



DEADLY APPOINTMENT
BY
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Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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by Geoff Rose-Michael

Psychotherapist Dr Tim Robson's last client of the day is late for her counselling appointment. When she does arrive, she is on crutches, and events take a sinister turn when her request for him to help her commit a crime is refused.

Characters

Tim – early – late thirties, professional, well-spoken

Amber – early thirties, pretty, a cockney, with her leg in plaster, and with crutches

Sadie – Tim's secretary, mid-late twenties

Keira – (offstage)

Male Voice - (Offstage - can be pre-recorded)

(A counselling room. A desk and chair, plus two armchairs and a coffee table, with a box of tissues on. On the desk is a photoframe with a photo of an attractive woman in it, plus various papers, phone, laptop, and office equipment.)

(Tim is perched casually, on the edge of the desk, holding a cordless phone.)

Tim: (To phone.) I don't know honey, tell me. **(Pause.)** You're going to be a narrator. That's great news. **(Pause.)** Oh, did she? **(Pause.)** Well, probably because her mum is head of the PTA. **(Pause.)** Ask mummy, she'll explain. So, have you lots of words to say? **(Pause.)** Great. **(Pause.)** No, not now, sweetie. But I'd love to hear them tomorrow. Now, have you cleaned your teeth? **(Pause.)** Good girl. **(Pause.)** Ok, night night sweetie. Don't let the bed bugs

bite. **(Pause.)** Can you pass the phone back to mummy for me? Night poppet, love you lots. **(Pause.)** Hi honey, how was your day? **(Pause.)** Really? **(Pause.)** She didn't? What a clever little six year old we have.

Sound effect of a knock at the door.

(Enter Sadie.)

Tim: (To phone.) Oh hang on, darling. **(To Sadie.)** Yes?

Sadie: Sorry to interrupt you, Dr Robson, but your last appointment hasn't turned up. She is ten minutes late. Do you want me to hang on for her?

Tim: No, that's ok, Sadie.

Sadie: It's just I need to pick my daughter up from nursery.

Tim: Yes, of course. You go. Leave the door on the latch in case she shows up.

Sadie: I will. Night, Dr Robson.

Tim: Yes, night, Sadie. Have a good weekend. See you Monday.

(Sadie exits.)

Tim: (To phone.) Sorry honey, what's that? **(Pause.)** Oh, my last appointment, it's a new

client, she should have been here ten minutes ago. **(Pause.)** Yes, well, I'll give her another ten minutes and if she's not here by ten to I'll lock up and head home. What's for dinner?

(Pause.) Sounds great. Have we got any wine left? **(Pause.)** Okay, I'll pick up a bottle of red from the offy. Ok honey, bye. Love you.

(Tim replaces the telephone and tidies some paperwork.)

(Sound effect of a knock on the door.)

Tim: It's open.

(Enter Amber, with her leg in bandage, and on crutches.)

Amber: (Out of breath.) Am I late?

Tim: I'm afraid so.

Amber: (Out of breath.) Sorry. I didn't realise it was so far from the bloody train station.

Tim: Yes, it's quite a hike. Even harder for you, I would imagine.

Amber: (Struggling.) I'm really 'ot and sweaty. Would you 'elp me get me jacket off?

Tim: Of course.

(Tim helps her to take jacket off and hangs it up.)

(As he does, Amber adjusts her top.)

Amber: Thanks. I get these dizzy spells when I'm 'ot.

Tim: I see. **(Pause.)** Can I offer you some water?

Amber: No thanks, I'll be fine.

Tim: I'm Dr. Tim Robson, by the way.

Amber: I know. You was recommended. Miss Amber Price. **(She goes to shake hands but does so awkwardly, as she gets her arm out of the crutch.)** Sorry. I'm not used to these yet, I'm not long outa the wheelchair.

Tim: I see.

Amber: (She starts to walk round with crutches.) 'ow long is the session?

Tim: Half an hour, but we're nearly half way through it.

Amber: Can we go over then?

Tim: I must say I wouldn't normally but I will make an exception as it's your first time, and because of your restrictions of movement, shall we say? But you do need to be on time in future.

