

Currency Press

This play is free to download and perform. The only condition is that you must **email Alex at abroun@bigpond.net.au** and let him know **where and when you produced his script**, listing the **director, cast and theatre**. If you have any production photos send them along as well and they may just end up on this website.

A ten minute play

By

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Cast

COLE

CERISE

Time

The present

Setting

A room

Currency Press

Room. **CERISE IS TIED TO A CHAIR.**

COLE: (PACING) Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck !!! (PAUSE)
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck !!!

CERISE MOANS.

COLE: Fuck. She's waking up. She's waking up !!! Fuck fuck fuck fuck!

CERISE MOANS.

COLE: No, that's good. That's good. We can talk. I'll tell her. All a big mistake. Very sorry. Won't happen again.

CERISE MOANS AGAIN, SOUNDING LIKE SHE'S IN PAIN.

COLE: You hit her over the head. Fuck ! You hit her over the head hard. Fuck ! No sorry for that. No sorry no way. No that's good. She's in pain. At least she's not dead. She could be dead. This is good. Very good. All good.

CERISE MOANS LOUDER. SHE MOVES HER HEAD.

COLE: Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck ! No – all good. Keep it together. Just keep it together. Tough and cool. Tough and cool.

COLE TAKES UP A POSITION.

COLE: Tough and cool.

COLE CHANGES POSITION.

COLE: Tough and cool. (TO CERISE) "Wake up – bitch." Oh shit. I called her bitch. Don't call her bitch. No – tough and cool. Tough and cool.

CERISE MOANS AGAIN.

COLE: "That's right bitch. I said wake up."

CERISE LIFTS HER HEAD. SHE LOOKS AROUND.

CERISE: My head hurts.

COLE: "Tough – bitch."

CERISE: No, I mean my head really hurts. Did you hit me with something ?

COLE: (ASIDE) Fuck fuck fuck fuck. No – tough and cool. Tough and cool.

CERISE: Are you talking to yourself ?

COLE: “Shut it bitch. Or I’ll make you shut it.”

CERISE: Did you just call me a bitch ?

COLE: “Yeah – you ... bitch.”

SHE LOOKS AROUND TRYING TO WORK OUT WHERE SHE IS.

CERISE: Where are we ?

COLE: “You don’t need to know.”

CERISE: Who are you ?

COLE: “I’m the guy who kidnapped you.”

CERISE: Am I being kidnapped ?

COLE: “Yeah. You are ... bitch. How do you like them apples?”

CERISE: Did you just say apples ? Who are you ?

COLE: “I’m ... I’m your bastard bitch.”

CERISE: “Bastard bitch ?”

COLE: Fuck. That didn’t sound good. That’s not right.

CERISE: Now you’re talking to yourself again. What is going on ?

COLE: (SEEING A TEXTA) Write. Write.

COLE PICKS UP THE TEXTA. HE WRITES A BIG SIX AND THREE ON THE WALL.

CERISE: What is that ?

COLE POINTS AT THE NUMBER.

CERISE: I can’t quite make it out. Is that an “s” ?

COLE POINTS TO IT AGAIN.

CERISE: “S” and what’s the other one ?

COLE: No. It’s a six. Not an “s”. (TRACING OVER IT) Six, see ?

CERISE: Sorry. It looked like an “s”.

COLE: Well – it’s not.

CERISE: What’s the other one ? Is that an “epsilon” ?

COLE: What’s that ?

CERISE: “Epsilon” ? The Greek alphabet.

COLE: No – it’s not Greek. It’s three – the number three.

CERISE: Sorry. It just looks like – Okay, so six three. “Sixty three” ? Is that how old you think I am ?

COLE: (POINTING) Six three. Months weeks.

CERISE: Six months. Three weeks.

COLE: Yes !

CERISE: Six months. Three weeks ?

COLE: That’s it.

CERISE: So what ?

COLE: Oh come on. Six months three weeks.

CERISE: Does that have some kind of special significance ?

COLE: Yes.

PAUSE.

CERISE: Which is ?

COLE SCREAMS IN FRUSTRATION. HE GOES TO A BAG AND STARTS SEARCHING THROUGH IT FOR SOMETHING.

A GUN DROPS OUT ON TO THE FLOOR.

