

O Mistress Mine a flash play by Brian E Turner © 2005

CAST: JILL and BLADE

A domestic situation.

BLADE: You got a beer?
JILL: In the frig.
BLADE: Get me one.
JILL: *(Doesn't respond)* Where's Con?
BLADE: Flaked out.
JILL: I thought he was coming.
BLADE: Well he can't fucking come. I told you he was flaked out. Are you going to get me that beer?
JILL: Why is he flaked?
BLADE: He got pissed. Spewed over Missus Jones' roses.
JILL: He didn't touch her?
BLADE: Why would he touch her?
JILL: He's been talking about it.
BLADE: He was too pissed. You going to get me a beer?
JILL: There's a nice top at Swansons. I might get it.
BLADE: He wasn't as pissed as the time he broke into Father John's greenhouse. You should a' seen the tomatoes.
JILL: Have I got enough money? They're pricey at Swansons.
BLADE: *(Goes to frig)* Is this all you got?
JILL: If you don't like it bring your own.
BLADE: I could do with a fuck.
JILL: Do you love me?
BLADE: Don't give me that crap. *What is love?*JILL: It's what goes on forever.
BLADE: Then I'll go on forever.
JILL: Will you unclip my bra?
BLADE: Why do you wear a bra anyway?
JILL: It's uplifting.