

EXTRACT

Ash

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Characters

JESSIKAH 30s-40s

ASHLEIGH (ASH) 30s-40s

Time

Morning.

Setting

The interior of a plane rigged for skydiving.

Ash

The interior of a plane rigged for skydiving. The sound of engines roaring.

The lights come up on **JESSIKAH** and **ASH** seated on a bench, wearing parachutes. **JESSIKAH** holds in her arms a small urn.

ASH looks terrified. What **JESSIKAH** is feeling is hard to read.

The sounds of the engines starts to fade.

ASH: (OVER ENGINES) This is great.

JESSIKAH DOES NOT RESPOND. BEAT.

ASH: I said 'This is great.'

JESSIKAH: Glad you're enjoying it.

ASH: I'm dying here.

JESSIKAH: What do you want me to do about it?

ASH: You asked me to come. (BEAT) Well?

JESSIKAH: Thank you.

ASH: That's much better. I may be about to die but now at least I'll die knowing that my best friend was grateful.

JESSIKAH: You're not going to die.

ASH: Open door – airplane – sucked out. Float float float – splat splat splat.

JESSIKAH EDGES CLOSER TO ASH. SHE PUTS HER ARM AROUND HER.

ASH: What are you doing?

JESSIKAH: Holding you. If I hold on to you – you can't get sucked out.

ASH: No / can't but *we* can. Then it's double float float float – double splat splat splat!

JESSIKAH: I've got you. You're not going anywhere.

ASH: Yes I am. I'm going to 10,000 feet.

JESSIKAH: We're wearing parachutes.

ASH: That were made in 1933. And packed by Barnacle Bill.

JESSIKAH: We won't need to use them.

ASH: Shouldn't there at least be a safety thingo.

JESSIKAH: Safety thingo?

ASH: Some kind of red nylon net thingo to catch us before we get sucked out. And look at this old junk box. It'll probably fall to pieces before it even hits 10,000 feet and then not only will we fall 10,000 feet to our deaths but we'll be obliterated by pieces of old junk box once we hit the ground. Splat splat splat. Pulp pulp pulp. When was the last time it had a safety check? Probably shouldn't even be flying.

JESSIKAH: Probably.

ASH: Then what are we doing in it?

JESSIKAH: He's the only one who would take us.

ASH: You mean the cheapest.

JESSIKAH: The only one. (LOOKING AT URN) I'm not sure what we're doing is all that ... legal.

ASH: Oh great. I'm going to die and get arrested too.

JESSIKAH: Alright Ash.

ASH: What Jess? There is no alright here.

JESSIKAH: You've made your point. You don't want to be here. I don't want to be here.

ASH: It was your idea.

JESSIKAH: No. (LOOKING AT URN) It was his.

ASH: But you decided to go through with it.

JESSIKAH: It was his last request.

ASH: He wouldn't know.

JESSIKAH: But I would.

ASH: You didn't have to drag me along.

JESSIKAH: He wanted you here.

ASH: Me? Why? Because he hated me. He wants me to die in this old junk box.

JESSIKAH: Does he want me to die?

ASH: No. He loved you. Typical Lex. Being weird. Being weird even after he's ...

JESSIKAH: Is it really weird?

ASH: What would you call it?

JESSIKAH: Unique, memorable, romantic.

ASH: Romantic? A dozen roses and a candle lit dinner is romantic. Being sucked out to your death at 10,000 feet is very definitely unromantic.

JESSIKAH: That's what I would've called it. Once. When we first met. That's what I thought of everything Lex did. (BEAT.) Would you like to hold him?

ASH: No.

JESSIKAH: Just for awhile. We're almost there.

ASH: You hold the bastard.

JESSIKAH: Don't call him that.

ASH: He is a bastard. For getting us up here.

A RED LIGHT GOES ON IN THE PLANE.

ASH: What's that? That red light over there. It just came on.

JESSIKAH: That's the signal.

ASH: That we're out of fuel? That the engines have stalled? That we're going to plummet to our deaths? Well it's nice of that nutcase pilot to notify us. (CALLS) "Thanks Barnacle Bill – we're ready to die!"

JESSIKAH: That we've reached ten thousand feet.