

EXTRACT

blog

a short play

by

Alex Broun

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Cast

MAY

JEAN

Setting

Café.

Time

Morning.

blog by Alex Broun

Café. Morning.

MAY sits at a table with coffee, reading. **JEAN** sits at another table, close by.

After awhile **JEAN** approaches **MAY**.

JEAN: Hi.

MAY: Hi.

JEAN: You're Betty Boo aren't you? You write that blog.

MAY: Yes. I am. How did you ...

JEAN: Your photo. On the site. Doesn't really do you justice.

MAY: No?

JEAN: You're far more attractive in real life.

MAY: Thanks.

JEAN: I just wanted to say that I read your piece about the Poetry Slam. You really gave it to them.

MAY: You saw it?

JEAN: Absolutely. One of the many. Sure stuck it to those bastards.

MAY: Just an opinion.

JEAN: A very public one. And so ... cutting.

MAY: It needed to be said.

JEAN: So much. Betty Boo ...

MAY: Well you know, just "doing the do."

JEAN: Doing the ...

MAY: Do. As in the song.

JEAN: Oh of course. (SINGS) "Betty Boo just doin' the do."

MAY: Something like that.

JEAN: Cool. So cool.

MAY: Well, thanks.

JEAN: No problem. Just wanted to tell you what a big admirer I am. Big fan. Biggest fan.

MAY: That's nice to know.

JEAN: Truth hurts.

MAY: You said it.

JEAN: I'll let you ...

MAY: Thanks.

JEAN: But I'll be watching for the next opinion.

MAY: Great.

JEAN: Be looking out for it. Hard.

MAY: You do that.

JEAN: Betty Boo –

MAY: Just “doin’ the do.”

JEAN: Check ya.

JEAN GOES BACK TO HER TABLE.

MAY: (TO HERSELF) Weirdo.

BEAT. **JEAN** APPROACHES AGAIN.

MAY: You're back?

JEAN: Can't stay away. Big fan. Biggest fan.

MAY: I am waiting for someone.

JEAN: Of course. It's just what you said – it really made an impact – on me personally. You really think it should be cancelled?

MAY: What?

JEAN: The Slam.

MAY: Sure.

JEAN: Cause that was like the first night out of four nights and you really think it should be -

MAY: That's what I wrote.

JEAN: End this "amateurish night of poop" that "you're ashamed to even admit exists."

MAY: Who are you?

JEAN: Oh no-one. Big fan. Biggest fan. So that's what you want? For all the other poets who are going to read their work on the next three nights to just miss out. For the whole thing just to be totalled and the organisers to have to pay the cancellation fee – as well as scrounge around town trying to take down all the posters, retrieve all the fliers, unsend all the invites. Perhaps you could announce it on your blog. Betty Boo's next instalment.

MAY: Were you one of the poets?

JEAN: No, of course not. (PAUSE) One of the organisers. (HOLDING OUT HAND) Jean Moylan. You know one of the "scum suckers who trolled the neighbourhood to discover the worse possible poets – ever." Miss Scum Sucker at your service. Big fan, biggest fan. When I'm not sucking scum that is. Thought that was a strange way to put it "Worst possible poets." Did that mean they were the worst possible? Or had the potential to become the worst possible? The whole sentence was very strangely constructed. Still - emblazoned. Imprinted. "Scum sucker". Let's have no doubts about that.

BEAT.

MAY: Well nice to meet you Jean. Now if you don't mind I've got to – (INDICATING WHAT SHE IS READING)

JEAN: (SITTING) Do you mind if I sit down for a moment? It's just I wanted to discuss blogs with you. Not just yours of course – although of course we can do that. Blogs in general. Because you see people keep saying blogs are a good thing but I'm not sure if that's true.