

NO REFLECTION STATEMENT



HSC 2002 - English Extension 2

Band E1/2 - Sample 1

Script

[View Annotation](#)

Love it?...

Loath it!...

Lust after it...

Format: Theatre Script

NO REFLECTION
STATEMENT

Scene One

[A spot on the Press secretary on stage right.]

Press Secretary: Two house holds, both alike in dignity, from fair Liechardt, where our story's born, from ancient grudge, bear new mutiny, where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the spell of one blind arrow these two love struck Romeo's break free, and claim the heart, of their fair Juliet? Shall Oberon relinquish wealth and tittle, to his over bearing queen, give forth his golden record and his music throne, or shall the fairy king remain an ardent bachelor, to fight another day. This tale will stand to tell, if when prince charming dares to kiss his toad, a princess will emerge. So on this night, will a fairy trade his crown, will a prince claim his toad, and will all end well in love and war. Tis to this tale we must depart, to its two hour traffic of our stage; the which if you with patient ears attend, what here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Scene Two

[Lights come up and the stage is set like the economy section of the plane.

There are seven passengers scattered across the stage. MTF2 is gripping the seat; FTF2 is sitting alongside him cheerfully. A flight attendant is standing out the front of the stage with her back to the audience; two other attendants are standing half way up the aisle, the two airline hostess are mimicking the first hostess' actions.]

Attendant 1: In the event of an emergency, please fasten your seat belts and attach your oxygen mask like so.

[She points to the attendants either side of her.]

The emergency exits are located at the rear, sides, and front of the plane. We are sorry to announce that due to recent budget cuts, there is only enough room in the emergency rafts for the higher priced ticket holders. However, if we should plummet at sixty thousand feet per second into the ocean, each economy passenger has been issued with an emergency survival kit, containing a piece of foam, a waterproof match, and a ten centimetre piece of dental floss. This is located directly below your seat in a handy resealable glad bag. We hope that you enjoy your flight, and if there is anything we can get you to make your trip more enjoyable, please don't hesitate to ask.

Thankyou for flying Ansett.

[MTF2 reaches below his seat and pulls out his emergency survival kit, clutching it tightly to his chest. FTF2 appears to be unaware of his paranoia. She is talking nervously and quickly, she is excited.]

FTF2: I'm just so happy to be with you, I mean, you and me we just fit, don't you think?

MTF2: Well not re...

FTF2: Well it doesn't matter anyway because I do. I mean, I like ice cream, and you like icecream, you like vodka and I like vodka, I was hit by a red BMW the night before you sold your red BMW, I mean, some people are just so careless, to think that someone dropped a refrigerator out of the third floor window onto your hood. You hate the spice girls, I hate the spice girls, I like Red Bull, your father owns Red Bull, You like black, red and orange jelly beans, I like green, white and yellow jelly beans, I mean, we just fit together, a

regular pair of comfortable old shoes, don't you think? I do. What should we name our children? I like...

[A flight assistant walks past and MTF2 grabs her arm. FTF2 continues talking regardless of their conversation.]

MTF2: Excuse me, could I possibly change seats.

Attendant 2: I'm sorry; all these seats are currently taken.

MTF2: Then could I possibly get a drink?

Attendant 2: Most certainly, what could I get you?

MTF2: I'd appreciate some vodka thankyou.

Attendant 2: Most certainly sir, I'll just be one moment.

[Attendant 2 exits]

FTF2: ... Tyler for a boy, but I mean, what if it's a girl? There's Mary and Anna and Jessica and Sarah and Sandra. And there's Beth and Alison and Rebecca and Rosa and Amber and Ashleigh. Not to mention Patricia and Emily and Amanda, or Jenny and Elisa and Marlee or Kelsey...

[Attendant 2 re-enters with the drinks trolley.]

Attendant 2: Here you are sir. [The hostess hands MTF2 a thimble.]

MTF2: Is this the largest size you have?

Attendant 2: Oh no sir, we now have the economy mega serve in stock.

Would you like to try it sir?

[MTF2 takes one look at FTF2 counting children's names off on her fingers and nodes violently at the hostess. She hands him a small bottle in an equally small brown paper bag. He opens the bottle and takes a swig, spits it out and removes the bottle from the bag. The water is an orangey brown colour.]

MTF2: What the hell is this, it tastes like a mixture of water and manure.

Attendant 2: Excuse me sir, that came from the finest boar pump on the north shore ...

MTF2: The North Shore!

FTF2: ...but of course Abigail is a nice name as well. I once had a cousin who knew a man who was in love with a boy whose sister's dog was named Abigail. Oh they were wonderful, I think you really would have liked them ...

Attendant 2: Yes, the north shore, and I'm sorry if it's not up to your exceedingly high standards, but if the staff at Microsoft trust it to water their gardens, we trust it is of the finest abstraction.

MTF2: I didn't mean to imply that it was sub standard; it's simply that I specifically asked for vodka.

Attendant 2: [The attendant chuckles.] Well you are in economy sir.

