

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Stones in my Passway

by Tim Holloway

EXTRACT

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CHARACTERS:

WALTER: A man with a bag.

LUCY: Wants to be the blonde.

SCRATCH: Dresses like a cowboy.

Stones in My Passway was one of three winners of the Naked Theatre Company's *Top Shorts* playwriting competition. It received a season at the Stables theatre in Sydney as well as previously being seen briefly in Hobart.

Scene is a crossroads. There is a pole center stage with street signs going off in all directions. The names should be unreadable. Sitting at the base of the pole is LUCY. She watches as a car pulls up off-stage. We hear it stop and someone get out. The car drives away. LUCY stands up and WALTER enters stage left. He is carrying a sports bag and looks nervous. He starts looking up and down the roads, waiting for something.

LUCY: Have you got the time, mister?

WALTER *doesn't respond.*

I would say it's getting on. The sun's started to set already. Everything's turning red.

WALTER *doesn't respond. He keeps looking up and down the roads.*

On Mars the sky turns blue at sunset and is red normally. Did you know that mister?

WALTER *doesn't respond.*

Sometimes out here I pretend I'm on Mars. I pretend I'm Arnold Schwarzenegar and I've found the alien machine that turns the sky blue. I walk around seeing everything for the first time. It usually works until I see a sheep truck. I doubt they have many sheep trucks on Mars.

WALTER *doesn't respond.*

You're not from around here are you?

WALTER *doesn't respond.*

I'd say you're from the city. Are you from the city mister?

WALTER *doesn't respond.*

I was just wondering what makes a city man such as yourself suddenly turn up out here in the middle of nowhere?

WALTER *doesn't respond.*

Right where I happen to be?

WALTER: Nothing.

LUCY: Well it's a good place for it. I never do anything here either. I thought you'd have been able to do it closer to wherever it is you're