

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Now, in Terms of Your Life, Irene

by Marian Devitt

EXTRACT

© 1999 Marian Devitt



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

Now, In Terms of Your Life, Irene

Characters:

IRENE

VINCE

A small cat in a box.

Note on characters:

I have tried to capture certain speech patterns in the dialogue of this piece and hopefully those speech patterns will surface to 'place' the characters, without the necessity of assuming unnecessarily exaggerated 'Aussie' or 'Strine' accents.

Setting:

A small, dreary flat; mismatched furniture; some inventive but hopeless attempts at personalising the space. A table and two chairs face the audience. A battered suitcase sits on the stage.

Opening scene:

IRENE deals out a hand of tarot cards on the table. She gets up, goes to the window and draws back the curtains. She moves gingerly as if she might be in pain. She closes the curtains and moves across to the suitcase which she drags across the floor towards the front door. She reacts physically to the effort.

Irene hears the sound of footsteps and nervous whistling. She throws the catch on the lock and moves back to the kitchen table.

The door handle turns. A tentative knocking.

IRENE, becoming increasingly agitated with each knock, packs up her tarot cards, wraps them in a piece of silky material and binds the parcel with a piece of coloured string.

VINCE: Rene. Lemme in. [P] I know you're in there.[P] I can't find me key.

IRENE: Piss off Vince.

VINCE: Come on. Rene.

IRENE: Leave me alone.

VINCE: You need lookin' after.

IRENE: I don't want you lookin' after me. Just fuck off!

VINCE: I can't do that mate.

IRENE: Why not? What're you hangin' round for? You keep harrassin' me I'll call the cops. I'm warning you!

VINCE: The phone's cut off.

IRENE: Quit hasslin' me will ya.

VINCE: I've been lookin' everywhere for ya.

IRENE: You mean you been hidin'!

VINCE: I love you Irene.

IRENE: *[silence]*

VINCE: I really love you

IRENE: *[silence]*

VINCE: I got you a cat.

IRENE: What?

VINCE: I got you a cat.

IRENE: What'd ya mean you got me a cat?

VINCE: Y'know. A cat. A little black cat.

IRENE: *[edges closer to the door]* Who needs a fuckin' cat?

VINCE: She's real cute Rene.

IRENE: You can't have cats here.

VINCE: She's got these little white boots.

IRENE: [*close to the door*] I hate cats.

VINCE: Com'on Rene. Lemme in. She's hungry.

IRENE: You steal her from somewhere?

VINCE: I *bought* her for you.

IRENE: Where?

VINCE: R.S.P.C.A.

IRENE: Bullshit. They give 'em away.

VINCE: Yeah ... well ... I got her injections done.

IRENE: They do that anyway.

VINCE: I got some milk and stuff here. She's hungry.

IRENE: Well feed her then.

VINCE: I need a can opener. I need a bowl.

Lemme me in will 'ya? She's starvin'!

IRENE throws the lock but doesn't open the actual door. She returns to the table and sits looking away from the door.

Vince enters.

IRENE: You wouldn't know how to look after a cat in a snowstorm Vince.

VINCE puts the box on the table.

IRENE looks the other way.

VINCE: We can call her 'Boots'.

IRENE: I s'pose a cat's a bit more inventive than flowers.

VINCE: Where's the can opener?

IRENE: Over there somewhere. Your stuffs there to. [*indicates the suitcase*] Time you pissed off Vince.