[Attendant exits]

FTF2: ... don't ask me how I know, I just know. I have a knack for these things. But I'm still open for suggestions, never be closed minded, that's what my Aunt Rita always said, stay open minded. And open minded is one thing I am. But ofcourse that doesn't mean that I don't like things the way I like them, who doesn't, but I mean, what ever you think. Except ofcourse, if you want to name her Rachel, because I'm sorry if this disappoints you, because I've decided never to marry a man who wants to name his first born daughter Rachel.

MTF2: Oh that's a shame.

FTF2: Why? What's a shame?

MTF2: Oh nothing, it's just that I've always wanted to name my first born daughter Rachel, darn it; I guess that means we can't get married then. Oh well, life's littered with disappointment.

FTF2: Oh dear, this is a minor set back, what should we do. Oh well, I guess that settles it; I'll just have to name my first-born daughter Rachel. I mean it is terribly disappointing, but marriage is all about compromise,...

[MTF2 grabs the arm of the attendant as she walks past.]

MTF2: Excuse me miss, is it at all possible to move seats?

Attendant 3: I'm terribly sorry sir, but all the seats in this section are currently occupied, I hope you can understand the importance of remaining seated; any seat swapping may upset other passengers.

[Exit attendant]

FTF2: ...don't you think so? I do. My mother used to say that compromise is the corner stone to any stable sponge cake, or was that something else, I don't know, anyway...

[The plane starts to experience turbulence as indicated through lighting and the oxygen masks fall from the ceiling. FTF2 keeps talking as if nothing is happening, MTF2 removes a small packet from his jacket pocket and empties it into his tiny bottle of boar water, and quickly drinks it, he immediately becomes relaxed and the pilot can be heard over the intercom.]

Pilot: I'm afraid we are experiencing some slight technical difficulties at the moment, however, if all passengers could please remain seated and fasten your seatbelts, we will extinguish the fire in our right engine momentarily. Thankyou for flying Ansett.

FTF2: ... all that matters is that I'm the last thing you see at night before you close your eyes, and the first thing you see in the morning, forever, and ever, and ever, and ever...

[Lights out]

Scene Three

[Spot comes up on Press Secretary on stage right.]

Press Secretary: I have thus wandered over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier, over park over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wander everywhere, swifter than the moon's sphere; in search of star crossed lovers. I do in great disguise, serve this techno queen. I do create the image upon the album, and plant the seed of hope that leads to yet another album.

Mothers take me to be the shrewd and knavish witch Maleficent, those that hobgoblin's call to do their work, and they shall have good luck. In fact I am the very Merryweather that saved a cursed Aurora from a death by spindle. I am the merry wanderer of the night, and sometimes I lurk in gossips bowl, in very likeness of a roast crab. I am here to let true love go forth, and fight manfully it's battles. Love is not always easy, but I shall make it so. No matter how beguiled.

[Lights come up in the busy streets of Berlin. Lottie and her entourage enter from one side, Paul enters with his entourage enter from the other. Loud thumping techno music can be heard in the background.]

Lottie: It's been awhile Paul. I heard you've been doing the rounds, local shopping centres, birthday parties, the works. Fallen on tough times?

[Lottie's entourage snigger.]

Paul: No no. Seems the public love me, the press sec recons it's good publicity, give the people what they want. I ah, heard you've released a new album, doesn't appear to be going too well. Shame really, you're music was always so different, it had a real quality to it.

[Paul's entourage snigger.]

Lottie: It's nice to see you haven't lost your sense of humour, but lets cut the crap, where is he.

Paul: Where's who? What are you talking about?

Lottie: You know what I'm talking about Paul, where's the boy, hand him over, or I swear to god I'll unleash such a smear campaign that, your next fifty albums'll be panned by women's day before they even hit the shelves. It'll go down so quickly that even K-Mart won't touch it.

Paul: Shallow threats Lottie, shallow threats. At least try to be slightly more creative, I'd hate for you to come away from this without achieving anything. Because you're sure as hell not getting the boy. I wouldn't hand him over for all the opium in China. He's mine.

Lottie: He's yours! What do you mean, yours?!

Paul: Yeah, that's right, he's mine!

Lottie: And to think, I thought I was falling in, oh I can't believe this, after all I've done, and now I find out that you've, you've, you've been having it off with every flee ridden tramp that crosses your path...

Paul: Now wait a second, if you think for just one moment I'm going to stand here and take that from some one who buys their hair products from Price Attack, you've got another thing coming!

Lottie: Well I hope she was worth it Paul, you just wait until Child Services hears about the way you've treated your cat, if you think they'll let you keep a child after that then you're not nearly as smart as you think you are.

Paul: If you'd bothered to confirm your sources before you charged in, Lottie, dear, you would have found out that he's the son of one of my dancers...

Lottie: You mean your whores!

Paul: I can't believe this, I'm the boy's godfather for Christ's sake, and I'm keeping him, that's finale!

Lottie: That Baby needs to be in a loving, caring, nurturing environment, not one of your road shows...

Assistant press secretary: Lottie, there's some o...

Lottie: What is it now you incompetent, pathetic, oversized sack of green beans?

Assistant press secretary: Jay Leno's on the phone, he'd like to know if your free next Saturday?

