

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Domestic Bliss

by Damon Lockwood

EXTRACT

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CHRIS #1

Ah hi, yeah I just put a load of washing on, because it was a big weekend last weekend, well yes big weekend... and I'm just getting the ironing board out cos' I guess now I'll have to do my own ironing ... Two days. One weekend. How can such a short space of time change your life so dramatically? How can things you've believed in for so long unravel so quickly? I wasn't doing anything wrong, just getting on with my life, working down at the haberdashery store, trying to meet a girl, playing my guitar, whacking off and occasionally going to the football, you know, normal, inoffensive living. The haberdashery store was always a bit of an issue between my father and me, but I got along fairly well with my parents. Every Saturday morning my father would come down and pick up my washing to take back to my mum, who would then iron it over the weekend, and then dad would bring it back on Sunday night. The same every week, ever since I had moved out of home, although mum had started to come down with him over the last couple of months. Still nothing strange about that, I thought everything was just rolling along like it should be, but strange unnatural forces that I had no control over were plotting against me...

(Sfx: ominous noise)

So I had just popped out quickly on the Friday night and in that time dad had been over. I could tell because he had left a note which read 'Chris you little pisser – I have been over. Get stuffed.' Didn't leave a lot of room for confusion really. Also he had left a little package for me... Anyway, something had happened in my life recently that dad may have stumbled across by coming over unannounced that I didn't want him to know about. My parents were very set in their ways so my dad turning up unexpectedly was a shock to say the least – the last time he had done anything impulsive was back when he was born, and even that was a mistake...

KERRI #1

Chris! Chris you little girl where are ya?! Ah, Christ there you are, stop creeping up behind me and scaring me like that. So how are you? No, you're right, I don't really care. What do you want you little fuck stick? (pause) Oh that's right, I came to you. Called in last night. Did you see that thing I left for you?– no, look before you say anything I just want you to know it's very important that baby suit, very, very important, the most important fucking thing I've ever given to you. Well, that and a strong sense of moral obligation oh and that scarring I gave you using that vinegar on your thrush, but still, that's got nothing to do with nothing does it? Think of it as a kind of early birthday present, cause it's your birthday's tomorrow, isn't it? Ah, didn't think I'd remember did you, well I'm a bit fucking stunned I remembered myself, but anyway, be that as it may, first time for everything, I did remember, so fuck you, and don't forget what I said about that baby suit. *(goes to leave)* What? Did I see anything last night? Well, yes, yes, I did see something out of the usual, which was quite the fucking shock I can tell you! There was a girl... yes, although she looked kind of, well dead... she's not on loan is she son. She's your new... girlfriend... well I don't believe it, good on for you son, good on for you. *(pause)* Don't know what the fuck she sees in you, but whatever, well done... no I won't tell mother, Christ yes I know how she gets, I know more than anyone. As soon as I tell her she'll be round here with a bunch of her turd cakes quicker than you can say twelve flying fucks. Anyway, this your washing, right good, well see you tomorrow, and Chris, I just want you to know I lo... *(tries to say I love you, stutters, etc)* fuck ya.

CHRIS #2

It was by far the strangest thing about the visit, and he also remembered my birthday?! This should have been warning enough that things were far from okay, but

I didn't really pay attention at the time – his words about the baby suit being really important were still ringing in my ears. He seemed really passionate about it, even more passionate than the most favourite thing in his life – the currislaw at Sizzler. When I saw it there on the ground on Friday night I just assumed for some reason that dad wanted me to include it in the wash – at the time I saw no other significance in it being there, so when he started going on about how it was such an important part of our families history I began to get a bit worried because... *(pulls out tiny, shrunk baby suit out of washing machine)* things had gone a little awry in the wash overnight. I owned a 1984 Ronson Twin Tub and this baby was capable of anything, sometimes even of washing your clothes... *(laughs)* Dad wanted me to have a close look at the baby suit, which probably would have been easier when it was at its full size. There didn't seem anything too unusual about it. I had other things to think about. Dad had seen what I thought he'd seen on the Friday night – my new girlfriend. I was just praying he wouldn't tell my mother. Don't get me wrong, I loved my mum... I guess, sometimes, but she wasn't so popular when she was young with the Southern Districts Rowing Community because of any virtue of restraint she held within her.

ANNA #1

Funny the things you think about when you're doing the ironing, just funny things you know weird things. Wonder about where my life's gone, where my passions gone, where my desires gone, wonder if I care about any of it at all any more. Wonder if we're losing a football field of rain forest a day how much rain forest was there to begin with? I wonder if things really would have been different if I had of run off with that Scandinavian basketballer and not have married Kerri like my dad told me to... oh, Yohan, I wonder where you are now, my big Swedish buck. *(Pause)* I think about Kerri and me sometimes too you know, how we've wasted each other, how we haven't touched each other in that special way like we used to for at least, gosh years now. True I have had to learn to touch myself in that special way over that same period, but only out of necessity. Sometimes I've had to touch myself in that special way for hours on end for days at a time you know, just out of necessity, but sometimes I think I wouldn't mind being with Kerri in that way again, but I don't know, everything's changed recently. Maybe I just don't attract him sexually any more. God

knows he reminds me of an old shaved mountain goat dipped in pubic hair, but still, I guess I could always close my eyes and dream of Ron Moss... ooh Ron Moss and those concrete butt cheeks from here till Tuesday... I think about Chris too you know, what a strange boy he is, about how different we are, about how I don't think he's ever really loved his mother, even though I've tried, lord knows I've tried. Made him lunches, washed his socks, brought him Hustler magazines to help him along the way... well, that haberdashery store, I mean really, all the pointers are there for tragedy. I think about my beloved Fremantle Dockers as well and about how one day, one glorious day they might win three games in a row, even though I'm not a religious person really and don't believe in miracles all that much... Ooh, that plucky little Peter Bell, I tell you, I'd Ron Moss him to within an inch of his life... Anyway, I guess I always get a little melancholy on Saturday mornings, waiting for Kerri to come back with Chris' washing. Where's my old TV weeks, maybe the June '96 edition, the Ridge Forrester special...

KERRI #2