

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



# Uncomfortable Silences

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by Andrew O'Keefe

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EXTRACT

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**SCENE ONE**

A BEDROOM. A bed upstage and a wardrobe downstage.

Enter NICK, fresh from the shower. He has a towel which he drops on the bed. He begins putting a shirt on:

NICK           Does this look alright? She told me once she liked this shirt.

*Nick takes his shirt off and heads for the wardrobe.*

NICK           Better not wear it again. She's got a hell of a memory. That's half the problem. She remembers everything.

*Nick opens the wardrobe door. A WOMAN'S ARM thrusts out, snatches the shirt from his hand, disappears back inside the wardrobe then reappears with a different shirt on a hanger. He doesn't want this shirt and reaches in for another but the Woman's arm slaps his wrist.*

NICK           You see... What I'm doing tonight is losing one of the best friends I ever had. No matter what else happens, that happens and I'm diving head first right into it. You'd think that'd be a sign for me to walk away right now, wouldn't you? But you know what? I can't do that. Fuck it! I'm doomed forever if I do that and so is every relationship I have from this point on because she'll be there lurking in the background. Doomed. So, I have to tell her because I'm lying to her every time I'm sitting across the table from her and that's not what a friend does. A friend doesn't listen to her tales of heartbreak and loneliness and really be thinking the whole time that she's so beautiful she's going to give me a fucking heart attack. A friend doesn't do that. So, if we're not friends, what are we then? So, you tell me. Okay? Seriously. I'll tell you a story about a girl I know and you tell me. Okay? A story about a girl I know... Sometimes when I think about her and the way our story has gone, it seems like there must be someone intervening. I mean there is... His name is Paul, but I don't give shit about him. From what I can tell, she doesn't really either. She's certainly not in