

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Victor and Sass

by Kathleen Cantarella

EXTRACT

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The set of a dark living room.

VICTOR jimmies open a window. The hinges scream eerily in protest with a sound like a woman's voice.

He climbs through the window into the room.

There is a white phone on a side table and near it a half-drunk bottle of scotch and a drinking glass.

He notices a lacy black chemise and a party dress lying on a sofa. A pair of red stilettos are cast astray on the floor.

There's a woman's handbag on the coffee table.

A woman, SASS, unseen by Victor, stands in the shadows of the room.

He takes the chemise and presses it to his face, inhaling the warm scent of the woman who has just taken it off.

He spies a china statue of Jesus sitting on a lamp table. The statue stares at him with infinite compassion. It stops him cold.

He approaches the statue and stands looking at it for a few moments.

He throws the black chemise over the statue's face.

He walks up to a painting on the wall and pulls a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from behind it. He puts them in his top pocket.

Sass creeps out behind Victor and grabs the scotch bottle.

She swings the bottle at his head.

SASS: Get out!

He ducks out of the way.

They circle each other warily.

VICTOR: You been drinking?

Beat.

SASS: What are you doing in my house?

VICTOR: Oh! Is this your house? I must be lost. I thought it was my house. Sorry.

SASS: Well, the front door is right behind you.

VICTOR: So it is.

Pause.

SASS: Get out or I'll...

VICTOR: Or you'll what?

She swings the bottle at his head.

He ducks.

Sassy girl.

Beat.

SASS: Who are you?

Sass turns on a lamp.

No recognition.

VICTOR: It's me.

Beat.

SASS: You look vaguely familiar.

Victor laughs.

VICTOR: C'mon.

SASS: Do I owe you something?

VICTOR: If you like.

SASS: How much?

Victor gives her the once over.

VICTOR: That depends on what you want me to do.

SASS: I want you to leave.

VICTOR: Won't happen.

SASS: Get out.

VICTOR: No.

Sass lunges at him.

He pushes her away.

SASS: Who are you?

VICTOR: You know me.

SASS: I'm drawing a blank.

VICTOR: You're not that drunk.

SASS: Can't place you. Sorry.

VICTOR: I'll give you a hint. This is my house.

Pause.

SASS: You think you can wander in like a stray cat and claim the place? Who the hell do you think you are?

VICTOR: Who the hell do you think I am?

SASS: Whoever you are, I don't want to see you.

Victor sidles over to the lamp and turns off the light.

Total darkness.

VICTOR: Can't see me.

Sass screams.

SASS: Get off me!

Victor chuckles.

Let go!

The sound of a ferocious slap.

Sass turns on the lamp, breathing heavily.

Victor holds his hand to his cheek, with an angry expression on his face.

VICTOR: Stop pretending you don't know me.

SASS: I don't know you.

VICTOR: I said stop it.

Beat.

SASS: Hang on. I bought a pair of salmon-coloured shoes off you last week.

VICTOR: Hilarious.

Beat.

SASS: You're the pole-dancer at Trout's Bar.

VICTOR: Try again.

SASS: I remember!

Beat.

You're the drunk in the gutter I stepped over last night. You stank of rotten fish.

Victor grabs Sass by the throat in a sudden rage.

Beat.

SASS: Victor.

Beat.

Thought you were dead.

VICTOR: That why you been drinking?

Sass bursts into wicked laughter, slightly strangled, turns into coughing.

SASS: (hoarse) Leggo...

Victor releases her.

VICTOR: You upset about your hair?

SASS: What's wrong with my hair?

VICTOR: Oh, well, if you haven't noticed...

Beat.

SASS: Your hair is thinning.

VICTOR: Is not.

Beat.

You've put on weight.

SASS: Rubbish.

She notices his feet.

(with disdain) Where are your shoes?

VICTOR: You look a bit saggy. Saggy Sass.

SASS: Fishmonger.

VICTOR: Tart.

SASS: What do you want?

VICTOR: I want to see my sister.

SASS: Well you've seen me. You can go now.

VICTOR: You ain't my sister.