

**One Waiting Room
(summary excerpt)**

A play

By John Currivan

Contact

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

KAREN

744, female

743, female

742, female

DOORMAN

SANDRA V\O

SETTING

The Waiting Room.

A bare concrete room with two doors a two doors. (We use the actual specific layout of the Theatre as set) There are benches or chairs for the women to sit on. Assorted Games, Connect 4, Building blocks, a deck of cards are around to keep the numbers occupied. In a piles around the room are little notebooks (number of filled pages 1-745, and should be written/devised by the cast and crew). Clothes are hanging from the ceiling around the edges of the performance area and there is a pile of shoes in one corner.

Door noises should be ambiguous and are different for each que indicating different possibilities that are through the big door.

PRODUCTION NOTES

There is no specific time and no specific place other than the room.

The play is performed in the round, using the layout of the Theatre with the performance area marked out by the audience's chairs and the hanging suits of clothes.

/= next line cuts in

In the final scene the video plays on over the dialogue it should not be overly specific to the way it is written but the V/O keeps talking

All the women are in different clothes indicative of their lives in the 'outside world'

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A small room with seats or benches. Two doors. One big and one small. Games and toys litter the floor.

There is a queue of young women waiting outside the big door 742, 743 and 744. Each wear a name tag with their number on it. In a corner under a small thin blanket is KAREN asleep

After a short while 742 begins to hum and eventually sing "Haven't met you yet" by Michael Bublé. And eventually the others join in

742

I'm not surprised,
Not everything lasts,
I've broken my heart so many times I've stopped keeping track
I talk myself in,
I talk myself out
I get all worked up and then let myself down,

744

I tried so very hard not to lose it,
I came up with a million excuses

742

I thought I thought of every possibility,

ALL THREE

And I know that some day that it'll all turn out,
You'll make me work so we can work to work it out,
And I promise you kid that I give so much more than I get,
I just haven't met you yet.

During the vocal break they all sing the music. The song continues and Karen starts to wake up.

742

I'll just have to wait,

744

I'll never give up

Karen begins waking up

743

I guess it's half timing and the other half's luck,

ALL

Wherever you are,

Whenever it's right,

You'll come out of nowhere and into my life

Karen wakes up properly. During the first half 742 sets the toys in the room into an 'artistic installation'

744

Hello.

743

Did you have a good snooze?

742

How are you?

KAREN

I'm cold.

744

Then get off the floor. It's the concrete has you cold.

742

And that blanket doesn't do much for the bits it's not covering.

743

Your clothes are cold now too.

744

The blanket will help.

KAREN

Where am I?

744

You're in the hallway.

743

The foyer.

744

You're in the waiting room.

Noises start coming from the large door

KAREN

What is that?

743

It's the door.

KAREN

The noise....

744

It's a kitchen. You know it's got those long fluorescent lights that 'ping' on. I can hear Oak cupboards. The fridge is fully stocked and with all I need to make and mix the cake.

743

It's a garden, or a sort of garden. All filled with the twittering of birds and running water drip dripping, streaming from a fountain or waterfall. We are going to have a picnic together on a checkered blanket.

744

That's not a waterfall. It's the drip dripping and streaming of a tap. Splashing on the pots and pans in the sink. They are being cleaned. The kettle is being filled too, ready to boil. We will sit at the mahogany table and have our tea and cake.

742

Philip doesn't waste time with silly things like that. It's a bed. That's all. A wide room with a wide bed made of scrap metal and rusty springs. Like here the floor is grey, the walls are bare, the lights are dim. The bed is basic but the sheets... the sheets are made of the finest of fine silks and the mattress is so soft it's like lying on marshmallows. We should make him happy, not the other way round, but of course we will be happy that he is happy. The sheets are for him. They are the one little luxury he has with us.

Without the silk sheets and the dresses we will not work,
we'll be no use. They are both very sweet ideas, but don't
delude yourselves with cakes and picnics.

742

She hasn't seen the books.

743

Of course the books!

KAREN

Books?

742

Histories.

*742 finds one of the notebooks and
reads aloud from one of the pages.
(will change depending on the book
chosen)*

742

Don't worry.

*743 Chooses a book and reads aloud
from it.*

743

You're safe.

*744 finds a book and reads aloud
from one of the pages.*

744

It's lovely.

Silence

744

You're scared.

743

Don't be scared

742

There's no need to be scared.

*There is a noise from behind the
big door.*

*The Doorman enters in the noise. He
has a gun either strapped to his
back or in a side holster, it isn't
obvious or hidden, just there. He
is holding a box.*

The door closes behind him.

