

# EXTRACT

# Fate's Steady Hands

A ten minute play

By

Alex Broun

**PLEASE NOTE:**

THIS PLAY SCRIPT HAS BEEN DOWNLOADED FROM [www.alexbroun.com](http://www.alexbroun.com)

BY AGREEING TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF [www.alexbroun.com](http://www.alexbroun.com)  
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**  
[abroun@bigpond.net.au](mailto:abroun@bigpond.net.au)

© Alex Broun 2006

### **Cast**

SAM                      An employee, 20s - 30s

RICHARD                His boss, 30s – 40s

### **Setting**

An office, morning

### **Synopsis**

Sam is standing in Richard's office - and he's only wearing one shoe. He also has something very important to tell him about the nature of love. An unexpectedly quirky comedy.

**Fate's Steady Hands**

BEAT.

RICHARD: Sam

SAM: Richard

BEAT.

RICHARD: You're in my office.

SAM: Yes.

BEAT:

RICHARD: And you're wearing one shoe.

SAM: Yes.

BEAT.

RICHARD: Why are you only wearing one shoe?

SAM: I had an itch.

RICHARD: Of course you did. (BEAT) So you're wearing one shoe and you're standing in my office. Perhaps I should ask why?

SAM: I'm exploring the complex nature of love.

RICHARD: Of course you are.

SAM: I'm wondering if you can control it.

RICHARD: Control ...

SAM: Not control. Choose.

BEAT.

RICHARD: Choose who you do or don't love?

SAM: That's it. I'm thinking you can control it.

RICHARD: Yes?

SAM: Yes. I think there is a point where choice is possible.

RICHARD: I thought love was meant to be overwhelming. True love.

SAM: Eventually. But wouldn't you agree at the start that there is a moment where you can actually feel yourself falling in love? Your heart makes you an offer – accept or deny? Example : I'm standing at a table and I'm looking into the eyes of this girl I know, soft blue eyes, her strange crooked nose, black curly hair. And I'm bathing in these wonderful words that are flowing from her lips, soft red lips, clinging on every syllable. Her complex, intriguing phrases are like the most long awaited sun storm and I'm catching every drop I can with my mind, body, soul. Now at this moment I can feel it. The faint flicker inside my stomach, a warm glow beginning in my chest and spreading out to every corner of my being like floating in a soft warm, delightfully scented bath. I can actually feel myself falling in love with this magical, wondrous human being. It's like a tap – the pressures building up and the torrent is ready to burst forth and all I have to do is give it a little nudge. But what if I sense that she won't feel the same way, that my burgeoning emotion is actually doomed for a long and very torturous extended winter of unrequitement. Can I just nudge the tap the other way? Lock up the torrent before it has a chance to consume me? Choose to say no?

RICHARD: Sounds nice, if it's possible.

SAM: Increasingly I believe that it is.

RICHARD: So is that what you did? Shut off the torrent.

SAM: No.

**RICHARD LAUGHS.**

SAM: Not on this occasion. And an exceedingly long and extraordinarily dark winter is in prospect. But I do think it's possible. Even if I wasn't successful on this occasion.

BEAT.

RICHARD: No.

SAM: Yes?

RICHARD: The answer is no. I don't think you can control it. If you really feel that way – then you can't stop it. It leaks out anyway. Drips down the side, bursts from the pipes, blows the tap out of the wall. And then you get so overwhelmed you feel like your drowning in a sea of love and only that one unique person can save you.

SAM: And if they don't.

RICHARD: You drown. In a sea of love.

SAM: Not as pleasant as it sounds. Listen, I've had mental anguish, physical agony but nothing – nothing can compete with emotional pain. Like having your guts cut out with a rusty razor blade.

RICHARD: Unless the unique one returns your ardour.

SAM: Then maybe you both drown.

RICHARD: In the sea of love. Now that would be a pleasant way to go.

SAM: But not a realistic outcome for me. The chances of this person returning my feelings are like this box of matches to this room.

RICHARD: So this is happening now? I thought you were referring to some historical event.

SAM: No this is a current dilemma.

RICHARD: Who is she? Anybody I know?

SAM: Quite well. She's your wife.

RICHARD: My wife?

SAM: I would've thought crooked nose would've given it away.

RICHARD: It's not crooked. Makes her sound like a witch. It's a bump, a very sweet and sexy little bump. And her eyes are green. Not blue.

SAM: Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

RICHARD: Well that is one beauty I would request you not to behold.

SAM: Like I said, I'm trying to keep the tap turned off.

RICHARD: Very wise or your winter will be very long and considerably without comfort – or company.

SAM: As I said ... (HOLDS UP THE MATCHBOX).

RICHARD: But it's not just this room. You should be comparing that to this whole building. The whole city.

SAM: You positive it's that slim?