Lottie: Can't you just ask him to hold for just one second, I'm slightly busy at the moment in case you haven't noticed. Now, what was I saying before this rhinoceros on speed interrupted, ah yes. This baby needs to be in a loving, caring, nurturing environment, not one of your road shows. My Press Secretary worked in a nursery for six years before she started to work for me, if anyone can take care of that brat, she can. So if you're not prepared to do the decent thing and hand him over to someone who can provide him with all the love he needs, I suggest you leave by the time I've hung up this phone, or not only will my barrister be contacting you about custody of the boy, but he'll

also be filing a restraining order. Now if you don't mind, I have a pressing engagement.

[Takes the phone from the assistant press secretary]

Hello Jay darling...

[Paul and his train exit, all of Lottie's train exit except for her press secretary.]

...yes, yes, I'm just in Berlin at the moment. Yes, yes, that's right. Well I'd love too, you know that. Yes, yes, I'll have my people organise everything, till then, chow darling. [Hangs up the phone and hands it back to her press secretary.

Stares into the distance with a dazed expression.]]

Press secretary: Should I pencil Leno in for Saturday?

Lottie: Yes, offcourse, Saturday.

Press secretary: And I'll call Chris and establish a meeting for Monday about the boy.

Lottie: Yes, yes, Monday, Chris.

Press secretary: And then I'll call the proctologist and make an appointment to see if he can remove your head from your arse on Wednesday.

Lottie: Absolutely, proctologist, Wednesday.

Press Secretary: I know I'm not exactly Dame Edna in tap shoes, but have you been paying attention to anything I've said?

Lottie: Huh, oh, yes, I was listening. It's just, oh I don't know. It's just that, well, I really wanted to get that boy.

Press secretary: Well if I were you, I'd be looking for a better way to discredit Paul than Feline abuse. It just doesn't stand up in court as well as it used too.

Lottie: What would you be doing? Dropping pamphlets out of the back of cargo planes saying "Save the starving musicians, by Lottie's latest album,

Midnight Madness, and receive a five dollar cash back on any trade in on Paul Van Dyke's album."

Press secretary: Not such a bad idea, but have you ever heard of something called entrapment? It's the inducement of a crime, in order to bring the offender before the justice system. Of course, it means that we'll be completely ruining his reputation, he'll never be able to sell his work again, and he'll be completely vulnerable and dependent on women, hmm, hmm, hmm. But I don't think there's anything wrong with that, do you?

Lottie: I love it, it's brilliant, what should we do, I know, there's that monkey they've got on the corner collecting for the poor or something like that, what do you think?

Press Secretary: I think Bestiality has been a little over done lately, Madonna really milked that for all it was worth when she bought Michael Bubbles.

Lottie: Yes, well I suppose your right. What about if he's caught with an underage, one legged, prostitute?

Press Secretary: Well a sex scandal is defiantly the way to go, after all, that is why Jacque had Jack assassinated, but if we brought that up again we'd probably have the CIA breathing down our necks until we just happened to spontaneously combust.

Lottie: Well, perhaps if he were to be found with a transsexual dancer, I mean this is the love parade. Would that work?

Press secretary: You know, I think you may have found it, the perfect way to have a child. No pain, minimum cost, no phone call the next morning. I'll head down to the corner and see what I can find now. Do you think that they'll accept American Express?

Lottie: American Express is the most widely recognised card on the face of the Earth, if he's even remotely serious about creating a viable business these days, he'd have to have EFTPOS.

Press secretary: I guess you're right.

Lottie: Offcourse I'm right, I'm always right.

Press secretary: [Aside] I go, I go; look how I go, swifter than an arrow from the Tartars bow.

[Exit Press secretary. Lottie sits down on a park bench and starts talking to herself. Paul's music can be heard in the background.]

Lottie: This would have to be one of Paul's, not too bad, not too bad at all, much better than the last one, but still not exactly soul shifting.

[MTF2 and FTF2 enter from stage left]

MTF2: Look, I brought you out here, I even sat with you on the plane, we discussed everything from your first ingrown hair to your favourite herbicide, and for 36hrs, I've said nothing, not a thing, I've sat through descriptions of pap smears, food poisoning and tonsillitis, I've had to listen to stories about child birth, bladder problems and mucus build up, and I've had enough, it ends here, right here, right now.

FTF2: Oh don't be silly, you don't really mean that, your still just a little jumpy after the plane trip, that's all, now, why don't we just book ourselves into a nice little bed and breakfast and you can have a tinsy, winsy nap. And when you wake up, everything will be fine, what do you say?

MTF2: For god's sake woman, will you get a clue! I don't ever want to see you a gain, so there is absolutely no chance that I am going to go with you to a

quaint little B and B and take a 'nap'. The best that you can hope for is that I don't knock you into a coma right here, do you get the picture.

FTF2: You're so hansom when you're angry...

[MTF2 leaves the stage whilst she's still talking]

... your little face gets all smushed up and your ears wiggle so... I'm having so much fun, I'm so glad you brought me with you, aren't you?

[She realises that he's no longer standing there.]

Hello. Where are you darling? Oh dearest one. Darling? Where are you my little cream filled pastry puff? Come out, come out where ever you are.

Darling? Oh Darling? Where on earth is he? Come out my watermelon scented facial scrub, my chocolate-coated magnum...

[FTF2 exits. The Press Secretary re enters.]

