

The Kiss

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

Alex Broun

August 2008

Email: abroun@bigpond.net.au

www.alexbroun.com

Alex Broun 2008 ©

The Kiss

Characters

KENT

EMMA

ROLAND

ANGELA

Time

Morning.

Setting

Cafe.

The Kiss

Café. Morning.

EMMA and **KENT** sit at a table, drinking coffees.

ANGELA and **ROLAND**, sit at a nearby table. They are kissing.

EMMA: So what was wrong ?

KENT: Well, apparently the figures Alan provided for the pie graph were incorrect.

EMMA: Who said that ?

KENT: The client.

EMMA: Christ. How would they know ?

KENT: They had them checked.

EMMA: Who by ?

KENT: Worthings.

EMMA: Christ ! What did Trevor say ?

KENT: He hasn't seen the email. Yet.

KENT IS BECOMING UNSETTLED BY ANGELA AND ROLAND KISSING AT THE NEARBY TABLE.

EMMA: What are you going to do ?

KENT: I've got two options.

EMMA: Which are ?

KENT: One, I can get the new figures, and re-do the graph.

EMMA: That would work.

KENT: Except all the reports have already been printed and bound.

EMMA: How many ?

KENT: A hundred.

EMMA: Christ.

KENT: I'd have to unbind them, replace the page and then bind them again.

EMMA: When's the presentation ?

KENT: This afternoon.

EMMA: Christ.

KENT: Or ...

KENT GLANCES AT ROLAND AND ANGELA AGAIN.

EMMA: Or ...

KENT: I back Michael against the client and stay with the original figures.

EMMA: Do you want to do that ?

KENT: Not a whole lot.

KENT GLANCES AGAIN.

EMMA: Because ...

KENT: It pisses off the client and sticks up for Michael ...

EMMA: And ...

KENT: Michael is a complete asshole ... (STANDING) Wait a sec.

EMMA: Kent, where are you ...

KENT GOES OVER TO ROLAND AND ANGELA.

KENT: Excuse me, do you mind ?

ROLAND: (CONTINUING KISSING) Mind what ?

KENT: Stopping that.

ANGELA: (CONTINUING KISSING) Stopping what ?

KENT: That ! (BEAT) It's very ... unsettling.

ROLAND: (CONTINUING KISSING) Really ?

KENT: Not to mention unhygienic. People are trying to eat.

EMMA STOPS KISSING.

ANGELA: Unhygienic ? Is that true ?

ROLAND: Yeah ? How is it unhygienic ?

KENT: Because if the rest of us have to keep watching you – we'll vomit in to our coffees.

ANGELA: You don't have to watch ?

ROLAND: Yeah. It's a free world.

KENT: It's a bit hard not to notice when two people across the other side of the café are trying to swallow each other's faces !

BEAT. THEY KISS AGAIN.

EMMA: (COMING OVER) Kent, what's wrong ?

KENT: It's okay. I'm handling it.

EMMA: Handling what ?

KENT: I'm trying to stop them.

EMMA: Doing what ?

KENT: That !

EMMA: Why ? It's sweet.

ANGELA AND ROLAND START USING TONGUES.

EMMA: Okay that's a bit gross. But sweet.

KENT: (TO **ROLAND** AND **ANGELA**) Get a room !

ROLAND: (CONTINUING KISSING) We will.

ANGELA: (CONTINUING KISSING) Later.

ROLAND AND ANGELA LAUGH. THEY CONTINUE KISSING.

KENT GETS OUT HIS WALLET.

KENT: I'll pay you to stop.

EMMA: Kent ?

KENT: (THROWING MONEY DOWN ON TABLE) Fifty ? A hundred ? I'll write you a cheque.

ANGELA: (CONTINUING KISSING) Chill.

ROLAND: (CONTINUING KISSING) Yeah. Chill.

KENT: (LOUDLY) I will – if you stop doing THAT !

EMMA: Kent. Calm down.

ROLAND AND ANGELA STOP KISSING. BEAT.

ANGELA: What is –

ROLAND: your problem ?

KENT: No problem. I just want you to stop doing that.

ROLAND: What's wrong with -

ANGELA: two people -

ROLAND: showing how much –

ANGELA: they love –

ROLAND: each other ?

KENT: Nothing. They just shouldn't do it in public. They should do it in private.

ANGELA AND ROLAND: Why ?

EMMA: Yeah. Why ? What's wrong with two people kissing in public ?

KENT: Alright fine. Do it in public. Eat each other's faces all you like. Here – I'll even get you a knife and fork. But just do it - somewhere else !

ANGELA: Why are you so –

ROLAND: Edgy ?

KENT: I'm not edgy.

EMMA: I've gotta agree. You do seem a bit –

EMMA, ANGELA AND ROLAND: edgy.

KENT: I just don't see why you have to do it here.

ANGELA AND ROLAND: Because we want to.

