

The Kill

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 short play

By

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The Kill

Characters

WAYNE

SIMON

Time

Afternoon. Summer.

Setting

Lounge room.

The Kill

Afternoon. Lounge room. Sofa. The sound of cricket.

WAYNE watches the TV, sipping a beer.

SIMON enters.

SIMON: What's the score ?

WAYNE: Killin' em.

SIMON: Yeah ? (BEAT) You right ?

WAYNE: (INDICATING BEER) On the way nicely.

SIMON: Back in a tic.

SIMON EXITS. BEAT. **SIMON** RETURNS WITH A BEER. HE SITS ON THE SOFA. HE OPENS HIS BEER AND DRINKS.

SIMON: Who's in ?

WAYNE: Gilly and Punter.

SIMON: How they goin' ?

WAYNE: Killin' 'em.

BEAT. THEY WATCH THE TV.

WAYNE: Hot out there ?

SIMON: Pretty.

WAYNE: Good we're inside then.

SIMON: Yeah.

WAYNE: Watchin' the cricket.

BEAT.

SIMON: Ask you a question ?

WAYNE: My pleasure.

SIMON: If you ... in a dream it means you ... in life too, doesn't it ?

WAYNE: If you what ?

SIMON: You know ?

WAYNE LEANS OVER TO SIMON.

WAYNE: (WHISPERS, SCARILY) Die.

SIMON: Yeah.

WAYNE: That's what they say. (BEAT) Why ? In your dream - did you die ?

SIMON: No.

WAYNE: No problem then.

SIMON: Guess not.

BEAT.

WAYNE: So, why'd you ask ?

SIMON: (WATCHING CRICKET) What ?

WAYNE: About dying in your dream ?

SIMON: Someone else died.

WAYNE: Right.

BEAT.

WAYNE: Anybody I know ?

SIMON: Sure.

WAYNE: Who was it ?

SIMON: You.

WAYNE: I died in your dream ?

SIMON: Not died. Got killed.

WAYNE: Who by ?

SIMON: Me.

BEAT.

WAYNE: Right.

SIMON: But that doesn't mean I'll kill you in real life right ?

WAYNE: Hope not.

BEAT.

WAYNE: So where did this happen ? In your dream.

SIMON: (WATCHING CRICKET) What ?

WAYNE: I got ...

SIMON: Killed ? (HE LOOKS AROUND. BEAT.) Here.

WAYNE: Here ?

SIMON: Yeah.

WAYNE: This ... room ?

SIMON: (LOOKS AROUND AGAIN) Yeah.

WAYNE: You're sure ?

SIMON: Pretty.

WAYNE: How ?

SIMON: Looks the same.

WAYNE: Had this couch ?

SIMON: Yeah.

WAYNE: This TV ?

SIMON: Yeah.

WAYNE: This table ?

SIMON: Yeah, but there was a tomato on it. And a knife.

WAYNE: Well that's okay then. Because there isn't a -

HE LOOKS AT THE TABLE AND SEES A TOMATO AND A KNIFE.

WAYNE: How did they get there ?

SIMON: (STILL WATCHING CRICKET) Not sure.

WAYNE: (HOLDING UP KNIFE) Was it this knife ?

SIMON: Black handle ?

WAYNE: Yeah.

SIMON: Stainless steel ?

WAYNE: Yeah.

SIMON: Very sharp ?

WAYNE: (FEELING EDGE) Yeah.

SIMON: That'd be it then.

WAYNE: (HOLDING UP TOMATO) And this tomato ?

SIMON: Hard to tell. All look the same, don't they ?

BEAT.

WAYNE: Might just put these back in the kitchen. You right ?

SIMON: (HOLDING UP BEER) I'm good.

WAYNE TAKES THE KNIFE AND TOMATO AND EXITS. BEAT.
WAYNE RETURNS. HE SITS ON THE SOFA AND WATCHES THE
CRICKET. HE OPENS HIS BEER.

WAYNE: Punter got his hundred yet ?

SIMON: Almost.

