

FIVE KINGS

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

TERRY

KEN

RYAN

STEVE

ANT

Setting

Inner City pub.

Time

Early Evening

FIVE KINGS

LX: SNAP LIGHTS UP

Five men TERRY, KEN, RYAN, STEVE and ANT - sit on bar stools.

They all wear similar blue uniforms – but there is a point of difference with each. TERRY has a jumper, KEN has a vest, RYAN has a short sleeve shirt, STEVE a long sleeve shirt – buttoned up - and ANT a large padded coat.

All five men hold a schooner of beer. They stare out at the audience.

LONG PAUSE.

TERRY takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

KEN takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN takes a slurp of his beer.

Beat.

TERRY takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

KEN takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN takes a slurp of his beer.

KEN, STEVE and TERRY turn to stare at RYAN.

Beat.

KEN, STEVE and TERRY look out to the front once more.

Beat.

TERRY takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

KEN takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN raises his beer to his mouth. He is just about to take a sip of beer but something catches his eye – he lowers his beer.

ANT: One King.

Beat.

RYAN: How long have we been here ?

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer – looks at TERRY.

Beat.

KEN takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: I said, how long have we been here ?

Beat.

TERRY takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

KEN: Six.

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer – looks at RYAN.

Beat.

RYAN: What time is it now ?

Beat.

TERRY takes a sip of his beer – looking at RYAN.

Beat.

KEN: Ten.

Beat.

KEN takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: Four hours.

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer – looking quickly at TERRY then RYAN.

Beat.

KEN: Yep.

Beat.

KEN takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: But in all that time ...

Beat.

RYAN slurps his beer.

Beat.

TERRY, KEN and STEVE all turn to look at RYAN.

Beat.

TERRY: What's your point ?

RYAN: In all that time –

STEVE: We're listening.

RYAN: Why hasn't he ...

KEN: Yes.

RYAN: Touched his beer.

STEVE, TERRY and KEN all turn to look at ANT's beer.

Beat.

RYAN takes a slurp of his beer.

Beat.

STEVE: He did.

Beat.

RYAN: When ?

TERRY: About an hour ago.

Beat.

TERRY takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: Did not.

Beat.

RYAN takes a slurp of his beer.

Beat.

TERRY: I believe he did.

Beat.

TERRY takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: I believe he didn't.

Beat.

RYAN takes a slurp of his beer.

Beat.

TERRY: Yes he did.

Beat.

TERRY takes a slurp of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: Did not.

Beat.

RYAN takes a slurp of his beer. He takes another slurp.

TERRY: Yes (SLURPS HIS BEER) - he (SLURPS HIS BEER) - did. (SLURPS HIS BEER)

TERRY: You can tell – (BEAT) - by the level.

Beat.

RYAN: What about it ?

Beat.

TERRY raises his glass but does not drink.

TERRY: Going down.

Beat.

RYAN: Is not.

RYAN raise his beer but before he can drink - .

TERRY: Is too.

Beat.

TERRY and RYAN look at each other. KEN and STEVE are also looking at RYAN. No one moves.

Beat.

ANT: Cherries.

TERRY, STEVE and KEN's heads snap back to ANT.

Beat.

RYAN finishes his beer. He stands and slams it down on to his stool.

RYAN: I'm getting another.

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: I said, I'm getting another.

Beat.

KEN: Quiet he's gonna call it.

Beat.

RYAN: Is not ?

Beat.

TERRY: Is too.

TERRY AND RYAN are looking at each other again. KEN is also looking at RYAN.

Beat.

STEVE: (WATCHING ANT) Hey, look.

They all look to ANT.

Beat.

ANT slowly reaches down and takes a sip of his beer. He slowly replaces the glass.

Beat.

STEVE (TO RYAN) & RYAN (TO KEN): Told you.

Beat.

RYAN: Stuff this. I'm going.

KEN: Wait, he's gonna call it.

TERRY: Let him go.

RYAN: I'm going.

TERRY: Then go.

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

RYAN: Maybe I won't.

TERRY: Thought you were goin'.

RYAN: Maybe I'll stay.

TERRY: No, why don't you just go ?

KEN: (STANDING, TO **TERRY**) No, he's paid his share.

Beat.

STEVE takes a slurp of his beer.

Beat.

They all turn to STEVE.

STEVE: What ?

Beat.

RYAN: Is this it ?

KEN: But if you leave now – you're out.

TERRY: No one's making him stay.

RYAN: Look at us. It's – Its -

KEN: He's paid his share.

TERRY: (PUSHING **KEN** BACK IN HIS SEAT) It's what ?

RYAN: It's pathetic. Fuckin' pathetic.

TERRY: Don't hear anyone else complaining.

RYAN: It's been three months. We sit here – night after night – every night — watching some stupid machine whirl around.

STEVE raises his beer to his lips.

RYAN: No, not even a machine.

STEVE freezes.

RYAN: Watching a man who is watching a machine.

KEN: (TO HIMSELF) He's going to call it.

RYAN: And why ? Cause someone – one of you idiots – no, one of us idiots – came up with the brilliant idea that he (ANT) knew the magical combination of when the state wide jackpot would come up.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

KEN: He's going to call it.

RYAN: But he doesn't know. He doesn't know when the hundred grand's going to come up because he (ANT) is a fucking idiot too. A fucking idiot who has no idea about when - or when not - the jackpot's gonna drop.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

RYAN: But still we sit here – night after night – putting in twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, one hundred bucks – so we can watch him, watch that fucking machine. A thousand bucks – I'm down. One -

STEVE: Actually one thousand one hundred and sixty bucks.

Beat.

ANT: One King.

RYAN: (STAGGERING OVER TO ANT) That's right Ant. One King. And one King ain't enough is it. Neither's two Kings, or three Kings, or even four Kings. It takes five Kings. And we ain't ever going to get five Kings – are we ? But still we sit here, on our fat arses, givin' away our money, drinking piss, watching these fucking machines, like the fucking idiots we are. (BEAT) Dying. That's what we are – we're fucking dying. (SCREAMING NOW) Look at us. This is our life !

Beat.

STEVE takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

TERRY: (STANDING) As I said – no one is making you stay.

Beat.

STEVE and KEN, raise their beers to their lips, watching TERRY and RYAN.

Beat.

RYAN: What did you say ?

Beat.

STEVE and KEN take a sip of their beer, watching TERRY and RYAN.

TERRY: (TAKING A STEP TOWARDS RYAN) No one –

STEVE and KEN take a sip of their beers.

TERRY: (TAKING ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS RYAN) is making you

STEVE and KEN take a sip of their beers.

TERRY: (TAKING ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS RYAN) – stay.

STEVE and KEN take a sip of their beers.

Beat.

RYAN: You know what ?

STEVE and KEN take a sip of their beers.

TERRY: No, what ?

Beat.

RYAN: I've always hated you.

STEVE and KEN take a sip of their beers.

TERRY pours his beer over RYAN's head.

STEVE and KEN freeze, mid-sip.

Beat.

TERRY: Ditto.

Beat.

RYAN: I'm going to enjoy this.

TERRY: Me too.

RYAN heads for the door, TERRY slams down his beer glass and follows him.

Beat.

STEVE and KEN look at each other.

Beat.

STEVE and KEN drain their beers. They put down their glasses and quickly follow TERRY and RYAN out.

Beat.

ANT alone.

Beat.

ANT takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

ANT: Five Kings.

FX: A LOUD ALARM STARTS TO RING

LX: BRIGHT LIGHTS BEGIN FLASHING.

ANT takes a sip of his beer.

Beat.

He smiles.

ANT: Jackpot.

LX: Lights fade.