

# EXTRACT

# You

a short farce

by

Alex Broun

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**Cast**

**DEBORAH**            A marketing executive, late 20s

**DOMINIC**            Photocopying technician, mid 20s

**STRANG**             Gym instructor, late 20s

**ALICE AND ALEX (TWINS)**    Art students, early 20s

**WALTER**             A music teacher, late 40s

**Setting**

Busy inner city cafe.

**Time**

Saturday afternoon.

**You by Alex Broun**

Café. **DOMINIC** and **DEBORAH**.

DOMINIC: You.

DEBORAH: Me?

DOMINIC: Yes - you.

DEBORAH: Really.

DOMINIC: That's what it's all about.

DEBORAH: Is it?

DOMINIC: And what I need you to understand -

DEBORAH: Hold on. I don't *need* to understand anything.

DOMINIC: I mean what I'd *like* you to understand -

DEBORAH: Better.

DOMINIC: Is that this is not a casual thing - for me.

DEBORAH: Wrong. It's not a *thing* at all.

DOMINIC: Sorry?

DEBORAH: You're implying there is a *thing* - some *thing* - between us, and let me make it clear there is no *thing* between us.

DOMINIC: Well there is to me. And it's not ...

DEBORAH: As you said.

DOMINIC: Casual. It's more, much more than that.

PAUSE.

DEBORAH: Oh. That's sweet.

DOMINIC: Sweet?

DEBORAH: Yes sweet.

DOMINIC: You mean you feel the same?

DEBORAH: No, it's just sweet. You've got a crush.

DOMINIC: I told you. It's more than that.

DEBORAH: Well then you've got more than a crush.

DOMINIC: On you.

DEBORAH: Yes.

DOMINIC: But you don't have more than a crush back?

DEBORAH: Not even less than a crush, I'm afraid.

PAUSE. **DOMINIC IS CRESTFALLEN.**

DEBORAH: (LAUGHS) Hope you're not crushed.

DOMINIC: Glad you think it's funny.

DEBORAH: Oops! Look, it's not your fault. You're great, really great.

DOMINIC: Obviously not great enough.

DEBORAH: It's me. All me. I'm just not ready for that kind of commitment. And you know, there's the other thing.

DOMINIC: You're big on things aren't you?

DEBORAH: We work together. Office romance. It is a bit passé.

DOMINIC: Passe? Did you say – *passé*?

DEBORAH: Yes.

DOMINIC: So now not only am I not a *thing* – now I'm *passé* as well.

DEBORAH: I didn't mean it like that. It's just that you're young.

DOMINIC: Not that young.

DEBORAH: Well younger than me. I need someone older now. Wiser. With more experience. Someone who can teach me things, who I can grow with. Someone like my old music teacher. Mr Maguire. I was only fourteen but I'll never forget him. That's who I need.

DOMINIC: I thought you just said you weren't ready for something right now?

DEBORAH: Well I'm not but I might be if the right person came along.

DOMINIC: But that's not ...

DEBORAH: You. Sorry.

**DOMINIC LOWERS HIS HEAD. HE BEGINS TO CRY.**

DEBORAH: Dominic. What are you doing?

DOMINIC: What's wrong? Are tears passé too?

DEBORAH: It's only a crush. I know you think it's more than that but it's not. I mean it's not like we even know each other. I've hardly ever said seven words to you.

DOMINIC: (THROUGH HIS TEARS) Eight.

DEBORAH: Eight then.

DOMINIC: But they meant a lot to me.

DEBORAH: "Can I have some more photocopying fluid, please?" meant a lot to you?

DOMINIC: But you don't understand. If we just got to know each other a bit more I know you'd like me.

DEBORAH: Dom, you're a nice guy but like – get over it.

DOMINIC: But you don't understand – I can't get over it. I haven't had a girlfriend in two years.

DEBORAH: Then maybe you should get out more.

**STRANG ENTERS. HE LOOKS AROUND THE CAFÉ.**

DOMINIC: (SEEING STRANG) Oh crap!

**DOMINIC DUCKS UNDER THE TABLE.**

DOMINIC: (WHISPERS) Don't tell him I'm here.

DEBORAH: Who?

**BUT IT'S TOO LATE. STRANG HAS SEEN DOMINIC. HE MARCHES OVER.**

STRANG: Come out from there you little worm. (TO **DEBORAH**) So this is her eh? This is what all the fuss is about. Just what I expected. A trumped up little blonde tart.

DEBORAH: And what are you – The Terminator?