

The bed of Anthony Brunsdon

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

Kaela

Mary-Ellen

Anthony 1

Anthony 2

(Should look physically dis-similar.)

Setting

The stage is divided into three separate playing areas – perhaps by separate pools of light: A, B, C.

A is a café

B and C are two different bedrooms

The Bed of Anthony Brunsdon

Lights up on **A**.

MARY-ELLEN: He's a complete wanker.

KAELA: You think so ?

MARY-ELLEN: He's never happy unless people are talking about him.

KAELA: I thought -

MARY-ELLEN: And then he pretends he doesn't like it. "Oh please stop talking about me. Please." Wan - ker.

KAELA: That's pretty harsh.

MARY-ELLEN: So what actually did he say ?

KAELA: "Come over and help with the notation."

MARY-ELLEN: Come over where ?

KAELA: His place.

MARY-ELLEN: Right.

KAELA: His studio.

MARY-ELLEN: So he wants you to come to his place and help him with his "notation". More like "knob-tation."

KAELA: And he's ordering in some dinner. Payment for my time.

MARY-ELLEN: "Payment" ? What else did the email say ?

KAELA: He asked if I liked anything special to drink.

MARY-ELLEN: Right.

KAELA: And he asked me not to tell the rest of the class.

MARY-ELLEN: Right.

KAELA: Because they might –

MARY-ELLEN: "Get jealous they weren't asked ?" Yep.

KAELA: Yep what ?

MARY-ELLEN: At his house? At night? With dinner - and a bottle of wine.

BEAT.

KAELA: Wow. You really think he wants to –

MARY-ELLEN: Get in to your pink bits.

KAELA: But ...

MARY-ELLEN: You're not actually thinking of ...

KAELA: Maybe.

MARY-ELLEN: Kaela!

KAELA: It's Anthony Brunsdon. His music is everywhere. I'd be learning how to notate from -

MARY-ELLEN: "Come around to my place and help me with some notation. Oh and by the way – this is my bed?"

KAELA: Well –

MARY-ELLEN: What ?

KAELA: The bed of Anthony Brunsdon. Doesn't sound so bad.

KAELA MOVES TO B. LIGHTS UP ON B.

KAELA LIES ON THE BED, PANTING.

ANTHONY 1 ENTERS.

KAELA: I think you hit every single note on my chord structure.

ANTHONY 1: In tune.

KAELA: Very in tune.

KAELA HITS HIM.

ANTHONY 1: What's that for?

KAELA: I thought we were going to do some notation.

ANTHONY 1: We got sidetracked.

KAELA LAUGHS.

ANTHONY 1: I think there's another movement coming.

ANTHONY 1 JUMPS ON HER. LIGHTS DOWN ON B.

KAELA MOVES BACK TO A.

KAELA: He could have tonnes of girls.

MARY-ELLEN: He *has* had tonnes of girls. You're just the next on the list.

KAELA: At least I'm on the list.

MARY-ELLEN: What does that mean ?

KAELA: You're not a tiny bit jealous.

MARY-ELLEN: He's sleazy.

KAELA: How is he sleazy?

MARY-ELLEN: He's 57 years old.

KAELA: Not that old. His picture on his website –

MARY-ELLEN: was taken last century.

KAELA: He's still in pretty good shape.

MARY-ELLEN: Man-girdle.

KAELA: No.

MARY-ELLEN: Yes.

KAELA MOVES TO C. LIGHTS UP ON C.

ANTHONY 2 LEADS KAELA INTO THE BEDROOM.

ANTHONY 2: Here we are.

KAELA: I thought I was going to help you with your notation.

ANTHONY 2: You are.

KAELA: In your bedroom ?

ANTHONY 2: Bedroom slash lounge room slash kitchen.

KAELA: Slash bathroom ?

ANTHONY 2: It's communal. Down the hall.

KAELA: Your place is kind of ... small.

ANTHONY 2: What were you expecting ?