BEAT.

WAYNE: So, in this dream ?

SIMON: What dream ?

WAYNE: The dream where I got ...

SIMON: What about it ?

WAYNE: How did you ... ?

SIMON: Kill you ?

WAYNE: (UNEASY) Yeah.

SIMON: With the knife.
WAYNE: So the tomato wasn't involved ?
SIMON: Not directly.
WAYNE: Meaning ?
SIMON: I ate it. Afterwards.
WAYNE: Great.

BEAT.

WAYNE: Talk me through it.
SIMON: The dream ?
WAYNE: Yeah.
SIMON: When I ...
WAYNE: That's what I said.
SIMON: Just a dream. Doesn't mean anything.
WAYNE: Sure. But it could be interesting.
SIMON: Hey. I've got an idea. I could re-enact it.
WAYNE: Just tell me.
SIMON: A re-enactment might give you a better idea.
WAYNE: I put the knife and tomato back in the kitchen.
SIMON: You mean this knife and tomato ?

SIMON PULLS THE KNIFE AND TOMATO OUT FROM UNDERNEATH THE TABLE.

WAYNE: (JUMPING UP) Shit ! How did they get there ?
SIMON: Not sure. Is this the same tomato ?
WAYNE: Hard to tell. They all look –
SIMON: Anyway, in the dream –
WAYNE: No it's okay. Don't want to know.

SIMON: Come on. Only take a minute. We were watching the telly.

WAYNE: What were we watching ?

SIMON: The cricket.

WAYNE: Who was batting ?

SIMON: Gilly and Punter.

WAYNE: How many was Gilly ?

SIMON: Forty three.

WAYNE CHECKS THE TELLY.

SIMON: How many is he now ?

WAYNE: Forty three. Shit ! And Punter ?

TOGETHER: Ninety eight.

SIMON: I got up and went over to the table.

SIMON GETS UP AND GOES TO THE TABLE.

WAYNE: What are you doing ?!

SIMON: Re-enacting. I picked up the knife, like this.

HE PICKS UP THE KNIFE.

WAYNE: Shit ! Why did you pick up the knife ?

SIMON: Not sure. And I started to walk towards you. Slowly, just like this.

WAYNE: Shit !

WAYNE BACKS UP THE WALL.

WAYNE: What did I do ?

SIMON: You backed up against the wall, just like that.

WAYNE: Shit ! Then what happened ?

SIMON: I kept walking towards you.

WAYNE: Then you – stopped !

SIMON: No, I kept walking.

WAYNE: The phone rang !

SIMON: We don't have a phone.

WAYNE: You went to get another beer !

SIMON: Pretty sure I just kept walking.

WAYNE: You ate the tomato !

SIMON: No. That was afterwards.

WAYNE: Shit !

WAYNE RUNS OVER TO THE OTHER WALL.

WAYNE: What happened next ?

SIMON: You ran over to the other wall.

WAYNE: Shit ! What if I did this ?

WAYNE RUNS TO THE TABLE. HE PICKS UP THE TOMATO AND STUFFS IT IN HIS MOUTH.

WAYNE: Ah ha ! See ? You can't kill me now. I've eaten your tomato.

SIMON: I didn't eat that one. I ate this one.

SIMON HOLDS UP HIS OTHER HAND. HE IS ALSO HOLDING A TOMATO.

WAYNE: Shit !!!!!

WAYNE BOLTS FOR THE DOOR AND RUNS OUT, STILL SCREAMING.

BEAT. SIMON GOES TO THE TABLE. HE PUTS DOWN THE KNIFE AND TOMATO. HE PULLS OUT HIS MOBILE PHONE AND DIALS.

SIMON: (INTO PHONE) Hey gorgeous./ Yeah he's gone. You can come over now and bring the DVDs./ Oh, and we need another tomato for the salad.

SIMON HANGS UP HIS PHONE.

HE GOES TO THE TELLY AND TURNS IT OFF.

SIMON: I bloody hate cricket.

BLACKOUT.