

Saturday Night Newtown, Sunday Morning Enmore

a short play

by

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Cast

MATTHEW

CLAIRE

Setting

Matthew's room in a share-house in Enmore.

Time

Sunday Morning.

MATTHEW's cluttered and grubby room. Sunday morning.

MATTHEW and **CLAIRE** lie sprawled in the bed. Slowly **CLAIRE** wakes. She sits up and looks around, trying to work out where she is.

She looks at **MATTHEW** lying in the bed alongside her. She lifts the sheet and looks at herself. She lifts the sheet and looks at **MATTHEW**.

She suppresses a groan. Carefully she gets out of bed, trying not to wake **MATTHEW**.

She delicately picks her way around the room, recovering her clothing. She puts a few pieces on, and with the rest in her arms, makes her way for the door.

She tries the door but it appears to be locked. She re-positions the clothes under her arm and using both hands manages to open the door. But as she does she drops a shoe.

It falls to the ground with a thump.

CLAIRE spins around to look at **MATTHEW**. He doesn't move. **CLAIRE** eases her way through the door.

MATTHEW: Making a quick getaway.

CLAIRE STOPS.

CLAIRE: You're awake.

MATTHEW SITS UP.

MATTHEW: Didn't mean to interrupt you.

CLAIRE: I didn't want to wake you.

MATTHEW: Very considerate.

CLAIRE TURNS TO LOOK AT MATTHEW. MATTHEW FINDS A T-SHIRT AND PUTS IT ON.

MATTHEW: It's okay. You can still go.

CLAIRE: You're awake now. I'll stay.

MATTHEW: Then why are you holding the door open ?

CLAIRE CLOSSES THE DOOR. SHE MAKES HER WAY BACK INTO THE ROOM.

MATTHEW: At least you didn't have to do a coyote ?

CLAIRE: Sorry ?

MATTHEW: Chew your arm off rather than waking me. You weren't faced with that particular dilemma.

CLAIRE: Don't be so stupid. Now if I can just find a spot.

MATTHEW: Sorry. Bit messy.

CLAIRE: No, it's fine.

CLAIRE PERCHES ON A CHAIR AND FINISHES DRESSING.

CLAIRE: Where are we ?

MATTHEW: Enmore.

CLAIRE: Enmore ? But last night we were in Newtown, weren't we ?

MATTHEW: Now we're in Enmore.

CLAIRE: How did we get here ?

MATTHEW: Walked. Or should I say I walked. You staggered.

CLAIRE: I really don't remember. What were we drinking ?

MATTHEW: I was on lite beer. You were drinking - well pretty well anything you could get your hands on.

CLAIRE: Drowning my sorrows.

MATTHEW: Tough week ?

CLAIRE: That I do remember. Are the buses running by now ?

MATTHEW: Should be.

CLAIRE: I better get going.

MATTHEW: Church ?

CLAIRE: Very funny. Got to help my mum. She's having some people for lunch.

MATTHEW: Where does she live ?

CLAIRE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Tasmania.

MATTHEW: You've got a long trip in front of you then.

PAUSE.

CLAIRE: Look, I'm sorry.

MATTHEW: It's okay.

CLAIRE: I just usually don't do this.

MATTHEW: Who said I do ?

CLAIRE: I mean I'm not accustomed to being in this situation.

MATTHEW: Absolutely.

CLAIRE: Last night ... I guess I sort of lost control. Went a little crazy.

MATTHEW: Let yourself go.

CLAIRE: Did things I wouldn't do under normal conditions.

MATTHEW: You mean normally you wouldn't go home with me ?

CLAIRE: I'm sorry. That must sound awful.

MATTHEW: It's okay. I gather I'm not exactly your type.

CLAIRE: No, it's not that.

MATTHEW: You mean I am your type ?

CLAIRE: I've just had a terrible week. I mean a really terrible week.

MATTHEW: Gary.

CLAIRE: How do you know about Gary ?

MATTHEW: You mentioned him last night. Several times.

CLAIRE: I did ? He ...

MATTHEW: Dumped you on Thursday -

CLAIRE: For no reason.

MATTHEW: And then last night he was there with -

CLAIRE: That bitch. He was all over her, and ...

MATTHEW: You discovered there may have been a reason after all.

CLAIRE: So as you can understand I was a little ... emotional.

MATTHEW: And you end up -

CLAIRE: In Enmore.

MATTHEW: With me.

PAUSE.

CLAIRE: Look, I'm just going to go.

SHE HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

MATTHEW: You know it doesn't have to be like this.

CLAIRE: Believe me - it does.

MATTHEW: What are you actually taking away from here ?

CLAIRE: What ?

MATTHEW: What are you actually leaving here with ?

CLAIRE: Only what I arrived with. I hope.

MATTHEW: So there is no tangible evidence that you were ever here.

CLAIRE: Do you want my panties as a souvenir ?

MATTHEW: Do you want mine ? (PAUSE) Think about it. When you walk out that door you will take away absolutely nothing from last night.

CLAIRE: Except for a whopping headache and some -

MATTHEW: Some what ?