Press Secretary: O.K., he was all out of his Love Parade party mix, however, he did still have some of his to die for promo packs, so I picked up one of those. And, I found out that Paul's going to central 23, he's the DJ. I think we ought to check it out. What do you think?

Lottie: I think you're absolutely right. To central 23?

Press Secretary: To central 23.

[Singing and skipping together.]

Together: We're off to see the DJ,

The stupidest DJ of all.

He is a ditz, a pretty big dits,

If ever a dits there was

If ever oh ever a dits there was,

This moron of love is one

Because, because, because,
Because, because, because;
Because of the ghastly things he does!
We're off to see the DJ,
The stupidest DJ of all!

Scene Four

[Inside the underground rave at central 23. Loud techno music is playing. Paul is on a raised platform towards the back of the stage with three other DJ's. FTF1 and MTF1 are dancing in the middle of the floor. The room appears to be packed. Enter Lottie and the Press Secretary from stage right.]

Lottie: I can't believe they charged us twenty three dollars to listen to this, my niece plays better than this and she's four.

Press Secretary: Well ofcourse she does, she's a girl. She's got style, she's got common sense... she's a girl. You can't blame Paul for being a guy. I'm sure that if he could have seen what he'd end up like he'd have changed his answer when those sperm came knocking, after all, he was once one of us. You can't blame him for being miss informed. At the end of the day I blame the ovaries.

Lottie: Why on earth is that?

Press Secretary: They've been appointed guardian, protector and educator of thousands of eggs. It's there duty to insure that no egg leaves without being properly informed of the consequences of their decisions. There for, I blame the ovaries.

[FTF1 and MTF2 exit at the rear corner of stage right.]

Lottie: I think you may be right, he defiantly wasn't aware of the consequences of his actions, but maybe he was just unlucky.

Press Secretary: Darn right he was unlucky, why if I were him...

[Enter FTF2 and MTF2.]

...I think I'd be gay, no, no, that was unfair. I'm sure I'd be gay. But hell, no use holding a grudge against the fella for one mistake, I'll just go get us a drink then shall I? Then we can set about our revenge, slimy toad deserves everything he gets.

Lottie: Indeed he does.

[Press Secretary exits.]

MTF2: Are you sure they're here, I can't see them.

FTF2: Offcourse I'm sure, I rang every hotel, restaurant, tram and payphone in the city. No one has the same last name as her, not even her sister.

Offcourse she's not her real sister, she's only her stepsister, but that's close enough. No, no, I'm sure they said they'd be here, maybe they're over there.

MTF2: Well, why don't I go look over there and you can stay here.

FTF2: Well why don't I go with you?

MTF2: NO! I mean, um, well, I think that we ah, we might do better if we split up, um, cover more ground or, ah, well, yeah. Anyway, you stay here, and I'll go check over there.

[MTF2 points to the far corner of stage left, and walks towards the far corner of stage right.]

FTF2: Well I'll just keep talking so you don't loose me, you can just follow the sound of my voice, O.K.?

MTF2: O.K.

[MTF2 exits]

FTF2: Darling can you hear me still, muffin? Are you there sweet cakes?

Damn it he's lost already, offcourse, it's always up to me, what ever happened to prince charming rescuing the damsel in distress? Once, just once, I'd like him to rescue me!

[FTF2 exits far corner stage left]

Lottie: Talk about misguided eggs, it must have been really busy that day.

[Lottie looks down at her stomach and starts talking to her ovaries.] If you ever even think about pulling a stunt like that on me, I swear I'll walk straight into that doctor's office and demand he ties you two up. I don't care if I'm sterile, hysterectomy, schmisterectomy, so long as I never end up with one of those it'll all be worth it. [Stands up straight again] What could have possibly happened to my drink?

[Lottie exits]

Paul: This is for all those lovers out there in the audience tonight, Love is what you make it.

[Re-enter FTF1 and MTF1]

FTF1: Come on, this one's my favourite.

MTF1: How can you tell wether or not it's your favourite, it sound's exactly like the last one.

FTF1: Oh don't be silly, the last was called midnight morgue. It was much more depressing than this. This one sounds so bouncy and energetic. Listen to the beat, does that sound like a funeral or a wedding to you?

MTF1: I'm pretty sure it sound's like my funeral. Anyway, lets get a drink, it's hot in here, I wonder if they sell Tooheys?

FTF1: Ha, your so funny, of course they don't, they sell more exotic things here, they're more interculturally excepting. They sell things like Vodka Cruisers and Midori silly.

[FTF1 and MTF1 exit stage left. Lottie and the Press Secretary re-enter.]

Lottie: How much was in that to die for promo pack you picked up?

Press Secretary: Lottie babe, there's so much here that it would have taken Michael Hutchinson a week to empty it, Harry could throw a party for the entire Royal family and he'd still have plenty to take down to the local bar, Hitler would have invited the Jews to join the parliament if he'd had one of these, I'm telling you, what ever you've got in mind, this pack can handle it.

Lottie: There's a blue eyed girl in this room who's fallen for an arrogant, self obsessed, idiot, who doesn't care for her. I want you to seek him out, and make him fall in love with her. Use any means you can. You will recognise the two by their ocka accents.

