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# SWEET STACCATO RISING

by Robert Reid

EXTRACT

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# Sweet Staccato Rising

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*Fuck shit up*

*Falling away from me.*

1

*(The front of a house, with one of those enclosed doorways. Yellow light inside the enclosure, spills out through the windows. There is a bamboo blind hanging slightly askew in the main window. The entire structure sits just off centre stage and at an angle. In the enclosure you can see the door to the house, the paint flakes off. There is a dying pot-plant by the door. Outside in the dark there is a child's plastic toy motorbike and an old car tyre. Up against the windows of the enclosure, on the inside, SLIT-FISH's back is pressed. GUNNER and her are in the middle of frenzied making out.)*

FISH: Where's...

GUNNER: Gone.

FISH: Oh.

(PAUSE)

Where?

GUNNER: Barbeque.

FISH: Yeah?

GUNNER: Family.

FISH: You?

GUNNER: Didn't wanna.

FISH: Right.

(PAUSE)

Miss that dog.

GUNNER: Next door?

FISH: Yeah.

GUNNER: Died.

FISH: Good dog.

GUNNER: Yeah.

(PAUSE)

Slit-Fish?

FISH: Don't wanna.

GUNNER: Nah...

FISH: Don't wanna. Don't feel like it.

GUNNER: Yeah.

FISH: Sick.

GUNNER: Oh.

FISH: Pain. Guts.

GUNNER: Yeah. Guess.

FISH: Make me feel sick.

GUNNER: Sorry.

FISH: 'Salright. 'Sthe pills.

GUNNER: Yeah. Sorry.

FISH: Not your fault.

GUNNER: Kinda.

FISH: Well, yeah, kinda. But... forget it. Happens.

GUNNER: Yeah.

(PAUSE)

FISH: Out here long?

GUNNER: Coupla hours.

FISH: When they getting back?

GUNNER: Dunno. When the piss runs out.

FISH: Your mum.

GUNNER: Yeah.

FISH: Sucks.

GUNNER: Whatever.

FISH: Go somewhere?

GUNNER: Gotta be here.

(PAUSE)

Catch hell when she gets back.

FISH: Why?

GUNNER: Bust her figurines.

FISH: Accident?

GUNNER: Nuh.

FISH: Yeah?

GUNNER: Hate 'em.

FISH: Always...

GUNNER: Polishing 'em.

FISH: Always.

GUNNER: Dustin 'em.

FISH: Busted 'em.

GUNNER: Yeah.

FISH: Cool.

GUNNER: Not gonna be.

FISH: Make you feel better?

GUNNER: Nuh.

(PAUSE)

A bit.

FISH: Wanna break something else?

GUNNER: Julian.

FISH: He'd kill you.

GUNNER: He's not so big.

FISH: Big enough. Bigger'n you.

GUNNER: Got a gun.

FISH: Bullshit.

GUNNER: Nup. Under me bed. Mum doesn't know.

FISH: 'bet. She'd kill you with it.

GUNNER: He might.

FISH: Blow your idiot brains out.

GUNNER: Thought about it.

FISH: You?

GUNNER: Yeah.

FISH: Nah, be stupid. You'd miss anyway. Blow out an eye or something.

GUNNER: Might take me away.

FISH: Might put you away.

(PAUSE)

Wouldn't anyway. Just have you up for the gun. Send you back to her.

(PAUSE)

GUNNER: Guess.

FISH: Wish your dad was here?

GUNNER: Nah.