE GIRLS'. HE STARTS TO CARRY IT OVER.

MAGGIE: And bring the small table.

PHILLIP PICKS UP THE SMALL TABLE WITH THE PIECES OF CAT AND PLACES IT NEXT TO MAGGIE. MAGGIE HOLDS OUT HER HANDS.

MAGGIE: Give it to me.

PHILLIP GIVES MAGGIE THE CUP OF TEA.

PHILLIP: Anything else?

MAGGIE: Not right now. (TO GIRL) Something to warm you up.

MAGGIE HOLDS THE CUP AND GIVES THE GIRL A SIP.

MAGGIE: Good?

SHE GIVES HER ANOTHER THEN PLACES THE CUP ON THE TABLE.

MAGGIE: You can bring mine over now.

PHILLIP: (BRINGING OVER HER CUP) Can't we just ask her name?

MAGGIE: When she's ready she'll tell us.

PHILLIP: We must at least call someone. People will be worried.

MAGGIE: All in good time. Now get yourself a cup of tea – and we're all going to sit here. Nice and quiet. Help our guest to recover - from the shock.

PHILLIP GOES TO GET A CUP OF TEA FOR HIMSELF.

THE GIRL: (SOFTLY) Anna – lou-e.

MAGGIE: What was that?

THE GIRL: (SOFTLY) Lou-e. Anna – Lou-e …

MAGGIE: Leanne? Is that what you're saying? I can't hear.

THE GIRL: (VERY SOFT) Lou-e. Anna -

MAGGIE: Lea-Anna. Is that it?

PHILLIP: A last name? An address?

MAGGIE: Give her time. (TO LEA-ANNA) Lea-Anna. That's good. Your name is Lea-Anna.

PHILLIP: A-ha – progress!

MAGGIE: Please. Stop being so rude.

PHILLIP: I'm not trying to be rude. I'm just trying to figure out what actually happened. Why someone called Lea-Anna, who you found under the railway bridge, is sitting in my lounge room.

MAGGIE: You're scaring her.

PHILLIP: I'm just trying to find out some information. (TO LEA-ANNA) Lea-Anna. My name is Phillip.

MAGGIE: Stop it. She's in shock.

PHILLIP: Why?

MAGGIE: From you barging in and attacking her.

PHILLIP: (TO LEA-ANNA) Was there some kind of accident?

MAGGIE: Leave her alone. She doesn't know. Or if she does she's not in a fit enough state to tell us – yet.

PHILLIP: I'm just trying to piece things together.

MAGGIE: There is no need for you to piece anything together.

PAUSE.

PHILLIP: (TO MAGGIE) Alright. Just tell me – calmly and clearly – from the beginning. What happened?

MAGGIE: I told you. I found her.

PHILLIP: Please.

MAGGIE: I was coming back from the market this morning, carrying two big bags. They were heavy and I was struggling.

PHILLIP: I've told you before to do the heavy shopping on the weekend, when I can -

MAGGIE: You wanted to hear so let me finish. I was walking over the railway bridge and I looked down. I saw this object lying beside the tracks. In the gravel. At first I thought it was some kind of animal, a dog or something, that'd been hit by the train. But something made me stop. I put down the bags and leant over the bars to get a better look. Then I realised it wasn't a dog. The legs were too long and no dog I know has bright red hair. It was a body. A human body - lying face down next to the railway track. I didn't know whether it was alive or dead so I called out. "Hello. Are you alright?" Twice. Three times. No