

EXTRACT

Ridiculously, madly

a short play

By

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Characters

ANDREW

ELOISE

BRADLEY

Time

Day.

Setting

A park bench.

Ridiculously, madly

Park Bench. Day.

ANDREW ALONE, A BAG NEXT TO HIM ON THE BENCH. **ELOISE** ENTERS. AN AWKWARD PAUSE.

ANDREW: Hi.

ELOISE: Hi.

ANDREW: Thanks.

ELOISE: What for?

ANDREW: Coming.

ELOISE: I don't know why I did.

ANDREW: Because I asked you.

ELOISE: I'm not sure what it's going to achieve.

ANDREW: El – please. It's Christmas. (INDICATING BAG) I bought you a present.

BEAT. **ELOISE** SITS.

ELOISE: I didn't get you one. Sorry.

ANDREW: It's okay. (BEAT) I just wanted to talk.

ELOISE: About what?

ANDREW: Wait a minute and I'll tell you.

ELOISE: We've been through all of it – a hundred times. (BEAT) Well. Talk.

ANDREW: Give me a moment.

BEAT.

ELOISE: Moment.

ANDREW: Jesus El.

ELOISE: I'm sorry Andrew. I really just don't want to be here.

ANDREW: If it's really that painful for you then go.

ELOISE: (LEAVING) Okay. I will.

ANDREW: Great.

ELOISE: See you round.

ANDREW: Hopefully not.

ELOISE IS JUST ABOUT TO EXIT.

ANDREW: 'Ridiculously, madly.'

ELOISE STOPS. BEAT.

ANDREW: 'Ridiculously, madly.'

ELOISE TURNS.

ANDREW: It's what you wrote on your Facebook profile.

ELOISE: I didn't think anyone else could see that.

ANDREW: It was on your Wall.

ELOISE: And you could read it.

ANDREW: Everyone can read your wall. It's only "Messages" that are private.

ELOISE: I must remember that for next time.

ANDREW: All for the best. Anyway, that kind of got me thinking. I was with her for three and a half years – she never writes that about me. She's with this other guy for three weeks and she's 'ridiculously, madly'.

BEAT. ELOISE SITS.

ELOISE: I really didn't think anyone else could read that.

ANDREW: All for the best. Anyway – my fault. If you go poking around on your ex's Facebook profile you're bound to get a few limbs blown off. Ah Facebook, bringing pain into the lives of millions across the globe every second.

ELOISE: I'm sorry Andy.

ANDREW: Why should you apologise? You met someone. You fell in love. Lucky you. I hope I'm as lucky one day. And that's what I want to talk to you about – if you'll indulge me - love. The nature and causes. Not just us specifically but in general. After I read - what I read - I went for a walk and I felt like calling you. Not to talk about that specifically – just call you – talk about my day, ask about yours – like we always use to - and then I remembered that there isn't any point to that, cause we're not *in love* anymore. And then I thought but I still love you — so where does that love go now – what happens to that. Does it just disappear into a black hole somewhere in the Universe? The “Love dump”. Where love goes when it's not wanted anymore.

ELOISE: You'll meet somebody else.

ANDREW: I don't want to love somebody else. I want to love you.

ELOISE: But there wouldn't be much point in that. Because I'm in love with somebody else.

ANDREW: But you were in love with me.

ELOISE: And *now* I'm in love with somebody else.

ANDREW: 'Ridiculously, madly'?

ELOISE: Don't get nasty.

ANDREW: I'm not being nasty. I'm just trying to believe.

ELOISE: Believe? In love?

ANDREW: Yes.

ELOISE: Right.

ANDREW: Look around. Do you know where we are? This is where we first met. I was jogging by and you were sitting on this bench –

ELOISE: Rubbing my ankle.

ANDREW: And I stopped to see if you were okay.

ELOISE: Looks different.

ANDREW: Change of season. I often come here – to think – about what went wrong.