

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Lookin' for Love

by Nicole Tanzabel

EXTRACT

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“LOOKIN’ FOR LOVE”

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Characters

- STACEY:** Tries to get attention by being the flirt; doesn’t get any at home. The ‘sleazy’ one of the play.
- MARY:** Admires Stacey because she seems to lead the type of life that she would like to; follows Stacey about like a sheep, forever trying to impress her and be like her.
- RHONDA:** The ‘street-wise’ one of the play; sensible, plain and caring.
- HEATHER:** The ‘hippy’; caring, open-minded, close friend of Rhonda.
- INGRID:** The ‘dag’. Lives with her grandmother because her mother couldn’t cope with looking after her after her divorce. Begins to get desperate in her attempt to fit in.

Settings

Mostly in the classroom. Very simple settings. A white cross hangs prominently in the background of the classroom. The girls sit on two benches which are set parallel. The teacher can either sit in the audience or on the side of the stage. The benches can also be used in the girls’ rooms for them to sit on. A rostrum/platform is set at the back of the stage for the Shakespeare scenes and any other parts that are in Ingrid’s mind.

Synopsis

The play is about five girls growing up; their experiences at school and with sex; the influence of the music industry and of other students.

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Scene I

(SPOT ON ROMEO WHO STANDS ON A ROSTERUM UPSTAGE)

ROMEO: Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without the eyes see pathways to his will.
Where shall we dine? O me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here’s much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
anything of nothing first created.
heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Mis-shapened chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is.
This love I fee, that feel no love in this.

INGRID: (DOING HER HOMEWORK)

Shakespeare’s aim in this scene is to begin to contrast various attitudes to love and sex. Does Romeo portray a crude kind of lust, or a romantic infatuation?

ROMEO: Why, such is love’s transgression
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou will propogate to have it pressed
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine oen.
Love is a smoke made with the fumes of sighs,
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lover’s eyes,
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lover’s tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell my coz.

(SPOT FADES OFF ROMEO)

INGRID: He’s in love with love.

(INGRID SITS LOOKING INTO SPACE. SHE DOESN’T UNDERSTAND THIS ROMANTIC LOVE. SHE TURNS ON HER CASSETTE PLAYER...”LOOKIN’ FOR LOVE” - BY JOHNNY DIESEL AND THE INJECTORS - BLARES OUT)

Scene II

(IN THE CLASSROOM. ALL THE STUDENTS ENTER AS THE MUSIC FADES. THERE IS A HEATED DISCUSSION TAKING PLACE IN A RELIGION CLASS ON ABORTION)

HEATHER: I don’t care what anyone else says, I agree with Mrs Smithers. Abortion is murder.

RHONDA: But it's not a living thing at that stage, Heather.

INGRID: My grandmother's womb fell out yesterday.

STACEY: What?!

INGRID: My grandmother's womb fell out yesterday. Lucky she wasn't at the supermarket when it happened, hey?

(HEATHER AND RHONDA LOOK AT HER IN DISBELIEF, WITH SLIGHT GRINS. STACEY STARTS TO LAUGH, REPEATING WHAT INGRID SAID. MARY, WHO AT FIRST LOOKS PUZZLED - NOT UNDERSTANDING WHAT WAS SAID - SEES STACEY LAUGHING SO JOINS IN, FALSELY.)

MS SMITHERS: Ingrid, if you are not going to intelligently contribute to this discussion, you can just get out. And if you disrupt this class once more with your stupid comments, I will put you on detention. Understand?

INGRID: Sorry.

RHONDA: Anyway, like I was saying - it's not really a living thing at that stage.

HEATHER: It's developing into a human being, Rhonda. It is so alive at that stage. Abortion is murder.

RHONDA: Yeah, yeah, right; but in some cases I reckon the baby would be better off dead than having a mother who can't look after it. Your future plans would be ruined if you did have it. You'd have to give up school, your plans for a career - (IN HORROR AT THE THOUGHT) - your social life! It's a huge responsibility to look after a kid.

MARY: Well, what about all the married couples who can't have kids? You could always give it up for adoption and then carry on with your life.

RHONDA: But after carrying the thing inside you for nine months, it'd be pretty hard to give it up.

MARY: My mother got pregnant with me when she was seventeen, just after leaving school. She had the choice of having me or having an abortion. If she believed in abortion I wouldn't be her.

STACEY: You never told me that.

RHONDA: (TO HEATHER) What a shame her mother didn't believe in abortion.

STACEY: What was that, Rhonda?

RHONDA: Nothing.

(STACEY GIVES RHONDA A FILTHY, SUSPICIOUS LOOK)