

# Shots

by Carly Nugent

EXTRACT

## Cast

**Wayne Stevens – 29 years old. He wears jeans and a T-shirt advertising Jim Beam.**

**Michael Grant – 42 years old. He wears a business suit.**

**Lisa – Grant’s wife, 37 years old.**

**Barista**

**Bartender**

**Businessman**

**Businesswoman**

## Setting

**Melbourne**

## Time

**The present**

## Shots

**STEVENS is frozen on a pedestrian crossing. GRANT sits up in bed. His wife is asleep beside him.**

**GRANT:** It takes one hour and fifteen minutes for the man who plays me to wake up. He sets three alarms – one at five a.m., one at five thirty, and one at six. When the six a.m. alarm rings he presses snooze for fifteen minutes. It takes the man who plays me nine minutes to have a cold shower. Seven minutes to masturbate, two minutes to soap, rinse, and wash the screen door. In 1990, David Malcolm Gray shot thirteen people with an AK47 assault rifle. It takes six point one minutes to dress – suit, shirt, shoes, tie. The man who plays me has four different shirts. Pink with light pink stripes, blue with light blue stripes, brown with light brown stripes, and lime green with small crocodiles. He only wears the crocodiles on weekends.

**GRANT freezes. STEVENS stands on the crossing. The green man is beeping and flashing.**

**STEVENS:** It's eight o'clock. Fucking eight o'clock in the fucking morning. What the fuck am I doing here at eight o'clock in the fucking morning in the sun. Who would've thought the sun was so fucking bright. It's burning my neck, I can feel it. Eight o'clock and it's already burning my fucking neck, getting right fuckin stuck in like a dog chewing a fucking chop. Red fucking raw.

**He looks at his hands.**

**STEVENS:** When the fuck did my fingers get so old? And cracked, fuck, and red. Like the blood's trying to get out of them, trying to get the fuck out of its own fucking skin. How'd my nails get so broken? So fuckin ugly.

**He squints at the sky.**

**STEVENS:** Someone turn down the lights, it's too fuckin early. And that noise – what the fuck is that? I'm awake, alright, is that what you want? My head is fucking pounding like there's some fuckin midget in there with a sledgehammer. What the fuck did I drink last night? I took something. I must've fuckin taken something. Fuck. What the fuck is that noise?!

**STEVENS freezes.**

**GRANT:** It takes seven point two minutes for the man who plays me to eat breakfast. Four minutes to chew two pieces of white toast with vegemite. One minute to ignore his daughter Shelly singing sound bites from last night's episode of Australian Idol. And two minutes

and two seconds to drink three tablespoons of Nescafe mixed with boiling water. In 1993, Colin Ferguson shot six people. He stopped to reload twice.

**GRANT freezes. STEVENS holds his head.**

**STEVENS:** Hey! Fuckin green man on speed, stop fuckin beeping at me, alright? I'm not moving, I'm fuckin hungover. Shut the fuck up so I can fucking sleep!

**Pause. He looks at the ground.**

**STEVENS:** They're not moving, are they? You got a problem with them? Just lying there. Middle of a fucking crossing. Get them to fucking move, why dontcha? Fucking beep at them. Not even lying straight – bent as fuck all over the place. And bleeding. Hey – they're bleeding on your precious fucking crossing. That's blood right there, like red fucking blood. It's fucking sticky. Sticks to your shoes. Fucking blood. Can't stand on the fucking crossing without stepping in it. Can't get it off my fucking shoes.

**STEVENS freezes.**

**GRANT:** It takes half a second to kiss his wife Lisa on the cheek. One second to kick the cat off the front step on the way out. Two minutes and two seconds to walk to the train station. Four point seven minutes to buy and validate his ticket. Nine minutes to get to Flinders Street. Three point five minutes to swear under his breath at the crowd on the crossing.

**GRANT freezes.**

**STEVENS:** You're too fuckin noisy, anyone ever tell you that? That's your fuckin problem, that's why no one's moving. Your fuckin beeping. That's what fuckin shot them all down. I've gotta go. Before all this blood fuckin drowns me.

**STEVENS freezes.**

**GRANT:** In 1966, Charles Whitman shot fourteen people with a 6mm Remington bolt-action rifle, a 35mm Remington rifle, a 9mm Luger pistol, a Galesi-Brescia pistol and a .357 Smith & Wesson Magnum revolver. He packed water, peanuts, toilet paper, deodorant and some sandwiches.

**GRANT freezes.**

**STEVENS:** I didn't do anything. This is all your fault.

**The sound of three gunshots. Then, the sound of three shots pulled from a coffee grinder. The sound of coffee beans grinding. STEVENS exits. GRANT enters a café. The BARISTA is busy with the coffee machine. A business MAN and WOMAN are waiting for coffee. GRANT stands between them.**

**MAN:** I was out of it last night. I was really gone.

**WOMAN:** You were so fucked. I've never seen you that fucked before.

**MAN:** I've got no idea how much I drank. How much did I drink?

**WOMAN:** A lot. You were doing shots.

**MAN:** Did I do Jagerbombs? I remember Jagerbombs.

**WOMAN:** That was later. We went to that new place.

**MAN:** In Exploration Lane?

**WOMAN:** Fantasy Alley.

**He suddenly remembers.**

**MAN:** Ah! You were dancing on the bar!

**WOMAN:** No.

**MAN:** Yes!

**WOMAN:** Oh god.

**MAN:** Didn't know you had it in you. That was fuckin awesome.

**WOMAN:** I never do that. I must have been really drunk.

**MAN:** Why does my nose hurt?

**She remembers.**

**WOMAN:** Oh! That's right! You were in a fight!

**MAN:** What? With who?

**WOMAN:** Ha! I forgot about that. That was awesome.

**MAN:** With who? Why can't I remember that?

**WOMAN:** With James. Outside Fiction. He pushed you into a wall. Fuck it was funny.