

Drew Barrymore and Sigmund Freud Meet The Cookie Monster

a short play

by

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Cast

KAT Creative, 20s

LEE Creative, 20s

WOLF Agency Partner, 30s

Setting

Boardroom, Agency.

Time

Tonight.

Drew Barrymore and Sigmund Freud meet the Cookie Monster

Night. Board Room.

LEE is dancing, if you can call it dancing, to what sounds like an advertising jingle. **WOLF** sits at the end of the table, watching. **KAT** stands nearby.

LEE: And then - big finish. Big finish.

WOLF: I'm seeing it.

LEE: The little girl looks up. He looks up

WOLF: Tell me.

LEE: Looks up and says

WOLF: I'm with you.

THE JINGLE BUILDS TO A CRESCENDO

LEE: The sting.

WOLF: Give it to me

THE MUSIC IS SUDDENLY CUT OFF. SILENCE.

LEE: "Dad, can I come too ?"

WOLF: Oh yeah. Oh yeah !

LEE: (STILL DANCING) We've re-inforced the stereotype.

WOLF: I came.

LEE: Reflected the demographic.

WOLF: You made me come.

LEE: It's a no brainer.

WOLF: My wad is on the floor.

LEE: It's kind of like J Lo

WOLF: Yeah.

LEE: J Lo and Sigmund Freud.

WOLF: Oh yeah.

LEE: J Lo and Sigmund Freud meet the Cookie Monster.

WOLF: Beautiful.

LEE: No.

WOLF: What ?

LEE: Not J Lo.

WOLF: Yeah ?

LEE: Drew.

WOLF: Okay.

LEE: Drew Barrymore and Sigmund Freud meet the Cookie Monster.

WOLF: I'm coming again.

LEE: Drew, not Lo.

WOLF: You made me come again.

LEE: Shall we go for third time lucky ?

WOLF: What ?

LEE: Play it again - shall I ?

WOLF: I haven't even had time to re-load.

LEE: Wolf man, your batteries are always fully charged.

WOLF: You know me.

LEE: I do.

WOLF: You - know - me !

LEE: And I know my target market.

WOLF: Like they were your arsehole.

LEE: They are my arsehole.

THEY LAUGH.

LEE: Are you ready ?

WOLF: I'm ready.

LEE: I'm putting it on again.

WOLF: Put it on.

LEE: I'm putting it on.

WOLF: Put it on - and stand back because I'm ready to explode.

LEE HITS A BUTTON. THE JINGLE STARTS AGAIN. SUDDENLY KAT GRABS THE CONTROL. SHE TURNS IT OFF.

KAT I can't believe it.

WOLF: Hey.

KAT: I cannot believe I'm standing in a room with people who say things like that.

LEE: Hey.

KAT: I didn't even know people like you existed.

LEE: I do exist.

KAT: Do you ? Are you real ?

WOLF: Interesting.

KAT: Would you listen to what spews out of your mouth ?

LEE: Wolf wants to

KAT: Can you hear the bile re-gurgitating from your lips ?

WOLF: Play nice Kat.

KAT: Reinforced the stereotype."

LEE: What ?

KAT: "Reflected the demographic."

LEE: What ?

WOLF: Play nice.

KAT: I mean is this for real ? (TO **WOLF**) Is he for real ?

LEE: Is she - Are you - Is she ?

WOLF: He's just speaking the language of the industry. The "go" code. Green light me. Woah !

KAT: That is not language. That is the death of language.

LEE: Is she-

KAT: That is when words cease to have meaning. They have been stripped of all sense. They're just little marks on a page.

LEE: Are you - Is she - What ?

WOLF: Remain calm Lee. Kat loved it.

LEE: She did ?

WOLF: She loved it.

KAT: Uh - uh.

WOLF: We all loved it.

KAT: No.

WOLF: We loved it because it's a beautiful thing.

LEE: I made you come.

WOLF: Three times.

LEE: Almost.

WOLF: You made me come because it was a beautiful thing. Just as I know Kat's will also be a beautiful thing.

KAT: Finally. May I ?

WOLF: Please.

KAT: May I ?

WOLF: Make me come.

KAT GOES TO THE MACHINE. SHE INSERTS A DISC. SHE HITS THE BUTTON. WE HEAR CLASSICAL MUSIC.

WOLF: Oh yeah.

KAT: You like it ?

WOLF: This is great.

KAT: Am I making you come ?

WOLF: My interest is definitely peaked. What do I see ?

KAT: You see a man. Walking along a deserted beach.

WOLF: There's a flicker.

KAT: Bare feet, cut off trousers - not jeans. Trousers.

WOLF: Trousers. I am becoming aroused.

KAT: Faded blue sweatshirt.

WOLF: Inflamed.

KAT: Tanned ankles.

WOLF: Engorged.

KAT: Bare feet.

LEE: You already said that.

KAT: Shut it Lee.

WOLF: (TO LEE) Play nice Lee. You had your turn. (TO KAT) Where were we ?

KAT: Engorged.

LEE: No. He was only inflamed. Not engorged.

KAT: Crap ! He was engorged.

WOLF: Kat, please Re-engage me.

KAT: A man, walking along a beach. Cut off trousers, faded blue sweatshirt, tanned ankles, bare feet.

WOLF: I am now fully re-engorged.

KAT: Sunset.

WOLF: I'm throbbing.

KAT: Sun setting.

WOLF: Pulsating.

