

Racing Now !

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

BOB

STEVE

THE BOY

The Setting

Outside a betting shop.

Time

Afternoon.

Racing Now !**Street outside betting shop. 3pm.**

BOB and **STEVE** sit on milk crates. **STEVE** is smoking a cigarette. **BOB** holds a Race Guide.

BOB: See that geezer in the place we were staying.

STEVE: What about him ?

BOB: Had no legs.

STEVE: So ?

BOB: Looked weird.

STEVE: So ?

BOB: So I'm just saying he looked weird, that's all. (PAUSE) What do you reckon happened to him ?

STEVE: Don't know. Don't care. (LOOKING AT GUIDE) Wasting time. Read.

BEAT. BOB LOOKS AT STEVE.

STEVE: Read.

BOB: (READING) Laura's Revenge.

STEVE: Too young.

BOB: Echo Warrior

STEVE: Too old.

BOB: Steamboat Bill

STEVE: Too slow.

BOB: Hallelujah

STEVE: Who ?

BOB: Hallelujah.

STEVE: Never heard of him.

BOB: Chorus Dancer

STEVE: Chorus Dancer ?

BOB: Chorus Dancer.

PAUSE.

STEVE: Who's on her ?

BOB: Knipe.

STEVE: Ben Knipe ?

BOB: Yeah.

PAUSE.

STEVE: Run her too wide. Next.

BOB: Tomorrow Never Comes

STEVE: Exactly.

BOB: Cosmic Hero.

STEVE: No he's not.

BOB: Purple Shadow.

STEVE: Maybe.

BOB: (MARKS THE PAPER) Floss.

STEVE: Not on Tuesdays.

BOB: Aristocrat.

STEVE: Could.

BOB: (MARKS THE PAPER) Blue Star Lady.

STEVE: What's she carrying ?

BOB: Sixty.

STEVE: Sixty ? Blue Star Lady ?

BOB: That's what it says.

STEVE: Rigged.

PAUSE.

BOB: Well ?

STEVE: Too much weight.

BOB: Golden Jug.

STEVE: Fool's gold.

BOB: Rocket Reg.

STEVE: Exploded at take off.

BOB: Snip of Luck.

STEVE: Doesn't have any.

BOB: Eddie the Eagle.

STEVE: Are you kidding ?

BOB: Yes Please.

STEVE: No thanks.

BOB: Kickabit.

STEVE: "Can't Kickabit".

BOB: Wild Honey.

STEVE: Smells off.

BOB: Moonlight Serenade.

STEVE: Too far.

BOB: Birdcage Walk.

STEVE: Maybe.

BOB: (MARKS THE PAPER) Elvis.

STEVE: Has left the building.

PAUSE.

STEVE: Next.

BOB: That's it.

STEVE: What we got ?

BOB: Two maybes and a could.

STEVE: Each way on the lot.

BOB: How much ?

STEVE: Tenner. You need some ?

BOB: No I got it. (STANDING) Better get them on then.

STEVE: Alright.

BOB STANDS. THE BOY ENTERS. BOB CALLS TO HIM.

BOB: Oi. Kid.

THE BOY COMES OVER. BOB PULLS OUT SOME MONEY.

BOB: Race Five. Tenner each way on numbers eight, ten and twenty.

THE BOY LOOKS AT HIM.

BOB: Well go on. Take it.

BOY: Two thirty mister.

BOB: So what ? Take the money.

BOY: Two thirty mister.

BOB: You stupid or what ?

BOY: Two thirty mister.

BOB: (TO STEVE) Why does he keep saying that ?

STEVE: Don't ask me sunshine. What time was the race ?

BOB LOOKS AT THE FORM. PAUSE.

BOB: Two twenty.

STEVE STARTS TO LAUGH. THE BOY LOOKS AT BOB.

BOY: Two thirty Mister.

BOB: What are you looking at ? Piss off.

THE BOY RUNS OFF.

STEVE: Congratulations. Looks like we missed it then.

BOB SITS.

STEVE: What have I told you ? Always keep your eye on the clock. Almost as hopeless as the old man. "What time is it ?"

BOB: Don't you ...

STEVE: Don't you what ?

BOB LOOKS AT HIM. PAUSE. STEVE LAUGHS.

STEVE: To think I could have a brother as pa-thetic as you.

BOB LOOKS AT STEVE.

STEVE: Oh please try it. Try it. You won't even see it coming.

PAUSE. BOB LOOKS AWAY. STEVE LAUGHS AGAIN.

STEVE: Pa-thetic. Just like dad. Is their a nag called "Hopeless Loser" in the next. I'll take fifty on that. "What time is it ?" What time's the next ? (PAUSE) I said – what time ?

BOB: Three forty five.

STEVE: Read 'em out.

BOB STILL DOES NOT RESPOND.

STEVE: Oi ! Dickhead. Waiting.

BOB LOOKS AT STEVE. STEVE RETURNS HIS GAZE. PAUSE. BOB LOOKS DOWN AT THE GUIDE.

BOB: That's enough.

STEVE: Who ?

BOB: No more.

STEVE: What are you talking about ? Show me that.

STEVE GRABS FOR THE PAPER. BOB PULLS IT AWAY.

BOB: Strike back.

STEVE LOOKS AT BOB. BOB MEETS HIS GAZE.

STEVE: I'll put you in your place. Just like I did him. Don't think for a moment I won't. Have you workin' in one of those fuckin' fag factories before you fuckin' know it.

PAUSE.

BOB: Strike back.

BOB STANDS. HE LOOKS AT STEVE.

LIGHTS FADE.