

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



The Other Woman

by Belinda Bradley

EXTRACT

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Note on the script: *This is an unedited manuscript as provided to us by the playwright. We distribute it in good faith but ho it may contain layout inconsistencies or typographic errors which are beyond our control.*

WIFE

Ten brown bottles sitting on the wall
Scotch and ice please,
make it a double.
It makes me feel warm,
warm like tow people in bed.
Thighs and hands, breasts and tongues
rolling over each other.
Fucking ...rejection,
you see it in some people's eyes.
My mother had it for a while when my dad walked out.
Funny thing is she still wears her wedding ring,
says she can't get it off.
Can't or won't? It's none of my business.
It was the colour that made me look twice,
it stood out amongst the white pages.
Scented mauve paper,
mauve paper that smells,
what kind of person writes on smelly mauve paper anyway?
Sandra will run through the door this afternoon,
she always runs. With her paintings of blue and green
smudges. We have quite a collection on the fridge.
They're beautiful darling...
Mummy don't cry, What's wrong mummy?
Nothing darling, your mummy always cries over nothing.
I'd like to propose a toast,
a toast to...
to... mauve paper.

MISTRESS His hand covers my whole breast.
 It's slowly circling,
 from big circles to smaller ones
 and out again, like the ripples in rock pools
 at the beach.
 My nipple that was hard from the cold is now
 hard in pleasure.
 His hands are dangerous,
 long and brown,
 in conversation they move through the air
 as though trying to draw what he's saying.
 I watch them without listening,
 wanting to know what else those hands can do.
 It's too easy to get lost in the patterns
 they trace on my body.
 His fingers are moving down
 and I want him inside me.

WIFE

The lounge room...

Cream walls, perhaps too many plants,
too many toys lying around.

The sofa shaped to fit our bodies,
the mirror with its scratch marks...
stretch marks...

I bet she doesn't have any stretch marks,
there'd be nothing ugly to mar her skin,
small, firm breasts.

Wait it out my friends say,
they have a lot to say, and I listen,
but they can't be here to wait with me.

Only once was there a mark on his body,
I've forgotten what he said, but I believed him.

I've been thinking of doing a course
but haven't got any further, anyway my vocabulary's
about as good as Sandra's... carrot juice and paper
dolls.

She's at school now, he says, you've got six hours
to do something, think about yourself.

Cream walls....
perhaps a few too many plants.