

Y & Z

A short horror for Radio.

Y – Anyone

Z – Anyone

Time – Present Day.

Notes:

The conversation between Y and Z is conducted by telephone, landline or mobile.

... indicates a pause, or breathing.

/ indicates overlapping of dialogue.

The minimal stage directions are deliberate, do this as you please, but keep it tense and serious.

Y: It's here.

Z: What?

Y: *IT!*

Z: How do you know?

Y: I just do... I can sense it. Sense *IT*.

Z: You have sixth sense now?

Y: I'm not joking!

Z: I know.

Y: What do I do?

Z: Is it in the room? With you?

Y: No, it's in the hall.

Z: What makes you so sure?

Y: I can feel it. *IT* is in the hall and I need help.

Z: I'm too far away.

Y: Obviously.

Z: So?

Y: I need your help, *now!* What do I do?

Z: Sit.

Y: Sit?

Z: Sit.

Y: Sit? Is that it?

Z: Maybe *IT* will go. Sit it out.

Y: That's no good!

Z: Why?

Y: You know that doesn't work.

Z: Yeah... sorry.

Y: So?

Z: Hide?

Y: Hide from it? *IT*? Are you mad?

Z: I don't know alright! I'm sorry, I just don't know!

Y: Great!

Z: What am I *supposed* to do? To *say*?

Y: It's alright. You can't do anything.

Z: Sorry.

Y: There is nothing... I'll just have to s...

Z: What?

Y: ...

Z: You there?

Y: It's...

Z: What?

Y: It's inside...

Z: Are you sure?

Y: Posi... tive.

Z: Don't move.

Y: I'm not.

Z: Where is it?

Y: Inside.

Z: Yes, but where inside?

Y: By the door.

Z: Can you see it?

Y: No.

Z: Then how... Where are you?

Y: By the wall.

Z: Stay still.

Y: I am.

Z: Very still.

Y: I can't breathe.

Z: Try... slow, deep breaths.

Y: ... (breathes heavy, slow.)

Z: Good. Lower your voice.

Y: Yes.

Z: Whisper.

Y: ...

Z: Where is it now?

Y: Close...

Z: Breathe.

Y: It's so hot. I can't breathe/

Z: Hot?

Y: So *very* hot.

Z: I don't understand.

Y: I...

Z: Breathe... I can't hear you breathing.

Y: It's....*IT*...

Z: What?

Y: *IT*, is getting closer.

Z: Move!

Y: I can't!

Z: You can! Slowly.

Y: I can't... breathe.

Z: Move slowly, one foot at a time.

Y: I'll try.

Z: Slowly... sideways.

Y: ...

Z: Hey.

Y: ...

Z: Talk to me.

Y: I moved, one step... to my left.

Z: Where is *IT* now?

Y: It... *IT*, followed me.

Z: ...

Y: So hot! I can't breathe... can't breathe...

Z: Stay with me. Try to breathe, slow, deep.

Y: I... I.... can't.

Z: Can you get to your balcony?

Y: I will... try.

Z: Go!

Y: Then what?

Z: Step out onto it.

Y: Why?

Z: It will be cooler, fresh air.

Y: Right.

Z: How far is it?

Y: Three steps, to my left. Maybe... two.

Z: Go!

Y: So hot!

Z: Next step now!

Y: I can't... move!

Z: You've got to try.

Y: Then what... what do I do on the balcony? Admire the *view*?

Z: ...

Y: WHAT?

Z: There's no other choice!

Y: But!

Z: I'm so sorry.

Y: I need... fresh... air.

Z: I'm with you, first step.

Y: First, step...

Z: And breathe.

Y: *IT* is right... in front of me!

Z: Another step!

Y: Can't! *IT* ... it's *everywhere*!

Z: STEP!

Y: ...

Z: Step... hey, are you/

Y: (*screams, a hideous, desperate scream. Followed by a crash, a collapse.*)

Z: What...

Y: ...

Z: Happened?

Y: ...

Z: Hey...?

Y: ...

Z: Talk to me!

Y: ...

Z: Is IT still there? Breathe! Say something!

Y: ...

Z: Whisper... say.... *Something!*

Y: ...

Z: Wait... what is that? If you can hear me... there's something... it's suddenly...

Y: ...

Z: So very....hot...

End of Play.