DOORMAN

Number 742?

742

Yes that's me.

DOORMAN

You are next in the line?

742

I am.

DOORMAN

(handing her the box)

Please take this and prepare yourself. Philip will see you
next.

*742 opens the box and in it is a
beautiful dress, jewelery and a
little make-up.*

742

Thank you. Oh thank you.

744

The dress... it's gorgeous!

742

They always are.

The Doorman goes to leave.

744

Will lunch be soon?

DOORMAN

Sometime in the next hour.

744

Thank you.

Doorman goes to leave again

KAREN

Who are you?

DOORMAN

I'm sorry?

KAREN

Who are you?

DOORMAN

Who are you?

KAREN

I'm Karen.

742

Karen?

744

That's a lovely name.

743

ka-REN.

742

KA-ren

744

Karen.

DOORMAN

Who has the highest number?

743

I'm 743.

744

I'm 744, so she's 745.

DOORMAN

Fine. You are 745

Noise as the Doorman leaves and before and he presses a button on a remote.

A voiceover plays as if from nowhere. The voice is female who is also a voiceover/narrator.

The underlined sentences indicate that 743 or 744 speak along with the V/O, They can do it separately or together. While the voiceover plays, 743 and 744 tidy the room.

SANDRA V/O

He is our one and our all. The moon and stars. Darkness and light, fire and ice, body and soul.

Hello. I'm number seven, my name was Sandra. I'm here to tell you about Philip. Ten years ago, I was a wreck, I won't go into details, but my life was falling apart. Philip saved me. Took me away from the pain and despair.

Everyday I am grateful and I've never looked back or thought twice. Philip has always been here, and I just never knew it.

We need him. He needs us. He needs you.

Philip is the answer.

Philip can save you. Philip can heal you and repair the damage dealt to you by these liars and frauds.

You need to know the truth. Philip is the truth.

You cannot deny the truth. Philip is the truth.

You cannot forget the truth. Philip is the truth.

KAREN

All I see is rubbish and remains. Things that people have left behind. So much has been taken away from them. It's sick. Each item of clothing, each toy in here has a story. It tells, tells something about that person, the person who touched it, the person who wore it.

These things, leftovers, are like a part of that person and the life they had and the things they did. And now they are left piled in a corner or hanging neatly from the ceiling to gather mould and dust, left and forgotten. They've all moved on. Pushed and pulled forwards into / oblivion....

744

They weren't pushed or pulled anywhere.

743

They walked freely.

744

They've all moved on.

743

Forwards. To bigger and better things.

KAREN

Forwards into what? Bigger what? better what? Forwards into....

743

Would you prefer it if we moved backwards?

744

I know. She must have some kind of extra underlying condition.

743

Like depression.

744

Could be. She is coming out with some very strange things. Her mind seems to be troubled.

743

She must have a phobia.

744

Like afraid of small spaces.

743

This room isn't that small.

744

It's a crazy fear. Irrational. She can't control it.

743
She is an addict of some sort.

744
Drugs.

743
Drink.

744
Gambling

743
Sex.

744
A victim.

743
Child abuse

744
Rape

743
Domestic violence

744
That's it. Oh wait.... I think I know. She has a dark secret that haunts her. She probably murdered her boyfriend last year in a fit of passion, and now the thought of anyone man or woman getting involved in her life scares her because it is like the return of a haunting ghost, that she wants to forget.

743
She was nineteen years old, young, wild and carefree, but then after one mad night on the town she got pregnant. She selfishly didn't want her life to change and she could see no other option but to get rid of it. All just so she could go on living like a depraved animal. But the abortion went wrong and now she can never have children. Of course now she regrets it. But still she cannot face the fact that she is the only one to blame for her own piss poor life and that because of her own actions, her own decisions she is permanently barren. She burned away the one thing that made her a woman. She cannot and will not ever get over it. She knows that no man, no person can ever love her, and she can't bear the thought of loving anyone.

She is a monster, disfigured, beyond repair, so broken that she cannot even love herself. She is a victim of her own abuse

The Doorman gets some clothing from the pile in the corner and covers Karen's body.

DOORMAN

I'm so so sorry about this, and I know that Philip is too. A loss for all of us. She was dangerous. She was too dangerous. You saw that she was too dangerous. I'd rather not leave you alone right now. We will arrange everything soon and the room will be cleaned and re-prepared. Please, this way. She didn't think like us.

You need to know the truth. Philip is the truth.

You cannot deny the truth. Philip is the truth

You cannot forget the truth. Philip is the truth

The voice ends.