CLAIRE: Look - I really have to go.

MATTHEW: Say it.

CLAIRE: Some less than perfect memories.

MATTHEW: Exactly. The only thing you take with you is your memories - which I would imagine won't be tremendous. But it doesn't have to be like that.

PAUSE.

CLAIRE: Listen - I like you. Your sweet. A bit odd but sweet. But like I said - you're really not my type. And now I've got to go.

MATTHEW: What if you remembered last night differently ?

CLAIRE: What are you talking about ?

MATTHEW: You heard me.

CLAIRE: I can't change my memories.

MATTHEW: Can't you ? Have you ever tried ? Your memories of last night are pretty hazy at best.

CLAIRE: You can say that again.

MATTHEW: You can't even remember how we got here ?

CLAIRE: True.

MATTHEW: So what if you decide what to remember ? Make up your own version of events.

CLAIRE: If only it was that easy.

MATTHEW: It is that easy. Who would you have like to have spent last night with ?

CLAIRE: I don't know.

MATTHEW: Gary ?

CLAIRE: After what that bastard did to me ? No way.

MATTHEW: Then who ? If you could chose anybody you want. Play along.

CLAIRE: Alright. (PAUSE) I don't know. Brad Pitt maybe.

MATTHEW: Tricky. How about someone who looked just like Brad Pitt ?

CLAIRE: But with black hair.

MATTHEW: Perfect. Now what's your favourite men's name ? Play along.

CLAIRE: I've always like Nathan.

MATTHEW: Okay. So you spent last night with a man named Nathan who looked just like Brad Pitt. Except with black hair.

CLAIRE: There's only one problem - I didn't.

MATTHEW: I'm the only person who knows that and I've forgotten already.

PAUSE.

CLAIRE: Okay. If I spent last night with Nathan - where did he come from ?

MATTHEW: You tell me. Where do you like to go on holiday ? Greece, Spain -

CLAIRE: Nathan sounds French.

MATTHEW: Perfect. So he was a charming and sexy -

CLAIRE: If he looked like Brad Pitt - very sexy.

MATTHEW: Very sexy Frenchman who had to fly back to Paris this morning but not before you had the most incredibly intense night of lovemaking you have ever experienced.

CLAIRE: I did ?

MATTHEW: You two just clicked. It went on for hours. Much better than you ever had with Gary.

CLAIRE: You can say that again.

MATTHEW: He made you feel like no man has ever made you feel before. Made you experience more pleasure than you ever felt possible.

CLAIRE: (LOOKING AT BED) What little I can remember, I wouldn't say it -

MATTHEW: Nathan was incredible. You were incredible. Together you set the night on fire.

CLAIRE: But where did this happen ?

MATTHEW: What's your favourite hotel ?

CLAIRE: I went to the Park Hyatt once.

MATTHEW: Room four three two of The Park Hyatt. Your room looked out straight on to the harbour. Nathan was staying there on business for the week.

CLAIRE: Before he flew back to Paris ?

MATTHEW: There was this huge four pillar bed in the room which you almost broke. Not to mention what happened in the bathroom.

CLAIRE: In the shower ?

MATTHEW: It went on and on.

CLAIRE: (SHE SMILES) It was unbelievable.

MATTHEW: You were unbelievable. It was a one in million. The best night of your life.

CLAIRE: But didn't anybody see me leave with you ?

MATTHEW: You dumped me at the bus stop. Then he drove by in his -

CLAIRE: Convertible Black BMW.

MATTHEW: He stopped and asked you for directions.

CLAIRE: We got talking.

MATTHEW: Next thing you knew you were back at The Hyatt.

CLAIRE: Sipping French champagne.

MATTHEW: The whole thing seemed like -

CLAIRE: Magic.

MATTHEW: Destiny.

CLAIRE: But hold on. I'm not going to be a one night stand for some traveling Frenchman.

MATTHEW: This is just the beginning. He's filthy rich. He's flying you to Paris. In fact he wouldn't go until you promised -

CLAIRE: To fly over to see him.

MATTHEW: Exactly. Your meeting him in two weeks time - -

CLAIRE: At midnight.

MATTHEW: On top of the Eiffel Tower.

CLAIRE: He's so romantic.

MATTHEW: He's a dream come true. The next morning after breakfast he kissed you goodbye.

MATTHEW KISSES CLAIRE.

MATTHEW: And whispered something in French in your ear.

CLAIRE: It sounded like poetry.

MATTHEW: And you walked out the door.

CLAIRE: More like floated.

MATTHEW: Dreaming of when you would meet again in Paris -

CLAIRE: Under the stars.

MATTHEW: On top of the Eiffel Tower.

CLAIRE: One final kiss.

CLAIRE KISSES MATTHEW.

MATTHEW: And you were gone.

CLAIRE: Dreaming of the moment -

MATTHEW When we would meet -

CLAIRE: Again.

CLAIRE EXITS. MATTHEW ALONE, WATCHING WHERE SHE HAS GONE. HE SMILES.

THE LIGHTS FADE.

END PLAY.