

# ALEXA

BY

DAN WEATHERER

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Cast of Characters

Thief: Any Age Male

Malcolm: Fifty-plus Male

ACT I

Scene 1

*At Rise: Dim/Dark lighting*

*THIEF gingerly explores the living room set-up (Comprising armchair, table, newspaper, assorted clutter and an Alexa unit). His search is not going well. He picks up the Alexa unit, unplugs it and puts it in his pocket. As he moves away he clatters into the table.*

MALCOLM

*(off stage)*

What the bloody..! Is someone there?

*The Thief panics and hides at the side of the sofa stage left.*

*Lights on. Enter Malcolm.*

MALCOLM

Come out yer lil bastard. I was in the marines y'know!

*Malcolm stands stage right. Thief remains hidden.*

MALCOLM

Ay? You there?

*beat*

MALCOLM

Goin' senile in me old age.

*beat*

MALCOLM

Well, I'm up now...

*Malcolm sits on the armchair.*

*Thief panics but remains hidden.*

MALCOLM

I'll read a while. Usually sends me off.

*Malcolm reaches for the newspaper and begins to read.*

MALCOLM

Oh, bloody Hell! More of this Brexit Shite. I dunna understand head ner tail of it. Alexa...explain Brexit to me?

*Thief looks mortified. Takes Alexa from his pocket.*

MALCOLM

Alexa? You playing up again?

*Malcolm attempts to stand.*

MALCOLM

Bloody thing. Here you go dad, this'll make life easy for you. Ask it anything! He says. It'll change yer life! He says. Bloody waste of-

THIEF

(in a forced female voice)  
Erm...One moment, please.

MALCOLM

So yer arna broken?

*Malcolm sits.*

MALCOLM

Good, Cuz I was about ready to bin yer. Alexa, explain Brexit to me.

*Thief panics*

THIEF

Erm...Brexit. The erm, motion for Britain to leave Europe. Not geographically, that would be impossible...but like in erm...laws and stuff.

*beat*

MALCOLM

See, why can't they papers say it like that? I'd know what the bleedin 'ell they were on about then! Thank you, Alexa.

THIEF

(in own voice)  
Yeah, no worries, fam.

*Malcolm looks puzzled*

THIEF

I mean, you're welcome.

MALCOLM

Yer sounded a bit crackly like then. Maybe yer speaker is playing up?

*beat*

*Malcolm places the paper aside.*

MALCOLM

Nah, it's no good. I need something to soothe me nerves. Alexa, play some Jazz.

*Thief looks perplexed.*

*Malcolm moves to rise.*

*Thief panics and begins to improve his version of*

*Jazz, complete with beatboxing and rapping.*

MALCOLM

What the bloody Hell? What a racket! Alexa, play some opera.

*Thief panics and begins to improve his version of Opera*