

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Pick Ups

by Alex Broun

EXTRACT

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SUSIE: Wow. Look at all the people.

WENDY: Come on. We got to sit down.

SUSIE: Hey. I wonder if those guys are here ?

WENDY: God. Save me.

SUSIE: Who were they ?

WENDY: Who cares ?

SUSIE: Did you know them ?

WENDY: No. Thank god.

SUSIE: They seemed pretty friendly.

WENDY: Yeah. Like dogs on heat. Where are we going to sit ?

BRETT AND IAN ENTER.

SUSIE: Look out.

WENDY: What ?

SUSIE: Here they come.

WENDY: Oh no.

IAN: Hey spunky. We meet again. So this is where you been hiding eh ? I was wondering where you got to. Miss me.

WENDY: Incredibly. You just keep following around us don't you ?

IAN: Like a good luck charm.

WENDY: More like a bad smell.

IAN: Woah. I don't think we actually introduced ourselves.
The name's Ian.

WENDY: Ian. How ... boring. Wendy. And this is a friend of mine - Susie.

IAN: Susie. Nice name. This is me mate. Brett.

SUSIE: Hello.

BRETT SMILES.

IAN: So what you up to ?

WENDY: What does it look like ? We're finding a seat.

IAN: Right next to me eh ?

WENDY: As far away from you as possible.

IAN: Playing hard to get. Great. I like that. What is this place anyway ?

SUSIE: It's called a theatre.

IAN: A theatre ? Yeah ? What do you do here ?

WENDY: You see plays.

IAN: We went to a play once. Shakespeare. Boring eh Brett ?
Boring as shit.

BRETT: It was okay. Quite interesting.

IAN: What are you talking about ? He fell asleep halfway through.

WENDY: Where's a seat ?

IAN JUMPS ON TO THE STAGE.

IAN: Hey. What's this for ?

SUSIE: That's we're they do it.

IAN: Do what ?

SUSIE LAUGHS.

WENDY: Look Dumbo. That's the stage. Get off it.

IAN: The stage eh ? This where they do their strip tease
routine ? Hey Brett. Watch this. (SINGS) Da, da, da, da

BRETT: Ian. (LAUGHS)

WENDY: Look get off the stage. People are looking.

IAN: Can't take their eyes off me eh ?

WENDY: You are so juvenile.

IAN: Hey Brett. I think she likes me. (SINGS) Da, da, da, da.

THE USHER APPROACHES.

SUSIE: Watch out. Here comes the guy.

WENDY: Now you're stuffed.

IAN: I'm so scared.

WENDY POKES OUT HER TONGUE.

USHER: Excuse me would you get off the stage please ? The show's about to start.

IAN: I'm doing my routine.

USHER: I'm sorry sir, the play is about to begin.

IAN: What's this play about then ? Wally fuckin' Lewis.

USHER: It's called Pick-Ups.

IAN: About trucks is it ? Hey Brett, this play's about trucks. Brrrm. Brrrm.

USHER: Sexual Pick-Ups. Off the stage. Now.

IAN: Make me.

USHER: I only play with men. Not little boys.

IAN: Woah.

IAN GETS OFF THE STAGE.

USHER: (TO **WENDY**) I'd grab a seat. We're about to start.

WENDY: Thanks.

THE USHER MOVES OFF.

IAN: Poofa. Listen, me and Brett are heading back up to the

Courty. Want to come ?

WENDY: We're here to watch the play.

IAN: Oh forget that. It'll be boring. Come on. (TO SUSIE)
What do you say cutey ? I think Brett's got the hots for you.

BRETT: Ian.

IAN: He has. He told me. That's why we followed you.

SUSIE: But we've already bought our tickets.

IAN: Cash in 'em. The poof won't mind. Hey mate.

WENDY: Look, would you just leave us alone ?

IAN: Just being friendly.

WENDY: Jesus ! You can't even come to a play anymore without
two dumb yobbos trying to crack on to you.

BRETT: I'm not a yobbo.

IAN: Hey, beggars can't be choosers Wendy.

WENDY: Just leave us alone. Come on Susie. Goodbye. And
you're not sitting anywhere near us. So don't even try.

IAN: You want to make a bet ?

**WENDY AND SUSIE MOVE OFF. IAN AND BRETT GO TO FOLLOW. THE
USHER APPEARS.**

USHER: Could I see your tickets please ?

BRETT: We haven't got any.

IAN: Yes we have. They're in my pocket. (IAN SEARCHES)
Oh no. Must've dropped them.

