

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



B.O.R.E.D.

by Sarah Brill

EXTRACT

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This script is distributed by The Australian Script Centre
77 Salamanca Place Hobart 7004 Tasmania Australia
email admin@ozscript.org
www.ozscript.org
ph +61 3 6223 4675
fax +61 3 6223 4678

The room is stuffy. It's furnished with old style, ornate furniture. To one side are tea making facilities. A canary hangs in its cage. There is a large wardrobe against one wall. There are no windows, no doors.

BEATRICE, a woman in her twenties, is dressed in an evening gown, evening shoes that are too large and unmatched, gloves and an assortment of costume jewelry. She preens herself in the mirror. She swishes her skirts, pouts and flirts with herself. She looks directly at her reflection in the mirror.

BEATRICE I'm bored!

She watches her mouth move.

BEATRICE B.O.R.E.D.

Beatrice moves awkwardly around the room. She runs her fingers along surfaces, opens draws.

BEATRICE Bored, bored, bored.

She pushes a clump of paper onto the floor and watches it float down.

BEATRICE Bored, bored, bored, bored, bored.

Beatrice shuffles over to the canary. She sticks her fingers into the cage. The canary doesn't respond. She shakes the cage a little. She opens the door to the cage. She pokes at the bird trying to get it to fly out the door.

BEATRICE Come on. I'm offering your freedom. Take your chance.

The canary doesn't move.

BEATRICE You're so boring you don't even know what freedom is.

Beatrice shakes the cage again.