

Blood Reversal

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a short play

By

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Characters

LACHLAN

ANGELO

Time

Midnight.

Setting

Kitchen.

Blood Reversal

Kitchen. Midnight.

LIGHTS UP SUDDENLY.

LACHLAN stands dressed in pyjamas and holding a cup of tea, frozen still.

Facing him is **ANGELO**, dressed in dark jacket, jeans. He holds a sharp carving knife.

The two men face each other. Pause. Eventually:

ANGELO: Nice PJs.

LACHLAN: Ta.

BEAT.

ANGELO: The little patterns. Are they teddy bears ?

LACHLAN: Kittens.

ANGELO: Cute.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: Nice knife.

ANGELO: It's not mine.

LACHLAN: I know. I bought it for my wife.

ANGELO: Present ?

LACHLAN: Last Christmas. Came in a boxed set.

ANGELO: Stylish.

LACHLAN: She thought so.

BEAT.

ANGELO: And she is ?

LACHLAN: Not here. (BEAT) Away. (BEAT) With my mother. (BEAT) Her mother. (BEAT) Camping.

ANGELO: Don't lie.

LACHLAN: I'm not.

ANGELO: Don't - lie.

LACHLAN: I'm -

ANGELO: Not very good at it. (BEAT. REFERRING TO TEA) Would you like to put that down ?

LACHLAN: (REFERRING TO KNIFE) After you.

ANGELO: Very funny.

LACHLAN: I try.

BEAT. **LACHLAN** MOVES TOWARDS THE TABLE.

ANGELO: And don't get any ideas.

LACHLAN: I -

ANGELO: Just don't.

LACHLAN PUTS DOWN THE TEA.

LACHLAN: (GESTURING TO CHAIR) May I ?

ANGELO NODS.

SUDDENLY THERE IS THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER FLYING LOW OUTSIDE.

ANGELO GOES TO THE WINDOW AND PEERS UP.

A SEARCHLIGHT PASSES BY THE WINDOW. **ANGELO** PULLS BACK.

LACHLAN: Friends of yours ?

ANGELO: Real King of Comedy aren't you ?

LACHLAN: Like I said, I -

ANGELO: Well you can stop trying. Now.

ANGELO WINCES IN PAIN.

LACHLAN: You okay ?

ANGELO: Like you care.

LACHLAN: Just asking a question.

ANGELO WINCES AGAIN.

ANGELO: You got a tea towel or something.

LACHLAN STANDS.

ANGELO: Sit down !

LACHLAN: I thought you wanted –

ANGELO: Okay. But slowly.

LACHLAN REACHES FOR A TEA TOWEL NEAR THE SINK. HE HOLDS IT OUT TO **ANGELO**. BEAT.

LACHLAN: What ?

ANGELO: A clean one.

LACHLAN PUTS IT DOWN. HE OPENS A DRAWER AND PULLS OUT A CLEAN ONE.

ANGELO: Put it over there.

LACHLAN PLACES THE TEA TOWEL ON A BENCH.

ANGELO: Now sit down.

LACHLAN: Don't you -

ANGELO: SIT - THE - FUCK - DOWN !

BEAT. **LACHLAN** SITS.

ANGELO GOES TO THE TEA TOWEL. HE OPENS HIS COAT. WE SEE HIS SHIRT IS STAINED WITH BLOOD.

LACHLAN: Shit.

ANGELO: Haven't you seen blood before ?

LACHLAN: Not that much.

ANGELO: Stop gawking.

LACHLAN LOOKS AWAY.

ANGELO PRESSES THE TEA TOWEL AGAINST HIS WOUND. HE HOLDS THE TOWEL THERE.

LACHLAN: Maybe we should call an ambulance.

ANGELO: I don't think that's an option.

LACHLAN: It looks pretty bad.

ANGELO: Appreciate your concern.

LACHLAN: (MUMBLES) Just trying to help.

BEAT.

ANGELO: What ?

LACHLAN: Nothing.

ANGELO: What did you say ?

LACHLAN: Nothing.

ANGELO: Tell me what you said !

LACHLAN: I said –

ANGELO: What ?

LACHLAN: I said –

ANGELO: Say it.

LACHLAN: I said why I am wearing these fuckin' Pjs.

ANGELO: Yeah.

LACHLAN: Yeah. And I also said why did I have to get up to make a cup of tea and why did I turn on the light and why did I buy that set of knives and why didn't I just lock the door so you bled to death on the verandah outside like the mongrel dog you are.

BEAT.

ANGELO: All that ?