Press Secretary: Australian hey? I may need another pack. Oh well, no one ever died trying, well except for that one guy, but that was really his own fault. Well, I'll see what I can do. [Hands Lottie a small package.] Good luck.

[Press Secretary exits stage left. Lottie waits a moment, looks around and then exits the same way as the Press Secretary. FTF2 and MTF2 re-enter from stage right.]

MTF2: I don't believe this, if you made me waste my frequent flyer points flying you half way around the world, so you can find a more exotic drink...

FTF2: I swear she said she was coming here, something about the chance to rave with 1 500 000 people. 'Six miles of ravers, clubbers, acid casualties and

boring people dressed up like freaks for a day.' Where else could that happen, but the love parade?

MTF2: She could have been talking about the Mardi Gras! I swear if you made me travel to Berlin and she's gone to George Street...

FTF2: She's here I swear it, look, maybe she's over there?

MTF2: Why don't you go over there and check it out, and I'll go over here.

FTF2: Well why don't we go together.

MTF2: NO! Ah, no. I, ah, I think we should split up. I'll meet you back here in 87hrs.

[MTF2 exits]

FTF2: Well that sounds fair. Back here in 87hrs. Right.

[FTF2 exits, FTF1 and MTF1 re-enter with drinks. Press Secretary is following them. She is tiptoeing behind them as if she is preparing to pounce. MTF1 puts his drink down on the table and the two turn away from it. Press Secretary slips some acid in his drink and backs away slowly.]

FTF1: Can you hold this for me darling, I need to go do a number one.

[FTF1 hands MTF1 her drink and runs off stage. MTF1 is left standing on the stage at his table taping his foot in time with the beat, drinking his drink. Lottie re-enters at the rear of the stage with a drink in her hand.]

Lottie: Look Paul, I'm sorry about this afternoon, you know what I get like after three weeks on the road.

Paul: We both said some things we didn't mean, I mean, I'm sure your record'll take off soon, maybe you should ask your press sec about it.

Lottie: Yeah you're right. Look, I ah, I got you a drink, I thought you might be thirsty, you know, all these people, bright lights, the works.

Paul: Thanks gorgeous, that really means a lot to me.

[Paul takes the drink from Lottie and takes a sip.]

Mmmmm, my favourite. Apple, peach, tomato and wheat germ. You really are a doll. Anyway, I'm about to take a break, how about I meet you at a table in 5.

Lottie: No sweat.

[Lottie makes her way down to one of the tables and the Press Secretary re-enters, her arms are linked with a transsexual dancer.]

Press Secretary: Lottie dear, I'd like to introduce you to Tanya. She's one of Barrie's dancers, all the way from Tahiti. Tanya enjoys long walks on the beach, needlepoint, and homemade cigarettes. She really loved my special label.

Tanya: I just loved the way it crackled, I never knew Tabasco did that. [Turns and looks over her shoulder.] Ahhh!

[Press Secretary and Lottie jump.]

Lottie: What is it?

Tanya: Oh, oh god. I thought I saw a gigantic... oh it was only his hair, it looked like a killer pineapple. It was coming to get... Oh thank god I'm safe.

[Paul enters. Kisses the back of Lottie's neck and holds her around the waist.]

Paul: Hi sugar bunch, honey pie.

[Starts singing sugar pie honey bunch.]

Sugar pie honey bunch,

Sugar pie honey bunch,

[Tanya joins in, the two sing together.]

You know that I love you,

Love you,
I can't help myself,
I love you and nobody else...

[The two burst into giggles.]

Paul: And who would this ravishing creature be?

Tanya: She would be me?

Paul: She would indeed be.

Tanya: then she, would be Tanya.

Paul: Pleasure to meet you Tanya.

Tanya: Oh no, the pleasures all mine. [Licks lips]

[Press Secretary and Lottie exchange looks.]

Lottie: Well, it was a pleasure to meet you Tanya, but we really must be going. Sorry Darling but something really quite unexpected has come up, and we must away.

Paul: What's come up?

[Press Secretary and Lottie speak at the same time.]

Lottie: Well, ah, well it's really not that, it's just that...

Press Secretary: Oh it's not that important, just a little, well you know...

[Two look at each other and then speak at exactly the same moment.]

Together: Secret Women's business.

Paul: Oh, all right. Well, I guess Tanya and I will just have to go on having fun without you.

Lottie: Oh, well if you must.

Press Secretary: Well it was lovely seeing you again, but really have to go, Toodles.

[Press Secretary and Lottie Exit. MTF2 re-enters walking briskly, continuously looking over his shoulder. Exits on the opposite side of the stage. FTF2 can be heard from off stage.]

FTF2: Daaarrllliiinng, whheerrree aarrree yooouuu?

[FTF2 enters from the same side as MTF2 entered.]

I swear he was here just a minute ago. Oh well, better...

[MTF1 enters, looking dazed]

...luck next time. Oh, hello there stranger. Ha! Told him you were here.

MTF1: Oh, what divinity, my techno coloured frangipanni, at last, I've found you.

FTF2: I wasn't expecting you to be so happy to see me. After all, I did bring, [FTF2 lowers her voice.] the other man.