KAELA: You're Anthony Brunsdon. The big famous film composer. I thought your place would be ...

ANTHONY 2: Music is my passion.

KAELA: Which means ?

ANTHONY 2: I have a day job. (INDICATING BADGE) Data Programmer. Pardon me while I just change my shirt. I'm sweating a little.

**ANTHONY 2 TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT REVEALING A MAN-GIRDLE.
KAELA REELS A LITTLE FROM THE SMELL.**

KAELA: Your ...

ANTHONY 2: What ?

KAELA: Is that a ...

ANTHONY 2: (PROUDLY) Man-girdle.

ANTHONY 2 TAKES IT OFF REVEALING A SIZEABLE BEER GUT.

KAELA: It fits well.

ANTHONY 2: (PROUD) Thanks.

LIGHTS DOWN ON C. KAELA MOVES BACK TO A.

KAELA: You really think he just wants to -

MARY ELLEN 1: Bone you big time.

KAELA: And you really think he's

MARY-ELLEN 1: Definitely old and definitely sleazy.

KAELA: But if he just wants that then why not just ask me out for a drink? Why go to all this trouble ?

MARY-ELLEN 1: Because if he asked you out for a drink you'd just say no, wouldn't you ? (BEAT) Wouldn't you ?

KAELA MOVES BACK TO B AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON B.

ANTHONY 1 AND KAELA ARE KISSING.

KAELA: Wait. Stop for one second. How old are you ?

ANTHONY 1: I think I'm the one meant to be asking that question.

KAELA: Well I'm asking. How old are you ?

ANTHONY 1: Does age matter.

KAELA: No.

ANTHONY 1: Then don't ask.

ANTHONY 1 TRIES TO KISS HER AGAIN, KAELA PUSHES HIM AWAY.

KAELA: My friend said you were old.

ANTHONY 1: You just said age doesn't matter.

KAELA: They also said you were ...

ANTHONY 1: What ?

KAELA: Sleazy.

ANTHONY 1: Which friend ?

KAELA: Mary-Ellen.

ANTHONY 1: I told you not to mention it to anyone in the class.

KAELA: That's why she said you were sleazy.

ANTHONY 1 ROLLS AWAY.

ANTHONY 1: Right.

KAELA: She said it – not me.

ANTHONY 1: But you're repeating it.

KAELA: I just can't help thinking –

ANTHONY 1: If I do this with lots of girls.

KAELA: Well do you ?

ANTHONY 1: Not as many as you think.

KAELA: Don't you have a wife or something ?

ANTHONY 1: (LAUGHING) No.

KAELA: What about a girlfriend ?

ANTHONY 1: I did.

KAELA: What happened ?

ANTHONY 1: She went to Thailand. To become a Muay Thai boxing champ. Or so she said.

KAELA: So this is just to make you feel better?

ANTHONY 1: Honestly Kaela, I don't know what it is yet. Do you ?
(BEAT) I think this has surprised both of us.

KAELA: So you didn't plan this.

ANTHONY 1: No. I met you in the class and I thought you were funny, talented –

KAELA: Beautiful ?

ANTHONY 1: Very beautiful. And I have these scores to notate and I thought you might like to help me. That was it.

KAELA: But instead we end up having sex.

ANTHONY 1: I guess there is an attraction.

KAELA: And then what ?

ANTHONY 1: I'm not sure. Are you ?

LIGHTS DOWN ON **B**.

KAELA MOVES BACK TO A AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON A.

KAELA: But I need to learn more about notation.

MARY-ELLEN 1: So you'll sleep with him.

KAELA: His music is really good.

LIGHTS DOWN ON **A**.

KAELA MOVES BACK TO C AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON C.

KAELA SITS ON THE BED.

ANTHONY 2 DROPS A GRUBBY McDONALD'S BAG IN HER LAP.

KAELA: What's this ?

ANTHONY 2: Dinner. It always tastes better the next day. I'll just need to re-heat.

