



GSOH – One Act Version

by Peter Drake

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.

No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.

For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at info@smithscripts.co.uk

GSOH

A one act play by Peter Drake

Dramatis Personae

Charles

Colin

Geordie

Maxine

The men are in their late fifties or early sixties.

Maxine's precise age is unimportant but she should be much younger than the men.

The action takes place in Colin's front room. There should be a settee and a couple of easy chairs, a sideboard or desk on which there is a decanter with glasses.

Running time is approximately 40 minutes.

Writer's note

GSOH was originally for a Newcastle audience. As such, one of the men is named Geordie. This may be inappropriate for some companies so they are invited to rename him Georgie. Whatever the choice of name made, he should have a strong regional accent and be of a 'rough' disposition.

There is a full length (two acts) version of this play available.

GSOH

Darkness.

***Dream Lover** plays for a few seconds then fades as a spotlight reveals **CHARLES** standing front stage holding a poetry book and declaiming to the audience.*

CHARLES (*Scots accent*)

Oh my love is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June

My love is like the melody that's sweetly played in tune

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in love am I

and I will love thee still my dear, till a' the seas gang dry

A pause then he speaks with an upper middle class English accent

CHARLES (*cont.*)

Nah. That's no good.

*He walks out of the spotlight and sit in his chair upstage. The lights come on to reveal three men in the prime of life. They wear comfy cardies, corduroys and shabby shoes, and sit around a table in a front room. **COLIN** works at a crossword, **CHARLES** leafs through his book of poetry, whilst **GEORDIE** is engrossed in a game of Patience. All three are lost in their own little world. The men express frustration and/or boredom with tuts, sighs, grimaces and shakes of the head.*

GEORDIE Right. I need a red seven for a black eight. Red seven for a black eight.

He turns the cards impatiently

GEORDIE (*cont.*)

Come on, come on, where are ye?

COLIN Ah! Evergreen! Excellent. Now then, just two more to go. (*to himself*) The Italian way to an undergraduate joke gives flagging men a new lift.

GEORDIE Red seven. Come on, I need a red seven...

CHARLES (*reads*)

Had I the Heaven's embroidered cloths Enwrought with the gold and silver light

The blue and the dim and dark cloths of night and the light and the half-light....

Nah – nothing doing.

COLIN Gives flagging men a new lift.

GEORDIE Red seven! That'll do. Now – a black six. Come on, I need a black six.

COLIN The Italian road...does either of you know any Italian?

CHARLES (*without looking up from his book*)

Parlore a poco Italiano.

COLIN And what does that mean, exactly?

CHARLES It means 'I speak a little Italian'

COLIN Ah! Then I may need to call on you in a moment

CHARLES Come to me in my dreams, and I shall be well again.

For then the night will more than pay the endless longing of the day...

...oh it's no good. I'm blocked. Completely blocked.

COLIN Sounds like you're still struggling with your story.

CHARLES Yes – I thought I might pick up an idea or two for a storyline if I read through some well - known love poetry. Some cue, some small inspiration. No luck yet, though.

GEORDIE Have you thought of a title, yet? If you could come up with a title, that might give you more of an idea for your storyline.

CHARLES I quite like 'Champagne and Roses' as a working title. It hints at what the play is all about. That's what Jess says, anyway.

COLIN Just remind me – who is Jess?

CHARLES My tutor on the writing course. She's given me loads of advice.

CHARLES *becomes animated and enthusiastic here. Throughout this speech, GEORDIE and COLIN look at each other, trying not to laugh. COLIN pretends to fall asleep then wakes up suddenly*

CHARLES (*cont.*)

It's all about structure, you see. First, you have the point of attack – that's where the audience picks up the story. It's all about showing the audience the world of the characters. Then you have the inciting incident. That's where the story actually starts.

COLIN So what's your inciting incident going to be?

CHARLES Well, I haven't quite got that far yet.

COLIN and GEORDIE laugh

GEORDIE Have you actually got any characters?

CHARLES Well, I've got my leading man. I'm calling him Charles

COLIN *loves this.*

COLIN Oh that's brilliant! What an imagination you have...Charles.

GEORDIE How about your point of attack?

CHARLES Er no. Not yet

COLIN Any sign of a plot?

CHARLES Therein lies the problem. I'm blocked, you see? Completely blocked.

GEORDIE So how long have you been doing this course, then?

CHARLES Er – six weeks.

GEORDIE and COLIN *laugh*

COLIN Have you actually learnt anything at all?

CHARLES (*defensively*)

Most of the work has been focused on creating believable characters. Jess says I should be giving them strong, distinctive voices.

GEORDIE I think I'd be asking for my money back if I was you

GEORDIE and COLIN *laugh*

CHARLES Oh – laugh all you like, but great oaks from little acorns grow. I can afford to devote some time to it, now that I've got some time on my hands.

Contemptuous snort from COLIN

GEORDIE Oh aye – that'll be right.

CHARLES I'm determined to get a play performed on stage. I just need to find an idea two. Once I've done that, I'll be away.

ALL THREE *go back to their activities – more frustration.*

GEORDIE Right come. Black six, where are you?

He turns a couple more cards – frustrated at his lack of progress. Whilst he does this, CHARLES wanders across and looks over his shoulder. Without asking, he reaches over and picks up one line of cards and places it on another

CHARLES There you are – black ten onto your red jack. That frees up your hearts.

GEORDIE *looks at him in disbelief*

GEORDIE And did I ask you to stick your nose in? I was nearly there, man!

CHARLES No you weren't.

GEORDIE I'm telling you, I was seconds away from making that move. I would have finished that one. Now I've to start again, thanks to you.

Huffily, he shuffles the pack and starts to lay out another set

CHARLES *returns to his seat*

CHARLES Well - there's gratitude

GEORDIE *throws down his pack of cards, irritated*

GEORDIE Ah – the hell with this? What time's the match on?

COLIN You've got half an hour yet.

GEORDIE It's bloody criminal. I can't afford to go to the match now, you know.

CHARLES We know, Geordie. We know. You told us.

COLIN Several times.

CHARLES Fine thing when you spend your life working to afford the things you enjoy then end up unable to pay for them.

COLIN You'll have to find some part time work.

GEORDIE I'm bugged if I'm gan back to work, not after the way I've been tret. Do you know how long I worked for them?

CHARLES *(without looking up)*

Thirty – seven years.

GEORDIE *(with growing anger)*

Up and down them bloody motorways an' never so much as a scratch on the paintwork in all that time. 'Thank you very much, but you cannat drive no more, you're too old'. Sixty five! Yesterday you can drive a hundred grand's worth of stock from one of the country to the other. Today, oh sorry, son your tachometer's up to the limit, so bugger off.

CHARLES Calm down, Geordie, will you?

GEORDIE Oh it's alright for you – you've still got summat to get up for. You're still worth summat