

UNFORGETTABLE

by

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Characters

Dan

Woman

Chess Player

DAN AND A WOMAN IN A BAR. SOMEONE IS
PLAYING CHESS ALONE NEARBY. THE WOMAN IS
READING DAN'S PALM.

WOMAN: Great life line. Heart line not so good. Wow...

DAN: What?

WOMAN: Your Mount of Venus. Not seen one like that for a while...

DAN: Good or bad?

WOMAN: Very good.

DAN: I'll take two out of three.

WOMAN: Are you really my father's patient?

DAN NODS.

Can't you remember *anything*?

DAN: Only the pain.

WOMAN: Is my father analysing your dreams?

DAN: Yeah.

WOMAN: And you still don't remember *anything*. (BEAT) Apart from the pain?

DAN: I remember being terrified.

WOMAN: He's good at it.

DAN: Dream Therapy?

WOMAN: Yeah.

DAN: Not sure about it.

WOMAN: It works.

DAN: I hardly ever dream.

WOMAN: We all dream a lot.

WOMAN: Remember anything else?

DAN: The weight. On my chest. Crushing me. I remember that.

WOMAN: Dream Therapy will cure your amnesia.

DAN: The fear was worse than the pain.

WOMAN: That's it then?

DAN: Yeah.

WOMAN: Fear, weight and pain - not much to go on.

DAN: Suppose not.

WOMAN: This is the strangest blind date ever.

DAN: Cos I'm your father's patient?

WOMAN: That's weird but the weirdest thing is that you can't tell me anything about yourself.

DAN: I could make something up.

WOMAN: Now that *would* be a normal blind date.

DAN: We could talk about you?

WOMAN: I need to know stuff about you. How can I make a judgement about someone who can't tell me anything about themselves?

DAN: You're hung up on identity.

WOMAN: You need one.

DAN: What does my hand tell you about me?

WOMAN: You'll live a long life.

DAN: Surprised to hear that!

WOMAN: You're rubbish at relationships.

DAN: Can't help you there.

WOMAN: You're good in bed.

DAN: How can you tell *that*...?

WOMAN: (TAKING HIS HAND AGAIN) This is your life line – it tells me you'll live a long time. This is your heart line – it shows you have problems with relationships. Now this (GENTLY STROKING HIS MOUNT OF VENUS) is your Mount of Venus. This tells me you're good in bed.

DAN: How?

WOMAN: Are you?

DAN: Good in bed?

WOMAN: Yeah.

DAN: I don't know.

WOMAN LOOKS PUZZLED.

Like I said. I've got no memory.

WOMAN: You can't even remember having sex with anyone?

DAN: I can't remember *anything* before the accident. Certainly not having sex.

WOMAN: What about since the accident?

DAN: I've only been out of hospital a week! Anyway, my pelvis isn't up to it.

WOMAN: Was it a car crash?

DAN: Don't know.

WOMAN: You must know what sort of accident you had. The hospital would have told you.

DAN: They found me in the sea. Smashed up. Unconscious. No clues as to how I got there.

WOMAN: You look alright.

DAN: How does my Mount of Venus tell you I'm good in bed?

WOMAN: It's fleshy. *Very* fleshy. My father's dream therapy will work. He'll get your memory back.

DAN: Not sure I believe in dream therapy.

WOMAN: You will when it works.

DAN: Presumably.

WOMAN: Maybe you have to believe in it. (BEAT) To make it work.

DAN: Belief without reason?

WOMAN: Why not?

DAN: That could lead to belief without reason in the result.

WOMAN: So what?! If you get your memory back – does it matter how? If I were you, I'd go along with what my father's trying to do for you. Don't hold back from telling him your dreams. He's not known for his endless patience...

DAN: Thanks for the tip. (LOOKING AT PERSON PLAYING CHESS) What's he doing?

WOMAN: Playing chess.

DAN: Strange thing to do on your own.

