

Photocopy Love

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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Cast

BONITA **Photocopy Store Assistant Manager**

TYRONE **Photocopy Store Customer Service**

RAF **A customer**

Setting

A Photocopy store in any city or town

Time

Week day, 11am.

Photocopy Love by Alex Broun

The serving desk of a Photo Copying store. Day.

BONITA and **TYRONE** are working behind the desk. **RAF** enters.

BONITA: Good afternoon. Can I help you ?

RAF: I'd like to get some binding done.

BONITA: We'll have to book it in. We're pretty busy.

RAF: You don't look busy.

BONITA: I assure you sir, we're very busy.

RAF: Positive you can't squeeze me in. Pretty please with sugar on top.

BONITA: (TO **TYRONE**) Tyrone, can you go and get some more toner cartridges from the store room.

TYRONE: I think we're okay.

BONITA: We've got a big order coming in later and the toner on Number Three is running low.

TYRONE: Warning lights not flashing.

BONITA: Just do it.

TYRONE EXITS. BONITA WAITS FOR HIM TO GO.

BONITA: What are you doing here ?

RAF: I was desperate to see you. I had to come.

BONITA: You know what the boss said. No personal visits. You almost got me fired last time.

RAF: I know but I couldn't help myself.

BONITA: That's not what you said Thursday night. You said you had to work.

RAF: It was beyond my control.

BONITA: And now I'm working.

RAF: You don't understand. What I feel is an emergency.

HE REACHES OVER TO GRAB BONITA.

BONITA: Stop it.

RAF: My arms have a life of their own – and as for my lips.

BONITA: I said stop it.

RAF: Tease.

BONITA: You're the tease. Got me all hot and heavy on Thursday – and then you're a no show.

RAF: How about tonight ?

BONITA: I may have other plans.

RAF: What's his name ?

BONITA: Wouldn't you like to know ?

RAF: Who's the tease now ?

BONITA: You deserve some of your own medicine.

RAF STARTS TO CLIMB UP OVER THE DESK.

BONITA: What are you doing ?

RAF: If you don't say you'll go out with me tonight right this second I'll come over there and ravage you.

BONITA: (PUSHING HIM BACK) Stop it. People are looking.

RAF: (KNEELING) Then I'll kneel down here and profess my undying love to you to the whole world.

BONITA: Get up.

RAF: (LOUDLY) Bonita Russell is the most beautiful, most sexy, most intelligent, most caring person in the entire world and I can't live without her one more second.

BONITA: (GOING AROUND AND HELPING HIM UP) Look this is really sweet but I need my job.

RAF: I'm going to look after you.

BONITA: A kept woman ?

RAF: Forever and ever.

BONITA: You make it sound very tempting.

RAF: Come with me.

BONITA: Now ?

RAF: Right this second.

BONITA: And do what ?

RAF: Come back to my house for an afternoon of wild passionate love.

RAF AND BONITA ARE VERY CLOSE.

BONITA: You are hard to resist.

RAF: You know – you're right.

TYRONE ENTERS. BONITA IMMEDIATELY JUMPS BACK FROM RAF.

TYRONE: Mr Dev wants to see you.

BONITA: Mr Dev. Why ?

TYRONE: Didn't say.

BONITA: Where is he ?

TYRONE: In his office.

BONITA: (TO **RAF**) Well sir, that order maybe ready sooner than you think.

BONITA EXITS. TYRONE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE FRONT OF THE DESK.

TYRONE: What are you doing here ?

RAF: I was desperate to see you. I had to come.

TYRONE: If Bonita finds out – she'll kill us. Well she'll kill you and fire me.

RAF: I know but I couldn't help myself.

TYRONE: That's exactly what you said the other night.

RAF: It was beyond my control.

TYRONE: Mine too.

RAF: You don't understand. What I feel is an emergency.

HE REACHES OVER TO GRAB **TYRONE**.

TYRONE: Not here.

RAF: My arms have a life of their own – and as for my lips.

TYRONE: They've got some rule about personal visits.

RAF: Tease.