KENT: You see that's it. Right there. Because *you* want to. What about what *I* want ? *I* want you to take a break from eating each other's face for 15 minutes. *I* want you to drink your coffee. Maybe enjoy a muffin. Scrambled eggs. But no. You just have to keep on exchanging saliva.

ANGELA AND ROLAND: We're in love.

KENT: Unfortunately that's possibly true. But that doesn't mean you have to kiss 24 hours a day.

ANGELA: We would if we could.

SHE GIGGLES.

KENT: But that's it – you can't. You have to sleep, eat, defecate –

EMMA: (EMBARASSED) Kent.

KENT: Work – maybe not work – so you can't kiss for 24 hours solid. You have to take a break. So why not make this one of your breaks ?

ROLAND: Wow.

ANGELA: You are really –

ANGELA AND ROLAND: angry.

KENT: And why shouldn't I be angry ?

ROLAND: No. Why *should* you be ?

ANGELA: He means angry.

KENT: Because you're rubbing it in my face !

EMMA: What ?

KENT: Because that's what you really want to do isn't it ? Rub it in our faces. "I've got a lover." See ? "We're madly in love." See ? "We can't wait to get home, rip each other's clothes off and screw each other's brains out." See see see !

ANGELA: He fills up every part of me.

KENT: You see ? You see ! Now that's what I'm talking about. The vomit-o-meter is on red alert.

EMMA: Kent, what are you –

KENT: Because that's what you're doing. With every slurp, every lick, every sickly re-assurance of undying love – you're rubbing it right in our stupid faces. "We're in love." Rub. "We love each other." Rub. "We have hot horny sex all night long." Rub rub rub.

ROLAND: Oh I get it.

ANGELA AND ROLAND: You're jealous.

KENT: I'm not jealous.

ROLAND AND ANGELA: Yes you are.

EMMA: 'Fraid I have to agree.

BEAT.

KENT: Well why shouldn't I be jealous ? Here you are - kissing, stroking, fondling – stop that ! – and the rest of us are stuck in pathetic lives, doing pathetic jobs – that we hate –

EMMA: I don't hate my job.

KENT: Living in ugly apartments we pay too much rent for, eating healthy food, drinking de-caf, watching crappy films, going to noisy pubs and then kicking on to boring bars, chatting to friends we don't like about subjects we have no interest in while we sit around at never ending dinner parties - and then having to do the washing up afterwards ! And then on the weekend going to visit your parents with premature dementia in separate nursing homes, that you wish you didn't have to keep them in but when you're honest with yourself in the wee wee hours you don't really want them living with you. And all the time driving your car that keeps pumping out carbon dioxide at a frightening pace and further fucking up our already very fucked up planet but you don't have the time or money or energy to swap to a hybrid car

KENT: (CONT) and even though you know you should take public transport you just can't give up the comfort and safety of your old six cylinder. And you want to say all this – shout it, scream it out the nearest window – but you can't because you'll get looked at, laughed at, whispered about, rejected, judged, sacked – so you stuff it down, with everything else you ever believed in, in to the "Never-to-be-opened box" with the giant fuck off padlock that you have no idea where you put the key to - and get on with writing the next meaningless report for the next smarmy client for the next ridiculous presentation !

BEAT.

ANGELA AND ROLAND: What's all that got to do with us ?

KENT: Because you've found a way out. A momentary release, an escape, a sanctuary. A place where you can snuggle up and feel warm, safe, secure. You look into each other's eyes and you forget all the troubles of the world and you feel complete, whole, satisfied because you've found the one thing we're all looking for. The one thing that gives our lives meaning. Love.

ANGELA AND ROLAND: That's true.

KENT: But the rest of us - we're all alone. No one to kiss, no one to snuggle, no one to love. We might have had someone to love. But they ran off with their best friend - who happened to be another woman - and now they're somewhere - in public - kissing and stroking and loving and I'm left here all alone, having to watch you ! So please please please please would you just stop kissing !

THEY ALL STARE AT **KENT**. BEAT.

ANGELA: You know, I really understand your pain.

ROLAND: It's kinda sad.

ANGELA: In a funny sort of way.

ROLAND: Kinda.

ANGELA: But I just really love kissing him.

ROLAND: And I love kissing her.

ROLAND AND ANGELA START KISSING AGAIN.

KENT: (IN FRUSTRATION) Aaaaaaahhhh !

EMMA: Kent ?

KENT: (TURNING TO HER) What ?

EMMA KISSES **KENT**, LONG AND FULL ON THE LIPS. THE KISS ENDS. BEAT.

KENT: (TO **ROLAND** AND **ANGELA**) Excuse me.

KENT GOES BACK TO HIS TABLE AND SITS. **EMMA** FOLLOWS HIM. SHE SITS. **ANGELA** AND **ROLAND** CONTINUE KISSING.

KENT: Right, so about the report ?

EMMA: What time's the meeting again ?

BLACKOUT.