MTF1: Well, he certainly is privileged, to have been able to spend so long with such a stunning companion.

FTF2: That's what I thought. Well, you just stay here one moment whilst I go find the fortunate man himself. I'll be right back.

MTF1: NO! Don't leave me, it's taken me so long to find you, please don't leave me!

FTF2: Find me? How on Earth could you have possibly found out I was coming here? It was purely impulsive. Well, never the less, just sit tight, I'll be right back.

MTF1: But my love, what if you get lost? What if I get lost? No, no. We must not be separated.

FTF2: I'll be back in a minute I just have to go get... my love, what do you mean my love? Oh I get it. You've already seen him. You two have concocted

this whole scheme, to trick me into thinking... Well, I'm sorry, it's not going to work, not this little black sheep. You just stay here and I'll be right back.

[FTF2 exits. MTF1 sits down at the table, FTF1 re-enters, MTF1 stands up and looks after FTF2.]

MTF1: Wait, don't leave me...

[MTF1 runs after FTF2.]

FTF1: Now that's funny, I could have sworn he was just here. Where else could he have gone? Well there's no logical explanation, I mean...

[MTF2 re-enters and sneaks up behind her.]

...unless he can dematerialise and then rematerialise instantaneously, I have no idea what could have...

MTF2: I knew I'd find you.

FTF1: Jesus Mary and Joseph!

MTF2: Don't ask me how I knew, I just knew. But baby, now that I've found you, I'll never leave you again, no matter what. The Gestapo couldn't remove me from your side.

FTF1: Hand me a bucket, shortly followed by a shot gun. Listen, I'm engaged, yes that's right, that's not an ashtray you see attached to this finger it's a ring, and as much as I hate to say this, I've tried tact and subtlety, it just doesn't work, so I'll be blunt. It's over.

MTF2: But angle fish, what do you mean?

[Mumbles to herself as she walks away.]

FTF1: What is it with men? The one you want is never where you want him, and the one you don't want is always hanging around. Maybe I'm cursed. My Uncle Teresa was cursed...

[FTF1 exits, MTF2 follows.]

Paul: Now, have you ever seen anything like this before?

[Paul flexes his muscles and Tanya leans over and squeezes them.]

Tanya: Ooohh, there so firm. And it looks like that's not the only thing that's firm.

[The two look down at Paul's crutch and then back at each other.]

Paul: Look, what do you say about us getting out of here. I know this great little hotel up the road. What do you say?

Tanya: Are you up for the ride of your life.

[The two jump up and run out.]

Scene Five

Out side the club, on one of the busy streets of Berlin. It's late at night and the parties are really starting to come alive. Lottie and the Press Secretary are sitting down at a park bench next to the road, outside the club. They watch Tanya and Paul leave the club.

Lottie: You know, I can honestly say that I'm really, sincerely, happy about the way things have worked out. I mean, at the very least, I'll finally have a child, we'll have broadened Paul's horizon's and brought a struggling relationship together.

[Enter FTF2 and MTF1.]

Press Secretary: Look, here comes those two adorable lovebirds. Although he wasn't nearly as arrogant as you implied. He's really just a big softy when you think about it.

FTF2: Good god man, will you leave me alone. You're engaged to my best friend, if she even thought for just one second that you'd even looked sideways at me, she'd turn your liver into pâté`. Now, I think you should find her, and, in the morning, buy her the biggest bunch of flowers you can find. Now, if you don't mind, some of us are in monogamist relationships.

[FTF2 exits.]

MTF1: But darling, he doesn't love you. He loves that slut you call a roommate! Oh please come back darling, PLLLLLEEEAASE!

[MTF1 exits the same way as FTF2.]

Press Secretary: Well, I think that went rather well. Don't you?

Lottie: Well perhaps if I were an Afghani Alpaca and didn't understand what they'd said. I can't believe you just did that. That wasn't the guy I was talking about. I was talking about some other idiot. Great. Come on, we'd better sort this out before it gets out of hand.

Press Secretary: Yeah, offcourse, out of hand.

[Lottie and Press Secretary Exit. Lights out to show the passing of time.]

Scene Six

FTF2 enters, hiding behind people, trees, park benches, etc. Sees the area's clear and comes out in the open, sits down on the park bench. MTF1 comes up behind her.

MTF1: Buttercup, my drop of golden sunshine. Where have you been hiding? I've looked everywhere, I've looked over hill, over dale, I've left no stone un-turned, and I mean that literally, I've literally left no stone un-turned.

FTF2: Oh for crying out loud, I thought I made it perfectly clear when I said that I didn't ever want to see you again. I don't know how else to put it. You're engaged to my best friend, besides, even if you weren't, I know you're not being serious, so why don't you just go away and leave me alone.

MTF1: Oh sweet potato, what on earth makes you think that I'm not being serious? Just because I was with her, doesn't mean I didn't love you...

[FTF2 removes some pepper spray from her purse, jumps up and points it at MTF1.]

FTF2: All right, now I don't know, I don't even understand why you would want to, but if you don't stop this nonsense this minute I'm going to cover you from orifice to orifice in this stuff. **NOW BACK OOFFFFFF!**

[MTF2 enters]

MTF2: I've got sunshine, on a cloudy day,

And when it's cold outside, I've got the month of May,

I guess you'd say, what can make me feel this way,

My Girl, My Girl,

Talking 'bout my girl. My Girl.