KAT: Ruby red sun sinking into a sapphire blue sea.

WOLF: The engine is at full throttle.

KAT: Faded sweatshirt, tassled hair, stubble on his chin.

WOLF: The rocket is on the launching pad.

KAT: He's young

WOLF: But not too young.

KAT: Mid thirties

WOLF: Early forties.

KAT: But lean, muscular

WOLF: Chiselled.

KAT: Just the hint of a taut, tan stomach underneath his shirt. He's handsome.

WOLF: Handsome ? He's bloody gorgeous.

KAT: He's walking along the sand. His feet - bare feet - dipping in and out of the waves.

WOLF: His feet are gorgeous.

KAT: Leaving impressions in the wet sand.

WOLF: Even his footprints are gorgeous.

KAT: Sun dying, waves lapping. A gentle breeze.

WOLF: Hurry up. I'm gonna explode.

KAT: We go in close and we see

WOLF: What ?

KAT: Holding in his hand, in the soft orange glow

WOLF: What ?

KAT: The fine mist of sea spray.

WOLF: What the hell is he holding ?

KAT: A boot. A baby's boot.

WOLF: Incredible.

KAT: A boy's tiny knitted blue boot.

WOLF: I thought I was gonna come

KAT: The colour matches his shirt.

WOLF: But now you're making me cry.

KAT: He looks down at the boot. A tear in his crystal blue eye

WOLF: Coming again.

KAT: He twists the boot in his fingers.

WOLF: Crying.

KAT: He looks out to sea, the wind flicking his sandy brown curls.

WOLF: Coming.

KAT: And down at the boot.

WOLF: Crying.

KAT: He kneels and holds the boot out over the waves.

WOLF: Coming then crying.

KAT: The boot tumbles towards the surf.

WOLF: I'm blubbering.

KAT: Spinning end on end, blue falling into blue.

WOLF: I'm hollering my guts out.

KAT: But then

WOLF: I'm stopping.

KAT: His other hand. Surges out

WOLF: The engine is re-engaged.

KAT: And rescues the boot.

WOLF: Rocket re-loaded.

KAT: The man gets up

WOLF: Bull at the gate.

KAT: His tight arse sliding in his pants.

WOLF: Lion ready to roar.

KAT: And he walks off down the beach

WOLF: And I'm coming.

KAT: The boot still in his hand.

WOLF: No boot now - I want to come.

KAT: We don't see the boot.

WOLF: Boots stopping me coming.

KAT: The boot is gone.

WOLF: Boot bad.

KAT: The boot is history.

WOLF: And I'm coming.

KAT: We go down low as his Davidesque physique

WOLF: I'm really coming.

KAT: Silhouetted against the sky.

WOLF: I'm gonna come so hard.

KAT: Disappears into the fiery red sun.

WOLF: Blood pumping.

KAT: The music swells.

IT DOES.

WOLF: Vein throbbing.

KAT: Title. Lower case.

WOLF: Fully charged.

KAT: Bottom of the screen. Left.

WOLF: Rocket loaded !

KAT: "Henshaw. For you and your future."

WOLF: Oh my dog !

KAT: And with music,

WOLF LETS FORTH WITH A LOUD ECSTATIC MOAN.

KAT: Fade to black.

MUSIC FADES. **WOLF** FLOPS FORWARD ON TO THE TABLE. PANTING LOUDLY. **KAT** BOWS TO **LEE**. **LEE** GIVES HER THE FINGER, **WOLF** STILL PANTING. LONG PAUSE. EVENTUALLY:

WOLF: You made me come.

KAT: Cry and come.

WOLF: Cry *then* come.

KAT: Big time ?

WOLF: The biggest.

KAT: Back wall ?

WOLF: I splashed all over the back wall. I think I even got some on Lee. Sorry.

LEE: Forget it. I'm used to it.

WOLF: You made me come all over the back wall.

KAT: Perfect. So we go with mine then ?

WOLF: (CHANGE) Nah - I still prefer Lee's.

LEE IS JUBILANT.

KAT: But you hit the back wall.

WOLF: I know.

KAT: I made you hit the back wall.

WOLF: Strange isn't ? But I still want Lee's. Maybe it was the tears.

KAT: But you liked the tears.

WOLF: I loved the tears.

KAT: Then what ?

WOLF: I don't know. Maybe they made me feel guilty. Guilty about coming.

KAT: But ...

WOLF: Guilt is bad.

LEE: Very bad.

WOLF: Guilt is a turn off.

LEE: And we can't have that.

WOLF: Something about those boots

LEE: I'll can the boots.

WOLF: (GOING TO HER) But the boots are what made it so great. We go with J Lo.

LEE: Drew.

KAT: And Sigmund Freud ?

WOLF: Meeting the -

LEE: Cookie Monster !

WOLF: No Cookie Monster ever made me feel guilty. We'll pitch it first thing tomorrow. Shall we say Noon ?

LEE NODS. WOLF STARTS TO LEAVE. LEE BOWS TO KAT. KATGIVES HIM THE FINGER. WOLF REACHES THE DOOR. HE STOPS, TURNS.

WOLF: Hey ?

LEE: Yes Wolf ?

WOLF: What is this ad for anyway ?

LEE: Brake fluid.

WOLF: Brake fluid. (BEAT) Cool. (AND WOLF EXITS.)

LEE: You want me to get you a rag ?

KAT: Oh piss off.

BLACKOUT.