

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Miss Blossom Callahann

by Stephen House

EXTRACT

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Miss Blossom Callahann

SET

Set in a cheap inner city boarding house room.

A window looks out on to a busy street.

An entry / exit door leads out to a wooden floored hall way.

There is a creaky double bed, chair, cupboard, bench and sink with dirty dishes, kerosene heater and worn linoleum flooring.

There is a vacant downstage area used for other head-spaces and places.

CHARACTERS

Blossom A woman around 50

Max A man around 40

Geraldine A woman around 45

Junk A man around 35

Scene 1

(THE BED RUSTLES AND SPRINGS CREAK AS BLOSSOM COUGHS, GETS OUT OF BED, FUMBLES WITH PUTTING HER SHOES ON, THEN WALKS ACROSS THE FLOOR WITH HER HIGH HEELS SOUNDING ON LINO.)

(A TRAIN THUNDERS BY OUTSIDE.)

(SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, SWAYING SHE HUMS A TUNE, ((THEME)) LOOKS OUT, THEN PUSHES OPEN THE WINDOW.)

(THE TRAFFIC, STREET HUM AND RAIN OUTSIDE BECOMES AUDIBLE. THERE IS A CRACK OF THUNDER.)

(SHE CLOSES THE WINDOW AND OUTSIDE SOUNDS BECOME FAINT.)

(SHE GIVES A LONG, HARD THROATY COUGH.)

BLOSSOM: More possibilities than you can ever imagine.
More and more and more ...
(LAUGHS AND WALKS THE ROOM)

(SHE TURNS ON THE SINK TAP AND SPONGES HER RED WINE STAINED LACE DRESS. SHE TURNS IT OFF THEN WALKS AND SITS ON THE CREAKING BED.)

More possibilities than even I could ever imagine.

(IN BED MAX COUGHS.)

MAX: Anything to drink in here?

BLOSSOM: Sshh! Not so loud.

MAX: (HE SITS UP.) Why?

BLOSSOM: She's been lurking round at the door all morning.

MAX: Really?

BLOSSOM: Lurking and smirking ... like she does.

MAX: Must be a reason for it ... I say. SILENCE Hey?

BLOSSOM: No reason for anything. Look at this would you! The wine's stained it terribly.

MAX: Yeah.

BLOSSOM: That bloody swine spilt it all over me.

MAX: When did he leave?

BLOSSOM: Just before; and left his old jacket here too.

MAX: Give it here.

(SHE PASSES IT TO HIM. HE GOES THROUGH THE POCKETS.)

Bit of his fucking powder left in there.

BLOSSOM: That's him.

MAX: Not into that shit my self. You want to snort it?

BLOSSOM: No thanks.

MAX: Suppose we could always sell it?

BLOSSOM: We should.

(SHE WALKS ACROSS THE FLOOR, SHUFFLES WITH DISHES, AND TURNS ON THE TAP.)

Would you look at this lace! (SPONGES IT)
(TAP OFF.)

MAX: Any cigarettes?

BLOSSOM: Near the window.

(THERE IS A CRACK OF THUNDER.)

(HE GETS OUT OF BED AND LIGHTS A CIG.)

(SHE GOES AND SITS ON THE BED, GRABS A BOTTLE FROM UNDER THE BED, AND POURS TWO DRINKS.)

MAX: Thanks!
(HE OPENS WINDOW.)
Fucking rain!

BLOSSOM: Don't open the window!

MAX: (HE SHUTS IT.)
Why?

BLOSSOM: She was out there before too. Standing across the road under the shop, and looking up here like lady muck.

MAX: Ok.

(HE SITS BACK ON BED.)

BLOSSOM: I wore this to an opening night once.

(UP AGAIN, SHE WALKS TO THE SINK AND TURNS THE TAP ON TO SPONGE IT.)

MAX: Don't put dish washing liquid on it!

BLOSSOM: No. No, I suppose not.

(TAP OFF.)

It's why this dress is so special to me.

MAX: Nice dress too.

BLOSSOM: Yes ... thank you. (LAUGHS) Everyone went on and on.

MAX: Last night?

BLOSSOM: After the party ... on the opening night.

MAX: Bet it's seen some good times ... that dress.

BLOSSOM: We danced until dawn then jumped into cars and drove to the beach ... for ...
(STOPS SILENCE)

MAX: For?

BLOSSOM: (SHE WALKS BACK TO HIM, SITS ON THE BED AND WHISPERS IN HIS EAR.)

For breakfast in a very swish ... café.

MAX: Café or restaurant?

BLOSSOM: Both actually. A café and --- a ---

MAX: A restaurant!

BLOSSOM: Exactly!

MAX: On the Riviera?

BLOSSOM: How did you guess?

MAX: Oh I just knew.

BLOSSOM: Clever boy.

MAX: Yep.

BLOSSOM: Possibilities!