

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



About Face

by Noëlle Janaczewska

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

CHARACTERS

6 Female:

TARWATER

A bright idealist in a 'Goya' hat with lighted candles around the brim.

ASH

In antique silk so fragile and lacy, she looks like a slow-motion photograph of an explosion in a dairy.

DAISY

Wrapped up in and around (literally) her boyfriend, Kilobyte.

THE TWINS: ISOLDA and SERAFINA

Often they wake up and finish a conversation they've begun in a dream.

HAPHAZARD

Resolute as granite.

3 Male:

JONAH

An architecture student whose solid base is subsiding into the river.

GUTTERBOY

A free-range child half hidden in a hooded windcheater.

KILOBYTE

When he's not reading technical manuals, he's an extra in his own ethnic tragic-comedy.

SCENE 1

A police station waiting room. Chairs in a row. ASH, JONAH, GUTTERBOY, ISOLDA, SERAFINA, DAISY and KILOBYTE sit and wait. DAISY and KILOBYTE hold hands (and kiss and cutesy-talk to each other – as they do fairly consistently throughout the play). TARWATER enters and greets the group.

TARWATER Ash.

ASH Tarwater.

TARWATER Kilobyte.

KILOBYTE All right.

DAISY This is crazy.

TARWATER Hi there Daisy.

JONAH Are we up shit creek?

TARWATER Jonah.

DAISY Where have you been?

TARWATER Some sort of rail strike, you know what the traffic's like. Took forever to get through the bottleneck.

GUTTERBOY Smoke.

SERAFINA What's the matter with you? You're sweating

ISOLDA Like cheese

SERAFINA On yesterday's pizza.

ASH Leave him alone.

KILOBYTE You got a phone?

ASH No. Why?

KILOBYTE Wanna make a call, what do you think, idiot-brain?

ISOLDA Don't talk to her like that.

SERAFINA *(Referring to KILOBYTE.)* You're just bitter,

ISOLDA 'Cause you picked a lemon in the garden of love.

DAISY Don't you call me a lemon, you bitch.

SERAFINA AND ISOLDA Fuck-witch.

JONAH Shut up. You're only making things worse.

TARWATER Has anyone been in yet?

ASH No.

KILOBYTE Just told us to sit and wait.

DAISY Great.

KILOBYTE A detective with a jelly stomach.

GUTTERBOY No smoke without fire.

TARWATER Someone give him a cigarette for God's sake.

KILOBYTE throws him a pack of Camel cigarettes.

GUTTERBOY Cheers.

KILOBYTE One, two. Try again. Has anyone got a mobile?

SERAFINA Who you going to call?

KILOBYTE My old man. He knows his way around the cop shop, and / what's more

DAISY He's got mates in high places, hasn't he, Bubs?

ISOLDA You mean he's a crook?

KILOBYTE No way. Honest as a prayer-book / my dad.

DAISY So straight you could use him for geometry.

JONAH Sorry, battery's flat.

ISOLDA Well that's that.

ASH We're in trouble aren't we?

TARWATER Maybe yes, maybe not.
I mean, there's always that broad bean of doubt isn't there?
And speaking of legumes, how are the chick peas?

SERAFINA AND ISOLDA Right as rain and twice as nice as / sugar cane.

GUTTERBOY Please curry hot
The tiny camel is leaving his spot
On the pack of cigarettes,
Swaying 'cross the room in search of water –

TARWATER Sit down.

GUTTERBOY Thirsty.

TARWATER Ash, can you get Gutterboy here a glass of water.

JONAH Still no sign of Haphazard?

ISOLDA Took her pockmarked face and disappeared without a trace

SERAFINA Like a verb in a dead language.

DAISY This mess is all her fault, if you ask me.

TARWATER That's not fair.

DAISY That's what we think, don't we, Honeybunch?

KILOBYTE I guess.

JONAH No. We knew the deal.

SERAFINA And more than that.

GUTTERBOY makes a loud emergency siren noise and starts flicking water at the group.

TARWATER Cut it out you moron.

GUTTERBOY Watch out you don't get your fingers burnt.

ASH Hey, when you close your eyes, why do you see those splashes of orange and frayed purple?

JONAH They're the echoes of light still staining your eyelids.

ASH Really? That's fantastic. Like those fairy tales with their wolf-faces that leave howls inside you for ever.

ISOLDA Yeah, yeah. And all that dandruff you can say about stars. God Ash, you can be such a dipstick.

