

SARDINE

a short play

by

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Cast

JOE

DOM

Sardine

Pub. Early evening. JOE and DOM sip beers.

JOE: So what happened then ?

DOM: Well, she got up and read this poem.

JOE: A poem ? Right. What about ?

DOM: About his ...

PAUSE.

JOE: His ... ?

DOM: Yeah.

JOE: Right. (PAUSE) So, what was it like ?

DOM: His ... ?

JOE: Yeah.

DOM: Well, according to her, pretty bloody fantastic.

JOE: Really ?

DOM: Mag-nificent.

JOE: Really ? Big ?

DOM: Not so much the size. More what it could do.

JOE: Really ? Like ...

DOM: Find its way into hidden corners, probe the inner crevices of her being, pound her pudd ... Pud...

JOE: Her "Pud" ?

DOM: Pud -something. Bend, twist, contort, throb, swell, glow –

JOE: Glow ?

DOM: Fill up the extremities of her soul

JOE: Sounds like a pretty impressive ...

DOM: “Great, big meal of a man.”

PAUSE.

JOE: Shit.

PAUSE.

DOM: Shit. Rolls of flesh.

JOE: Rolls of flesh ?

DOM: It had “rolls of flesh.”

JOE: I don’t have ... Do you have ... Rolls ?

DOM: I think she meant he was ... Or maybe he wasn’t.
I’m not really sure.

JOE: Right.

DOM: But when it all’s said and done - one thing’s for sure – she was
pretty pleased by this guy’s ...

JOE: Where was he during all this ?

DOM: At the bar.

JOE: Yeah ?

DOM: Beaming.

JOE: Embarrassed ?

DOM: Proud. This was an ode, an ode of praise to his bending, twisting, contorting,
great big meal of rolls of flesh ...

JOE: Well, you would be.

DOM LOOKS AT JOE.

JOE: Proud. So, what has all this got to do with you ?

DOM: In the poem. There was another ...

JOE: A second ...

DOM NODS.

JOE: Right. And how was this ...

DOM: Not as impressive.

JOE: No ?

DOM: Half the ...

PAUSE.

JOE: Small ?

DOM: Boney.

JOE: Boney ? I didn't think ...

DOM: Neither did I.

JOE: No rolls of flesh then ?

DOM: Apparently not.

JOE: Boney.

DOM NODS.

JOE: Didn't fill up her crevices ?

DOM: Or find hidden corners. Or bend, twist, throb, contort.

JOE: Glow ?

DOM: It was just ... boney.

JOE: Right. So how did you feel ?

DOM: Small.

JOE: Small ?

DOM: Very small. Tiny, minute –

JOE: Microscopic ?

DOM: Small. Like a frozen prawn.

JOE: A frozen prawn ?

DOM: Yeah.

PAUSE.

JOE: Right. (PAUSE) So she was sticking with number one then ? The first ...

DOM: Imagine so. You see what really pisses me off –

JOE: Understandable.

DOM: What annoys me ...

JOE: Size doesn't matter does it ?

DOM: Is that I ...

JOE: Motion of the ocean and all that.

DOM: I never ...

JOE: Listen mate, if it's any consolation – (HE LEANS IN) mine's not that magnificent either.

PAUSE. **DOM LOOKS AT HIM.**

DOM: What ?

JOE: Not exactly a prawn. Well, maybe a king prawn. More like a sardine. But not frozen.

DOM LOOKS AT JOE AGAIN.

DOM: What are you -

JOE: I'm just saying don't feel too bad about the (WHISPERS) frozen prawn. I'm not that much of a "meal" myself.

JOE LAUGHS AND PATS DOM ON THE BACK. DOM LOOKS AT HIM.

DOM: Compare.

JOE: What ?

DOM: The chance to compare.

JOE: With the other guy ? I should hope bloody not.

DOM: She.

JOE: Sorry ?

DOM: She never had the chance to compare.

JOE SMILES.

JOE: You said frozen prawn.

DOM: I said I felt like a frozen prawn. Not that I was a frozen prawn.

JOE: Right. But she ...

DOM: Another guy.

JOE: You mean the first ... ?

DOM: And the second one as well. That's what I'm trying to tell you. We went for a date and I kind of thought I had a chance with her. Then two nights later she reads this poem about two other guys and there ...

PAUSE.

JOE: So number two wasn't ...

DOM SHAKES HIS HEAD.

JOE: And number one wasn't ...

DOM SHAKES HIS HEAD.

JOE: You weren't ...

DOM SHAKES HIS HEAD.

JOE: Or ...

DOM SHAKES HIS HEAD.

JOE: Right.

DOM: And here I was thinking I had a chance with her and she had all this other stuff going on. Just goes to show – you never know.

JOE: Busy girl.

DOM: Very busy girl.

PAUSE.

JOE: Right. (PAUSE) Not the prawn ?

DOM: Not the prawn.

DOM FINISHES HIS BEER.

JOE: Another ?

DOM: Thanks.

JOE STANDS. HE PICKS UP THE GLASSES AND EXITS.

DOM: A sardine ?

FADE.