CERISE AND COLE LOOK AT THE GUN. PAUSE.

CERISE: Is that a ...

COLE NODS.

CERISE: A real ...

COLE NODS.

CERISE: Fuck.

COLE: “Yeah. That’s right bitch. I’ve got a gun. A real gun – so you better wise up and play it smart or you know what’s coming ... bitch.”

CERISE: I wish you’d stop saying that.

COLE: Bitch ?

CERISE: Yes. It’s quite ... hurtful.

COLE: Oh sorry. No ! I mean I’m not sorry. Bitch. You bitch. You bitching bitch of a bitch. Yeah . Bitch. Take that.

CERISE: Who are you ?

COLE: “I’m Cole.”

CERISE: Is that you’re real name ?

COLE: “Shut it – bitch.”

CERISE: Do I even know you ?

COLE: Oh you know me.

CERISE: You don’t look like ...

COLE: Like what ?

CERISE: The sort of person who would do something like this.

COLE: Don’t I ?

CERISE: No. You look ...

COLE: What ?

CERISE: Nice.

COLE: “Nice ? I am far from nice. I’m angry. I am a very angry man. And I’m dangerous. Very dangerous.”

CERISE: You don’t look dangerous ?

COLE: What if I stand like this ?

COLE ADOPTS A POSE. BEAT. CERISE SHAKES HER HEAD.

COLE: This ?

COLE ADOPTS ANOTHER POSE. **CERISE** SHAKES HER HEAD.

COLE: Fuck. Okay – this.

COLE PICKS UP THE GUN. HE TRIES TO HOLD IT IN A THREATENING MANNER BUT INSTEAD HE JUST ENDS UP WITH IT POINTING AT HIS CROTCH.

CERISE: I wouldn't pull the trigger.

COLE: "I will if I want to – bitch."

CERISE: You don't want to.

CERISE INDICATES WHERE THE GUN IS POINTING.

COLE QUICKLY POINTS IT AWAY FROM HIS CRUTCH. IT IS NOW POINTING AT **CERISE**. BEAT.

CERISE: Nice gun. Where did you buy it ?

COLE: On the internet.

CERISE: Really ?

COLE: From a supplier in Newcastle. There are a lot of gun suppliers in Newcastle.

CERISE: Is that so ? I didn't know you could buy guns over the internet.

COLE: You can. You can also buy bullets.

CERISE: You bought bullets ?

COLE: Yes.

BEAT.

CERISE: But you didn't actually put them in the gun ?

COLE: (DROPPING GUN) No.

CERISE: You're not a very good kidnapper are you ?

COLE: Yes I am. I mean I can be. I just got to follow my script.

COLE PULLS A SCRIPT FROM HIS BAG.

COLE: See ? "Wise up and play it smart." "Shut it bitch."

CERISE: Is that a script ?

COLE: Yes.

CERISE: Which you wrote ?

COLE: Yes.

CERISE: Are you a writer ?

COLE: A playwright. And I sent you the script (POINTING TO WALL) Six months and

CERISE: Three week ago.

COLE: And I never heard anything back.

CERISE: Did you do all this just to get your play read ?

COLE: Yes! But not just read. Seen. That's what I'm doing. Acting out the play. I'm Cole and I kidnap ...

CERISE: Me ?

COLE: No not you – someone like you.

BEAT.

CERISE: It's not very good.

COLE: Yes it is.

CERISE SHAKES HER HEAD.

COLE: Wait. I'll do some more.

HE GIVES **CERISE** THE SCRIPT.

CERISE: Why are you giving it to me ?

COLE: Say your line.

CERISE: You want to do a playreading ? Now ?

COLE: So you can see how good it is.

CERISE: But I can't hold the script.

COLE: I'll put it on your lap.

CERISE: I can't turn the page.

COLE: Alright. I'll untie you. But you've got to pretend like you're still tied up.

COLE UNTIES HER.

COLE: Alright. (POINTING TO SCRIPT) Now from here.

CERISE: "Shut it bitch."

COLE: No – that's my line. (POINTING) There.

CERISE: "You're trying to scare me. You're just trying to scare me."

COLE: "Mission accomplished."

CERISE: "Who are you?"

COLE: "I'm the man who has a gun. And bullets."