USHER: You'll have to leave if you haven't got a ticket.

WENDY: See you later, Ian

IAN: I love you too Wendy.

BRETT: Bye Susie.

SUSIE: Bye Brett.

IAN: Bitch. I'll fix her.

USHER: The door's that way gentlemen.

BRETT: What are we gonna do ?

IAN: How much is a ticket ?

USHER: For you fourteen dollars.

IAN: What's it about again ?

USHER: Men and women trying to have sex with each other.

IAN: Yeah. The full bit ? Hey Brett, live sex on stage. You get to see it all ?

USHER: You'll have to buy a ticket and find out.

IAN: What do you reckon ? Fourteen bucks.

BRETT: It's only a couple of shouts.

IAN: I reckon Wendy's pretty keen. And you're hot for that Susie.

BRETT: She's okay.

USHER: I haven't got all night.

IAN: Alright. Let's do it. We'll have two. Give 'im the money Brett.

BRETT PAYS FOR THE TICKETS.

USHER: Just take a seat.

IAN: Hey this better be good - or we want our money back.

USHER: I'm sure you'll find a lot to relate it.

THE USHER MOVES OFF.

IAN: Hey Wendy, lover boy's on his way. Where did they go ?

THEY RUN OFF.

2. SPADING.

ANGELA ENTERS. PETER APPROACHES HER.

PETER: Excuse me, do you have the time ?

ANGELA: You'll have to dig better than that.

PETER: Dig ?

ANGELA: Spading. That's the oldest line in the book. If we're to make contact, you'll need something a little more fresh. Try again.

PETER: What ?

ANGELA: Try again. Grab my attention, and who knows where it may end.

PETER: Right. (**PETER RETIRES. APPROACHES**) Don't I know you ?

ANGELA: Bad start.

PETER: Is it always this crowded ?

ANGELA: Worse.

PETER: Do you come here often ?

ANGELA: Definitely not. You need a different tact.

PETER RETIRES. APPROACHES ONCE MORE.

PETER: Are you alone ?

ANGELA: Better.

PETER: I'm very attracted to you.

ANGELA: Good. The honest approach. You're getting warmer.

PETER: Can I buy you a drink ?

ANGELA: Always sure to work, but not tonight.

PETER: You have beautiful eyes.

ANGELA: Too wimpy.

PETER: Excuse me, I think I made love to your sister - Elle, and it was fantastic and she said you taught her everything she knew.

ANGELA: Too kinky.

PETER: Didn't I meet you at that Dance Party ? I had my noggin' shaved and you had your nickers down around your -

ANGELA: And you were getting so close.

PAUSE.

PETER: I'm twelve. You'll be thinking centimetres, we're talking - inches.

ANGELA: So what ?

PETER: How long have you been modelling ?

ANGELA: (YAWNING) Boring.

PETER: You know you want it.

ANGELA: No I don't.

PETER: I suppose a fuck's out of the question ?

ANGELA: Sleazy.

PETER: I've just bought this new Porsche right ? And I was wondering if you like to spin for a come with me ? I mean, come for a spin.

ANGELA: Very sleazy.

PETER: Do you believe in love at first sight ? Or do you need me to walk by you again ?

ANGELA: Close but no cigar.

PETER: Have you ever stubbed you're foot on a tree ?

ANGELA: No.

PETER: What about a root ?

ANGELA: Original but ... (SHE MAKES SOUND OF BUZZER.)

PETER: So, how about it ?

ANGELA: The Ocker touch. How sweet. Come on. Time's running out.

PETER: I don't know how you say in your country but I think we could make beautiful music together.

ANGELA: Oh no. Now he's really struggling. Quickly. You need something unique. Something I haven't heard before. Something that's going to intrigue me, arouse me, delight me. Something that'll make me throw myself into your arms. Three more chances. Ready. Set. Go.

PETER: I can't think.

ANGELA: Marks off for stalling.

PETER: Look, I'm usually gay but for you I'll make an exception.

ANGELA: Strike one. Clock's ticking.

PETER: I love you !

ANGELA: No way hose. Strike two. This is it. Your last throw of the dice. Time to pull out the big guns.

PETER: When I come inside you, you'll fall in love with me.

ANGELA: Please.

SHE BEGINS TO EXIT.

PETER: (ANGRY) You know you're problem !

ANGELA: (TURNING) What ?

PETER: (SMILING) Absolutely nothing.

PAUSE. ANGELA WALKS BACK TO PETER.

ANGELA: Now you're talking.

THEY LINK ARMS AND EXIT.