Eeeuuhhh, eeeuuhh.

Hello, my beautiful girl, where on earth have you been hiding? Oh well never mind, looks like I've found you now. How about we go and check into that quaint little bed and breakfast you were telling me about this morning.

[FTF2 turns towards MTF2 and points the spray at him.]

MTF1 and FTF2 together: Now hang on.

MTF2: Excuse me, you've got you're jam donut, leave my chocolate éclair alone.

[FTF2 moves the pepper spray back and forth to point at who ever is talking.]

MTF1: What do you mean, Your, Chocolate Éclair? She's my chocolate éclair, you can take your precious Jelly Donut and leave us alone.

MTF2: Just because you're some fancy law student doesn't mean that you can push me around. Just because you want to be a politician doesn't mean you have to be an arse hole, that's completely optional.

MTF1: At least I want to do something useful, not like you, what do you want to be, a coppa. All you want to do is sit around and eat all day, at least I'll be out there helping the people of our country, not like you. Why don't you get a real job. Go find someone else's donut to chew on.

Press Secretary: [aside] Yet but three? Come one more; two of both kinds make up four. Here she comes, curst and sad: Cupid is a Knavish lad, thus to make poor females mad.

MTF2: What do you mean...

[FTF1 enters and wolf whistles. Does not recognise MTF2 and FTF2.]

FTF1: What The Hell Is Going On? Do you know how long I've been standing at that bar? I've been waiting that long that some old guy asked me how much I charged for an hour. Said he didn't really need the whole hour, but I deserved a break.

FTF2: Oh thank god you're here.

[FTF2 burst into tears and flings her arms around FTF1.]

It's been horrible, you've no idea.

FTF1: Is that you in there darling, what on earth are you doing here, I thought you were taking care of the house?

FTF2: No, no, I met this really nice man fixing the locks on the house across the hall. Said he didn't mind in the least helping us out.

FTF1: What did he look like?

FTF2: Well I'm not quite sure, he was wearing a ski mask, said his nose was cold.

FTF1: Well I 'spose that's fair, it is July after all. Any way, just hold that thought for one moment. Now, about you leaving me in that bar...

MTF1: I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE! I've had enough, get away from me. I don't love you, I never have, I love her, not you. Get a grip women!

FTF1: What do you mean you love her? That pathetic loser. No offence dear.

FTF2: None taken.

FTF1: Why on earth would you give me up for that?

MTF1: I happen to be in love, with that.

MFT2: She's in love with me, not you so take a hike!

[Enter Press Secretary walking behind MTF1 and MTF2. She claps her hands. They fall limply to the ground.]

FTF1: I don't believe this, I don't believe it. You've done this. You've turned them against me, I can't believe it. And look, you've got them all excited and now they gone and fainted.

[Walks over and grabs MTF1 under the arm pits and drags him off stage.]

Men, ah, I can't believe this. And they say we're the weaker sex. Go to the bathroom for half an hour and they're already checking out your room mate...

[FTF2 grabs MTF2 under the arms and drags him off the opposite side of the stage.]

FTF2: He'd better remember this in the morning, making fun of me and then not even having the decency to walk home. No, he's got to be carried. Carried my arse, I hope he gets a hole in his pants and a tarantula crawls inside and bites his...

Scene Seven

The stage is divided into four sections, on the far sides of the stage the two boys are asleep sprawled out separate beds, opposite each other. Tanya and Paul are playing on bed with two bedside tables with a broken lamp on one and an unbroken one on the other. There are handcuffs on the table along with a rubber dildo. This is set up slightly left of centre. Just next to it the two girls are having it out. A spotlight comes up on Tanya and Paul playing and the song Yellow Poke a dot bikini. This flash lasts 40 seconds. The spot goes down. The spot comes up on the two boys and Noddies theme song comes on. This spot last 40 seconds. The spot goes down. The spot comes up on FTF1 and FTF2 arguing in the middle of the stage. They can be heard over the top of the song Heart Ache Tonight.

FTF1: I don't need to take this from some big haired, oversized, watermelon, that listens to the BG's!

FTF2: It was one time and you told me it was it was Paul Van Dyke's new album.

FTF1: And you believed me. Ha. Now who's the idiot?

FTF2: You know I can trace everything that went wrong in my life back to you. I can't believe I've been so stupid to spend so long with someone that has camel breath. No wonder Guys are always leaving toothpaste in the bathroom.

FTF1: Hey at least I can find a guy, I don't have to sponge off my room mate, which is probably just as well, otherwise I'd still be virgin.

FTF2: Just because I have standards... You know, that guy at the club was wrong to think you were a hooker, you're not a prostitute, you're a tollbooth.

FTF1: Why you little...

[The stage starts to fill with smoke and the two begin to get groggy, slurring their speech. Eventually they fall down.]

...tramp. My dog has higher standards than you do, and I had to get her desexed. Or perhaps that's the issue, when did your owner have you fixed?

FTF2: That's not even close to an insult. Your dog also likes your taste in shoes, which proves she's got no class.