TYRONE: I'll be whatever you want me to be.

RAF: How about tonight ?

TYRONE: I'm meeting up with a friend. Maybe they could join us.

RAF: What's his name ?

TYRONE: Who cares about their name ?

RAF: Who's the tease now ?

TYRONE: Not for long.

RAF STARTS TO COME AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK.

TYRONE: What are you doing ?

RAF: If you don't say you'll go out with me tonight right this second I'll come over there and ravage you.

TYRONE: Oops ! You're already here.

RAF: (KNEELING) Then I'll kneel down here and profess my undying love to you to the whole world.

TYRONE: You just have to profess it to me.

RAF: (LOUDLY) Tyrone Alderton is the most beautiful, most sexy, most intelligent, most caring person in the entire world and I can't live without him one more second.

TYRONE: (KNEELING AS WELL) Then stop telling me, show me.

RAF: I'm going to look after you.

TYRONE: Then stop talking.

RAF: Forever and ever.

TYRONE: Now will do fine.

RAF: Come with me.

TYRONE: I'm trying.

RAF: Right this second.

TYRONE: That's about how long it will take.

RAF: Come back to my house for an afternoon of wild passionate love.

TYRONE: What's wrong with right here ?

RAF: You know – you're right.

BONITA ENTERS. RAF IMMEDIATELY JUMPS BACK FROM TYRONE.

BONITA: Sorry sir. Customers aren't allowed on this side of the desk.

RAF GOES BACK OVER THE OTHER SIDE.

TYRONE: How did it go with Mr Dev ?

BONITA: Fine. He just wanted some help with some stock orders.

RAF: (TO **BONITA**) So any chance of getting that order now ?

BONITA: I'm sorry sir. We seem to have become a little busy.

RAF: As I tried to explain – it's an emergency.

BONITA: Well perhaps Tyrone can help you.

TYRONE: I'd be happy to.

RAF: (TO **BONITA**) If you're sure.

BONITA: Tyrone is probably the more appropriate staff member for your needs.

RAF: If you say so.

TYRONE COMES FORWARD.

BONITA: Then again I may be able to fit in. How big is the task ?

RAF: It's quite ample.

BONITA: Will it take long ?

RAF: Depends on your equipment.

BONITA: But I'm afraid I can't make any guarantees.

RAF: Then perhaps I should utilise Tyrone's services.

BONITA: I'll tell you what. (HANDING HIM FORM) Why don't you leave us your name and number ? We'll check our work load and once we see who is better placed to service you - we'll give you a call. (POINTING TO PLACE ON FORM) Right here please.

RAF: You'll call ?

BONITA: I'll call. Or it might be Tyrone.

RAF: You can't tell me now.

BONITA: As I said – we are very busy.

RAF: I would prefer to know now.

BONITA: Do you want the best person for the job or do you just want anybody to do it ?

RAF: The important thing is getting it done.

BONITA: Fine. Then leave it with us.

RAF: Okay. You'll call ?

BONITA: Yes - we'll call.

RAF: Is that a promise ?

BONITA: Absolutely.

TYRONE: And we always keep our promises.

RAF: Right. Then I look forward to hearing from you.

BONITA: Good bye (LOOKING AT FORM) Mr McCoy.

RAF: Good afternoon, (LOOKING AT NAME TAG) Bonita.

BONITA TURNS. RAF LOOKS TO TYRONE.

TYRONE GESTURES FOR HIM TO GO AND THAT HE'LL CALL HIM LATER. BONITA TURNS BACK.

BONITA: Anything else we can help you with ?

RAF: No. I'm ... fine. (EXITS)

TYRONE: What was all that about ?

BONITA: I have no idea. So, what time tonight ?

TYRONE: Any time you like.

TYRONE GOES TO BONITA AND PULLS HER CLOSE.

BONITA: Someone will see.

TYRONE: Don't worry. Mr Dev is still out back in the store room.

BONITA: So when are we going to tell Raf.

TYRONE: Let the bastard suffer.

THEY KISS. LIGHTS FADE. END PLAY.