Amber: D'ya want your money now?

Tim: No, this first appointment is free. I like to assess whether I can help someone before taking them on. And provided it all goes well today I can advise you on how many sessions I think you may need. You can then pay one session at a time, or book a block, which works out a bit cheaper.

Amber: I see. You need to work out whether you can cure me, or whether I'm a complete bread.

Tim: Excuse me?

Amber: Bread and butter. Nutter.

Tim: (Smiling.) Sorry, I'm not familiar with cockney rhyming slang.

Amber: Right. **(Pause.)** So what 'appens 'ere?

Tim: Well, I need a few particulars from you.

Amber: (A wicked smile.) You gonna take down me particulars?

Tim: (Ignoring the innuendo.) I have a form for you to fill in and return next time. But for now, when you're ready, you can take a seat and we'll start.

Amber: I find it a bit tricky sittin' down. That must sound crazy, 'avin' been in a wheelchair for six weeks.

Tim: Not really.

Amber: Alright if I just walk around for a bit?

Tim: Fine. Mind if I sit?

Amber: Nah.

Tim: (He sits.) I find it easier to take notes.

Amber: What do we talk about?

Tim: Whatever you want.

Amber: (Seeing picture on desk.) Do you 'ave bins?

Tim: I beg your pardon?

Amber: Do you 'ave bin lids, kids??

Tim: Er...yes. One. A girl.

Amber: (Almost to herself.) Yeah, I want one of them. **(Pause. Then, suddenly.)** What do you say to victims of attempted rape?

Tim: (Gently.) Are you a victim of an attempted rape?

Amber: No. **(Pause.)** Not yet.

Tim: Well, I am experienced in dealing with all traumas and problems. From bereavement, bullying,

Amber: Marriage break up?

Tim: Yes. I offer support to....

Amber: Do the married women all come and cry on your shoulder?

Tim: No, I offer....

Amber: I bet they do. I bet you make all the 'usbands jealous.

Tim: (Making notes and changing subject.) What would you like to tell me?

Amber: Do you write everythin' down?

Tim: Anything I think that is relevant.

Amber: About me?

Tim: Yes.

Amber: (Smiling.) Age, height, figure?

Tim: (Pause.) What would you like to tell me, Amber?

Amber: (Pause.) You look very strong. D'ya go to the gym? **(She sees he is not responding. She changes tack.)** I dunno what there is to tell ya.

Tim: We can start with a bit of background. **(He makes notes during the following.)** How old are you? Roughly.

Amber: (Smiling.) That's a bit forward, aint it? I thought you weren't meant to ask a girl 'er age.

Tim: It's ok. You don't have to say.

Amber: Twenty three. **(Tim looks at her.)** Alright, thirty one.

Tim: (Cagily.) Are you in a relationship?

Amber: (Smiling.) No. Single. **(She tosses her hair.)**

Tim: I assume no dependants?

Amber: What are they?

Tim: Dependants. Children.

Amber: Nah. **(Pause.)** I'm gonna be a godmum soon though.

Tim: Congratulations. How do you feel about that?

Amber: 'ow should I feel?

Tim: You tell me.

(Amber shrugs.)

Tim: Family?

Amber: Mum and two skins.

Tim: Sorry?

Amber: (She sighs, unnecessarily heavily.) Oh, keep up. Skin and blisters. Sisters.

Tim: Right. Are you close to them?

Amber: Nah, miles away. **(Tim opens his mouth to speak, but Amber continues after a brief pause.)** Me mum lives up north. Shannon lives in Romford. With 'er bloke. And Tiff lives all over the place, if you know what I mean.

Tim: No, I mean, do you have a close relationship with them? Do you see or speak to them often?

Amber: Christmas usually, though it was Tiff's thirtieth a couple of months ago, so I saw them all then. That's when she told me I'm gonna be a godmum. Cos she's up the duff. And Shann got rat-arsed and starting taking 'er kit off to The Birdie Song.

Tim: What do you do for work?

Amber: I'm a lap dancer. **(She looks at him for a response, gets none.)** Nah, not really, filing clerk.