

EXTRACT

Saturday Night Newtown, Sunday Morning Erskineville

a short play

by

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Cast

CLAIRE

MIE MIE

Setting

Claire's room in a share house in Erskineville.

Time

Sunday Morning.

CLAIRE's cluttered and grubby room in a share house in Erskineville. Sunday morning.

CLAIRE and **MIE MIE** lie sprawled on a mattress on the floor. Slowly **MIE MIE** wakes. She sits up and looks around, trying to work out where she is.

She looks at **CLAIRE** lying in the bed alongside her. She lifts the sheet and looks at herself. She lifts the sheet and looks at **CLAIRE**.

She suppresses a groan. Carefully she gets out of bed, trying not to wake **CLAIRE**.

She delicately picks her way around the room, recovering her clothing. She puts a few pieces on, and with the rest in her arms, makes her way for the door.

She tries the door but it appears to be locked. She re-positions the clothes under her arm and using both hands manages to open the door. But as she does she drops a shoe.

It falls to the ground with a thump.

MIE MIE spins around to look at **CLAIRE**. **CLAIRE** doesn't move. **MIE MIE** eases her way through the door.

CLAIRE: Making a quick getaway.

MIE MIE STOPS.

MIE MIE: You're awake.

CLAIRE SITS UP.

CLAIRE: Didn't mean to interrupt you.

MIE MIE: I didn't want to wake you.

CLAIRE: Very considerate.

MIE MIE TURNS TO LOOK AT CLAIRE. CLAIRE FINDS A T-SHIRT AND PUTS IT ON.

CLAIRE: It's okay. You can still go.

MIE MIE: You're awake now. I'll stay.

CLAIRE: Then why are you holding the door open ?

MIE MIE CLOSSES THE DOOR. SHE MAKES HER WAY BACK INTO THE ROOM.

CLAIRE: At least you didn't have to do a coyote ?

MIE MIE: Excuse me ?

CLAIRE: Chew your arm off rather than waking me. You weren't faced with that particular dilemma.

MIE MIE: Don't be so stupid. Now if I can just find a place.

CLAIRE: Sorry. Bit messy.

MIE MIE: No, it's fine.

MIE MIE PERCHES ON A CHAIR AND FINISHES DRESSING.

MIE MIE: Where are we ?

CLAIRE: Erskineville.

MIE MIE: But last night we were in Newtown, weren't we ?

CLAIRE: Now we're in Erskineville.

MIE MIE: How did we get here ?

CLAIRE: Walked. Or should I say I walked. You staggered.

MIE MIE: I really don't remember.

CLAIRE: You tried to throw yourself off the Railway Bridge. Twice.

MIE MIE: What were we drinking ?

CLAIRE: I was on lite beer. You were drinking - well pretty well anything you could get your hands on.

MIE MIE: Drowning my sorrows.

CLAIRE: Tough week ?

MIE MIE: That I do remember. Are the buses running by now ?

CLAIRE: Should be.

MIE MIE: I better get going.

CLAIRE: Church ?

MIE MIE: Ha ha - funny. Got to help my mum. She's having some people over for lunch.

CLAIRE: Where does she live ?

MIE MIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Singapore.

CLAIRE: You've got a long trip in front of you then.

PAUSE.

MIE MIE: Look, I'm sorry.

CLAIRE: It's okay.

MIE MIE: I just usually don't do this.

CLAIRE: Who said I do ?

MIE MIE: I mean I'm not accustomed to being in this situation.

CLAIRE: Absolutely.

MIE MIE: Last night ... I guess I sort of lost control. Went a little crazy.

CLAIRE: Let yourself go.

MIE MIE: Did things I wouldn't do under normal conditions.

CLAIRE: You mean normally you wouldn't go home with me ?

MIE MIE: I'm sorry. That must sound awful.

CLAIRE: It's okay. I gather I'm not exactly your type.

MIE MIE: No, it' not that.

CLAIRE: You mean I *am* your type ?

MIE MIE: I've just had a terrible week. I mean a really terrible week.

CLAIRE: Adrianna.

MIE MIE: How do you know about Adrianna ?

CLAIRE: You mentioned her last night. Several times. Especially when you were trying to jump off the bridge.

MIE MIE: She ...

CLAIRE: Dumped you on Thursday -

MIE MIE: For no reason.

CLAIRE: And then last night she was there with -

MIE MIE: That girl. She was all over her, and ...

CLAIRE: You discovered there may have been a reason after all.