

# Lonesome Cruiser

This play is free to download and perform. The only condition is that you must **email Alex** at [abroun@bigpond.net.au](mailto: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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**Cast**

**LEX**

**LUCY**

**Setting**

A playground.

**Time**

Morning.

**Lonesome Cruiser**

A playground. Muted sunshine. Sounds of children playing.

LEX: Did you mind ?

LUCY: Funny question.

LEX: Not really.

LUCY: Did I mind ?

LEX: That was the one.

PAUSE.

LUCY: To tell you the truth – it was very long.

LEX: It was a Text message.

LUCY: A very long Text message. Stretched over fourteen separate messages. My phone beeped for a week.

LEX: There was a lot I needed to say.

LUCY: It was still very long. You overwrote even then. Even in text messages.

LEX: I have improved.

LUCY: Have you ?

LEX: Yes. And to prove my point I shall carry out the rest of the conversation in very short, sharp to the point sentences.

LUCY: See ? Even that was over written.

LEX: Okay. Short.

LUCY: What ?

LEX: Sentences.

LUCY: It'll be a challenge to you.

LEX: I'm up to it.

PAUSE.

LUCY: So how are you ?

LEX: Good.

LUCY: Life ?

LEX: Married.

LUCY: Kids ?

LEX: No.

LUCY: Not yet or no ?

LEX: Pass.

LUCY: Writing ?

LEX: Successful.

LUCY: Reason ?

LEX: Unsure.

LUCY: Improvement ?

LEX: Very stupid book buyers.

LUCY: And what are you doing here ?

LEX: Moved.

LUCY: Where to ?

LEX: (POINTS) There.

LUCY: When ?

LEX: Last.

LUCY: Month ?

LEX: Week.

LUCY: Point ?

LEX: Proved.

LUCY: You may now expand. (BEAT) Funny I haven't seen you around here before.

LEX: That's exactly what you said to me.

LUCY: I did not.

LEX: When we first met.

LUCY: How the hell do you remember that ?

LEX: You were pretty hard to forget. Even that first day. (BEAT) You said "funny I haven't seen you around here before."

LUCY: Why would I say that ?

LEX: Your exact words. Perhaps you thought I fitted in.

LUCY: In that slimy dive ?

LEX: You said it. And then you added "You look like a bit of a lonesome cruiser."

LUCY: "Lonesome cruiser".

LEX: Swear to God. I fell in love with you instantaneously.

LUCY: That long ?

LEX: Fraction of a second.

PAUSE.

LEX: Which one is yours ?

LUCY: All of them.

LEX: You're kidding ?

LUCY: Of course. (POINTS) The little one with red hair and freckles.

LEX: Which she gets from ...

LUCY: Her father. (BEAT) You ...

LEX: What ?

LUCY: I'm almost scared to ask this.

LEX: You've started now.

LUCY: You didn't move here because of me.

LEX: God no.

LUCY: Seems like a pretty big co-incidence.

LEX: You accusing me of stalking you ?

LUCY: I hope not.

LEX: Lucy, it's been twelve years.

LUCY: You were pretty intense.

LEX: Back then.

LUCY: And now ?

LEX: Now I'm moderate. Very moderate. So fucking moderate I hate myself.

LUCY: Nah. Still intense.

LEX: But a controlled intensity these days.

LUCY: If you say so.

PAUSE.

LEX: Look, if you must know I moved here for the same reason you moved here. Because it's nice and quiet and cheap.

LUCY: And because we always wanted to live here ?

LEX: We did ?

LUCY: Yes. On Carmont Street. We picked out the house and everything.

LEX: I don't remember.

LUCY: Incredible. You remember the first crappy line I ever said to you but you don't remember our dream house.

LEX: That's because words are more important than houses. (BEAT)  
What number Carmont Street ? I must go and take a look at it.

LUCY: Can't. Got bulldozed. Dry rot.

LEX: How ... apt.

PAUSE.

LEX: How's your Dad ?

LUCY: He ... died.

LEX: I'm sorry to hear that.

LUCY: Not your fault.

LEX: Long ?

LUCY: Couple of years. (BEAT) Thanks for asking.

PAUSE.

LEX: You never replied ?

LUCY: Didn't I ?

LEX: To the longest Text message in the world.

LUCY: Can we just stop this stroll right here.

LEX: We're not strolling. We're sitting.

LUCY: Down memory lane. I don't want to be put on trial for something I did or didn't do twelve frigging years ago.

LEX: You're not on trial. (BEAT) I should go. This is obviously making you very uncomfortable.

LUCY: Stay. I'm dealing with it. Just.

LEX: Is that why you refuse to look at me ?

PAUSE.

LUCY: (TURNING TO HIM) Yes.

SHE TURNS BACK. PAUSE.

LUCY: The reason I didn't reply to your text is because I thought it best not to do anything that might re-ignite the situation. I had finally managed to escape from you –

LEX: Escape ?