KAELA PUTS THE BAG ASIDE.

KAELA: Are you going to play it ?

ANTHONY 2: What ?

KAELA: The score.

ANTHONY 2: It's not here.

KAELA: It's a bit hard to notate –

ANTHONY 2: I mean it's in the other room.

KAELA: I thought this was the only room.

ANTHONY 2: I mean it's on top of the cupboard.

ANTHONY 2 STANDS ON A CHAIR ABOVE KAELA REACHING ON TOP OF THE CUPBOARD. HE IS PEERING DOWN HER TOP.

ANOTHONY 2: Almost got it ...

KAELA SUDDENLY REALISES WHAT ANTHONY 2 IS DOING.

KAELA: Do you mind ?

ANTHONY 2: Just enjoying the view.

KAELA: I'd appreciate it if you didn't.

ANTHONY 2: Didn't realise you were so self-conscious.

KAELA: I'm not.

ANTHONY 2: Could be a problem.

KAELA: What ?

ANTHONY 2: You write a score. People are going to listen to it. Criticise it ...

KAELA: I don't mind people criticising my music. Just not trying to peer down my top.

ANTHONY 2: Are you ashamed ?

KAELA: No.

ANTHONY 2: You shouldn't be. You've got great jugs.

KAELA: Jugs ?

ANTHONY 2: Norks. (SINGING) Fun bags. Juicy ripe melons. Are they real ?

KAELA: Yes!

ANTHONY 2: Maybe I should check.

ANTHONY 2 REACHES FOR HER BREASTS. KAELA KNOCKS HER HANDS AWAY.

ANTHONY 2: Didn't think you'd be so uptight.

KAELA: I'm not.

ANTHONY 2: Then just give me a quick squeeze.

KAELA: My friend said you were like this.

ANTHONY 2: Like what ?

KAELA: Old, fat and sleazy.

ANTHONY 2: (THRUSTING HIS PELVIS TOWARDS HER) You forgot well hung.

KAELA: (TO **ANTHONY 2**) You are revolting.

ANTHONY 2: Thank you.

LIGHTS UP ON A AND B.

MARY-ELLEN: No music is that good.

MARY-ELLEN/ANTHONY 1: You're a composer –

ANTHONY 1: But you're also a woman.

KAELA: (TO **MARY-ELLEN**) But what if he's not like that.

MARY-ELLEN: What if he is?

ANTHONY 2: You betcha baby.

ANTHONY 1: Is that so bad ?

ANTHONY 2: Lob 'em out so I can give them a nice lick.

MARY-ELLEN: Trust me.

KAELA: (TO **ANTHONY 1**) I just don't want to be –

KAELA/ANTHONY 2: Another notch on your (my) bed.

ANTHONY 1: You're not.

BEAT.

KAELA: I'm just going to go.

ANTHONY 1: Please.

ANTHONY 2: Just give me a chance.

KAELA: Sorry.

KAELA START TO EXIT.

MARY-ELLEN/ANTHONY 1/ANTHONY 2: Kaela.

KAELA STOPS.

KAELA/2/3: What ?

ANTHONY 1: Just think about it.

MARY-ELLEN: You're doing the right thing.

ANTHONY 2: I do have that score for you.

KAELA: Yeah.

ANTHONY 2: It's a strip tease.

ANTHONY 2 BEGINS TO PARADE AROUND MAKING STRIP TEASE MUSIC.

KAELA JUST LOOKS AT ANTHONY 1.

KAELA EXITS.

LIGHTS FADE ON **A**.

ANTHONY 1 FLOPS BACK ON THE BED. LIGHTS FADE ON **B**.

MARY-ELLEN ENTERS **C**.

ANTHONY 2: She didn't buy it.

MARY-ELLEN: Don't worry lover. Looks like I'll have to give you that knob-tation.

ANTHONY 2: Pity. She's got better tits.

THEY BOTH LOOK TO THE AUDIENCE. BLACKOUT.