



FOR ABBY

by Holli Harms

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

For Abby
By Holli Harms

CHARACTERS

*BEATRICE - Walks with a limp. Her limp is simply a part of her and not something she considers. She has been with it too long. She may use a cane. She has always been in love with Finn.

*FINN - A poet. A successful one. He has never truly gotten over the death of his sister.

* The characters can be 20's, or 30's or 40's or... So Finn's line on Page 5 could also read "Your forty years too late or ten years too late or..." And tapes could be CDs. It all depends on the actors cast.

* And the protests could be for anything: Violence, Environmental, War, Civil Rights, any conflict in any country.

The time is present. It is summer. Cool nights, warm days.

The place is the front porch of a cabin on a mountain. It is part of a writers retreat. The set can be literal or suggestive. It is early evening. There is still some sunlight. It is quiet. Beatrice is on the porch. She holds in her hand a tennis racquet. A single rocking chair occupies the porch. She is waiting for someone or something. She stands and looks out. Finn enters a bit out of breath. He has found her.

FINN: Hey!

Beatrice jumps and waves the tennis racquet in Finn's direction and almost falls, but catches herself, or maybe she doesn't.

BEATRICE: Ha!!

Finn jumps back.

FINN: Whoa!

BEATRICE: Oh god!

FINN: You okay?

BEATRICE: Yes!

FINN: I didn't mean to scare you.

BEATRICE: Oh I'm not - I just wasn't expecting...

FINN: Me?

BEATRICE: You.

FINN: But you are expecting someone?

BEATRICE: Yes, someone, I mean, no one, I mean, - Are you lost?

FINN: Lost?

BEATRICE: I'm the last cabin - closest to the top. No one ever comes up here, unless they got lost on a hike. So I thought you might be lost - from a hike.

FINN: No, not lost. Not lost from a hike.

BEATRICE: Good.

Awkward silence.

BEATRICE: This is a fantastic retreat. Actually, it's my first, so I don't really have anything to compare it to, but it seems like a fantastic one. I love all the writing and reading and listening and then more writing and - Your workshop, I mean, your thing has been - its my favorite. Don't tell the others.

FINN: I won't.

BEATRICE: So you're not lost?

FINN: I was looking - for you.

BEATRICE: Oh, well, you found me.

FINN: You've been found.

They smile maybe or laugh.. Another awkward moment. Finn does not know how to move forward with this.

BEATRICE: Can I get you something?

FINN: No. Thank you.

BEATRICE: Something to eat?

FINN: No.

BEATRICE: Drink?

FINN: No.

BEATRICE: Okay.

FINN: I like the piece you wrote today. Really nice - “ If I run too far my legs fall away leaving nothing but rocks and wheels and feathers.”

BEATRICE: Good memory.

He looks out to the mountain.

FINN: Its nice up here.

BEATRICE: Yeah.

FINN: You don't get scared?

BEATRICE: No. Not scared. The peace and quiet - they're good for, you know -

She mimes writing with pen.

FINN: Yes they are good for -

Finn mimes the same. They both smile.

BEATRICE: I did (*mimes writing with pen*) instead of (*mimes typing on computer*) because I like how pen on paper feels. How it engages the whole hand and arm, instead of just fingers. I don't know - it makes me feel more connected - to the you know...

FINN: And you can't doodle on a computer.

BEATRICE: And you can't doodle on - Oh god! That's how I listen. Honest. I'm listening. I always doodle when I listen.

FINN: You're a doodling listener.

BEATRICE: You close your eyes.

FINN: I do. I close my eyes.

BEATRICE: If we were on a panel judging, you know, judging people's writing and the writers had to read their work to us and you were sitting there with your eyes closed and me doodling they might take offense, think we weren't listening. They'd be so mad they'd storm out or throw the pages at us, or, or, or -

FINN: Scream.

BEATRICE: Or scream. Which would be horrible. Especially because we would be listening. Intently.

FINN: Very unfortunate situation. Let's agree never to be on the same panel.

BEATRICE: Well, I don't think I'd ever be asked to judge someone else's - but you - you're the famous...

FINN: Famous?

BEATRICE: Everybody knows who you are.

FINN: Everybody?

BEATRICE: Everybody who reads poetry.

FINN: Oh those "Everybody's". Still, let's make a pact.

He puts his hand out. She takes it.