CERISE: "But you're not the man who uses the gun."

COLE: "I could be."

CERISE: "Then you haven't made up your mind. There's hope."

COLE: "It's evaporating – quickly. I'm going to kill people. Lots of people. I'm going to start by killing you."

CERISE: "You don't look like a killer?"

COLE: "And what do killers look like?"

CERISE: "Not like you." (BEAT.) "So you haven't killed anybody yet?"

COLE: "How do you know that?"

CERISE: "You said start by ..."

COLE: "Hard to say isn't it. Kill."

CERISE: "Even harder to do."

COLE: "Maybe."

BEAT.

CERISE: It's still not very good.

COLE: Yes it is. "Hard to say isn't it. Kill." That's a great line.

CERISE: People don't talk like that.

COLE: Yes they do. Kidnappers do.

CERISE: No they don't.

COLE: Oh and you'd know. Alright then. Miss Smarty pants. You show me then ? What do kidnappers say ?

CERISE: (STANDING) You want me to show you ?

COLE: Please.

CERISE: (HOLDING OUT HAND) May I ?

COLE: Sure.

CERISE TAKES THE GUN.

COLE: Okay. Now show me. What do kidnappers say ?

CERISE: Get in the fucking chair.

COLE: See. That's a cliché.

CERISE: I said – get in the fucking chair.

COLE: Still a cliché.

CERISE: Sit down.

CERISE PUSHES COLE BACK INTO THE CHAIR. SHE BEGINS TO TIE HIM UP.

COLE: See now this bit doesn't even make sense. Why would my character allow themselves to be tied up ?

CERISE: Shut your mouth.

COLE: Now that's not as good as my line. "Shut it – bitch" is a much better line.

CERISE: I said – shut your mouth.

COLE: Still not as good.

CERISE: Where are the bullets ?

COLE: And why would my character tell you where the bullets are ?

CERISE GOES TO THE BAG. SHE SEARCHES FOR THE BULLETS.

COLE: Dramatic plausibility. That's what you're missing. There is no dramatically plausible reason why my character would tell your character where the bullets are.

CERISE: Found them.

CERISE BEGINS TO LOAD THE GUN.

COLE: What are you doing ?

CERISE: I'm loading the gun.

COLE: Why are you loading the gun ?

CERISE: Why do you think ?

COLE: You're trying to scare me. You're just trying to scare me.

CERISE: Mission accomplished.

COLE: Who are you ?

CERISE: I'm the woman who has a gun. And bullets.

COLE: But you're not the woman who uses the gun.

CERISE: I could be.

COLE: Then you haven't made up your mind. There's hope.

CERISE: It's evaporating – quickly. I'm going to kill people. Lots of people. I'm going to start by killing you.

CERISE: You don't look like a killer ?

COLE: And what do killers look like ?

CERISE: Not like you. (BEAT.) So you haven't killed anybody yet ?

COLE: How do you know that ?

CERISE: You said start by ...

COLE: Hard to say isn't it. Kill.

CERISE: Even harder to do.

COLE: Maybe. (BEAT) You see ? It does work.

CERISE: Yeah. You're right. That is actually quite good.

COLE: So you'll publish my play ?

CERISE: I would if I published plays.

BEAT.

COLE: You're Celeste Gordon ? From Currency Press ?

CERISE: I'm Cerise Gorman. From Regency Press. We publish Gardening books. Now I'll just go and work out where we are.

COLE: Why ?

CERISE: So I know where to tell the police to come to.

COLE: You're calling the police ?

CERISE: Don't worry. I hear jail does wonders for a writer's career.

COLE: That's true. Jean Genet wrote "The Maids" in jail.

CERISE: Well good luck with that.

COLE: Thanks.

BEAT.

CERISE: Well I'll just ...

COLE: Oh don't bother. We're in the Warehouse District. Lot F, Warehouse 3B.

CERISE: Thanks. Do you have a ...

COLE: In my bag.

CERISE SEARCHES THROUGH THE BAG, SHE PULLS OUT A PHONE.

CERISE: Great, well I'll just go give them a call then.

COLE: I'll be right here.

CERISE EXITS. COLE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS ROPES. BEAT.

COLE: Oh fuck.

BLACKOUT.