

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



A Change in the Weather

by Damon Lockwood

EXTRACT

© 2004 Damon Lockwood



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

Drew Walsh Confident, charismatic weatherman. Handsome and personable with a large, enthusiastic energy. At this time in his life he holds not the slightest bit of self doubt.

Byron Michaels News producer, slightly older, can often have the appearance of a violin string pulled a little tightly. Alternatively proud, jealous and exasperated of Drew.

Sally Williams–Walsh Drew’s wife, elegant, experienced, hardened, but almost at the end of her tether with Drew’s exploits. A fine balance between confidence and acceptance.

Mickey Lane Young, sexy, self serving, girlfriend to Drew. Confident in her youth but nowhere near as world wise as Sally.

SET

Living room stage left complete with two seater couch and matching armchair; furniture that reflects a wealthy lifestyle. Stage right is still in the same room but more of an entrance/sun room furnished with a wine cabinet in the corner and possibly a small table with three chairs around it. There is something like a mass produced elegance about the whole room, a family that has worked it’s way into a higher-class of living.

Lights up. DREW and BYRON enter.
Throughout the whole play there is the rising sound of a storm brewing outside, a storm that rises to a powerful ferocity at the climax.

BYRON: Drew, we need to talk.

DREW: Why? Everything's fine.

BYRON: I'm worried about you.

DREW: When have you ever not worried about me?

BYRON: Well that's true...

DREW: I'm a big boy, Byron, and if I haven't proved to you by now, after everything that has happened and that continues to happen, then I don't think I'm the one with the problem. I reckon you'd be the only person in the whole state who doesn't believe completely, absolutely and one hundred percent in me at the moment.

BYRON: That's a pretty big call, Drew. I know it's hard to imagine but there's actually more people in this state than the ones just living in your street.

DREW: Byron –

BYRON: And some of those people don't even own televisions.

DREW: We both know that one of the reasons for my current success and popularity is my unwavering commitment for me sticking to my word.

BYRON: Yes, you know we're all suitably impressed –

DREW: Thankyou.

BYRON: But let's look at some facts.

DREW: I'd love to.

BYRON: What?

DREW: I'd love to look at some facts. I've very kindly invited you back to my place after work for some dinner –

BYRON: Yes, very kind, but -

DREW: - and my wife is going to cook us a lovely meal, we're going to drink some wine and generally have a fantastic evening together!

BYRON: Thank you Drew, but no, as I have said before, I'm not staying for dinner. I just came back to your house with you to discuss what happened earlier this

evening.

DREW: And guess what else?

BYRON: Are you listening to me, Drew?

DREW: There's more. There's a bonus in it for you, for me... well, for everybody really.

BYRON: I can't stay, Drew.

DREW: Guess who else I've invited over tonight?

BYRON: (*momentarily resigned*) Who?

DREW: Mickey.

BYRON: Who?

DREW: Mickey.

BYRON: Mickey?

DREW: Yeah, you know, that fine, fine piece of woman I've been seeing on the side for a little while now. Dam, she's fine. I think I really like her, Bys.

BYRON: Wait a moment. Are you trying to tell me that on this fantastic evening, as you like to call it, you're hoping that we're actually going to be a party of four because you've invited your current girlfriend to come and share the night with us!

DREW: That's right.

Pause.

BYRON: You don't see a problem with that at all?

DREW: Not at all, and I'll tell you why –

BYRON: You don't see a problem with inviting your current fling *to your house* –

DREW: Don't you call her that.

BYRON: What?

DREW: Don't call her a fling. She's not a fling. She deserves more respect than that.

BYRON: Then what should I call her?

Pause.