

Forgotten

Set:

A writer's studio, Late at night. Present Day.

Cast:

Writer – Tired, Stressed.

Female Character (FC) – Sarcastic, Annoying.

Male Character (MC) – Relaxed, helpful.

Writer: Forgotten.

FC: (*pacing the room.*) Forgotten what?

Writer: Sssh!

FC: Rude!

MC: Leave him to it.

FC: Why should I?

MC: Because it doesn't help.

FC: (*still pacing*) Doesn't help who?

MC: The writer.

FC: Oh. (*lights a cigarette, takes a drag and blows smoke over writer.*) Forgotten what?

Writer: Do you mind not smoking? I'm trying to concentrate.

FC: Concentrate on what exactly?

Writer: Well.....

FC: Have you forgotten? Ha-ha!

Writer: Well, yes I have.

FC: Oh. Does it matter?

Writer: Does what matter?

FC: Does it matter that you've forgotten?

Writer: (*raising voice*) Yes, it matters a lot!

MC: No need to shout.

Writer: Sorry.

MC: That's OK.

FC: What have you forgotten then?

MC: He can't remember, he's forgotten! Ha!

Writer: *Really?*

MC: Sorry.

Writer: That's OK.

FC: Listen to you two!

MC: OK, what have you forgotten?

Writer: If I knew that I wouldn't have forgotten!

MC: I see your point.

FC: Who are you anyway?

Writer: I'm the writer.

FC: Oh right! I see!

MC: She doesn't.

Writer: She doesn't what?

MC: She doesn't see, she doesn't understand. I can tell.

FC: Yes, I do. You're a writer. So what are you writing?

Writer: A play, well I'm trying too.

FC: Cool, what's it about?

Writer: A couple, a man and a woman that is.

FC: As opposed to?

Writer: A man and a man, I guess.

FC: Oh, homophobic are we?

MC: What? Ha-ha!

FC: You never know!

Writer: No.

FC: So what are this man and woman up to? How far have you got in your little play?

Writer: It's not a little play. Look, fifty-eight pages!

FC: Ok, long play. Long boring play. Tedious, long, play, thingy.

MC: Leave it.

FC: No, why should I?

MC: Leave him alone to get on with it.

Writer: Thanks.

FC: Pah.

Writer: I need to concentrate.

FC: Don't let me stop you. (*whispering*) Imagine I'm not here.

Writer: You're *not* here.

FC: I think you'll find I am!

MC: You're not. Nor am I.

FC: Well what the hell does that mean?

Writer: You're not here, not in the room, you're in these pages and in my head.

FC: Oh that makes sense!

MC: She doesn't get it.

Writer: I know she doesn't, don't worry. I wrote her, remember?

MC: Fair point.

FC: Erm.....I'm *here*! You're talking about me as if I don't exist.

MC: You don't, except in the writer's head.

FC: That's weird.

MC: Yep.

Writer: Now, if you don't mind I need to concentrate!

MC: Have another brandy.

Writer: Now that's an excellent idea! Do you want another?

MC: Why not!

Writer: Cheers!

FC: Are you an alcoholic? (*blows smoke over Writer again*)

Writer: No and please stop blowing smoke over me!

MC: Why did you make her a smoker?

Writer: I've.....forgotten. She started smoking when she was in her teens, but I can't remember why I wrote that, has no relevance to the plot whatsoever.

MC: Ah.

FC: So It's your fault I smoke?

Writer: Yes, my fault only. I haven't enough time to change the script, so you'll have to carry on smoking. Anyway please both of you be quiet. I need to get this written. The deadline is the eleventh of March!

MC: Ah OK. What's today?

Writer: The tenth of March.

FC: Ha-ha!

Writer: And if I don't get the finished transcript on Suzanna Cardash's desk by noon, my life won't be worth living!

MC: Well let us help you then.

Writer: How? You're only the characters remember!

MC: Yes, but we've been there since page one.

Writer: True.

FC: I remember starting smoking, I hated the first fag, made me cough so much!

Writer: I know, I wrote that. Page two.

MC: So how far have you got?

Writer: To within a page or so but I've forgotten the ending.

FC: Well where did you leave it last?

Writer: Pardon me?

FC: Where you left it is the best place to look first.

MC: Ignore her.

Writer: I just need the final twist. The annoying thing is it's been in my mind all along but now I've forgotten.

MC: Bummer.

Writer: Yep.

MC: And talking out loud to the two characters in your play helps, how?

Writer: I've no idea, maybe it's the brandy. I should stop drinking for starters. You can have my brandy. Knock yourself out.

MC: Ah thanks, I will!

FC: So where did you get to in your long boring play?

Writer: It isn't boring thank you!

