

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Rambone and Romance

by Daryl Peebles

EXTRACT

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SCENE:

The lounge/kitchen of a Batchelor flat. There is a couch, an armchair, a table with two kitchen chairs and a bench where one could imagine a kitchen sink and food preparation area. The bench has either shelves or a cupboard under, which is stocked with grocery items, including a can of "Luv" dog food and a basket of fruit, mainly bananas. There are some books on a shelf.

Off stage on one side is the bedroom and off stage on the opposite side is the laundry and back door. A small box (shoe box or similar) filled with letters, papers, an exercise book and a framed photo is off stage in the bedroom.

The floor of the lounge is strewn with the remains of a newspaper; the aftermath of a dog's playtime. Other than that, the room is fairly tidy with cushions neatly arranged on the couch etc.

It is early morning. An alarm clock radio is heard buzzing from the bedroom. It is turned off with appropriate grunts and curses. Seconds later Robert emerges. He is 30 to 40 years old, dressed in shortie pyjamas and is unshaven. He staggers to the laundry side of stage scratching his head and balls alternatively and yawning.

ROBERT: Come on Rambone you lazy bastard. Get up and fetch the paper for me.

[He returns to the kitchen bench, walking behind the couch and turns on a kettle after checking it for sufficient water. He then walks down stage and notices the shredded newspaper for the first time. He bends and picks up some of the newspaper remnants.]

 Thanks a lot Rambone - you bloody shit bag. How am I expected to read this??

[He walks again to the laundry door.]

ROBERT: [Shouts]

 Bad dog! You wicked bad dog! You can hide behind the washing machine you dopey flea bag. I ought to put you in the bloody thing and take you for a spin.

[He tries to read sections of the newspaper.]

ROBERT: *[reads]*

Fear of new hostilities in Ir....! Ir... what Rambone??.
Iraq? Iran? Ireland?? Come on dog, what have you
done with the other half of the Middle East war eh??
Must be Iraq, there's Saddam Hussein's teeth!!

*[He looks for the missing pieces of paper whilst crawling about on his
hands and knees.]*

Righto Rambone, where have you put the rest of Iraq's
president? Heading for your large intestine by now, I'll
bet. Today, America's formidable foe ... tomorrow dog
shit!

[laughs]

Good call Rambone. I like your politics!

[He moves back to the kitchen bench and prepares a cup of tea.]

ROBERT: Guess you won't be needing breakfast today Rambone.
I notice you're on a diet of low grade paper and printers
ink.

*[Mimes a TV advertisement waving a piece of torn newspaper and
addressing the audience]*

Hey you! Yes you Mr Dog About Town. Getting a bit
paunchy?? Then try the new, high fibre newspaper!
But beware of the printer's ink which is 75% lead and
may kill you!

ROBERT: *[Turning and shouting through laundry door]*

Unless of course I kill you first, you bastard!