LACHLAN: Yeah.

ANGELO: Well that's good.

LACHLAN: Great.

ANGELO: Good.

LACHLAN: Great.

BEAT. **LACHLAN** IS SILENT. **ANGELO** GOES TO THE DOOR. HE PEERS INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

ANGELO: Good place.

LACHLAN: Pretty old fashioned now.

ANGELO: Got some nice trophies in there.

LACHLAN: Thanks.

ANGELO: What they for ?

LACHLAN: Premiers. Three times.

ANGELO: League ?

LACHLAN: Just local stuff. Amateur.

ANGELO: Use to play a bit myself. Hooker.

LACHLAN: Five-eighth.

BEAT.

ANGELO: You and her the only ones.

LACHLAN: Her ?

ANGELO: Your wife. Only ones here.

LACHLAN NODS.

ANGELO: No kids.

LACHLAN: No. No little munchkins.

ANGELO: Funny word.

LACHLAN: Munchkins. Kids.

ANGELO: I know what it means. Why not ?

LACHLAN: Why not what ?

ANGELO: Kids.

LACHLAN: What's it got to do with you ?

BEAT. **ANGELO WAVES THE KNIFE.**

LACHLAN: We're waiting.

ANGELO: For what ?

LACHLAN: The right time.

ANGELO: When's that ?

LACHLAN: I don't know. Ask her.

BEAT.

ANGELO: Alright.

LACHLAN: What ?

ANGELO: Let's ask her.

LACHLAN: Ask her what ?

ANGELO: When is the right time.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: You want to ask my wife – right now – when is the right time for ask to have kids ?

ANGELO: That's right.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: Do you want me to get her ?

ANGELO: Bit hard to ask her from here.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: You're mad.

ANGELO: That's what they say.

THE HELICOPTER AND SEARCH LIGHT SWOOP PAST AGAIN.

ANGELO: Shit ! Turn off the light.

LACHLAN DOESN'T MOVE.

ANGELO: Do it or I'll slit your fuckin' throat and then do worse to your missus.

LACHLAN TURNS OFF THE LIGHT. BEAT.

THE HELICOPTER IS HEARD FLYING AWAY. THE SEARCH LIGHT DISAPPEARS. BEAT.

LACHLAN GOES TO TURN THE LIGHT BACK ON.

ANGELO: You gotta torch ?

LACHLAN: Not sure.

ANGELO: You don't have a torch ? What kind of husband are you ?

LACHLAN: The kind that isn't sure whether he has a torch or not.

ANGELO: Candles ?

LACHLAN: Under the sink.

ANGELO: Get 'em.

LACHLAN KNEELS AND OPEN THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE SINK.

ANGELO PRESSES THE KNIFE INTO HIS BACK.

LACHLAN: What's that for ?

ANGELO: So you only come out with candles.

LACHLAN: No matches ?

ANGELO: Bloody smart arse.

ANGELO PRESSES THE KNIFE HARDER.

LACHLAN: Okay okay.

LACHLAN HOLDS OUT A CANDLE WITH ONE HAND. IN THE OTHER HE HOLDS UP MATCHES.

ANGELO: Good. Now light it.

LACHLAN PUTS THE CANDLE ON THE TABLE. HE LIGHTS IT. HE SITS. BEAT.

LACHLAN: Cosy.

ANGELO: Very.

LACHLAN: Our first date.

ANGELO: You like some kind of frustrated stand up ?

LACHLAN: I do it when I'm nervous. Crack stupid jokes.

ANGELO: Since when ?

LACHLAN: Since forever. And if you want me to stop cracking them it would help if you sat down and stopped waving that Christmas present for my wife in my face.

BEAT. **ANGELO** SITS. HE WINES IN PAIN.

ANGELO: (IN PAIN) Fuck.

LACHLAN: Sorry. I didn't ...

ANGELO PLACES THE KNIFE ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM.

ANGELO: Better ?

LACHLAN: Much.

ANGELO: No more jokes.

LACHLAN: Ceasing hilarity now.

ANGELO: What ?

LACHLAN: Jokes. No more.

PAUSE.

ANGELO: You did.

LACHLAN: What ?

ANGELO: Lock the back door.

LACHLAN: Then how did you –

ANGELO: Laundry window.

LACHLAN: It doesn't lock properly.

ANGELO: I know.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: How do you ...

ANGELO: Shit you're a daft prick.

LACHLAN: What ?

ANGELO: Lach. It's me.

LACHLAN: Who ?

ANGELO: Ange.

LACHLAN: What ?