WOMAN: If you can't remember anything, how do you function?

DAN: Eating, drinking, talking, sleeping, going to the toilet isn't affected by amnesia.

WOMAN: So glad you're housetrained!

DAN: The hospital had to teach me loads of other stuff. I couldn't use a telephone or a PC! I'm learning new stuff all the time. Right now I'm learning about your society.

WOMAN: Don't you mean *our* society?

DAN: I don't feel part of it. I feel like I'm an observer.

WOMAN: Who's teaching you?

DAN: I'm teaching myself (BEAT) from your social media.

WOMAN: (SCORNFUL) You're learning about society from Twitter!

DAN: Not just Twitter.

WOMAN: Right.

DAN: Bebo, Pinterset, Flickr, Instagram, Linkedin, Google+, Goodreads, Myspace, Tumbir, Stumbleupon, Facebook...

WOMAN: Facebook!

DAN: Some people need an audience to their lives...

WOMAN: What work will you do?

DAN: No need. I'm still getting an allowance from your father's research budget (BEAT) *and* rent free on-site accommodation.

WOMAN: My father must be *really* interested in you.

DAN: He is.

WOMAN: Make the most of it. His interest won't last forever...

DAN: Where's Jake gone? Bit odd. Introducing us and disappearing like that.

WOMAN: Think he was glad to pass me over to you and make his getaway.

DAN: I didn't recognise countries. I saw shapes on maps but they don't look right.

WOMAN: (NOT REALLY PAYING ATTENTION TO DAN) Tell me what you think about our society. Tell me what social media has taught you.

DAN: Your lives are perfect.

WOMAN: Not sure mine is.

DAN: Yet all you do is complain.

WOMAN: Who complains?

DAN: Everyone.

WOMAN: People don't complain.

DAN: They do. All the time. WiFi's too slow. Supermarket's not got the right coffee. Train's late. Weather's too hot. Weather's too cold.

WOMAN: Why does that bother you?

DAN: People have no idea what a cushioned, comfortable life they lead.

WOMAN: No harm in a bit of cushioning.

DAN: The more perfect things get, the more horrifying any tiny intrusion into that perfection feels.

WOMAN: We're not that bad.

DAN: Take something serious like (BEAT) workplace bullying. Everyone thinks that's bad.

WOMAN: It *is* bad.

DAN: The reason it stands out as bad is because aggressive behaviour has become so rare in your society.

WOMAN: Good.

DAN: I agree.

WOMAN: What's the problem?

DAN: There's a downside.

WOMAN: There can't be...

DAN: You've created a society of wimps with ridiculously high expectations.

WOMAN: Anything else that bothers you about *our* society?

DAN: Your total hypocrisy about animals for a start. You pamper cats and dogs and yet you're happy to torture and eat other animals...

WOMAN: I don't eat meat.

DAN: I don't have a problem with eating meat. I do with hypocrisy.

WOMAN: It's your society as well. You can't opt out of it just because you can't remember anything from before you had an accident.

DAN: I've got a big scar on my chest...

WOMAN: (IGNORING DAN) You'd better work hard with my father to get your memory back. So you can find out what happened to you. Did they circulate your picture?

DAN: No-one's recognised me. No-one's claimed me. (BEAT) You have tattoos. Lots of tattoos.

WOMAN: Does it bother you?

DAN: Not at all.

WOMAN: Good.

DAN: What do you do?

WOMAN: I'm a psychotherapist.

DAN: Are you going to psychoanalyse me?

WOMAN: I'm going to hypnotise you.

DAN: (SARCASTIC) Right.

WOMAN: I'm serious.

DAN: You can't hypnotise me.
WOMAN: I'm a trained hypnotherapist.
DAN: I meant you can't hypnotise me here. Not in a bar.
WOMAN: This isn't a bar.
DAN: It looks like a bar to me.
WOMAN: And this isn't a blind date.

End of extract...