

One page script

Bill (thirty-something, unemployed Australian male, a tradesman, “removalist”) and Ted (twenty-something, unemployed Australian male, Bill’s “removalist” apprentice).

*Scene: The lounge room, with worn carpet, two dirty lounge chairs and a television set. Set in a typical fibre asbestos house anywhere, around 2000, in Australia. Sitting with his foot up on a box, Bill watches television and cradles a beer in his hand. Ted walks in through the front door.*

*Extract from The Australian Tales (2004), as yet unwritten by, Jason D’Argent*

BILL: *(Turns to face Ted)* All right Ted?

TED: Yeah, no, she’s all right mate. *(Wearily, sits on the empty couch)*

BILL: Did you organise it then?

TED: Yes mate, I said all right didn’t I!

BILL: True mate, well that’s good then.

TED: Yeah, easy peasy, went smooth as.

BILL: Excellent mate, much of a struggle?

TED: Nah mate, in and out, quite as a mouse.

BILL: So, what did you organise?

TED: This an that, you know, great telly though but...

BILL: But what mate?

TED: Dropped it on the way out the back door my oath! It was blood heavy.

BILL: *(Shocked)* You dropped it! Jesus Christ mate are you a bloody fool?

TED: Well excuse me mate, a flat screen, seventy-six-centimetre, plasma telly weighs a ton.

BILL: You went in, and tried to carry out a seventy-six-centimetre telly on your own?

TED: Yes mate, you’re on the ball!

BILL: Mate where was your partner, only an idiot does that sort of caper alone.

TED: Let me see mate. *(Pause)* My partner, that would be you, is stuck on the sofa with a dodgy ankle.

BILL: Okay, okay, no need to get personal. *(Rubs ankle)* It’s the gout playing up in me old age.

TED: Sorry I forgot for just a moment that you’re the old hand, or fart, in this game.

BILL: *(Surprised)* Oi! Lets not forget who is learning you the trade.

TED: How can I forget mate, with you reminding me.

BILL: Okay forget the telly, did you get anything else interesting?

TED: Well there was the five point, pro-logic digital surround, sound system.

BILL: Well son, now we’re talking the business. What manufacturer is it?

TED: You see I had it, and was loading it into the back of the ute when, it sort of slipped, hit the dirt and smashed to pieces.

BILL: *(Shocked)* You dropped the it! Look mate did you get anything of value at all from the job you pulled tonight?

TED: Well, yes, I learnt a valuable lesson about teamwork.

BILL: What’s that then?

TED: It takes two to tango and with one pair of hands, I can’t dance!

BILL: I must say mate, you have developed quite a way with words, studying nights?