FTF1: Class, what... do... you... m... ea... n, C... I a... ss...

FTF2: I mean, C...las...s...

[The music continues until the end of the chorus, then lights go out on stage.]

Scene Eight

The stage is set in a hotel room. Paul is asleep in a bed next to Tanya. The floor is littered in open condoms. Lottie enters and sits down on the side of the bed next to Paul. The Press Secretary enters with an old fashioned camera with a flash where you need to change the globe after every use. She takes three pictures, walks over and pats Lottie on the shoulder then leaves. Lottie brushes Paul's hair off his face and he wakes up.

Lottie: Good morning sunshine.

Paul: Good morning sexy. I see you've forgiven me.

Lottie: Oh yes, just a tinsy, winsy, bit.

Paul: Wow, looks like we had a pretty awesome night, looks like I'm not going to need to visit that gym anymore.

Lottie: Well, ah, Paul, you see, that's the thing. I wasn't here last night. You spent the, ah, evening with Tanya.

Paul: Who's Tanya.

[Lottie points to Tanya. Paul moves backwards and knocks Lottie off the bed. She laughs.]

Lottie: Now I did warn you, and you didn't believe me. I believe I said, and I quote, hand him over, or I swear to god I'll unleash such a smear campaign that your next fifty albums'll be banned by women's day... unquote. Now what will child services say about this?

Paul: Oh no, not child services. No Lottie, you can't call child services, they'll take him away.

Lottie: There, there Paul, I won't do that. It'll be OK. But there is a, one small catch.

Paul: Anything Lottie, anything at all.

[Lottie leans down and whispers in his ear, he looks at Lottie, she nods, he turns and looks at Tanya, lifts up the sheet and looks underneath it. Put the sheet back down and looks defeated.

OK Lottie, set the date.

Lottie: [Kisses him on the cheek, hugs him and jumps up and down clapping her hands.] Yeah, finally Paul, together, you and me, again. Imagine what tour'll be like, we can combine our trips, minimise time apart. Eeeiiw, I'll get

started right away. I'll arrange a time with the jewellers to look at rings, then I'll call the caterer. Oh we're going to have so much fun.

Paul: I can't wait.

Scene Nine

FTF2 and MTF1 are lying together, asleep on a bed on stage left. FTF1 and MTF2 are asleep on a bed on stage right. There's a wedding certificate on the table next to the bed on stage left and a pregnancy test on the table next to the bed on stage right.

FTF1: Good morning gorgeous. [FTF1 rolls over and sees who it is]

Ahhhhhhhh!! What The Hell Is Going On?

[MTF2 Wakes up with a start.]

MTF2: What's wrong, what's the matter? Did you prick yourself?

FTF1: [as she edges away] Oh God, I hope not. What the hell are you doing in my bed?

MTF2: Well you invited me, we were, why you said...

FTF1: Look, forget it, just do me a favour and get out.

[MTF2 sits there and looks at her blankly.]

I said get out.

[FTF1 rolls over and sees the pregnancy test on the bed side table next to her and picks it up.]

Oh my god. I'm pregnant.

[Spot out on stage right, up on stage left.]

[MTF1 and FTF2 are holding each other. They are just waking up.]

MTF1: good morning sexy, sleep well?

FTF2: Uh ha. You?

MTF1: Yeah, great.

[MTF1 leans over FTF2 to get his drink and sees the marriage certificate.]

Hey what's this?

FTF2: Look's like a wedding certificate; I think it's in German!?

MTF1: I think you're right. That's your signature isn't it?

FTF2: Yeah, and isn't that yours?

MTF1: I think it is. So I guess that means we're married, Mrs Nova.

FTF2: That's what it says, Mr Nova

[The two kiss. Spot out on stage left, and up on the press secretary in the centre of the stage. She is wearing wings and is dressed as a fairy.]

Press Secretary: Now the hungry lion roars, and the wolf behowls the moon; whilst the heavy ploughman snores, all with weary task fordone. Now the wasted brands do glow, whilst the screech owl, screeching loud, puts the wretch that lies in woe in remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night that the graves all gaping wide, everyone lets forth his sprite, in the church-way paths to glide: And we fairies that do run by the triple Hecate's team, from the presence of the sun, following darkness like a dream now are frolic: like a mouse shall disturb this hallowed house: I am sent with broom before, to sweep the dust behind the door. If we shadows have offended, think but this and all is mended, that you have but slumbered here while these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, no more yielding but a dream, gentles do not reprehend: if you pardon; we will mend: and as I am an honest publicist, if we have unearned luck now to 'scape the serpents tongue, we will

make amends ere long; else liberty a liar call; so good night unto you all. Give me your hands if we be friends, and this shall thus restore amends.

ENGLISH EXTENSION 2 — Script (Theatre)

[View Sample](#)

Band E1/2

Sample 1

Title: Love it?...Loathe it!...Lust after it...

The candidate has composed an original script that is appropriate to purpose, audience, concept and medium.

The major work demonstrated developing insights and an ability to formulate and communicate concepts.

Candidate did not submit a Reflection Statement and could not exhibit a sound ability to articulate, monitor and reflect on processes of investigation, interpretation, analysis and composition.