LUCY: Yes escape, what else would you call it. And I thought it would help you best to cope with it if I cut off all contact with you, indefinitely.

LEX: Which turned out to be twelve years. Thanks for being so thoughtful.

- LUCY: It was for the best. Surely you see that.
- LEX: I'm finding it hard..
- LUCY: You tried to cut off my Dad's leg with an axe ?
- LEX: It was a machete.
- LUCY: And that makes it okay ?
- LEX: No, of course not. But I paid my price.
- LUCY: Three year *suspended* sentence.
- LEX: It was enough.
- LUCY: To get you off.
- LEX: To get me sober. I haven't had a drink for nearly ten years.
- LUCY: Only ten ?
- LEX: Busted after two.
- LUCY: Well good for you.
- LEX: It is.
- LUCY: Well it is if you're not trying to chop off people's legs with *machetes*.
- LEX: I'm not.
- LUCY: Then great.
- LEX: As part of being sober the programme –
- LUCY: You join a cult ?
- LEX: The programme of recovery suggests you should try to make amends to people you hurt during your drinking.
- LUCY: Is that so ?
- LEX: Lucy please. This is hard for me. The number one among those people I hurt was you so here I am twelve years later desperately searching for a way to do that.
- LUCY: What about my father ?

LEX: I already wrote to him – three years ago.

LUCY: He never mentioned it. You sure he got the letter ?

LEX: Yes.

LUCY: How do you know ?

LEX: He called me.

LUCY: Invite you around for a barbie ?

LEX: No.

LUCY: Then what did he say ?

LEX: He just wanted to check I really was sober.

PAUSE.

LUCY: You want me to forgive you.

LEX: No. I want to make amends. Whether you forgive me or not is up to you.

PAUSE.

LUCY: You really want to make amends ?

LEX NODS.

LUCY: Okay then stand over there while I go and find an axe.

LEX: Is that what you really want ?

LUCY: Christ, how am I meant to know ? I've spent the last twelve years blocking you out of my head and now you appear and I'm meant to instantaneously know how to resolve things. And now you tell me you made it up with Dad, which is great but I can't really talk to him about that because he's well, dead. (PAUSE) Look, can you go please. My daughter is having a very nice time in that sand pit and I don't want to interrupt her and I thought I'd be alright to deal with this but clearly I'm not. I'm back on that fucking verandah a terrified, screaming teenager watching the insane lunatic who used to be the man I love try to saw off my Dad's leg with an axe-stroke-machete. And I don't want to be that girl, I don't want to be on that verandah and I don't want to remember that day for one more second and every moment you sit there just makes it harder and harder to forget.

PAUSE.

LEX: (STANDING) Okay.

LUCY IS SILENT. LEX STARTS TO LEAVE. HE STOPS.

LEX: I haven't been entirely honest – and I need to be. (BEAT) Lucy, I have to tell you something ? Please.

LUCY: Make it quick.

LEX: I did know you lived here. (QUICKLY) Not at first. But when we came here to look at the house a few months back I saw you in the park, sitting right there.

LUCY: And that's why you moved here ?

LEX: No. Not entirely. I loved the house. So did my wife. But seeing you – knowing there would be a chance to – re-connect with you – that provided an added attraction.

LUCY: Whatever this is called – it is not re-connecting.

LEX: What I did that day to your father, to your family and to you is the profoundest regret of my life. I loved you Lucy. I loved you like I could never ever possibly love anybody else. You were the one for me and every single day I have spent away from you has only made that realisation clearer in my mind and I hate the fact that my drinking took you away from me.

LUCY: Was it just your drinking ?

LEX: Yes. It was. You know that Lucy. You must know that. If I hadn't of been such a sick drunk we would still be together now. You know that. And that little girl would be ours and they'd be two or three more to keep her company.

LUCY: But she wouldn't have red hair ?

LEX: No. She wouldn't. Unless you hooked up with the milkman.

PAUSE.

LUCY: Do you love your wife ?

LEX: Yes. Do you love your husband ?

LUCY: Yes.

LEX: Do you love him like you loved me ?

LUCY: I don't have to answer that question.

LEX: Please. I've waited twelve years for that answer.

LUCY: No. I don't love him like I loved you and I don't ever want to love anyone like I loved you. Loving someone like that is wrong. It's demented, dangerous.

LEX: Because it swallows you whole ?

LUCY: Because you forget where you end and they start. The worse thing about that day was the person who did that on that verandah – the person who hacked into my father – it wasn't just you. It was me. (PAUSE) Time's up.

BEAT.

LEX: So, what happens now ?

LUCY: I don't now.

LEX: I'll see you around ?

LUCY: I'm not sure.

PAUSE.

LEX: I never asked. What's her name ?

LUCY: Lexi.

LEX: (BEAT) Oh. Nice name.

LUCY: Yes, it is.

PAUSE. **LEX** EXITS.

LUCY: (BEAT) Goodbye Lex.

FADE.