

EXTRACT

A

pubic hair

by

Johnny Depp

a short play

By

Alex Broun

www.alexbroun.com

PLEASE NOTE:

THIS PLAY SCRIPT HAS BEEN DOWNLOADED FROM www.alexbroun.com

BY AGREEING TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF www.alexbroun.com
AND PAYING THE DOWNLOAD FEE YOU ARE PERMITTED TO PERFORM
THIS PLAY ***ROYALTY FREE*** ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD FOR A PERIOD
OF 12 MONTHS FROM THE DATE OF DOWNLOAD.

IF YOU DO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE VISIT OUR **RECORD A
PRODUCTION** PAGE AND RECORD THE DETAILS OF YOUR PRODUCTION
SO YOUR PRODUCTION CAN BE LISTED AMONGST THE THOUSANDS OF
PRODUCTIONS OF ALEX'S WORK WORLDWIDE EVERY YEAR.

FOR ANY QUERIES PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR ON
abroun@bigpond.net.au

Characters

CELIA

AARON

MEMOS

Time

Night.

Setting

Kitchen of a small apartment.

A pubic hair by Johnny Depp

Kitchen of a small apartment. Night.

CELIA and **AARON** sit on either side of a kitchen table. They stare at a small cake of soap on the table between them.

They are very still. Silence.

CELIA: Did you call him?

AARON: Yep.

SILENCE.

CELIA: And he's coming?

AARON: Yep.

SILENCE.

CELIA: When?

AARON: He'll be here.

SILENCE

CELIA: Call him again.

AARON: He'll be here.

CELIA: This waiting –

AARON: I know.

CELIA: It's driving me –

AARON: He'll be here.

BEAT.

CELIA: This is crazy.

AARON: Yep.

CELIA: Call him back.

AARON: All done.

CELIA: I don't want to do this.

AARON: Too late.

CELIA: It's wrong.

AARON: Should've thought of that –

A DOOR BELL RINGS OFF.

AARON: That'll be him.

BEAT. **AARON** EXITS.

CELIA ALONE.

AARON RETURNS WITH **MEMOS**. HE CARRIES A BLACK BRIEFCASE.

AARON: Right in here.

MEMOS: Is that the merchandise?

AARON: That's it.

MEMOS QUICKLY OPENS THE BRIEFCASE. HE TAKES OUT A CLEAR PLASTIC CONTAINER AND PLACES IT OVER THE CAKE OF SOAP.

AARON AND **CELIA** LOOK AT HIM.

MEMOS: Oxidisation.

CELIA: Right.

BEAT.

MEMOS: (HOLDING OUT HAND) Memos.

AARON: I recognise you from your photo.

MEMOS: Thanks.

MEMOS STRIKES A QUICK POSE. **AARON** ACKNOWLEDGES THE POSE.

AARON: Yeah. That's it. I'm Aaron.

MEMOS: And you must be the lovely Celia.

MEMOS GOES TO **CELIA**.

MEMOS: Procurer of the merchandise.

CELIA: That'd be me.

BEAT.

AARON: Well aren't you going to ...

MEMOS: What?

AARON: Check it out.

MEMOS: I was hoping you'd offer me a drink first.

AARON: Sure. Babe?

CELIA: Coffee, tea ...

MEMOS: Beer would be great.

CELIA GETS MEMOS A BEER.

MEMOS TAKES PLASTIC GLOVES FROM HIS BAG. HE PUTS THEM ON.

MEMOS: Do you have authentication?

AARON: What?

MEMOS: Authentication. To prove the item is genuine.

AARON: Seriously?

MEMOS: Very seriously. It will smooth the process.

MEMOS HAS THE GLOVES ON. NEXT HE PUTS ON A SMALL BREATHING MASK.

CELIA RETURNS TO THE TABLE WITH THE BEER.

AARON: He wants proof.

CELIA: Proof?

AARON: That it's genuine.

MEMOS: Authentication.

MEMOS PULLS OUT A MAGNIFYING GLASS.

HE APPROACHES THE CONTAINER.