ANGELO: Angelo Pissarro.

LACHLAN: Ange ?

ANGELO: Daft prick.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: Angelo ? No it's – How did – You ...

ANGELO: Came in through the laundry window. The way we always came in when we snuck back after the pub closed. So your Dad wouldn't ...

LACHLAN: Old bastard.

ANGELO: How is he ?

LACHLAN: Dead.

ANGELO: Shit.

LACHLAN: Two years ago. Prostate cancer.

ANGELO: Sounds painful.

LACHLAN: Certainly hope so.

ANGELO: Lach – don't say that ?

LACHLAN: Why not ? He was a cunt.

ANGELO: Still your Dad.

LACHLAN: Yeah. But he was a cunt. (BEAT) Ange ?

ANGELO: Yeah. Ange. Thought you would've worked it out when I said I use to play hooker.

LACHLAN: Sorry. I'm not thinking straight. I was just accosted by some guy holding a knife to my throat in my kitchen.

ANGELO: You mean your Dad's kitchen ?

LACHLAN: No actually it's mine.

ANGELO: What about your Mum ?

LACHLAN: She didn't want to live here without Dad so she gave it to me. She moved to Nowra.

ANGELO: Nowra ?

LACHLAN: She has a sister there. My Aunt. (BEAT) So. Ange. How are you ?

ANGELO: How do I look ?

LACHLAN: Can't really tell. Bit dark –

ANGELO: Lach – I'm sitting in your kitchen in the middle of the night, bleeding to death while police helicopters are circling over head. How the fuck do you think I'm doing ?

BEAT.

LACHLAN: What did you do ?

ANGELO: What didn't I do ?

LACHLAN: Rob some place ?

ANGELO: Keep going.

LACHLAN: Assault ?

ANGELO: Keep going.

LACHLAN: You didn't ...

ANGELO: And it ain't the first time.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: Shit.

ANGELO: What ?

LACHLAN: It's heavy alright. Freakin' heavy. The bloke who used to be my friend, bloke I used to get pissed with, pick up sheilas with, sneak home with - is now running around killing people.

ANGELO: They deserved it.

LACHLAN: That so ?

ANGELO: You didn't know 'em.

LACHLAN: And what about me ? Do I deserve it Ange ? Does Rachel ? Is that why you snuck in here ? Rack up another victim. Your old team mate.

ANGELO: Calm down.

LACHLAN: Cut him up with the kitchen cutlery. Another one who deserves it.

ANGELO: Course not.

LACHLAN: Then why did you come here ? What the fuck are you doing in my kitchen ?

ANGELO: I knew how to get in. (BEAT) When they started chasing me I drove over here. Ditched the car. I know these streets, these houses. Thought I could lose them.

LACHLAN: And have you ?

ANGELO: Don't look like it.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: I think you should go.

ANGELO: What ?

LACHLAN: I said - you should go.

ANGELO: Lach - I'm bleedin' here.

LACHLAN: You heard me ? Get out.

ANGELO: Have you forgotten - I've got a knife.

LACHLAN: I don't care.

ANGELO: How do you know I won't slice you up ?

LACHLAN: I don't.

BEAT. **ANGELO** STANDS. HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR. HE STOPS.

LACHLAN: You gonna die ?

ANGELO: Not sure. You gonna call the cops ?

LACHLAN: Not sure. (BEAT) Angelo.

ANGELO: What ?

LACHLAN: What happened to you ?

ANGELO: I often ask myself that.

LACHLAN: And ?

ANGELO: I don't know. (BEAT) Hey you remember in a game when sometimes I'd get whacked in the mouth or somethin'. Start bleedin'. And I'd have to go off, get it stitched up.

LACHLAN: Blood bin.

ANGELO: Yeah. That's it. And somebody else would come on and take my place. And then when I was all fixed up - I'd come back on.

LACHLAN: Blood reversal.

ANGELO: Always liked that. Getting fixed up and then comin' back on. Wish I could do that now. Go off, get all fixed up. Just need someone to go on for me for a little while.

LACHLAN: Don't think it works like that.

BEAT.

ANGELO: No. (BEAT) See you round Lach.

LACHLAN: See you round Ange.

ANGELO: Wish me luck.

BEAT. **LACHLAN** IS SILENT. **ANGELO** TURNS AND LEAVES.

BEAT. **LACHLAN** ALONE.

SECONDS LATER WE HEAR THE HELICOPTER SWOOPING OVER
HEAD. THE SEARCH LIGHT CUTS ACROSS STAGE.

FADE.