MC: I'm sure it isn't. But for once she has a point. Tell us where you got up to in the story and we'll see if we can help you. Worth a try.

Writer: No, that's silly, I'd be embarrassed.

MC: Why be shy about sharing your story line? Who better to share it with than the very characters in the story? So come on, where did you get to?

Writer: OK. So, you two are at home, arguing again, you're arguing over the divorce agreement.

MC: I'm married to *her*? Damn!

FC: Oh thanks!

MC: You're welcome. *Darling!*

FC: Pig!

MC: Ha-ha!

Writer: Please both of you concentrate, we need to sort this!

MC: Sorry, of course. Where are we in the house?

Writer: The kitchen.

FC: Is there music? Something to build the tension?

Writer: No, well I hadn't put that in. Usually that's left to the producer.

MC: I think it's a good idea, something dark, foreboding, sinister.

FC: Yes!

MC: I'm about to murder her.

FC: No!

Writer: Not bad, possible. But not the ending I had in mind.

FC: Which you've forgotten.

Writer: Yes, thanks.

MC: Why are we getting divorced?

Writer: You had an affair.

MC: I like it! Who with? Her sister?

Writer: Yes! You *were* concentrating then!

FC: I repeat, you pig!

MC: You just can't accept that she's better looking than you!

FC: You're right. For *once*. Precious little sister came along and obviously had to be better looking. That's why I started smoking.

MC: You rebelled?

FC: Exactly.

Writer: Thanks guys, yes that's where we got to, in a nutshell.

MC: And now we're fighting in the kitchen. Still arguing?

FC: Physically fighting now?

Writer: Yes, why not?

MC: Do I have a knife?

Writer: No.

MC: To defend myself with I mean.

Writer: No.

FC: And I have a saucepan, to fend him off with? Better still a wok?

MC: If I'm not allowed a knife can I punch her?

FC: You'll have to get past my wok, *husband!*

MC: I go to punch you, striking your ugly chin!

FC: I swing at you with the wok, smashing your head!

MC: No! I'm too fast! I trip you up, knocking you to the floor!

FC: No way!

MC: I hold my foot on your wrist making you drop the wok.

Writer: Please! This is not helping!

FC: You walk away with the wok, me sprawled on the floor, but you've let down your guard and I grab a saucepan and bash the back of your head in!

MC: Actually I like that! Is there blood?

FC: Hell yes, I've hit you so hard you fall against the oven and knock your head again. Violently!

MC: Gas?

Writer: What?

MC: Is it a gas oven?

FC: Oh I see where you're going with this.

MC: No you don't. When I hit my head on the oven I've inadvertently turned on the gas hob.

FC: So?

MC: I collapse onto the floor. Maybe I'm dead?

FC: Definitely dead. I check your pulse. It's slowing. Goodbye darling, it's been.....emotional.

Writer: Guys, *really?*

MC: I'm not quite dead.

FC: Yes, you are, I make sure of it with another bash on the bonce.

MC: Fair enough, I'm dead now.

FC: I'm triumphant! Everything is mine. Did we have a pre nup? Do I get it all if he goes first?

Writer: I'm not sure, it's not mentioned in the plot.

FC: We can squeeze it in somewhere in act one, I'm sure.

MC: Good plan.

FC: So I get the house, the cars, the horses and the business. I'm rich, I mean *properly* rich and I don't have to answer to you!

MC: Knock yourself out.

FC: I walk around the kitchen, singing. I start to dance! I jump on the table and cheer!

MC: Have fun at my expense why don't you. We had some good times though, didn't we?

FC: I don't know. I haven't read the script.

MC: That figures.

FC: Do I get his Swiss bank account?

MC: No, that goes to your sister. I had to leave her something.

FC: The cow!

Writer: What?

MC: You stand over me, pleased with yourself for what you've done.

FC: Oh *I am*.

MC: Very content, relaxed, gloating. You take a cigarette from the pack.

FC: Nice.

MC: Pop it in your mouth.....the gas is still on.

FC: So?

MC: You take your lighter, hold it to the cigarette and.....BOOM!

FC: What does that mean?

MC: You blow yourself up, the gas has been on the whole time, ha-ha!

FC: That is so cool! We both go out with a blast!

MC: Yes! The perfect ending! Instant blackout, curtains. Rapturous applause!

FC: Standing ovation?

MC: Naturally!

Writer: No.

FC: What do you mean no?

MC: What else have you got, it's past midnight?

Writer: Oh, yes of course. Right, OK let's go with it. I can look for a new job next week. Pass me my pen.

MC: I think I deserve another brandy.

FC: I think I deserve another cigarette.

Writer and MC: NO!