

A COUPLE OF S.N.A.G.S

WRITTEN BY DARREN BREALEY

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(Sensitive New Age Guys: men who reject normal male roles and perform duties such as child care, and become stay-at-home parents.)

Mark and Geoff are a couple of testosterone-fuelled, beer-and-pizza talking, far-from-sensitive new age guys, who bring back all the repressed memories of sharing house. Two young males coexist in a rented house: Geoff studies at university and Mark works full-time. They are a couple of blokes searching for their true love, whilst simultaneously hindering each other's quest. Mark realises his fated relationship with Stephanie when Geoff tells him the secret about his toys.

A Couple of S.N.A.G.s was first performed at Trades Hall in the Annexe Room, Melbourne, on 6 October 1999, with the following cast:

GEOFF	<i>Russell Healy</i>
MARK	<i>Adrian Nunes</i>

Mark and Geoff are two friends sharing a two-bedroom house in the suburbs. They are relatively carefree blokes with hearts of gold. On the walls of the lounge room they have surrounded themselves with tasteful, friendly pictures of woman. The lounge room looks well lived-in, with videos, books and music CDs scattered and stacked on the floor. All shelf space is covered with books, magazines and CDs. A pizza box sits on the floor.

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MARK, with a mouth full of food, and GEOFF, holding a soft drink can, dance in the lounge room to their favourite song. Music plays from the stereo system.

GEOFF: Remember what you said to that girl when you were dancing like this.

Geoff mocks Mark's dancing.

MARK: Yeah. Over there, she's beautiful.

Mark points to a picture of a girl.

MARK: She's got nice legs and a beaut smile. She's better-looking.

GEOFF: Yeah. Nice legs.

Mark turns around to face Geoff.

GEOFF: You have some sauce on your chin.

Mark wipes his chin and swallows his food.

MARK: That one is better. Her smile – you can't beat that.

GEOFF: And don't forget that one on the dance floor. I mean, she looks great.

MARK: Yeah, she looks good.

They stop dancing. Mark turns off the music.

GEOFF: She looked really good on you.

MARK: Cool.

GEOFF: Yeah, I think so.

MARK: Man, that was a great dinner you cooked tonight. The sauce was magnificent. The meatballs – tender. The swirly pasta blah-issimo.

GEOFF: Thanks, I think.

MARK: Yeah, mate – it was magnificent. Bloody magnificent!

GEOFF: Yeah, all right – thanks. Don't forget, it was you who cooked for me last night – at the last minute.

MARK: Well, you were stuck in traffic. What was I to do?

GEOFF: Took me ages.

MARK: Yeah, I know. But, you did the dishes and vacuumed the carpet as well.

GEOFF: I had too. Mum was coming over for lunch. The remainders of that party on the weekend were still laying around.

MARK: That party – yeah. Wow!

GEOFF: I didn't want Mum to see that.

MARK: I vacuumed the house.

GEOFF: You missed the lounge room.

MARK: I must have forgotten to do that bit.

GEOFF: Don't worry about it.

MARK: By the way, talking about girls...

GEOFF: We were?

MARK: Yes, mate. Listen – whatever happened to that girl you dated the other night?

GEOFF: I met up with her at Aroma Café. I tried to sit her down, just like you said, in a nice spot. She points at the table top and says it's dirty and we're too close to the kitchen door and...

MARK: And...?

GEOFF: ...We moved to another table. The waiter came over. I didn't order for her, I let her order, herself.

MARK: Good. And?

GEOFF: And, we sat and chattered about her and what she likes.

MARK: Good. And?

GEOFF: And – she likes skydiving and she's been to the Alps once, to go skiing, and she's also been flying over the...

MARK: ...So she can fly?

GEOFF: I was moving my arm to lay a gentle hold on her hand, when I spilt the bottle of water, all over her and the table.

MARK: Why?

GEOFF: The waiter put it there – we never asked for it.

MARK: What happened then?

GEOFF: She screamed and embarrassed herself. She went to the ladies' room to dry off. When she came back, I went to the gents. I had to get out of there. When I came back she began giggling at me and wouldn't stop laughing. *Man...*

MARK: You were entertaining her?

GEOFF: No, turns out my fly was unzipped.

Mark laughs.

GEOFF: I did up my fly and knocked over my pint of beer, spilling it into my entrée. By this time she was ready to leave.

MARK: You idiot!

GEOFF: At least it wasn't as bad as when you tipped that bowl of salad over that girl you were dating. What was the name of that restaurant?

MARK: She left with baby tomato and lettuce down her cleavage...

GEOFF: ...and in her hair!

MARK: It got worse as we drove home. Man, I had this killer of a stomach ache. The pain was so great it was cramping my midriff.

GEOFF: What happened?

MARK: I had to let one rip. The pain was too great. I didn't know what to do. I stopped the car and got out to check the tyres, thinking a walk outside the car would give me time to...

GEOFF: Then what?

MARK: I stood by the back tyre and squeezed hard.

GEOFF: What happened?

MARK: Nothing!

GEOFF: What was she doing?

MARK: I eventually had to get back in the car. As I drove on, the pain came back.

GEOFF: What did you do?

MARK: I sneezed and a loud audible squeak from the lower regions rumbled throughout the car.

GEOFF: You dog...

MARK: The smell was obviously hair-curling. Must have been the curry.

Pause.

MARK: Geoff, do you want the remainder of the food that's left over, or should I give it to the dog?

GEOFF: You can put it in the fridge, for lunch tomorrow.

MARK: You know those business plans I've been working on?

GEOFF: Like, we haven't discussed them at great length for the last three weeks.

MARK: Well, looks like I might be getting a promotion for the work I've done.

GEOFF: We've done. Congrats, mate!

MARK: Thanks.

Pause.

GEOFF: I've got the next two weeks off from Uni.

MARK: Can you clean up the backyard?

GEOFF: What for?

MARK: That BBQ we are having before you go back to uni. I'm bringing over Stephanie.

GEOFF: Who?

MARK: You know...

GEOFF: No...

MARK: Stephanie. You know, 'beep'.

GEOFF: Beep?

MARK: Stephanie, from the supermarket.

GEOFF: That ugly bitch you...

MARK: ...Hey! She's not ugly. And don't call her a bitch!

GEOFF: Sorry, mate. The one with...

Geoff points at his teeth.

MARK: Stephanie – yeah, that’s her. The black tooth.

Geoff laughs.

GEOFF: That ugly beast of a troll monster. You’ve got to be kidding, Mark, her breath stinks and her father owns a pub...

***** Truncated *****

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