

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



The Reckoning

by Bridget Di Certo

EXTRACT

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The stage opens with a woman and a man sitting on plain chairs equally spaced at a third and two thirds across the width of the stage facing the audience. Beside each chair is a black box. The man is wearing a suit and the woman is wearing a big, white (bridal) dress. She has a ring of bloodied flesh around her neck and he has dirt on his clothes. They speak to an unseen third (the audience). They are trying to bargain with this Judge, answering his unheard questions. They are almost talking over the top of each other to have their side heard.

She: Fifty nine dollars and sixty cents. And he left a three dollar tip. Does the tip count? Do you need an account for the tip?

He: *(shrugs)* Fifty bucks or something.

She: And I remember thinking – is this what it all comes down to? Buying me out with an expensive dinner? It really wasn't even that expensive.

He: *(agitated)* I don't know if I left a tip. I can't remember back that far. We'd only just started seeing each other. If I had known it was going to be like this I would've written it all down as well.

She: *(out of her black box pulls a show box of receipts)* The tip will be on the receipt. I have a record of the eftpos in here. Somewhere. I've just got to sort through the dates. I didn't think it would get to this so soon but I'm glad I kept an ongoing account of things.

He: This is ridiculous.

She: *(pulls out receipt)* He spent seventy nine dollars on our one month anniversary. We drank some really nice wine. I guess that was nice.

He: Are we going to go through everything?

She: I've got absolutely everything. Every last penny he ever spent.