

EXTRACT

Blood Reversal

a short play

by

Alex Broun

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

© Alex Broun 2008

Characters

LACHLAN

ANGELO

Time

Midnight.

Setting

Kitchen.

Blood Reversal

Kitchen. Midnight.

LIGHTS UP SUDDENLY.

LACHLAN stands dressed in pyjamas and holding a cup of tea, frozen still.

Facing him is **ANGELO**, dressed in dark jacket, jeans. He holds a sharp carving knife.

The two men face each other. Pause. Eventually:

ANGELO: Nice PJs.

LACHLAN: Thanks.

BEAT.

ANGELO: The little patterns. Are they teddy bears?

LACHLAN: Kittens.

ANGELO: Cute.

BEAT.

LACHLAN: Nice knife.

ANGELO: It's not mine.

LACHLAN: I know. I bought it for my wife.

ANGELO: Present?

LACHLAN: Last Christmas. Came in a boxed set.

ANGELO: Stylish.

LACHLAN: She thought so.

BEAT.

ANGELO: And she is?

LACHLAN: (QUICKLY) Not here. Away. With my mother. Her mother. Camping.

ANGELO: Don't lie.

LACHLAN: I'm not.

ANGELO: Don't - lie.

LACHLAN: I'm –

ANGELO: Not very good at it. (BEAT. REFERRING TO TEA) Would you like to put that down?

LACHLAN: (REFERRING TO KNIFE) After you.

ANGELO: Very funny.

LACHLAN: I try.

BEAT. **LACHLAN** MOVES TOWARDS THE TABLE.

ANGELO: And don't get any ideas.

LACHLAN: I -

ANGELO: Just don't.

LACHLAN PUTS DOWN THE TEA.

LACHLAN: (GESTURING TO CHAIR) May I?

ANGELO NODS.

SUDDENLY THERE IS THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER FLYING LOW OUTSIDE.

ANGELO GOES TO THE WINDOW AND PEERS UP.

A SEARCHLIGHT PASSES BY THE WINDOW. **ANGELO** PULLS BACK.

LACHLAN: Friends of yours?

ANGELO: Real King of Comedy aren't you?

LACHLAN: Like I said, I -

ANGELO: Well you can stop trying. Now.

ANGELO WINCES IN PAIN.

LACHLAN: You okay?

ANGELO: Like you care.

LACHLAN: Just asking a question.

ANGELO WINCES AGAIN.

ANGELO: You got a tea towel or something.

LACHLAN STANDS.

ANGELO: Sit down!

LACHLAN: I thought you wanted –

ANGELO: Okay. But slowly.

LACHLAN REACHES FOR A TEA TOWEL NEAR THE SINK. HE HOLDS IT OUT TO ANGELO. BEAT.

LACHLAN: What?

ANGELO: A clean one.

LACHLAN PUTS IT DOWN. HE OPENS A DRAWER AND PULLS OUT A CLEAN ONE.

ANGELO: Put it over there.

LACHLAN PLACES THE TEA TOWEL ON A BENCH.

ANGELO: Now sit down.

LACHLAN: Don't you -

ANGELO: SIT - DOWN!

BEAT. LACHLAN SITS.

ANGELO GOES TO THE TEA TOWEL. HE OPENS HIS COAT. WE SEE HIS SHIRT IS STAINED WITH BLOOD. LACHLAN PULLS BACK.

ANGELO: Haven't you seen blood before?

LACHLAN: Not that much.